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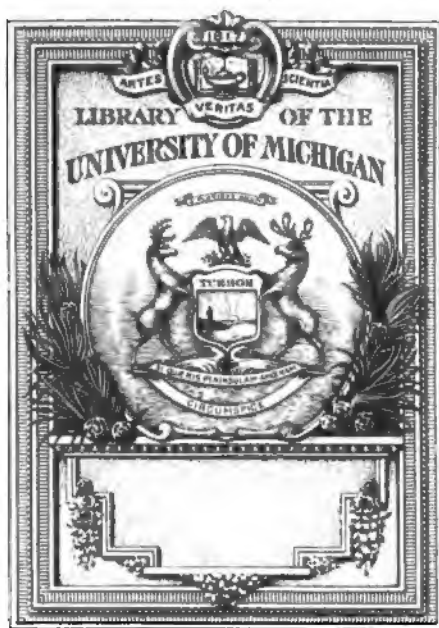
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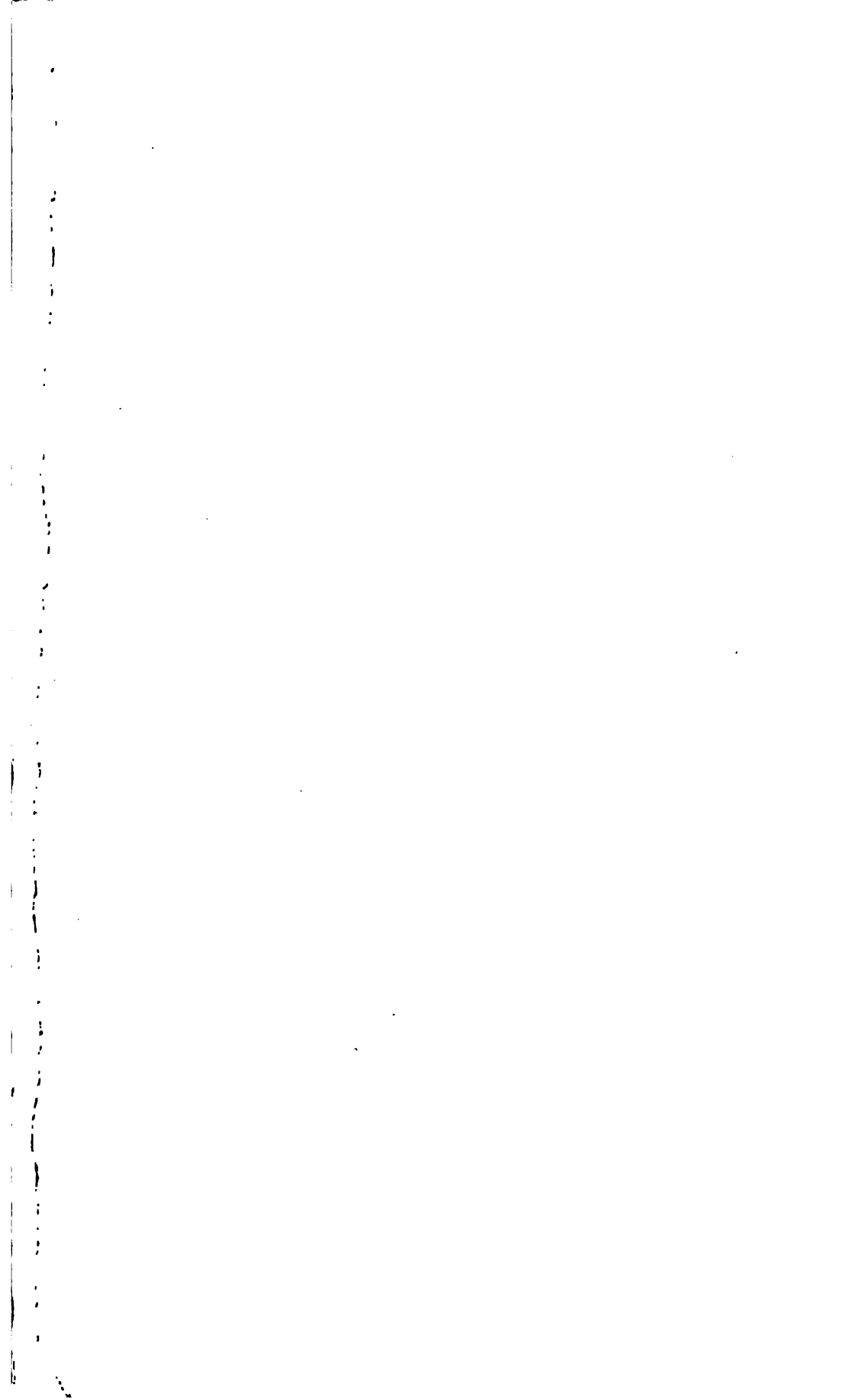


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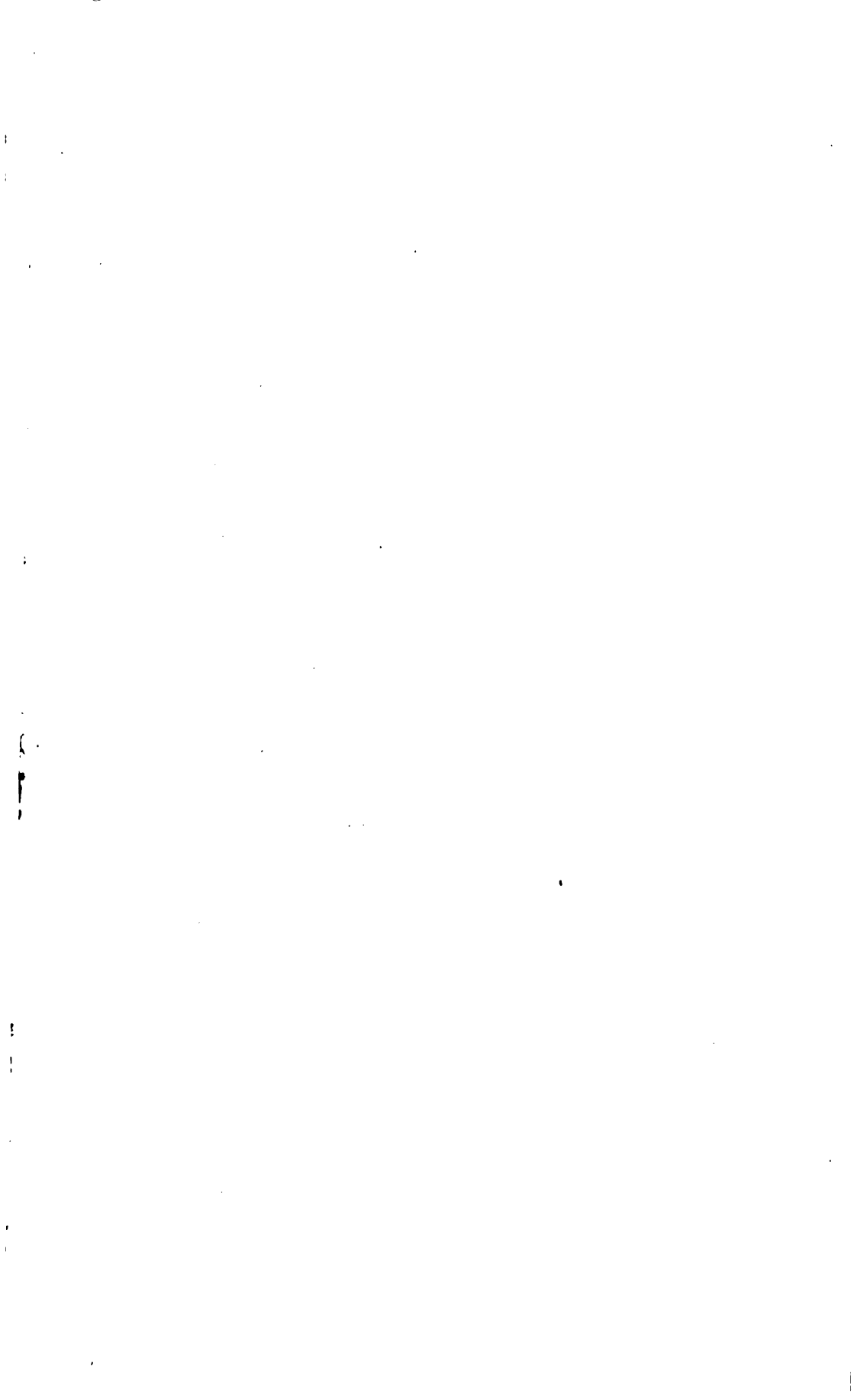
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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1847.

No. 1.

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

[PRIZE STORY—for which the Premium of \$200 was awarded by the Committee.]

CHAPTER I.

Every man knows best how to buckle his own belt.

FALSTAFF.

"Did you get the pass, Macdonald?" said a young man, looking up, as his servant entered the room of a lodging-house in Charleston, in the latter part of the year 1780.

"Yes, sir, and the baggage and horses are ready," was the reply of a stalwart youth, whose dress betokened a condition removed from that of an ordinary menial, and partaking rather of that of a familiar, though humble companion. "I think we can give them the slip, sir—Lord! how I wish for a crack at these fellows! and once with Marion, we'll not long want an opportunity."

"Be in waiting for me at midnight, then," said the first speaker; and, as Macdonald retired, he threw himself back again in his chair, and fixing his eyes on the floor, resigned himself to the abstraction out of which he had been roused.

Howard Preston, the hero of our story, had just returned from Europe, where he had been fulfilling the injunctions of his father's will, by a course of study and travel until his twenty-fourth year. The first great sorrow of his life had been his parting, at sixteen, with the only child of his guardian, Kate Mowbray, then a lovely little girl, who for years had been his pet and playmate. Many were the tears she also shed at the separation, and faithfully did she promise not to forget her boy lover. Such childish preferences usually end with youth; but it was not so in the present instance. With every letter from abroad came a gift for Kate, which she requited with some trifle worked by her own hands.

But as years elapsed, and Kate approached womanhood, these presents were no longer returned, and Preston, piqued at what he thought neglect, gradually came to confine himself, in his letters home, to a cold inquiry after her health, instead of devoting, as heretofore, two-thirds of the epistle to her. Yet he never thought of America without also thinking of Kate; and when he landed at Charleston, a month before our tale begins, he was wondering into what kind of a woman she had grown up.

Still his old feeling of pique was uppermost when shown into her father's magnificent parlor; and this, combined with his astonishment at seeing a graceful and high bred woman announced as his old playmate, lent an air of coldness and embarrassment to his greetings. Whether it was this or some other cause, Kate, who was advancing eagerly, suddenly checked herself, colored, and put on all her dignity. The interview, so inauspiciously begun, was short and formal, and to Preston, at least, unsatisfactory. He had expected, in spite of their tacit misunderstanding, that Kate would meet him as rapturously as of old, forgetting that the child had now become a woman. He overlooked, also, the effect his own restraint might have produced. Thus he returned to his lodgings, dissatisfied and angry, half disposed to dislike, yet half compelled to admire, the beautiful and dazzling creature from whom he had just parted. The truth was, Preston, though hitherto ignorant of it, had loved his old playmate from boyhood. This had made him feel her neglect so acutely, and this had led him secretly to hope that her welcome on his return would heal the past. No wonder he went home angry, yet quite as much in love as ever!

Preston and Kate often met after this, but they seemed destined to misunderstand each other. Kate was really ignorant of the mischief she had done. She had come down to meet him with a heart full of the memories of other days, and, if truth must be told, a little nervous and anxious how he, of whom she had so often thought in secret, would receive her. His proud demeanor had chilled her. Nor on subsequent occasions were their interviews more satisfactory. Indeed Kate was puzzled and vexed at Preston's manner. No one could, at times, be more interesting; yet no one was so often haughty and disagreeable. Kate sighed to think how changed he had become; then she was angry at herself for sighing.

Kate was accordingly as wayward as Preston—and who, indeed, had greater excuse? Rich and well born, beautiful and high-spirited, she was positively the reigning belle in Charleston during the whole of that gay winter. To a complexion delicately fair, and a person of the most exquisite proportions, she united those graces of mind and manner, which, in that courtly day, were considered the unerring accompaniments of high breeding. Report awarded to her numbers of unsuccessful suitors; but all had tacitly resigned their claims in favor of Major Lindsay, an English officer of noble blood, between whom and an earldom there was only a single life. Gay and splendid in person and equipage, the Major no sooner laid siege to the heart of the heiress, than her less favored suitors gave over in despair; and what between lounging most of his mornings away in her parlor, and attending her abroad on all occasions, he speedily came to have the field nearly altogether to himself.

The arrival of the major anticipated that of Preston about a month, and when our hero returned, he found his rival almost domesticated at Mr. Mowbray's house. Jealousy soon revealed to Preston the secret of his own long hidden love; but it made him heartily hate the major. The two gentlemen seemed perfectly to understand each other. But the Englishman knew better than his rival how to suppress his feelings, and accordingly possessed every advantage over him in superior ease and self-command. Had Kate wished otherwise, she could not but have given the larger share of her attention to the graceful, brilliant and composed man of fashion, rather than to his more irritable and wayward rival, whom a fancied slight, in word or look, was sufficient to make dumb for a whole evening. Depend on it, the most possible use to which a lover can put himself is to be sulky.

Perhaps it was the enmity he nourished against his more successful rival; perhaps it was the natural indignation of a frank and noble heart against oppression; perhaps, which is more natural, it was both combined, but Preston had not been long at home before he formed the resolution to take part with his countrymen in the war then going on; and the sudden appearance of General Marion on the Santee, where he began a partisan conflict with the invaders, opened to him a favorable way for carrying

out his design, which he only postponed until he could part from Kate on better terms. He flattered himself that she herself was secretly on the side of the colonists, for her father had once held a commission under the provisional government, although since the fall of Charleston and the apparent conquest of the colony, he, like many others, had been induced to take a royal protection, and ground his arms as a neutral.

One morning Preston found Kate alone in her little parlor. It was rare that she was without visitors, for Major Lindsay, at least, was usually at her side. Kate wore a pretty morning-dress, and was sewing, her little tiny foot, that rested on a cushioned stool, peeping provokingly out beneath the snowy muslin. A woman one admires never looks lovelier than when occupied in this truly feminine employment; and as Kate made room for Preston beside her, with her sweetest smile, he thought she had never seemed half so charming. Lovers can imagine how happy Preston soon was. He and Kate talked of old times, she busily plying her needle, but every now and then looking up with animation into his face. His heart beat quicker, and he longed to tell her how he loved her; it would, I fear, have set your head or mine, reader, topsy-turvy at once. A dozen long forgotten incidents were called to mind: how Preston had once rescued Kate from the river, how they both wept when her old nurse died, and a score of other things. The color of both heightened, and Preston felt every instant as if he could snatch the dear girl to his arms. In the eagerness of conversation, all at once Kate placed her hand familiarly on his.

"And do you remember," she said, gazing up with sparkling eyes into his face, "do you remember when the pony ran away with you? Oh! I was half dead with fright, and screamed lustily. Those were happy days—I wonder if we are ever as happy as in childhood. I sometimes wish we were back again on that old lawn." And she sighed.

"Do you, indeed?" said Preston, his whole face lighting up, and he took her hand by an impulse he could no longer resist.

At that moment the words which would have decided his fate were rising to Preston's lips, and Kate, as if secretly forewarned, began to tremble and be confused, when the door was flung open and the servant in a loud voice announced Major Lindsay.

If any of my readers has ever been interrupted when about to declare himself, and had to come plump down from rapture to foolishness, he can imagine Preston's chagrin at the entrance of the visitor. However, he had tact enough to think of Kate's embarrassment, and as he rose to make his bow, adroitly placed himself so as to conceal her for a moment, and allow her time to recover from her confusion. The major gave both parties, on the instant, a suspicious glance, but his softest smile immediately succeeded, and with easy assurance taking the seat Preston had vacated, he glided into a strain of brilliant small talk, such as would have

done honor to any gallant of the day, incomparable at compliments and snuff-boxes. Preston was angry at this unceremonious supplanting, but even more angry to see how quickly Kate recovered herself, and dashed out into the strife of repartee, with a spirit and ease superior even to the major's. Preston chafed, and thought she might have been a little less interested. At first he was silent and reserved, then he began to be uneasy, and once or twice he yielded to his irritability in words. He cursed his folly for imagining, as he did five minutes before, that she thought more of him than she did of others. He fixed his eyes half frowningly, half contemptuously on Kate. She colored immediately, he thought with conscious guilt. The next instant she turned haughtily away and addressed the major. Now, for the first time, Preston became convinced of the existence of the engagement respecting which he had heard so much. Burning with mortification, after sitting a few seconds, during which Kate did not once address him, he arose and abruptly took his leave.

"She loves him," he exclaimed bitterly. "Dazzled by the glitter of a coronet, she casts aside her old and tried friend like a worn-out trinket. Oh! God, was it for this I hastened home? was it for this I treasured her memory through long years?"

For hours he remained alone, now pacing his chamber with rapid strides, now burying his face moodily in his hands. He recalled all his various interviews with Kate, and strove to remember her every word and look: the result was to curse himself for his egregious folly in fancying for a moment that she loved him. But after awhile his feelings grew less exasperated. He reflected on Kate's manner that morning, before the arrival of Major Lindsay, and hope once more dawned in his bosom.

"I will lose no time," he said, "in learning my fate decisively. I shall see Kate at her aunt's ball, and her manner there will determine my suspense. If she is cold and haughty I will understand that she wishes to rebuke my presumption this morning. In that case, I will trifle here no longer, but at once join Gen. Marion. Macdonald, my foster-brother, loves me too well to desert me, but he has been crazy to be gone this fortnight past. I will order him to get a pass and have every thing ready in case of the worst, which my heart forebodes."

It was after arriving at this determination, and receiving Macdonald's message, that Preston gave himself up to his melancholy, nor did he rise from his desponding position until it was time to dress for Mrs. Blakeley's ball.

The sound of gay music, the flashing of diamonds and the twinkling of light forms met his sight as he entered the ball-room; but he had eyes only for one object: and he soon sought out Kate amid her crowd of admirers. Never had she looked so transcendently lovely. It is thought a mark of taste and fashion now-a-days to laugh at the enormous hoops and powdered hair of our grandmothers: but let us tell you, good reader, that a belle of the present age, with her deformed tournure and Dutch amplitude of

skirt, though she may create a sort of matter-of-fact sensation, very suitable perhaps for this money-making generation, never awakens that deep sentiment of adoration, that respectful, awe-struck, Sir Charles Grandison feeling, bestowed on the beauty of the last century, august in silver tulle and high-heeled shoes. The veriest stickler for modern ease would have given up the point at sight of Kate. She wore, as was then the custom, a petticoat of rich brocade, a single yard of which cost more than the twenty ells of lute-string flaunted by a beauty now. Over this was a robe of white satin, made high on the shoulders, but opening in front so as partially to reveal the swelling bust, and expose the richly-gemmed stomacher and glittering petticoat. The edge of this robe from the neck down was trimmed with a quilling of blue ribbon, which was also continued around the bottom. The tight sleeve, with bands like the trimming of the robe, reached to the elbow: and the deep ruffle of Valenciennes lace which nearly hid the round white arm, heightened with rare art the beauties it affected to conceal. Her hair was gathered back from the forehead, richly powdered, and trimmed coquettishly with blue ribbon. Now, if there be any heretical repudiator of the past, denying the brilliancy that powder gave a fair complexion, we wish he would go and look at one of Copley's portraits, or—what is better!—could have seen Kate then! We throw his mouth would have watered. We doubt if justice is done to those good old times. Ah! those were the days of courtly dames and high-bred cavaliers—when the stately minuet still held sway—when gentlemen bowed reverently over the hand they scarcely dared to kiss—and when it was the crowning felicity of a whole evening's devotion to hand a partner to the table by the tips of the fingers. Now-a-days people bounce through frisky quadrilles, while gallants tuck the arm of a mistress under their own as cozily as an old codger does his umbrella.

Preston was advancing toward Kate, when a buzz of admiration announced that Major Lindsay was about to lead her forth to the minuet. He won accordingly only a hasty curtsy in reply to his bow. He was meanwhile subjected to the mortification of hearing from a dozen bystanders the rumor of Kate's engagement to the major; and one or two officiously applied to him to confirm the rumor, knowing his intimacy with the family. When the dance was concluded, which attracted general admiration, Major Lindsay still remained at Kate's side. Never before had Preston noticed such meaning and delicate assiduity in his attentions. Between the incidents of the morning and those of the evening, no wonder Preston's anger continued unabated. Still he made several attempts to obtain a moment's *à-tête* with Kate: but the crowd of her admirers frustrated this. At length, toward the close of the ball, he approached her.

"I come to bid you farewell," he said abruptly; "to-morrow I leave Charleston."

"Leave Charleston!" repeated a dozen voices in dismay. "What shall we do without you?" Kate

alone betrayed neither surprise nor emotion. "Ah! indeed," was her unconcerned reply.

Preston turned pale with suppressed mortification at this indifference; mere friendship, he said to himself, demanded some expression of regret at least. His feelings were not allayed by what followed.

"You're not going to join Marion, are you?" said Major Lindsay, in a tone of triumphant banter, little imagining how near he was to the truth. "Has he frightened you by the great oath he has sworn to revenge his nephew, who was shot for a rebel? I hear he threatens some mighty deed. Only think of his doing any thing with that brigade of invincible tatterdemalions—Falstaff's ragged regiment over again!"

"Take care that you are not one of those to pay the penalty of Marion's oath," retorted Preston, stung by the insolence of his successful rival, and reckless what he said. "It was a foul deed, and will be terribly revenged."

Major Lindsay flushed to the brow, and his hand mechanically sought his sword hilt; but he controlled himself immediately, and said with a sneer—

"That might be called sedition, only we know you are a man of peace, Mr. Preston. But he is certainly Marion-bit, is he not?" and he turned to Kate.

Now Kate felt piqued at this unceremonious leave of her lover, as well as at his haughty conduct in the morning. She fancied herself trifled with, and answered cuttingly,

"Never fear Mr. Preston's joining Marion. Our American gentlemen, on both sides, are but carpet knights of late. They resemble Sancho Panza, who, good soul, would not stir a step till a rich island was promised for his share."

Preston tingled in every vein at this speech, which he regarded as aimed at himself. He bowed sarcastically to Kate, and glanced angrily at Major Lindsay, as he replied,

"One might almost be tempted to join Marion after this, in order to raise the reputation of American courage, since just now British bravery has it dead hollow."

"Oh! pray," said Kate, laughingly, "play the Atlas for the patriots then. That's a good man: Be the St. George to destroy this British dragon."

Major Lindsay looked for a moment as if he thought there was more in this than met the ear; but he contented himself with retorting on Preston.

"Do, by all means," he said, "and, if you take Bobadi's plan, you may defeat a whole army yourself. You know he proposed to challenge a single enemy and slay him by duello: then challenge a second, and slay him: then a third, and dispose of him also: and so on until the whole army was annihilated."

Kate, as well as the rest, laughed at this sally. Preston needed but this to complete his anger and disgust. The field, he saw, was his rival's, and he was glad when other persons approached and broke up the colloquy, which, to tell the truth, was growing too personal. But Kate was piqued and Preston

enraged: and as for the major, seeing there was a quarrel between his rival and mistress, he had striven to widen the breach.

Preston hurried from the ball-room, and taking time only to change his dress, repaired to the rendezvous where Macdonald awaited him. Without a word he flung himself into the saddle, and his companion imitating his example, they were soon without the city. They had passed the outposts for some time, when Macdonald, pushing his horse close to Preston's, opened the conversation.

"We're clear of that confounded town at last, thank Heaven!" he said, "and I, for one, aint sorry. Them Englishmen are as saucy as princes, and think nobody has any courage but themselves. But I know one stout fellow that can snuff a candle with his rifle at two hundred yards, and before a week we'll have a rap at 'em, for I s'pose you go direct, sir, to Marion's camp?"

Preston nodded a gloomy assent, for buried in his own thoughts he cared not to be disturbed. Macdonald saw this, and, defeated in his attempt to open a conversation, dropped back, but when out of hearing muttered,

"I see how it is. Them women's always getting a man into trouble. For my part I'll be a bachelor. Marrying's like getting tipsy, very pleasant except for the after repentance."

CHAPTER II.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
With Marion are their prayers. BRYANT.

The period of which we write was one that will ever be memorable in the annals of our country. Never had the fortunes of the patriots been at so low an ebb in the south, as between the defeat of Gates, at Camden, and the inroad of Cornwallis into North Carolina. After the fall of Charleston no time had been lost in overrunning the colony. All organized resistance being at an end, a proclamation was published, inviting the citizens to return to his majesty's government, and stipulating for little more on their part than neutrality. Large numbers, even of the Whigs, accepted these terms: and had Cornwallis adhered to his promises, then indeed might liberty have been despaired of. But the royal leader soon threw off the mask, and required all who had accepted the protection, as it was called, to declare themselves openly on the royal side, in the further prosecution of the war. Finding themselves thus barely deceived, many flew to arms; but such, whenever captured, were executed as rebels. The fate of Col. Hayne, who was put to death at Charleston under these circumstances, was but a type of that of hundreds of lesser note, who perished often without a trial.

The war, meanwhile, was carried on with savage ferocity against the Whigs. Their plantations were laid waste, their negroes carried off, their houses given to the flames. The seven vials of wrath

were literally poured out on South Carolina. Instances of cruelty without number are left on record. One may suffice. An innocent Quaker who took care of a sentry's musket for a few minutes, while the soldier went on an errand, was seized for this pretended crime and thrown into prison. His wife hurried to the jail to see him. She was told to wait a few minutes and she should be conducted to him. With this brutal jest on their lips, the royal myrmidons hurried to the man's cell, dragged him forth and hung him at the jail window: then, returning to his wife, they led her into the yard, and showed her husband to her quivering in the agonies of death. But God at last raised up an avenger for these and other atrocities. Suddenly, in the very heart of the oppressed district, there arose a defender, bitter, sleepless, unforgiving—seemingly endowed with miraculous powers of intelligence—whose motions were quick as lightning—who dealt blows now here, now there, at points least expected—and who, by a series of rapid and brilliant successes, soon made his name a terror to the British. Volunteers flocked in crowds to his standard. His boldness and gallantry filled the colony with astonishment and rejoicing. Wherever a surprise took place—wherever a convoy was cut off—wherever a gallant deed was unexpectedly done, men said that Marion had been there.

Preston had succeeded in raising a troop, for his name was an influential one in his neighborhood, and he was soon one of Marion's most trusted adherents. A man who is willing to throw his life away on every occasion, speedily acquires the reputation of daring and bravery. The country around the Santee, which was the chief scene of his exploits, rung with the name of our hero. Nor was his foster-brother, now a serjeant in Preston's troop, and one of Marion's acutest scouts, without his share of renown.

Meantime the gay society of Charleston had suffered considerable diminutions. Many of the royal officers were absent with their commands, and a large portion of the gentry had retired to their estates. Among these was Mr. Mowbray, who secretly meditated joining the continental side again. Kate, too, was absent with her aunt, at the estate of the latter.

To this place the course of our story now carries us. Mrs. Blakeley's mansion had heretofore escaped the visitation of war, but within a few days a detachment under Col. Watson had halted there on its march to Camden. With him came Major Lindsay, still an eager suitor for Kate. But scarcely had Col. Watson encamped on the plantation, when a body of Marion's men, conspicuous among whom was Capt. Preston, made their appearance, and daily harassed the British officer, by cutting off his communications, assailing his pickets, and sometimes even beating up his camp.

One evening Kate was sitting sewing with her aunt in the parlor, conversing with Col. Watson, and several of his officers, who were their guests, when the servant came in to light the candles. Old Jacob, as he was called, filled the office of butler in

the family, and was quite a character. He was a Whig at heart, and cordially disliked his mistress's compulsory visitors. Having been his deceased master's personal servant, he had thus acquired a footing of familiarity which allowed him to have his joke even at the table where he waited. He piqued himself moreover on what he thought his breeding and fine diction. He was a source of constant amusement to the British officers, who, however, found him sometimes their overmatch in repartee.

"Well, Jacob, what news?" said Major Lindsay. "Any more rebels captured?"

Old Jacob turned, bowed his head profoundly, and showing his teeth in a broad grin, said—

"Dare is no news yet, sar, dat I know on; but 'spose dare will be some afore mornin'; for, sartain, Capt. Preston will beat up your quarters as usual: and den, how de red-coats run!"

Kate looked up archly, yet colored when she caught the major's eye. That personage bit his lip, and remarked—

"Never mind Capt. Preston, Jacob: he'll be our prisoner very soon. Has the flag of truce come back?"

"Oh! yes, sar," said old Jacob, his face radiant with delight. "Hab n't you heard? Dat great news, sar. 'Spose you know Sargent Macdonald?"

"What of him?" said the major, beginning to suspect he was making a ridiculous figure. "He's a savage. Why he shot Lieut. Torriano yesterday three hundred yards off."

"Dat he did," said the old butler, waxing grandiloquent, "he hit de lieutenant judgematically, I insure you. But dat is not de news. You knows Sargent Macdonald sent in word, toder day, dat if his baggage, took in de sally, was not recorded immediately to him again, he would kill eight of your men. You know dat? To-day de baggage was sent back, for dat sargent be de berry debbil, and now he send word dat, since his baggage be recorded punctiliously, he will only kill four of your men!" And the speaker, though too well-bred to laugh at what he considered so good a joke, grinned from ear to ear.

"The cannibal!" said Lindsay, shrugging his shoulders, "but what can be expected of the men when their leaders countenance the firing on pickets."

"Yet you hang them for rebels," said Kate, with spirit.

"They shoot down officers," continued Lindsay, not thinking it advisable to reply to her palpable hit, "as if this Mr. Marion paid for them at so much a head. I never saw such unchristian fighting. They are a set of bores; and cowards at heart, all of them, I'll be sworn."

"Cowards they are not," said Kate, her eyes flashing to hear her countrymen thus stigmatized. "At least you did not seem to think them such when Capt. Preston, at the head of his troop, dashed up to your lines, and challenged you to fight singly, or otherwise. I heard myself the alarm with which the soldiers cried, 'Here comes Preston again!'"

"He well knew no one would accept his challenge: so his bravado cost him nothing."

"Go meet him when he comes again, and see whether he meant it for bravado!" retorted Kate; then, all at once remembering the enthusiasm into which she had been hurried, she colored, and resumed her work in some embarrassment.

Major Lindsay stifled a muttered execration on his American rival, for he began to fear, from the spirit which Kate had shown, that the chivalric exploits of Capt. Preston were making a decided impression on her heart. The desperate daring which the rebel officer had shown within the last few days, Major Lindsay had attributed, in his own mind, to a desire on the part of Preston to dazzle his mistress; but Kate's behavior toward himself had been so flattering, in comparison to that bestowed on others, that, until this moment, he had consoled himself that these exploits had been thrown away. He sat, therefore, silent and moody; and the conversation ceased.

Gradually, one by one, the visitors thinned off and returned to their quarters, until only Col. Watson and himself were left. The Colonel and Mrs. Blakeley had sat down to a game of cards in a distant corner of the apartment. Here was an opportunity to decide his fate. It might be the last time he would find Kate alone, for the camp was expected to move in a few days. The occasion was not to be neglected, and, doubtful as he felt of the issue, he arose, and leaning over her, said, in a low voice,

"I fear, my dear Miss Mowbray, that I offended you by what I said of Capt. Preston. I forgot, for a moment, that he was an old playmate of yours. You cannot tell how pained I am that any thing I said should displease you."

"It matters little—I am not at all displeased," said Kate, keeping her eyes on her work, her heart beating violently. "Capt. Preston needs no defender in me, nor asks one. I but spoke generally in behalf of my countrymen."

Major Lindsay saw her embarrassment, and, misinterpreting the cause, drew a favorable omen from it.

"You relieve my heart from a load," he said. "I could bear any thing rather than your displeasure. Indeed you must long have seen how I loved you. Nay, do not rise from the table. I worship the very ground you tread on—my life itself is bound up in your smiles—all I have, heart, fortune, reputation, I lay at your feet—"

He would have continued in the same impassioned strain, but Kate, summoning up all her self-command, rose with dignity.

"It pains me to hear this, Major Lindsay," she said. "I will be frank. That you sought my society, I saw, but that you loved me I never believed."

The face of Major Lindsay flushed, but he controlled his features, and detained her as she would have moved away.

"Do not bid me despair," he said. "In time I may be allowed to hope. Let me fancy that my devotion may at last win me this fair hand."

"No time can alter my sentiments," said Kate, coldly.

"I will serve for you as for a second Rachel," and the major still detained her.

"Nay! I can listen to this no more. You forget yourself!" said Kate, severely.

At this instant, and before Major Lindsay could reply, Kate saw that her aunt had finished the game of cards, and was coming toward her. The major with chagrin turned away. He would have given worlds if the *tête-à-tête* could have been protracted, for then he would have endeavored to discover if Kate really loved Preston, or was indifferent to all.

"Rejected, by George!" he muttered. "But I must have her, however," he soliloquized. "She is too lovely, too charming altogether, to be sacrificed on a provincial—what a sensation she would create at court! Then she is heiress to one of the best properties in this colony, and since my cousin has married again, there is no telling how many new lives may come in between impoverished me and the earldom. By Jove! I wish this Preston had remained abroad a little longer, or that he would get knocked over in some skirmish. I wouldn't hesitate to give him his *coup de grâce* myself, if I had a chance. But he shan't foil me. I'll have Kate in spite of him. What a delicious creature she is! What eyes!—what an arm!"

Major Lindsay met Kate the ensuing day with an unruffled brow and without embarrassment. If there was any change in his demeanor, it was perceptible only in the assumption of greater deference toward her than before. Not Lord Orville himself, the *proux chevalier* of Evelina, could have shown more tact and delicacy in bestowing those thousand little attentions which go so far toward winning the female heart. Kate was annoyed. She saw that Major Lindsay, in spite of her decided language, still cherished the hope of winning her favor; but his conduct was so guarded as to forbid maiden modesty again alluding to the subject. She could only, therefore, endeavor, by a cold though polite behavior, to show that her sentiments were unchanged, hoping that in time he would tire of the pursuit. She little knew the pertinacity and unscrupulousness of the man with whom she had to deal.

Kate dared not, meanwhile, too closely to examine her own heart. She could not forget the exquisite pleasure which attended her last *tête-à-tête* with Preston, and her bosom thrilled whenever she thought of what might have been his words if Major Lindsay had not come in. The subsequent coldness and suspicion of Preston had piqued her, and she had resolved to punish him for his want of confidence and jealousy, by a little innocent coquetry with Major Lindsay in the evening. Fatal error! When she heard of his speedy departure from his own lips, she regretted for a moment her revenge; but her second feeling was that of anger at his conduct, and hence her assumed indifference. And yet, after the lapse of months, she felt herself the aggrieved party. Preston ought not to have been so jealous. He had no right to be offended at the show of only ordinary

courtesy to a visiter. If he chose to be suspicious and proud, he ought to be taught better by neglect. He had trifled with her, else he would have called again, and sought an explanation. But perhaps he did not love her, perhaps he had meant nothing by his words. She usually ended her reveries at this point with a sigh, and a haughty resolution to discard him from her heart. She would love no one who did not love her.

In a few days Col. Watson left his encampment for Georgetown, where he arrived, harassed by constant attacks, Major Lindsay accompanying him.

CHAPTER III.

And there was arming in hot haste.—BRON.

The war meanwhile went on with increased ferocity. The tide of battle, which at first ran in Marion's favor, had now turned, and his enemies were everywhere in the ascendant. The army of Greene was in North Carolina, occupied in watching Cornwallis. Lord Rawdon held Camden with a strong force. All the other important posts were in the hands of the British. Marion, for the first time disheartened, talked of retiring behind the mountains. Armed bodies of Tories, in the mean time, traversed the country, plundering at will, and hanging, without even the form of a trial, those of their unfortunate prisoners they had found in arms.

Mr. Mowbray had long contemplated rising in favor of his country again, and no time seemed to him so proper as the present, when all others were becoming disheartened. His daughter he knew to be in safety with her aunt, who had always maintained a strict neutrality: so there was nothing to withhold him longer from his purpose. He had accordingly secretly exerted himself to raise a troop among the young men of his neighborhood, and his recruiting had been attended with such success, that their rising only waited the removal of a large body of armed Tories who had lately infested the vicinity. On the first signal from Mr. Mowbray, they were to rendezvous at the Hall.

Mowbray Hall was one of those fine old mansions a few of which linger in South Carolina, fast fading monuments of the departing splendors of her old provincial nobility. The building stood at the head of a long avenue of trees, and was a large double house, with an immense hall in the centre. The outhouses had suffered considerably since the war began, and many of the fields lay bare and uncultivated; but the mansion itself was still in a remarkably fine state of preservation, and the architectural boast of the county.

It was a fine, clear morning when Mr. Mowbray stood on the steps of his house, to welcome the recruits who, in obedience to his long expected signal, were on that day to repair to the rendezvous. His feelings, as one stout yeoman after another rode up, were those of exultation, dashed a little perhaps with regret for having ever despaired of his country.

"How fortunate that Capt. Ball, with his Tories, has moved up the river," said his lieutenant, who

stood beside him. "We shall have time to discipline our men, and rally a greater number to our ranks. Our twenty tall fellows, though brave enough, could scarcely make head against his hundred troopers. We have a good week before us."

"Very true; and we have assurances of nearly thirty more, provided we display our banner. Three days of quiet is all I ask. Then, I hope, we shall be able to give a good account of ourselves even if Ball's Tories return," said Mr. Mowbray.

"If we are gone when he comes back, my dear sir, he will wreak his vengeance, I fear, on our homes," said the other, with something of a sigh.

"I hope you do not think of drawing back," replied Mr. Mowbray. "In this cause a man must be willing to sacrifice father and mother, house and land, good repute, and all else he holds dear in the world. God help us!"

"I am with you till death," said the lieutenant, thinking at that moment how much more his superior had to lose than himself: and affected by such heroic and self-sacrificing patriotism.

At this instant a horseman was seen galloping furiously down the avenue, and as he came onward, he waved his cap as if desirous to call their attention to something in the road which he had left. Mr. Mowbray looked in that direction, but a clump of woodland shut out the highway from sight; however, after a moment's delay, the voice of one of the recruits called his attention to what seemed a cloud of dust rising above the tree tops. Almost at the same instant a number of troopers appeared at the head of the avenue. The approaching horseman now had reached the lawn.

"We are betrayed," he cried, almost exhausted. "Ball's Tories are behind, and have chased me for two miles. To arms—to arms!"

The time was too short to allow of barricading the house; but the great hall was speedily turned into a fortification. The doors at either end were closed, barred, and further defended by chairs and tables piled against them; while the entrances into the parlors were closed effectually in the same way. The great window at the head of the staircase, and the one at the other extremity of the upper hall were guarded by a proper force. These dispositions had scarcely been completed when the Tories galloped up to the lawn, on which they dismounted with loud shouts, and began instant preparations for the attack.

When Mr. Mowbray's scanty troop was mustered, it was found to contain but ten exclusive of himself, for nearly half of the expected recruits had not yet had time to arrive. It was evident there had been treachery somewhere among them; for none but those who had enlisted knew of this rendezvous; and the sudden disappearance of the enemy two days before, it was now apparent, had been a feint. However, nothing remained but to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

Mr. Mowbray walked around among his men, and himself saw that every thing was ready. He exhorted them, in a few words, to do their duty manfully. His short harangue was brought to a

speedy conclusion by a loud cheer on the part of the assailants, and by a shower of bullets aimed at the hall window, as they advanced to the attack.

"Fire coolly—and waste no shot!" he said, sternly, himself handling a musket.

Four men fell at that first discharge; and, mad with rage and shame, the assailants strove to climb up the pilasters of the hall door; but they were beaten thence by the butts of the defenders' muskets. The men, however, who achieved this were severely wounded by the rifles of the Tories, who, keeping watch, aimed wherever a head appeared. An effort was now made to break in the hall door. An axe was brought, and, after several blows, one of the heavy panels gave way. But the moment the wood fell crashing in, a volley poured through the aperture drove back the assailants, who, thus foiled at every point, retreated to the cover of the outhouses, as if to hold a consultation.

The little garrison was now mustered. One of its members had been shot dead at the great hall window, and several were wounded. The hurts were bandaged as well as possible, and the stock of ammunition was distributed more equally. Their slight successes had inspirited the men; they began now to talk of foiling the enemy; and when notice was again given of his approach they repaired to their posts with alacrity and exultation.

The Tories now seemed to have resolved trying a combined attack on all parts of the house. One party advanced toward the hall door in front—another made the circuit of the mansion to assail the one in the rear—and a third remained at one angle, as if contemplating an assault on the side when the rest should be fully engaged. Mr. Mowbray's heart forewarned him of the result when he saw these preparations.

"They are breaking into the parlors," exclaimed one of the men, rushing up the staircase, at the very instant that a new volley was discharged on the house from the assailants.

Mr. Mowbray listened and heard the dull crash of an axe, followed by the breaking of glass. The parlor shutters had merely been barred, and the parlors once gained it was only necessary to break down the doors leading to the entry, which were comparatively weak, and slightly barricaded. To desert the hall up stairs would be to seduce the Tories in front and rear from their cover, and throw open an entrance to them by the way they had first essayed. It became necessary, therefore, to divide his already small force, and, leaving a few to maintain the old positions, defend the threatened door with two or three trusty arms.

"We must sell our lives dearly," he said, as he took his station behind the door, posting a man on each side.

The enemy was now heard leaping into the parlor, and simultaneously a general attack began on all sides. The bullets rattled against the wall; shouts and cries of encouragement rose on both sides. From the quick firing overhead Mr. Mowbray knew that his men in that quarter were actively engaged.

The axe was now heard against the parlor door before him, and the frail wood quivered under every blow. Another stroke and the panel gave way. Instantly the musket of Mr. Mowbray was aimed through the aperture at the man who wielded the axe, who fell dead at the explosion. But another promptly seized the instrument, and, posting himself with more caution at the side of the opening, dealt such vigorous strokes that the door speedily fell in. As the planks crashed to the floor there was a general rush on the part of the Tories in the parlor, toward the aperture.

"Meet them bravely!" shouted Mr. Mowbray. "Strike home, and we drive them back."

He fired a pistol as he spoke at the foremost assailant; but the Tory knocked up the weapon, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.

"Hurrah! we have them now," shouted this man, who was their leader. "Revenge your comrades!"

"Stand fast!" cried Mr. Mowbray, the lion of his nature aroused.

For a few seconds the melee was terrific. Now that the foe had effected an entrance, the defence of the other posts was no longer necessary, and the followers of Mr. Mowbray crowded to his assistance. On the other hand the Tories poured into the parlor, and thence struggled to make their way into the hall. Inch by inch they fought their road with overpowering numbers; and inch by inch, with desperate but unavailing courage, the Whigs gave ground. The clash of swords, the explosion of pistols, the shouts of either party were mingled in wild disorder with the oaths and shrieks of the wounded and dying. Swaying to and fro, now one party, now the other giving ground, the combat raged with increasing fury. But numbers at last prevailed. When most of his followers had fallen, Mr. Mowbray, however, still remained, wounded yet erect, struggling like a noble stag at bay.

"Surrender, and we give quarter!" shouted the Tory leader, who, throughout the conflict, had seemed desirous rather of taking him prisoner than slaying him.

Mr. Mowbray thought of his child and faltered; but remembering that the enemy never showed clemency he said, striking at his adversary,

"Never, so help me God!"

But that moment of indecision sealed his fate. The Tory leader made a sign to his followers, two of whom rushed in on the old man; and, as he spoke, his sword was knocked from his hand, and himself overthrown and bound.

Two days after he was led in triumph into the streets of Georgetown, nor was it concealed from him that his life had been spared only that he might expiate his rebellion on the scaffold.

His captor immediately repaired to Major Lindsay's quarters, where he remained for nearly an hour. When left alone, Major Lindsay exclaimed,

"My information was true, then; he has been caught with arms in his hands. So far all goes well. That proud beauty is now mine, for she will marry me to save her father's life." [To be continued.]

MIRIAM.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

ON Harp of Judah! long thy thrilling strain
Hath slumbered 'mid the gloom of centuries—
Save when some master-spirit woke again
Thy silent chords of thousand symphonies.
Not thine, his swelling anthems loudly ringing—
Oh Maid of Judah! with thy prophet-song,
And sounding timbrel's voice, all proudly flinging
Thy warrior-notes Judea's hills among!
Oh voiceless harp! fain would my soul-wrapt ear
Catch some faint echo from thy silent strings,
And, as these trembling fingers half in fear
Sweep o'er thy slumbering chords—lo! there up-springs
Strange spirit-music, tremulous and low
As half-breathed sigh—to fitful silence hushing
Those thrilling strains my unskilled fingers know
Not to control. But hush! again their gushing
Swells like loud battle-peal on fierce blasts rushing.

Night! o'er thy mountains, oh Gilboa! where
The mighty spear of Saul was rent in twain,
And haughty Israel's curse was branded there—
The blood of her first king—dark as the curse of Cain!
Night—on Mount Moriah! o'er his solemn brow
Those sentinels that guard the halls of Heaven
As brightly keep their wakeful vigils now
As when He knelt 'neath their pure beams at even,
And prayed in agony that we might be forgiven.

Moonlight o'er Galilee! the sparkling wave
That bounded as the sunbeams kissed its breast,
Are now all motionless and silent, save
Their low, hushed murmurs where the soft winds rest.
Night o'er lone Samaria! thy dark hill's crest
Fades proudly into gloom. Still linger there
Thy maidens at "The Well" His feet have prest;
Still floats their broken music on the air
At eve, blent with the wave's low murmured prayer.

Thy moon rides slowly o'er thy hills, oh Galilee!
Proud Queen of Heaven! bound to her far-off throne
Behind the Syrian mountains—and thy sea,
Oh lone Tiberias! where of late she shone,
Mirrors the stars upon thy bosom—stars of voiceless Night.
The dark Chaldean, from his cloud-hung tower,
Keeps his lone vigils by thy waning light,
For Israel keepeth Feast of solemn power,*
When thy bright beams shall fade at morning hour.

The stern Chaldean turns him from his lore
Where he hath writ the mighty destiny
Those stars revealed. Now seeks he thy dim shore,
Tiberias! the spirit-minstrelsy
Of unborn Ages breathes upon his lyre
In soul-wrapt flame. But hush! the far-off notes
Of timbrel-echoes 'mong the hills expire,
As 't were some seraph's song o'er earth that floats

* The "Feast of Tabernacles," which lasted seven days.

And fades away in air—when lo! proud Miriam stands
Before him and his prophecy commands.

THE CHALDEAN'S PROPHECY.

"Daughter of Judah! on thy brow
Thy kingly line is proudly blent
With Israel's faith, and woman's vow—
Now love, now pride—each lineament.
Thine is the faith thy fathers bore—
A heritage despised, contemned—
The fearful curse still lingers o'er
Israel's outcast tribes condemned.
Thine is their faith—but dost thou deem
Thy soul is with the Nazarene?"

"False Prophet! had Ben Ezra's ear
But heard thy lying prophecy,
Thou stand'st not, Heaven-daring here,
To mock our Faith thus impiously!
For Israel's Lord is still our God!
And Israel's outcast tribes shall turn
Back to these hills our fathers trod,
And fallen Judah cease to mourn.
False Seer! thy words I heed them not—
Those stars are dim thine eyes have sought."

Darkness o'er the Eternal City!—gloom
O'er her thousand palaces! and Night,
Deep, solemn Night! broods ever o'er the tomb
Of her vast temples, fallen in their might.
Still to their broken shrines worn pilgrims come—
And 'neath their mighty columns, sunken low,
The fierce Bedouin seeks his midnight home,
And treacherous lurks where footsteps chance to go.
Proud Rome! thy thousand hills are silent now—
Where waved the "Imperial Eagle" o'er their brow.†

Yet o'er her mighty temples' fallen shrines
Still sleeps the sunshine 'mid the shadows there;
There many a wearied pilgrim-wanderer finds
A peaceful rest from Life's dark toil and care.
And there awaiteth many a scattered one
Of Israel's people—till the joyful day
Shall see the long "lost tribe of Judah" come
Once more to thy blest land, oh Palestine! for aye,
And here, 'mid fallen Rome, Ben Ezra bides—
Miriam is not—earth hath no joy besides.

America the blest! all proudly to thy shore
Fled Rome's imperial eagle! thy fair land
Sleeps o'er 'mid bloom and sunshine; evermore
Thy Freedom's holy cause shall firmly stand.
Our noble sires! their true hearts' incense rose
Here upon God's free altars; *let us keep
Their memories holy!* Room at our shrines for those
Who seek, like them, a rest from bondage deep.
And Miriam! was that prophecy a dream?
Thy soul—thy faith is with the Nazarene.

† The emblem banner of Rome.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

A TALE.

News, fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. KING JOHN.

On a cold December night, in the winter of 183—, four persons were assembled in an upper chamber of an old out-house in one of the crooked streets at the "North End" of Boston. This was in former times the most fashionable part, the court end, as it were, of the town, and the house of which I speak had been the residence of one of the old colonial governors, and bore traces of its former magnificence, now almost effaced by the ravages of time and neglect.

It was a dark and tempestuous night. The wind howled mournfully through the narrow streets and around the tall houses of the "North End," and the few passengers who were abroad wrapped their garments tighter about them, and hurried to seek shelter from the cutting blast. Within doors the aspect of things was more cheerful. An old-fashioned wood fire burned brightly on the hearth; the heavy folds of the crimson curtains excluded every breath of cold air, and the usual conveniences of comfort and luxury were distributed through the apartment. The company, consisting of myself and three female friends, were drawn closely up to the cheerful blaze, apparently as comfortable as possible. The cause of our meeting here was this. A neighbor, one Mr. Helger, had died very suddenly the day before. He had formerly been engaged largely in trade, but meeting with reverses which soured his disposition, and cast a shade of gloom over his character, he had withdrawn entirely from the world, and lived all alone by himself in this large house. We, being neighbors, had offered our services to watch with the corpse, as was the custom. The room in which we were had been the apartment of the deceased, and was fitted up with much taste, and even luxury, but all the rest of the house was bare and unfurnished, and was said by the neighbors to be haunted. The corpse was placed in a room just across the entry, so that we could hear a noise or disturbance if there should be any. Refreshments had been provided, and we had nothing to do but to make ourselves comfortable, and amuse ourselves until morning should release us from our duty.

The time flew by very quickly in pleasant chat, and when, during a lull of the storm, we heard the neighboring clock on the steeple of the North church strike the hour of twelve, we were all surprised at the lateness of the hour.

"'T is now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world,"

said I; "can't some of you ladies tell a genuine, old-

fashioned, terrific ghost-story for our edification? Surely, Mrs. Johnstone, you must know one; you always have plenty of interesting stories."

The lady addressed thought a moment in silence, and then replied, "I can tell you a ghost-story, and what is more, vouch for its reality, for the incident happened to myself. It was a good many years ago, but it is as distinctly imprinted on my memory as if it took place yesterday." A ghost-story, told by one of the actors in it, could not fail to be interesting; so we drew our chairs nearer the fire, assumed a listening attitude, and the lady began.

"You must know, in the first place, that I was married at a very early age, and a year or two after, left my native place, and went with my husband to live in the interior of Vermont. The country was little settled at that time, being mostly covered with unbroken forests. I felt the change of situation very strongly. I had lived all my life in the midst of a large city, surrounded by a numerous family of brothers and sisters. We had gone into society a good deal, and had been in the habit of seeing many people, and engaging in all the amusements of the day. My present residence was in the midst of dense forests, the next neighbor lived two miles off, and the nearest town was on the Connecticut, more than ten miles from our farm. The house stood on one corner of the clearing, not more than a hundred yards from the woods, through which, on stormy nights, the winds howled in mournful and sad tones. In winter the deep snows cut off all communication with the other parts of the country, and sometimes we did not see a stranger for months. To this lonely spot I had removed, after having always been accustomed to the noise and bustle of a city, and it was not strange that it should seem gloomy to me.

"One day in autumn, in the month of November I think it was, my husband told me that he was going to take his men and go over to the next town for some necessary articles, and he was afraid that he should not be able to get home that night. So away he went, and left me alone in the house, with the exception of my infant child. I had brought a black woman with me from home, but the change of situation did not agree with her. She had been taken ill, and had died about a fortnight before the time of which I speak. On account of the difficulty of procuring servants, I had not been able to get another woman to supply her place, so I was entirely alone.

After supper I sat by the kitchen fire some time, till at last I dropped asleep in my chair. I was

awakened by the shrill sound of the tall, old-fashioned clock, striking the hour of ten. The candle had burned low in its socket, and the expiring embers diffused a faint glow through the room. I jumped up, rubbed my eyes, and prepared to go to bed. I took the light and was leaving the room, when somebody knocked at the outside door of the house. I was a little startled that any one should knock at the door at that time of night, but presently I thought that my husband had changed his mind and returned home after all. I went and opened the door, but nobody was there. I shut the door, rather surprised, and sat down by the fire.

"To understand my story clearly, you must know the arrangement of the room in which I was. On one side was the door leading into the open air, on the opposite side, the doors leading to the parlors, etc. On the third side of the room was the fireplace, and on the fourth, the door of a bed-room in which black Charlotte had slept, and where, as I have said, she died a fortnight before. This door was a little way open. I went and shut it, and had hardly done so, when the knocking was repeated with startling distinctness, and a moment after I saw the door of the bed-room slowly open, and remain ajar. I went again to the door and looked out, but, as before, I could see no one. I then shut the door of the bed-room and latched it fast. I began to feel frightened, for I could find no one who could have knocked at the door, nor could I account for the mysterious opening of the bed-room door. All the stories of ghosts and witches that I had ever heard came into my head, and hundreds of imaginary horrors beside. I made up my mind, however, that if I should hear the knocking again, I would go into the bed-room and see if any thing was there. I listened. All was quiet, and I could hear nothing but the beating of my own heart. A third time the knocking was repeated, slowly and distinctly, and a third time the haunted door slowly opened. I seized the candle and rushed in. I looked every where, but nothing was to be seen. I came out, shut the door behind me, and then went out into the open air. No one was in sight. There was a storm coming up, and the wind howled mournfully through the branches of the tall trees. To my excited fancy every thing looked strangely and differently from its usual appearance. By the dim light of the waning moon, which was half obscured by the driving clouds that shrouded her disk, I fancied I saw something moving in the deep shadow of the trees. I shuddered and closed the door. I went up stairs and looked at my child. He lay calmly sleeping in his cradle, and his deep breathing was the only sound that disturbed the stillness of the house. I felt more assured after looking at the innocent face of the little boy. I felt that even if God should permit an evil spirit to work its will for a time, he would never allow it to harm a thing so holy and innocent as that little child. I endeavored to calm my mind by the reflection that I had always treated the dead woman with kindness, and if it was really her ghost that was haunting the house, it would have

no reason to injure me. But my heart grew sick within me when I heard again—"Knock! knock! knock!" and saw the door of the haunted room slowly open as before."

Here Mrs. Johnstone stopped talking, and listened intently, as if she was trying to catch some distant sound.

"I certainly heard it," at length she said. "I hear it now—I certainly hear a noise as of some one moving in the death-chamber. Let us go in and see if any thing is there."

So saying she arose, took a candle in her hand, and went across the entry to the neighboring apartment. Presently she shrieked and ran back into the room where we were, with her face as pale as death, and said, in a very excited tone—

"Oh! such a sight as I have seen! The corpse sat upright in his coffin, and seemed as if trying to speak to me."

"You want to frighten us, Mrs. Johnstone," said I. "First you tell an awful story about a mysterious knocking, and then, to increase the effect, you come in and tell us this. I am sorry to say that I don't believe a word of it."

"It is no time for jesting now, young man," rejoined she. "God forbid that I should sport with such an awful thing as death. But as true as I hope for salvation I saw Mr. Helger sitting erect in his coffin, and such a look as he gave me—it will haunt me till my dying day. But, if you do n't believe me, go and look for yourself."

I hastily seized a candle, and went to the room where the corpse was laid. The rest of the company followed at a little distance. Just as I approached the door I thought I heard a step in the inside of the room, as of one coming to meet me. I said nothing, however, and took hold of the door-handle to open the door—but to my horror it was grasped on the inside and violently turned. I seized the door and held it to with all my strength, while it was pulled strongly against me by whatever infernal shape was in the room. The women screamed dreadfully and dropped the lights, which went out, leaving us only the dim light from the fire in the opposite room. The storm without howled round the old house with redoubled fury. It was a fearful scene. I felt faint and sick—my strength gave way—I let go the door. Mr. Helger, in his grave-clothes, stood in the door-way, deathly pale, his face streaming with blood, and his features distorted by a ghastly grin. We turned and ran frantically down stairs, tumbling over each other in our haste.

Just as we were running out of the house we heard Mr. Helger behind us. We ran up the street all the faster, the women screaming at the top of their voices. The noise and hubbub at last woke up a watchman, who had been peaceably slumbering in a sheltered corner. That functionary, wrathful at being disturbed from his nap, arrested our farther progress with his hook.

"An' what the devil wud ye'es be doin' wid yer-selves here, the night?" inquired he, in a decided brogue.

This pertinent question brought me to my senses. I pulled some money from my pocket, and told the son of Erin to come back with us and he should be well paid for his services. We went back toward the house, and there, near the door, we found Mr. Helger, lying exhausted and fainting on the ground.

We raised him up and carried him back into the house, and put him into bed; and then I despatched Pat for a physician. He soon returned, bringing one whom he had roused from his slumbers. The physician took out his lancet and bled the patient, and, having administered the usual remedies, I had the satisfaction of hearing him say that he thought it probable in a few days Mr. Helger would recover, and be as well as ever. He advised us to remain with him, however, that night, and give him hot drinks from time to time. I paid the physician and the watchman for their trouble and dismissed them.

It was understood that Mr. Helger's death had been very sudden, and it turned out that instead of really dying, he had only fallen into a deep trance, and on arousing from it had frightened us so dreadfully. We were all put in excellent spirits by this happy termination of our adventure—this restoration of the dead to life.

"Supposing you let us hear the rest of your ghost story now, Mrs. Johnstone," said one of the ladies—"if that awful interruption hasn't taken away all your desire to finish it."

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Johnstone, "I will tell you the rest with much pleasure—perhaps it may turn out as well as our present adventure has."

"I believe I left off where the knocking was again repeated at the door. Well—the mysterious door again opened, but nobody was there. I felt desperate. I felt that my reason would give way if I should remain quiet any longer without doing something, and I determined that, if the knocking was repeated, I would take my child in my arms and run round the house, and see if any thing was there which could have produced these unaccountable sounds. I waited patiently till the knocking was repeated, and then went out of doors and ran round the house. The mystery was solved.

"The sheep had come down from the woods, through fear of bears, and were collected in a crowd behind the house. I stood looking at them, and presently one raised his fore-leg and knocked against the house. It is done with the bent joint of the fore-leg, and those who are acquainted with the habits of sheep know that it produces a sound exactly like

the knocking of a human being at a door. I went back into the house, and in a few moments I heard the sheep knock, and saw the door open a moment afterward. The house, built in a hurry, as is usual in a newly settled country, had not been clap-boarded, so that the jarring of the knock was easily communicated to the bed-room door, and the latch being worn, it opened a little way by its own weight, and then remained fixed.

"Thus was the mystery cleared up, and you may conceive what a load was taken off of my heart. I went to bed and slept soundly till morning, when the glorious sun with his cheerful beams effectually dispelled all the phantoms and terrors of the preceding night.

"Next day my husband returned home, and I related to him all the circumstances of my fright. He praised me for the courage I had shown in going out to investigate the cause of the sounds, and said that he thought that few men would have been as brave as I was. And sure enough, on the very next night, my husband and I were sitting in the parlor, when suddenly the man-servant, a great strapping fellow, came running in, as white as a sheet, and cried out,

"Oh, Lord! we're haunted! we're haunted! Charlotte's ghost has come to haunt us!"

"What do you mean, you foolish fellow?" said my husband, "go back into the kitchen, and don't let me hear any more such nonsense."

"He went back again, somewhat abashed, but soon returned, almost frightened to death.

"I would n't go back into that room again if you'd give me fifty dollars," said he; "it's haunted. There was a dreadful knocking, but nobody was at the door, and then I saw Charlotte's ghost open the door of the bed-room. Oh, Lord! what will become of us! what will become of us!"

"My husband took pity on him, seeing that he was so much alarmed, and showed him the cause of the phenomena. He was very much ashamed of his fright, and we heard no more of Charlotte's ghost after that."

Here Mrs. Johnstone finished her story, which we all declared was an excellent one, and praised not a little the courage she had shown. By this time the morning had dawned;

"Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone."

TO THE HUSBAND.

SPEAK kindly to her, little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe
Hang on those bitter words—that stern reply—
The cold demeanor and reproving eye;
The death-steel pierces not with keener dart
Than *unkind words* in woman's *trusting* heart.

The frailty being by thy side
Is of a finer mould—keener her sense

Of pain—of wrong—greater her love of
Tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart!
Each ruder breath upon its strings complains
In lowest notes of sadness, not *heard* but
Felt. It wears away her life like a deep
Under current, while the fair mirror of
The changeless surface gives not *one sign*
Of woe.

ELLA.

SENSE AND SYMPATHY.

BY F. R. F.

CHAPTER I.

Use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping. *HAMLET.*

"Did you ever hear a man talk so like a fool as Mr. Barton did yesterday, Sarah?" said Mary Min- turn to Miss Gorham. "I declare, I pitied his wife—did not you?"

"No, certainly not," replied her friend. "Why should I? Mr. Barton does not talk more like a fool now than he did before his marriage. Fanny chose him with her eyes or rather ears open, and if she could put up with his folly then, she may now."

"True enough," answered Mary. "And how she came to fall in love with him passes my comprehension. I would not have believed it had it not actually happened."

"Really, Mary," said Sarah laughing, "your sympathies and compassions often pass my comprehension. Here you are pitying Fanny for having married a man, who, by your own account, she is in love with."

"No, Sarah," replied Mary, "I am not pitying her for marrying the man she is in love with, but for being ashamed of the man she loves."

"Ashamed of the man she loves!" repeated Miss Gorham with infinite contempt. "Now, really, Mary, you had better reserve your compassion for a more deserving object. If Fanny has married a man she is ashamed of, she should be ashamed of herself."

"Did you see how painfully she colored as she caught the glance you gave me, when he was attempting an account of Dr. II's lecture? I could not help feeling for her."

"I did not remark it," replied Miss Gorham, "and I have no sympathy for a woman who has so little feeling or principle, I care not which, as to marry a man she despises. She probably does not feel for herself, and I do not know why we should put ourselves to the pain of feeling for her. I remember the time when Fanny Jones used to laugh at Tom Barton as much as either you or I."

"So do I," replied Mary. "She little thought then she would ever have him."

"But finding she could get nobody better, she has thought it as well to marry him, and that is what you call falling in love, Mary."

"Not at all," rejoined her friend warmly. "But remember it is three years since Mr. Barton first addressed Fanny, and although she ridiculed him then, she has become attached to him since. His devotion and constancy have really won her."

"If then she is in love with him," said Sarah, "she should be satisfied with him; and if she is not she should not have married him; so arrange it any

way you will, Mary, I do not see that she is deserving of much pity. If she fancies he has grown wiser during the last three years, so much the better for her; and if she knows he has not, so much the worse. Either way I have no sympathy to bestow upon her, Mary."

"Well, I have," replied Mary. "I always pity a sensible person who does a silly thing. It is laying up themselves such a store of suffering for the future."

"'Pon my word, Mary, you amuse me," said Sarah, laughing. "Now I might possibly feel for a fool who was committing a folly, as I would for a blind man who walked into the fire, but as to wasting my compassion on those who do such things with their eyes open, is really more than I can undertake. But then," she continued, half contemptuously, "I have not your stock of sensibilities to go upon, and consequently, perhaps, do well to economize mine, or I certainly should exhaust them before they were called upon for a really deserving object."

"I consider all suffering as deserving pity," replied Mary quietly.

"That is more than I do," returned Sarah with spirit. "Sin and suffering may go together, but I do not consider them equally deserving of compassion, or I should go to the jails and work-houses to bestow my sympathies."

"And if you did," replied Mary, "I believe you would go to the places of all others where they would be most called forth. I never pass the city prison without thinking of the many unwritten tragedies it contains. Could we but know the true history of every heart, and the real anguish of every crime that have peopled its walls, I believe we should feel more sorrow than indignation for its unhappy inmates."

"Then," replied Sarah, almost angrily, "I think it is well we do not. If in your fine sensibilities we are to lose all sense of right and wrong, I think your 'unwritten tragedies' had better remain 'unwritten' and unread. They would do infinitely more harm than good. 'Sorrowing for the unhappy inmates of prisons and work-houses!' Who would imagine you were talking of jail-birds and vagrants! This is the sickly sentimentality of the day, and I am sorry to see you falling into it, Mary. Let sin meet with its due punishment, and crime call forth the righteous indignation it merits, and then we may hope to see them somewhat diminished."

"That sin meets with its punishment, even in this world, there can be no doubt, Sarah," said Mary.

"Does it?" said Sarah, with some bitterness. "And rogues is never successful, nor dishonesty

prosperous, I suppose. I think some of our broken institutions and flourishing directors might tell a different story! However, that it will be punished in the next," she added, in a tone that implied she would be much disappointed if it were otherwise, "is certain, but in this sin and impudence decidedly carry the day. You have only to look around you to see the truth of what I say."

The discussion, which was growing rather warm, was here fortunately interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Eldon, a married sister of Sarah's, who as usual had much to hear and to say when she had not seen Sarah for several days, as happened to be the case on the present occasion. A lively and somewhat satirical description of the dinner at Mrs. Barton's formed the chief topic of conversation for some time, which highly amused Mrs. Eldon, and even Mary could not help joining in the laugh, although she could not always agree with her quick-witted and rather merciless friend. In fact they seldom did agree, for two more opposite characters than Mary and Sarah could scarcely be met; and what the bond of attraction could be that rendered them so intimate, would have puzzled most people to determine. Sarah was endowed with more than an ordinary share of sense, but it was that kind of good clear *hard* sense that seldom attracts, although it often amuses. Her chief virtue was her justice, on which she prided herself, and she valued principle, while she placed little faith on feeling. Sensibility and imagination she utterly despised.

Mary, on the contrary, was full of quick sympathies and bright theories, and though often wrong in her premises, was always amiable in her conclusions.

Notwithstanding that they seldom thought alike on any subject, Sarah loved Mary, and, moreover, loved to put her down, which, being easily done, was perhaps a charm in itself; and then she could take liberties with Mary's good temper, which she could not do with every body's. And Mary respected Sarah's mind and relied upon her integrity, although she was somewhat afraid of the severity of her judgments. And besides, they had grown up together, and had got *used* to each other, which, after all, explains more attachments than any theory of sympathies and associations we have yet met with.

Mrs. Eldon was often amused with the opposite accounts the young friends gave of the same occurrence, and would frequently say, as she laughed,

"One would really suppose, girls, you had been at different places."

Sarah boasted that she told things just as she saw them, and was very fond of what she called "the plain English of the case;" while Mary perhaps arrived quite as nearly at the truth in making some allowance for human weakness, and in having some compassion for its inconsistencies.

"Why did you not come to tea last evening, Charlotte?" said Sarah, addressing Mrs. Eldon. "I kept the table waiting almost an hour for you."

"My dear child, I was in such a fright and agitation at that time, that I forgot all about you and your tea-table. Master Georgey escaped from his nurse,

and we could not find him for hours. I was almost wild with anxiety and alarm."

"Indeed!" exclaimed her sister, with much interest; "and where did you find him?"

"Nearly a mile and a half from home. I do not know how he managed to wander so far, for you know he is not quite two years old yet."

"And what did you do to him when you found him?" inquired Miss Gorham.

"Do to him? poor little soul; why I gave him his supper and put him to bed," replied Mrs. Eldon. "The child was exhausted with crying, besides being half dead with fright and fatigue."

"You do not mean to say that you did not punish him for his excursion?" exclaimed Sarah, almost incredulously.

"Punish him! No, certainly not," replied her sister; "but I did what was much wiser. I had a padlock put upon the gate through which the little dog made his escape; so it cannot happen again, and that, you know, is all that is wanted."

But upon that point Sarah did not at all agree with her sister. She wanted a little summary justice besides, and she said,

"Well, if that is not spoiling children, I do not know what is. And this is the way you let Georgey disobey with impunity, is it?"

"I am sure even you would have been satisfied if you had seen the state the poor little fellow was in when he was brought home," replied Mrs. Eldon. "You would have thought him quite punished enough. She will not be so hard-hearted by and by, Mary, when she has children of her own," continued Mrs. Eldon, smiling.

But Sarah was far from satisfied, and was disposed to contend the point, when her sister, rising, said,

"It is time for me to be going home. Is there any thing you want, or that I can do for you?"

"Nothing," replied Sarah.

"Without," said Mary, laughing, "you will give Georgey a whipping as soon as you get home. Now acknowledge, Sarah, that you would feel better if Mrs. Eldon would promise to act upon the suggestion."

"I think Georgey would be the better, if I am not," replied Sarah. "It is of great importance that he learns early that no misdemeanor will be overlooked."

"When I can prevent the recurrence of a fault, I am satisfied," replied Mrs. Eldon.

But Sarah was not. She was always for punishing the past, whether it had reference to the future or not.

Her sister bade her good morning, and Sarah remarking that "Charlotte would ruin her children if she persisted in her present system," the subject dropped, and the friends soon after parted.

"Do you think Sarah will ever marry, Mrs. Eldon?" Mary asked one day; to which she replied,

"No, Mary. I fear she never will. Sarah, from having been placed so young, I suppose, at the head of my father's house, has acquired an independence both of manner and temper, that, I think, will

prevent her marrying. With her quick insight into character, and satirical turn of mind, too, she is not easily interested," and, Mrs. Eldon might have added, was not interesting; for Sarah was now two-and twenty, and never had had a lover, nor any thing that approached to one.

She was not handsome, and had no charm of manner that supplied the attraction of beauty. It is true she had more mind and information than usually falls to the lot of women, but though she often amused, she never won. She was upright, true, sincere, but there was a hardness in her uprightness, a brusquerie in her truths, and a downrightness in her sincerity, that rendered them any thing but attractive; and, in fact, she was not popular, and never had been admired. The few young men who from time to time visited at her father's house she ridiculed without mercy, and Mrs. Eldon soon gave up all hope of ever seeing her married. She consoled herself for the fact by saying that Sarah was one of the few women to whose happiness it was not necessary, and that though with her strong mind and active habits she would have made an admirable head of a family, yet, as it was, she would probably become what is termed a "society woman," and as such be a most useful member of the community. And, in fact, she seemed gradually falling into the course her sister had in her own mind marked out for her. There was so much good sense in all her views, and so much efficiency in carrying them out, that when once she fell into the class just indicated, she was found too useful to be readily relinquished. Nor was the occupation distasteful to her. Her high sense of duty forbade her living for her own pursuits alone, and watching over the poor, and correcting the idle, and directing and dictating generally, suited not less with her tastes than her principles. It was wonderful how much good she did, and how little gratitude she got for it. No one detected an impostor as quickly as she did, and all doubtful and difficult cases were turned over to her management, and every department that fell to her share was directed with vigilance and understanding, but at the same time many of her poor feared, and some of them hated her. She relieved their necessities while she scolded their recklessness, and most of them, as she turned away, said with bitterness, "that she was a *hard* lady," while they blessed Mary's bonny face when she accompanied her, and never failed to call her "a sweet spoken young lady," for though she seldom went among them, and gave little, she listened kindly, and felt for their trials and distresses. The difference was, that Sarah's charity was that of principle, Mary's of feeling, and to the latter the poor and ignorant always respond, while they shrink from the former.

"Sarah," said Mary one day, with some embarrassment, "I have a secret to tell you."

"A secret," said Sarah, "well, what is it?"

Mary colored as she answered, "Perhaps it may surprise you, and yet it seems to me you must half suspect it."

"I am sure I do not know what you mean," re-

plied Sarah, "but if it is a long story give me that flannel petticoat I was making. There," said she, threading her needle, "begin, I am ready."

But it did not seem so easy to begin as Sarah supposed, for Mary cleared her throat and then said with an effort,

"I am going to be married."

"You!" exclaimed Sarah, with extreme surprise. "Why, who to?"

"Oh, Sarah!" said Mary with some disappointment, "how can you ask? To Frank Ludlow, to be sure."

"To Frank Ludlow!" repeated Sarah.

"Yes; you suspected it before, did you not?"

"Not I, indeed," replied Sarah, so decidedly that Mary saw the surprise was perfect. "I have noticed that he was attentive to you, but I never dreamt of your liking him."

"And why not?" asked Mary, not without a little mortification.

"Oh! I do n't know," answered Sarah carelessly. Her manner seemed to imply that she saw nothing in Frank Ludlow to like particularly.

"You are not pleased," said Mary presently, in a low voice. "I hope you don't dislike Frank, Sarah?"

"Who! I dislike him!" said Sarah, looking up from her sewing with surprise. "Not at all. I do n't care about him either one way or the other. But that is not the point in question. If you are in love with him, that is enough, provided," she added with a smile, "you do not require all your friends to be the same."

Mary smiled faintly as she said, "Oh no!" for there was something in Sarah's manner that disappointed and chilled her. She made an effort to say something about her long knowledge of his character and principles, to which Sarah replied,

"I dare say he is a very nice young man, Mary," while she inwardly wondered what Mary could see in him, to think him worth all the sacrifices she must make if she married him.

Mary could say no more. There was something so slighting in the phrase "nice young man," and it was so evident that Sarah did not think much of him, that her spirits sunk, and she soon after left her friend more dejected than she had been since her engagement had taken place.

Mary soon after married, and Sarah was left more to herself and her independent ways than ever, and what with her societies and Sunday-schools, and the many occupations she contrived to make for herself, time rolled quietly on, and Sarah continued very much fulfilling the destiny her sister had long since predicted would be her fate.

"Charlotte," said Mr. Eldon to his wife one day about this time, "what is Allen doing forever at your father's? It seems to me that I never go there that I do not meet him."

"I do n't know," answered Mrs. Eldon carelessly. "Yet, now that you speak of it, I remember that he is there a good deal. He is such a quiet, silent person that one sees him without thinking of

him. I wonder what does take him there. I suppose it is a habit he has fallen into. You know young men will sometimes visit at a house without any particular object."

"That may be," replied her husband, "but I do not think it is so in the present instance. I think Allen admires Sarah."

"Do you?" said his wife with surprise, for the idea of Sarah's exciting particular admiration was new to her. "I should be sorry for him if it were so," she added.

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Eldon.

"Because," she replied, "he seems an amiable young man, and I should be sorry for his disappointment."

"But I am not so sure he will be disappointed," pursued Mr. Eldon.

"My dear husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldon almost indignantly, "you surely do not suppose that Sarah would have a man so inferior to herself as Allen—he is a gentlemanly, amiable person, but decidedly weak."

"Sarah would not be the first clever woman who has married a fool," continued Mr. Eldon.

"But he must be younger than herself," pursued Mrs. Eldon.

"About the same age, I imagine," said her husband. "However, if the idea has not occurred to you before, look to it now. If I am not much mistaken, Sarah is interested in him. It would not be a bad match for her, though certainly not one we would have expected her to make."

And, strange as it may seem, Mr. Eldon's observations had not deceived him. Weak men generally admire clever women. Not having the capacity to entertain themselves, they like somebody who can do it for them. Sarah was now upon the point of doing what she had ridiculed others for all her life, viz., falling in love with one who was not her equal. She had often wondered before where the charm, where even the flattery could be, of the admiration of an inferior. But Sarah had reached her twenty-seventh year without even exciting that admiration, and consequently did not understand the charm, and it is wonderful what a difference the thing's being personal makes in these matters. We often refuse with the utmost sincerity for our friends somebody who, perhaps, would be accepted for ourselves. So it proved with Sarah. She would not have hesitated had Mr. Allen proposed for Mary, but the case was changed when she found herself the object of his humble and devoted attentions, her sayings admired, her opinions adopted, her looks watched, as they had never been admired, adopted, or watched before. Flattery is certainly bewitching, and few can withstand genuine admiration. But when they come with the freshness of novelty, and the charm of unexpectedness, the head must be very sound, or the heart very cold that can altogether repel them. Sarah had abandoned herself to their influence before she was aware of it. She did not yield gracefully, however, nor without a struggle; and she had been engaged several weeks before she could sum-

mon courage to communicate the intelligence to Mrs. Eldon. It was in vain she repeated to herself that she "had only her own happiness to consult," and that "she cared not what others said." Her usual independence almost deserted her, and for the first time in her life she dreaded a smile, and shrank from hearing "plain English."

"Dear, dear Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Ludlow, as she embraced her friend most affectionately, "how could you keep me so long in the dark? But I am come to congratulate, and not scold you. And now tell me all about it;" and the how, and the when, and the where, followed in quick succession, and was listened to with such animated interest and cordial sympathy, and all that Mary knew or thought, or had ever heard, that was favorable to Mr. Allen, was poured forth so kindly, that Sarah's spirits rose, and, as she parted with her friend, she felt an elasticity and joyousness of heart that she had not experienced since her engagement.

"Heaven bless her kind nature!" said Sarah, with a degree of enthusiasm that was unusual to her; "I always feel better after I have been with her."

Had the same observation ever been made on parting with Sarah? We doubt it.

CHAPTER II.

It made me laugh to hear Jock skirl in the chimney. "Now," said I, "you know what hanging is good for."
HEART OF MID LOTHLIAN.

"Mr. Allen looks feeble, Sarah," said Mrs. Eldon to her sister, some time after her marriage—"Is he well?"

"Yes, perfectly," replied Sarah. "Pray don't put it into his head that he is not, or you will make him more indolent than ever. He wants exercise, that is all. I wish him to ride on horseback before breakfast."

"At what hour do you breakfast?" inquired Mrs. Eldon.

"At six," replied her sister.

"At six at this season!" exclaimed Mrs. Eldon.

"Why it can scarcely be light. Does Mr. Allen like such early hours?"

"No," answered Mrs. Allen, laughing, "he would greatly prefer nine, I believe. But such indolent habits destroy all order and regularity in a household."

"Now, Mrs. Eldon, I appeal to you," said her brother-in-law, good-humoredly, "if there is any use in being up at candle-light. I tell Sarah we have the twenty-four hours before us. I do not see the use of hurrying so. It appears to me I hardly get asleep before the bell rings for breakfast."

"The use of early rising," replied Sarah, "is that we need never hurry. There is time for every thing, and unless the master and mistress are up, every thing stands still. And, after all, it only depends upon habit whether we dislike it or not;" and there was something in her tone and manner that implied it was a habit her husband must acquire.

Now in fact Mr. Allen was not strong; but Sarah, who had never been ill for an hour, and scarcely

knew what it was to be fatigued, had no more comprehension of the languor of a feeble frame, than she had mercy for a weak mind, and, consequently, the breakfast bell rang as pitilessly at break of day, as if Mr. Allen had been endowed with her own "steel and whalebone constitution." Strong health makes one sometimes unfeeling, and so it was with Sarah. She thought a good walk or long ride a panacea for all the ills flesh is heir to, and that if sickness was not sin, it was what she considered next to it—laziness.

"And now, Sarah," said Mrs. Eldon, "I want a favor of you. I want you to ask young Brandon and his wife to your party next week."

"Which one?" inquired Mrs. Allen. "I did not know Frank was married, for I do not suppose you mean the other."

"Yes I do," replied her sister.

"Not the one who was implicated in that affair some years since?" pursued Mrs. Allen.

"The same," continued Mrs. Eldon. "He was almost a boy when that happened, and he has quite redeemed himself since. And now that he is married, his friends wish to make an effort to bring him forward again; and I promised to ask you to invite him. It will be of service to him to be seen here."

"Never!" said Sarah, with decision; "I never will countenance any one who could be guilty of such conduct. I am astonished you could ask it."

"My dear Sarah, remember what a lad he was at the time," urged Mrs. Eldon.

"He was old enough to know better," replied Mrs. Allen.

"Undoubtedly," resumed her sister—"but, Sarah, if you had a family of boys growing up around you, as I have, you would learn to look with more leniency upon their errors."

"If I countenance such young men as Brandon," replied Sarah, "I do not know what right I should have to look for better things in my own sons. When society overlooks such acts, we may as well abandon all principle and order at once."

"As a general rule, I agree with you," returned Mrs. Eldon; "but situated as we are with regard to the Brandon family, I should wish here to make an exception. They were my mother's earliest friends, and we are under many obligations to them."

"Any thing that I could do for them but this, I would do cheerfully," replied Sarah.

"But there is nothing else you can do, Sarah," persisted Mrs. Eldon. "They want nothing else; and it seems to me that friendship is but a name, if we are not willing to make a sacrifice for our friends."

"Any but that of principle I am willing to make for them," replied Mrs. Allen, resolutely.

When Sarah took it up as a matter of principle, her sister desisted at once, as she knew the business to be hopeless. She only sighed, and hoped Sarah might never know some of the trials of a mother's heart, to teach her mercy and compassion.

Sarah continued, as a married woman, to be very much what she had been as a girl, for marriage does

not modify the character as much as people think it does. Her active and energetic nature, which had formerly been expended on societies and paupers, was now devoted to her household, husband and children, and all were managed with the same upright principle and relentless decision which she had ever shown in all her undertakings.

The attachment between herself and husband was strong, although the perfect harmony did not always exist between them that might have been expected, from the sense on her side and the good temper on his.

Mr. Allen, like most weak men, was obstinate, and when he wanted to do a thing, generally did it, and only showed his consciousness of Sarah's disapprobation by not telling her of what he had done; and many a time was she bitterly provoked to find that projects which she had opposed, and supposed abandoned, had long since been quietly effected. Her heart was often in a "lime kiln," though perhaps about trifles. Yet upon the whole she enjoyed as much of happiness, probably, as her nature was capable of. Her children were pattern children, orderly, correct and obedient. No act of rebellion had ever been known in the little circle, but one, and that was in her eldest boy, which had been so severely punished that it had become a matter of fearful tradition with the rest. In fact, Sarah was a stern mother, more feared than loved by her children, yet they were generally looked upon as a "remarkably well brought up family," and Mrs. Allen received no small praise for her admirable management of her young flock.

"Who do you think was suspended to-day?" said Charles Eldon, as he threw down his books on his return from college.

"Who? who?" exclaimed his young brothers and sisters.

"Tom Allen!"

"What, Tommy good-shoes!" exclaimed the children, with shouts of merriment. "Oh, that is too good! Mamma, only think, Tom Allen is suspended!"

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said Mrs. Eldon, gravely, "I am sorry to hear it."

"That is more than I am," said Fanny, in a low voice. "It is the best news I have heard this many a day. Aunt Sarah made such a fuss when Lewis got into that scrape, and it was not much after all."

"What has been the matter, my son?" inquired Mrs. Eldon.

"Nothing of much consequence—only Tom has lagged behind the class almost ever since he has been in it, so now the Puts have suspended him, and he must take a tutor, and try and pull up."

"To think of one of those pattern children being suspended!" said Frank, laughing. "It is the best joke I ever heard."

And in spite of all their mother's proper admonitions and grave looks, the news was matter of perfect jubilee with the young Eldons. Not that they had positively unkind feelings toward their young cousins, but they disliked their aunt heartily, and, in

short, pattern children always incur a certain share of unpopularity among juveniles of their own standing. Free and spirited natures will not brook the superiority which is often accorded by their elders to the tame and correct inferiority of such children. Then, too, the sins of the parents are often visited heavily on their offspring under similar circumstances; and, "Aunt Sarah's lectures," and "the fuss Aunt Sarah made on such and such an occasion," "and now Aunt Sarah need not make big eyes at Charley any more," and "let Aunt Allen shut up about Lewis now," and many more such reminiscences and ejaculations of the kind, broke forth on all sides. In fact, if the whole truth were known, Mrs. Eldon herself, in spite of her efforts to maintain the proprieties, did not feel, at the bottom of her heart, the sorrow for her sister's mortification she assumed. "It will do her good," she said to herself. "Sarah is too hard upon other people's children. The thing is not a matter of importance in itself, but it is enough to show her that her boys are like other boys."

"I thought your sister was wrong when she insisted upon that boy's taking a collegiate education," remarked Mr. Eldon. "He resembles his father in mind: that is to say, he has none, and besides, is naturally indolent. He showed a disposition to enter the counting-house, and he would have done better there."

"Sarah thinks it great weakness in parents to yield to what she calls the whims of young people."

"Undoubtedly; but, at the same time, not to study and make allowances for their natural capacities and dispositions, is equally unwise. Nature is to be guided, but not controlled."

"You would find it difficult to persuade Sarah that she could not control all events falling within the sphere of her domestic circle," replied Mrs. Eldon.

"Then probably she has a bitter lesson yet to learn," replied Mr. Eldon—and so the conversation dropped.

The summer coming on, Mrs. Eldon left the city early with her family, and consequently did not see Mrs. Allen for several months. When she did, she was much struck with the change in her appearance.

"Are you well, Sarah?" she asked.

"No, I am not," replied Mrs. Allen. "I have heard people talk of being weak and miserable, but I never knew what they meant before. I saw they were not really ill, and I thought it was only imagination or indolence. I now feel that I was wrong. For the first time in my life, I know what it is to be oppressed with languor. Every thing is a burden to me; and when I try to rouse myself and shake it off, my limbs refuse to obey my will."

"My dear sister," said Mrs. Eldon, "do not attempt that. You need repose—If you overtask yourself now, you may feel the ill effects all your life."

"That is what my dear, kind husband says," replied Mrs. Allen. "And oh," she continued, with much emotion, "you do not know, Charlotte, how my conscience reproaches me for my former want of consideration—for my unkindness, in fact, to him.

You always told me he was not strong, but I thought it was only one of your notions, and I laughed at his dislike of early rising, and had, in short, no sympathy for much that I now am convinced was bodily indisposition. Formerly, I could not comprehend what possible good it could do him, *even* supposing, according to you, that he was not well, to rise an hour later in the morning. The idea seemed to me absolutely absurd. And now when I wake so languid, I feel that an hour's rest is of such infinite importance, and I ask myself, 'Where is the use in getting up?—what matters it whether the household commences its daily routine an hour earlier or later?' Charlotte, I sometimes feel that this breaking down of my health is sent as a punishment, and a lesson to teach me sympathy and mercy for those of a naturally different constitution from my own."

When Mrs. Eldon repeated this observation of Mrs. Allen's to her husband, he dryly remarked that, "it was a pity the lesson had not come earlier."

Pecuniary losses, too, fell heavily upon the Allens about this time. A public institution failed, in which Mr. Allen had invested much of his wife's property. It had never been an institution in which she had much confidence, and when he had consulted her on the subject, she decidedly objected to the changing certain for what she considered uncertain property. But Mr. Allen, as we have said, was a weak man, who, when he had once got a notion in his head, never rested until he had executed it. He was just sufficiently under his wife's influence to make him conceal the fact when it was done. If circumstances discovered it, he would only reply to her remonstrances, which were not always of the gentlest, "Well, well, it is done now, and there is no use in talking about it." Sarah was not often to be pacified in that way, and if any thing could have provoked her more than the facts themselves, it would have been the quiet, meek, yet obstinate air withal, with which he listened to her lectures on the subject.

Either Sarah was not the woman she once had been, or the magnitude of the present offence seemed to stun her into silence, for she bore with dignity and fortitude what she felt to be a serious misfortune.

What was grief to her, was matter of gossip, however, to the circle of her immediate acquaintance, and that, too, not always in the most sympathizing and good-natured spirit.

"Are you not sorry for the Allens?" inquired one of her set. "It is said they have lost the greater part of their fortune in this company that has just failed."

The lady thus addressed was one who prided herself on her frankness, and she answered, with a spirit and promptness that caused the other to laugh, "No, I can't say I am. Mrs. Allen has hitherto thought that every body else's misfortunes were their faults. Let her now bring the matter home."

The other seemed to enjoy the remark, although hardly daring to say as much herself, and she only replied, with an affectation of amiability that her gratified looks denied—

"But it is a hard lesson to learn."

"My dear Mrs. Binney," replied her friend, "we have all of us hard lessons to learn in our experience through life. But I have no sympathy for those who need them before they can feel for others."

"She certainly has been rather hard upon those who fell into misfortune," gently resumed Mrs. Binney.

"Rather hard!" ejaculated the other—"I never shall forget when my brother failed—" and then came a stored up host of bitter remembrances and old offences against Mrs. Allen, speeches long forgotten, that had rankled deep, to rise up in judgment when her turn came to call for public sympathy and general discussion.

Mr. Allen seemed to escape without either sympathy or animadversion. If alluded to, he was called "a poor, weak fool," by the men, and "oh, he is nobody," was all the consideration deigned him by the women. But Mrs. Allen was canvassed and talked over according to the feelings of the speakers, as if she were both master and mistress of the establishment. Mrs. Ludlow, her early friend, was still her friend, and sympathized, from the bottom of her heart, in all her trials.

Prosperity often seems to mark certain families for its own for years—but when the tide changes, misfortune frequently clings as obstinately to those who have hitherto seemed the favorites of fortune. To most of us, life is as an April day, checkered by clouds and sunshine; but there are others whose brilliant morning and calm noonday suddenly darken into clouds and storm. A certain portion of sorrow is the lot of all, whether it comes drifting through life, or is compassed within any particular period of existence. Come, however, it must to all.

Sarah's life had hitherto been blessed above that of most women. But youth, health and wealth had now passed from her, and her proud, stern spirit had yet to undergo trials she had never dreamed within the scope of possibility as falling to her lot. Her eldest boy, the "Tommy good-shoes" of former days, was now the source of an anguish a mother's heart alone can know. Forced upon a course of education for which he had no taste and scarcely any capacity, the four years allotted to collegiate studies were to him four years of unbroken idleness. The same easy, docile nature that had made him the "Tommy good-child" of early years, rendered him still pliant to the influences about him. These, unhappily, as is generally the case in idleness, were not good. College suspensions and remonstrances were the commencement of a course of which little bills soon followed in the wake. When these fell into his father's hands, they were often paid without a word, for he had learned to dread, scarce less than the boy, the bitterness of his wife's indignation when they reached her knowledge.

To his mother's keen reproaches, Tom listened in silence, the same kind of frightened, meek, obstinate silence with which his father had endured many a harangue before him. But they did not mend his ways.

Mrs. Eldon had heard from time to time rumors that "Tom Allen was very wild," but she had thought that "boys will be boys," and her husband said "young men will be young men," and thus they had both attributed the rumors they had heard to the indiscretions of a youthful spirit. But here they were mistaken. Tom's were not the errors of a youthful but of a weak nature. The influence abroad was bad, and the conduct at home injudicious. If Mr. Allen's children did not exactly say with the world, "Oh! he is nobody," they yet felt the fact; while their mother was to them "the everybody" they feared and looked up to. Consequently, if Tom got into a scrape there was nothing he so much dreaded as his mother's hearing of it. There was scarcely any public opprobrium he would not rather have endured than her anger. In fact, the sort of Coventry in which he was put, the sad, severe looks that were bestowed upon him at home were slight inducements to a weak and timid spirit to reveal difficulties, pour forth confession and implore relief, and thus what had begun in weakness ended in disgrace.

A debt which, though not large in itself, yet of considerable magnitude in the eyes of a youth, had been contracted almost unconsciously, and which he had not courage to avow at home. Harassed, tormented, terrified, he made use of funds which were not his own, and which his situation in a counting-house, where he had at last been placed, put within his reach. Weak, timid and reserved, he neither revealed his situation, nor asked for aid from either his young companions or natural friends—but when he found detection could no longer be warded off—fled.

Public disgrace was the consequence; and the insignificance of the sum and the magnitude of the offence were alike the theme of general discussion. Mingled commiseration and blame were bestowed upon the unhappy parents. People generally love to think that a faulty education is the root of the evil. Some, therefore, censured the system that had restricted him in means; others thought a too ample allowance had been the origin of the sin.

The affair was canvassed in every possible spirit, and though commiseration could not be refused to the heart-stricken parents, yet the tone of it was often qualified by the personal sentiments of the speakers, for it is wondrous how unpopularity will cling to those who have incurred it, even under calamities which one would suppose were enough to bury all old griefs.

"I cannot but feel sorry for any mother under such circumstances," had been said, "but I feel as little for Mrs. Allen as I could feel for any one so situated. She meets with more sympathy now than she ever would have given to another."

"Had it been any one else's son but Sarah Allen's," exclaimed another, "I should have been sorry indeed. But hers is a hard temper. Now, however, she knows what trials are."

"I am sorry for any one so situated, but if such

things will happen, I had rather it had fallen on Mrs. Allen than on any one else I know."

The Brandons breathed a deeper but silent comment upon the blow that had fallen on the haughty and unfeeling woman whose early slight they never had forgiven.

"My early, only friend," cried Mrs. Allen, as she threw herself into Mary Ludlow's arms, who, ever true to her in sorrow as in joy, was with her now in her hour of bitterest anguish, "you, you alone feel for one who did not feel for others. The heart

that was hardened by prosperity deserved to be broken by sorrow." And then the full tide of anguish, and repentance, and confession, gushed forth with a freedom and humility that wells up alone from a broken and a contrite heart.

The stern lesson had been taught, and received in a spirit that shows that where there is Sense, experience must teach Sympathy. The rock had been smitten, and the waters that gushed forth were pure and regenerating.

"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheek the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread—
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower,
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

CAIUS MARIUS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"Man—darest thou slay Caius Marius?"

SEMBLANCE of him who at three-score-and-ten,
Bleeding and stark, chained in a dungeon lay—
Yet all untamed—whose eye flashed fire as when
The stormy fight he led in war array;
Well might the Cimbrian slave in awe start back,
Oh! fearful Roman, when he met thine eye!
Well might the Gaul, though bold, the courage lack

To consummate thy purposed destiny.
For through the dim and solemn twilight burnt
That eye—in stern and awful grandeur flashing
Its warning light on one who ne'er had learnt
Pale fear till then. Well might his sword fall clashing
At that dread voice—"Man, darest thou slay me?"
So didst thou look, and speak, and wert made free!

ONE OF THE "UPPER TEN THOUSAND," AND ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

BY MRS. J. C. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

AT the annual commencement of one of our colleges, the youth who delivered the valedictory had, by the vigor and beauty of thought displayed in his address, and by his polished and graceful elocution, drawn down the applause of the large audience assembled on that occasion. Not a few eyes were moistened as he bade farewell to the venerable men under whose care and tuition he had gained the highest honors, and to the schoolmates with whom he had passed so many happy hours, and who now, like barks again put forth to sea that had long been safely moored in one quiet haven, were each to stem alone on life's great deep.

"He! he! he! that's Bobby Dunning, his father keeps a grocery-store," said a foppish-looking stripling who wore the academic gown, as he pointed with his finger to the speaker on the platform, and at the same time seated himself beside a young lady in the gallery.

"He! he!" echoed his companion, "I dare say he has weighed many a pound of sugar in his time. A grocery-store! What queer associates you have at college, Gus."

"Associates! No indeed, Sophy, when Bob first entered I thought him a fine, generous fellow, and was just about to ask him to our house, when I found out who his father was. A lucky escape, by Jupiter! I soon cut his acquaintance, and made him feel by my cool, contemptuous manner that the son of a grocer was no fit associate for the son of a gentleman."

Again the young lady tittered, "That's just like you, Gus, you are always so high spirited."

"So my father says; he often calls me his 'gallant Hotspur,' and laughs heartily when he hears of my waggish pranks."

Many honors were that day borne away by the ambitious youths who had late and early sought to win them, but none had been awarded to Gus, or as he liked best to write himself, Gustavus Adolphus Tremaine.

"Why, Gus, you're a lazy dog," said his father on their return home; "come, you must do better next time. And so Bob Dunning, the grocer's son, graduated to-day, and carried away more honors than any of the other students; rather strange that!"

"There was nothing strange about it, father. Bobby knew he had to get his living somehow or other, and as Latin and Greek smacked more of gentility than brown paper and pack-thread, he aban-

doned the latter, and took to the former with such avidity, that he has grown thin and pale as a shadow. A capital village pedagogue Bob will make, to be sure! But something more manly than poring over musty old books, or flogging ragged little boys, must be my occupation through life. I say, father, when does that race come off between Lady Helen and Bluebeard?"

"Next week," answered Mr. Tremaine, who was a member of a jockey club—"next week. Well remembered, Gus.—I dine with the club to-day, and this devilish college concern had nearly driven the engagement out of my head. We are to have splendid arrangements on the race ground for the accommodation of the ladies—a fine stand erected, covered with an awning—wines, ices, patés, and I don't know what all. Sarah," turning to his wife, "I expect you to be there; mind, none of your vapors—and, Gus, do you bring Sophy Warren; she is a spirited creature, and would make a capital jockey herself." And with this equivocal compliment to Miss Sophia Warren, the elder Tremaine left the house.

A tyrant at home, a capital fellow abroad, was Oscar Tremaine. Over his wife, a mild, gentle creature, he had exercised his authority until she had become a perfect cipher in her own house; and, unnatural as it may appear, he had encouraged their son to flout his mother's opinions and scorn her advice. It was not strange, then, that Mrs. Tremaine had remained silent while her husband and son were speaking, but now, looking on the boy with tenderness, she said,

"I regret, my dear Gustavus, that you have not been more successful in your studies; how happy and how proud I should have been had you brought home some token of reward, some prize, on which I might have looked, and said, 'My child has won it!'"

"Fudge! this is all nonsense, mother. What do you know about such matters? Father has more money than I can ever spend, and why should I be compelled to mope away my lifetime over the *mid-night oil*, as they call it? I'd rather have a canter on Fancy in the afternoon, and then to the theatre or opera at night—that is the life for me;" and, humming a fashionable air, he turned from the room.

His mother gazed after him sorrowfully. "God help thee, my child!—alas! I fear the worst; God help thee!" she repeated in anguish, and, feeling how "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a

thankless child," she bowed her head on her hands, and wept bitterly.

In less than a month after the commencement, Robert Dunning began the study of the law, and Gustavus Adolphus Tremaine was expelled from college.

CHAPTER II.

"Confound the fellow! I can't take up a newspaper without having his name staring me in the face. Eminent lawyer, superior talents—*superior*—nonsense; I don't believe a word of it. I always hated him;" and the speaker flung the offending paper on the floor, apparently unconscious that that very hatred made him blind to the merits of the man whom he so berated.

"What's the matter now, Gus?—angry again? Was there ever such a man!" exclaimed an ultra-fashionable lady, who swept into the apartment "with all her bravery on." "Come, I want you to go with me this morning, to select a new jewel-case. I saw a superb one the other day for a few hundred dollars; but it is no matter what it may cost."

"It is a matter, and a serious one, too, Sophia. I told you, six months ago, we should be ruined by your extravagance, and, by heaven! you must put a stop to it."

"And I told *you*, *twelve* months ago, Mr. Tremaine, that if you did not quit betting at the race ground and the gambling table, we should *certainly* be ruined. You spend thousands, for no earthly good whatever, while I only make use of hundreds, to purchase things absolutely necessary for one holding my position in society. Once for all, let me tell you, Mr. Tremaine, I will have whatever I want;" and, turning to the piano, the amiable lady ran her fingers over the keys, with the most provoking indifference.

"Mrs. Tremaine, you are enough to drive a man mad. Do you think I'm a fool, that I will bear to be treated thus?"

"Oh no, Gussy dear, I should be sorry to suppose such a thing; but you know the lesson by which I profited was learned in your home. There I saw how well your father could enact the tyrant, and how your gentle mother was treated like a slave; and I silently resolved, that from the hour we were married, I would be mistress in my own house."

"Where is the use of repeating that nonsense continually? I have heard the same story a dozen times before."

"And shall hear it a dozen times again, or at least as often as I hear the word *must* from your lips, Mr. Tremaine. But come, you have not yet told me why you were so angry when I came in. Let me see," she continued, taking up the newspaper, "let me see whether this will not solve the mystery. Ah, now I have it—Robert Dunning, Esq.!"

"Yes, now you have it—that upstart, whom I so hate—to see his name paraded in this manner before the public, is enough to drive me mad."

"No wonder you hate him, Gus. Only to think

of his being retained as counsel for the heirs of old Latrobe, and gaining the suit by which you lost one hundred thousand dollars! Now this reminds me of what I heard yesterday, that Dunning was about to be married to Fanny Austin."

"Nonsense, Sophia, the Austins move in the first circles."

"So they do, my dear, but Fanny has strange ideas, and there is no knowing what freak she may perform. However, I shall drive there to-day, and ask her about it. I ordered the carriage at one—ah! there it is—will you assist me with my cloak, Mr. Tremaine, or shall I ring for my maid? Thank you—thank you—I do not know when I shall return."

"And I do not care," muttered her husband as she drove from the door. For a few moments he stood under the heavy crimson curtains at the window, looking listlessly in the direction in which the carriage had gone, and then taking his hat and cane left the house.

Just one little year had passed since Gustavus Tremaine and Sophia Warren were wedded—but one little year since he had promised to love and cherish her as his wife, and she had vowed to love and obey him as her husband, and yet such scenes as the one above related were daily occurring. The mother of young Tremaine had long since sunk broken-hearted to her grave, and his father had died in consequence of injuries received by falling from a staging erected on a race-course.

Shortly before the death of the elder Tremaine, the law-suit had terminated, by which he lost one hundred thousand dollars, and on the settlement of his affairs it was found that but a comparatively small fortune would be possessed by his heir. Sophia Warren, "the capital jockey," prided herself on her marriage, with being wife to one of the richest men (that was to be) in the city, and it was a bitter disappointment when she found her husband's income would not be one-third of what she had anticipated.

As the union had not been one of affection—where heart and soul unite in uttering the solemn and holy vows—where "for richer for poorer" is uttered in all sincerity—as it had not been such a union, but one of eligibility—a question of mere worldly advantage, no wonder the peevish word, and the angry retort, were daily widening the breach between a spendthrift husband and an arrogant wife—no wonder each sought refuge in the world, from the *ennui* and the strife that awaited them at home—no wonder that the wife was recklessly whirling through the giddy maze of fashion, while the husband was risking health, honor, reputation on the hazard of a die.

When Mrs. Tremaine reached Mr. Austin's, young Dunning was just leaving the house, so here was a fine opportunity for bantering Fanny Austin. "Ah! I've caught you, my dear, and Madam Rumor is likely to speak truth at last—ha! blushing! well this is confirmation strong—and it is really true that Mr. Dunning and Miss Austin are engaged."

Too honest-hearted to prevaricate, too delicate-

minded not to feel hurt at the familiar manner in which Mrs. Tremaine alluded to her engagement, Fanny remained silent, her cheek glowing, and her bright eye proudly averted from the face of her visitor.

A woman of more delicate feeling than Mrs. Tremaine would have hesitated on witnessing the embarrassment caused by her remarks, but she had no such scruples, and continued,

"I contradicted the statement; for it was impossible to believe any thing so absurd."

Fanny Austin looked up inquiringly, and the glow on her cheek deepened to crimson as she said,

"Absurd! may I ask your meaning, Mrs. Tremaine?"

"Why, I mean that you would not render yourself so ridiculous in the eyes of society. You marry Bob Dunning—the son of a grocer—you, who belong to the first families, and who ought to make a most advantageous match! Why, Fanny dear, no wonder I contradicted it."

"I regret that you took the trouble."

"Oh! it was none at all, and our families had been so long on friendly terms, that I thought it but right to say you would not throw yourself away."

"Allow me to ask why you speak in this manner," said Miss Austin, now fully roused, and recovering her self-possession, "if I should marry Mr. Dunning, how could I be thought to throw myself away?"

"What a question! Why the man has neither family nor fortune to boast of, while you have both."

"As far as money is concerned, I grant you I have the advantage; but as for family, few of us republicans can boast on that score. My grandmother, and yours too, Mrs. Tremaine, superintended their own dairies, made butter and cheese with their own hands, and sent them to market to be sold, nor did I ever hear that the good ladies were ashamed of their domestic employments. Your father and mine commenced life with naught save probity and perseverance; they were first clerks, then junior partners, and at last great capitalists, and we their children have thus been placed at the head of society."

"I know nothing at all of this nonsensical grandmother story about butter and cheese. I never heard of such a thing in our family."

"No, I suppose you did not. You have been taught to look on praiseworthy industry as derogatory to your ideas of gentility; but my father has always delighted in recurring to those days of boyhood, and he venerates the memory of his mother, whom he regarded while living as a pattern of domestic virtue."

"Oh, it is all nonsense talking in this way, Fanny. I wonder what Baron d' Haut-ton will say when he hears that the lady he wooed so unsuccessfully has been won by the heir of a man in the 'sugar line?'"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Tremaine, if I say you are forgetting yourself, or at least that you are presuming too far on your long acquaintance. My parents have no such ideas as yours, about fortune

and family, and with their approval my heart is proud of its choice—proud, too, that it has been the chosen of the gifted, the noble-minded Dunning."

"Well, Fanny," persisted Mrs. Tremaine, nothing abashed by the gentle rebuke which had been given—"well, Fanny, depend upon it you will place yourself in a false position. The friends who are now eager to court the society of Miss Austin, will stand aloof when invited to the house of Mrs. Dunning."

"Friends! did you ever know a true friend do aught that would depreciate the husband in the eyes of his wife, or lessen the wife in the esteem of her husband? For such of my so-called friends as would not honor the man I had chosen, when he was well worthy of their highest regard, I can but say the sooner we part company the better. It is not the long array of names upon my visiting list of which I am proud, but the worth of those who proffer me their friendship."

"Two o'clock!" said Mrs. Tremaine, glancing at the *pendule* on the chimney-piece—"two o'clock! Good morning, Miss Austin. How surprised Tremaine will be to hear that you are really going to marry Bob Dunning."

And Robert Dunning and Fanny Austin were married—and never was there a happier home than theirs. The wife watched for her husband's step as the maiden watches for that of her lover. Daily she met him with smiles, while her heart throbbed with a love as warm and as pure as that she had vowed at the altar. And Robert Dunning idolized his wife, and his fine endowments drew around him a host of admirers and friends, until Fanny's former acquaintances, including Mrs. Tremaine, contended for the honor of an invitation to the gifted circle, which weekly met at the house of Mrs. Dunning.

CHAPTER III.

"So it has come at last—ruin, final, irretrievable ruin—every thing gone—the very house I'm in mortgaged. Confusion! But I'll not give up yet—no, not yet! I'll see Browne to-night—what if we should fail? But that is impossible. Browne has been too long engaged in getting his living from the dear public to let it scrutinize very closely the process by which the needful is obtained. If I thought I could win any thing at play—but I have had such an infernal run of ill luck lately that there is no chance in that quarter. Well—well! There appears to be no alternative—and when it is once done, then ho! for England!"

Thus soliloquized Gustavus Tremaine, as he sat at a late hour in the morning sipping his coffee in his room, for his wife and he had long ceased to take their meals together. Separate rooms and separate tables had served to complete the estrangement which caprice and ill temper had begun, and they now exhibited that pitiable spectacle of a house divided against itself. And what is more pitiable than to see those who should mutually encourage and support each other, who should bear one ano-

ther's burdens, and in the spirit of blessed charity endure all things, and hope all things—what is more pitiable than to see them unkind, self-willed, bandying bitter sarcasms and rude reproaches?

Oh, that the duties, the responsibilities, the self-sacrifices of wedded life were better understood, their sacred character more fully appreciated, how would each home become a temple of love, each fireside an altar, on which was daily laid an offering of all the amenities, all the sweet charities of social life. How would the child who, in his early home, had heard none save kind words, had seen none other than heart-warm deeds, who had been trained to habits of submission, and taught to yield the gratification of his own wishes for the good or the pleasure of others, taught to do this even as a child may be taught, in the meek spirit of the gospel—how would such an one grow up a crown of glory to the hoary hairs of his parents, and a blessing to society. But, alas! the spirit of insubordination is rife in the world. The child spurns the yoke of domestic discipline, sets at naught the counsels of his father, and hearkens not to the voice of his mother—and the man disregards the voice of conscience, sets the laws of his country at defiance, and becomes an outcast and a felon!

It was a cold winter evening, and the heavy clouds were looming up in broad masses over the troubled sky, while the wind howled through every cranny, and sent the snow-mist, which began rapidly to descend, into the faces of the stray pedestrians who were either hardy enough to venture abroad in search of pleasure, or wretched enough to be obliged from dire necessity to leave their homes. Mr. Tremaine was among the few who were braving the fury of the storm. He had left his elegant but cheerless mansion in the upper part of the city, and sped onward, regardless alike of wind and snow, to the place of his destination.

It was the haunt of vice, but in no dark alley nor out-of-the-way nook did it seek to hide itself from public contempt. No—it reared its front unblushing in the public thoroughfare—within sound of the church-going bell—it was fitted up with every luxury; silver and gold, polished marble, and costly hangings, in lavish profusion, adorned the place which fostered every malignant and evil passion, and made human beings, endowed with immortal souls, ripe for deeds of desperation. The man who robbed his employer, the defaulter, the forger, the destroyer of female virtue, the murderer, the suicide, each and all of these had been within its walls—each and all of these had taken their first lessons in iniquity in that place, so truly and emphatically called a *hell*. And it was to this place of pollution that Tremaine was hastening. Here he had staked, and lost, and cursed his ill luck; yet, with the desperate infatuation of a confirmed gamester, he had staked again and again, until all was gone. On entering he looked round with a furtive and eager glance, and, evidently disappointed, sauntered toward a roulette table round which a crowd was standing.

"Do you play to-night?" The speaker was a tall,

slender young man, scarcely past his minority, but with a wan, sickly countenance, and the premature stoop of old age. "Do you play to-night?" he repeated.

"I—I believe not," answered Tremaine, again glancing round the room.

"You are a foolish fellow; the fickle goddess may even now be turning the wheel in your favor. Come," he continued, laughing, "if you have not been at your banker's to-day, I have, and can accommodate you with a few hundreds;" and he took a roll of bills from his pocket, and handed them to Tremaine.

"But when shall I return this, Gladsden?"

"Oh, a fortnight hence will be time enough."

Tremaine turned to the table and staked the money—he won; staked the whole amount—won again; the third time. "You had better stop now," whispered a voice in his ear. He turned, and saw the person for whom, a short time before, he had been looking so eagerly; but he was elated with success, and paid no heed to the speaker. The fourth—the fifth time, he won. Such a run of luck was most extraordinary; he trembled with excitement, and now determined that he would try but once more, and, if successful, he might yet retrieve the past.

"Are you mad, Tremaine?—you surely will not risk all?" again whispered the voice.

"All or nothing. I am fortune's chief favorite to-night. All or nothing," repeated the gamester, as if communing with himself, "all or nothing!"

The bystanders looked on earnestly; for a few moments there was a dead silence—then Tremaine's face became livid, his brow contracted, and his lips compressed. He had risked all; he had gained—nothing!

"What a fool you have made of yourself!" once more whispered the ominous voice.

"Not a word, Browne; perhaps it needed this to make me wholly yours," replied Tremaine, as he walked through the crowd, which opened to let him and his companion pass. When in the street, the two walked on for a time in moody silence, which was first broken by Browne.

"Well, Tremaine, that last was a bad stake of yours, and may cost one of us the halter."

"Why, I thought you told me there would be no blood spilt?"

"Well, blood is rather ugly looking, I must confess; but if the man should wake?"

"Did you not say you would have him well drugged?"

"I did, but by the slightest possible chance, I find it cannot be done!"

"How so?"

"You know it was expected that he would sail in the packet from this port, but I find he has determined on going by the steamer, and will start to-morrow morning by the Long Island railroad; so that we must do it now or never."

"Now or never be it, then. I am a ruined man, and ripe for mischief."

"Again the two walked on in silence, until they

reached a fine looking house in the vicinity of the Battery. Here Browne applied his key to the night latch, and in a few moments he and Tremaine had entered one of the upper rooms and locked the door.

"Where does he sleep?" abruptly inquired Tremaine.

"In the opposite room."

"And you are sure that you can effect an entrance without arousing any of the boarders?"

"Sure! I wish I was as sure that he would not wake," and Browne smiled contemptuously. "But you are not growing faint-hearted, eh, Tremaine? Come, here is something will give you courage, man;" and, taking a bottle from a side closet, he placed it on the table before them, and continued—"fifty thousand dollars! I saw him count it over this afternoon. What fools some men are! Because I flattered him, and pretended to take an interest in his love affair, he opened his whole heart, and, what was of far more value, his purse, and displayed its contents before me. But it grows late, and we must to business. Remember, when I have secured the money, you are to take it and make your escape out of the house, while I shall return quietly to bed to lull suspicion, and to-morrow evening will meet you where we met to-night. Now do you hold this dark lantern while I open the lock. That will do—put it in my room again—so—all right; come in a little farther," continued he, in a low whisper, "we must be cautious—the money is under his pillow."

Stealthily approaching the bed of the unconscious sleeper, Browne put his hand softly under the pillow and drew forth a wallet. Thus far they were successful, but in groping their way out of the room, Browne stumbled and fell; the noise awoke the sleeping man, and the cries of "Help!—robbers!—help!" rang through the house. In one moment Browne was on his feet, in another in his room, where the money was given to Tremaine, and in the noise and confusion of hastily opening and shutting doors, the latter escaped.

It is unnecessary to detail the causes which led to the suspicion and arrest of Browne, and the implication of Tremaine. Suffice it that on the following evening, when entering the place in which he had appointed to meet his accomplice and divide the booty, Tremaine was taken into custody, and the money found in his possession.

Sophia was dressing for the opera. It was the first night on which she had laid aside the mourning worn for the loss of her parents, and, determined on appearing in a style of almost regal magnificence, she had placed a circlet of jewels on her brow, and a diamond bracelet was seen flashing on her arm amid the rich lace of a demi-sleeve as she reached out her hand to receive a note brought in by the servant. On opening it her agitation was extreme, and, hastily dismissing her attendants, she read over word by word the news of her husband's crime, and subsequent imprisonment.

And now was she tortured by conflicting emotions. She had never believed that her husband's affairs were in the ruinous state in which he had

represented them to be—but she could no longer doubt. Crime had been committed—disgrace had fallen upon them—and then came the thought, "Have not I helped to goad him on to ruin?" and pity for him brought a momentary forgetfulness of self—the woman was not wholly dead within her!

The next day the hateful news was bruited abroad that Tremaine, the dashing Tremaine, was imprisoned for robbery! His fashionable friends wisely shook their heads, and raised their hands, and uttered sundry exclamations. But they stood aloof—not one offered to go forward as bail for the unfortunate man. Not one of Mrs. Tremaine's gay lady visitors went to speak a word to the humbled woman as she sat writhing under her disgrace. But we forget—there was *one*! Fanny Dunning, like a ministering angel, strove to soothe and comfort her, promised that her husband would do his utmost to aid Mr. Tremaine, and, when the mortgage on the house was foreclosed, took the weeping Sophia to her own home and was to her as a sister.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not in human nature to forget the repeated slights and insults with which Tremaine had sought to wound the feelings of his old school-mate; but it was in human nature to imitate the divine exemplar, to forgive injuries, and to return good for evil, and Robert Dunning promised Sophia that he would do all in his power to effect the liberation of her husband. For this purpose it became necessary that he should visit Tremaine in prison. But the culprit obstinately refused to see him, until at length, finding the time draw near when he would be publicly arraigned at the bar, he consented to his admittance. Dunning gave him to understand that he must know the facts of the case, at the same time assuring him that he would plead his cause with pleasure, and that there was no doubt of his acquittal.

"The thing can be easily managed," said Tremaine, doggedly—"I intend to plead an alibi."

Dunning started.

"Is this necessary, Mr. Tremaine? I thought the charge could not be proven against you?"

"Nor can it, if you are the expert lawyer you are said to be."

"Mr. Tremaine, let us understand each other. Is it important that you should plead an alibi?"

"It is."

"Then I regret that I cannot undertake your cause. I was still under the impression that you were innocent."

"And who dares say I am not? Did you, sir, come here to entrap me in my words? Who will dare say I am not innocent, when the most famous lawyer in town shall have proven that I was far from here on the night of the robbery?"

The last words were said in a sneering and almost contemptuous manner.

"I must repeat my regret that I cannot undertake your cause, while at the same time I assure you that

I shall be silent as to what has transpired between us."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Tremaine, thoroughly enraged. "Who asked you to undertake it? Who asked you to come and thrust yourself upon me? Puppy—plebeian! did I seek advice or assistance from you?"

"Mr. Tremaine," replied Dunning, with a calm and gentlemanly dignity—"Mr. Tremaine, it is vain talking in this manner. I came to you in the spirit of kindness—but my errand has been a fruitless one."

Before Tremaine had time to reply the door was opened by the keeper, and Dunning passed out of the cell.

It was with a heavy heart Fanny heard from her husband that he could not undertake to plead for the accused, and, gently as she could, she broke the sad news to Sophia. Browne and Tremaine were tried, convicted and sentenced to the State prison. And now the hand which had sinfully lavished thousands—the hand that had been kept so daintily white and soft—the hand of the "son of a gentleman" was roughly manacled, and linked to the brown, hard, weather-beaten hand of a fellow convict. He who had been the pampered heir of luxury was now to be the partaker of coarse fare—the daily companion of all that was base and vile—and the nightly dweller in the lone dark cell of a prison. He, the once flattered, courted and caressed, was to pass shamefully from the haunts of his fellow-man, and, after a few exclamations of wonder and reproach, was finally to be forgotten.

But there was one secretly at work, one who had been spurned, one whose noble hand had been flung aside with contempt—and that one was now busily employed in writing petitions, in traveling to and fro, and doing all in his power to obtain the liberation of the man who had ever treated him with insult and scorn. At length he was successful, and Tremaine was pardoned on condition of his leaving the State. But for Browne, who had been recognized as an old offender, there were no attempts made to procure his release.

It was with mingled feelings of shame and defiance that Tremaine ungraciously received the assurance of his freedom from the mouth of Dunning; for, the better to avoid observation, the latter went himself for the prisoner, brought him from his convict cell, and conveyed him to the warm hospitalities of a happy home, where he was received by Mrs. Dunning with that refined delicacy and unobtrusive kindness which soon placed him comparatively at ease in their society.

A strange and embarrassed meeting was that of Tremaine and his wife. Sophia's first impulse was to break out into invective against him who had thus brought disgrace and ruin, not only upon himself, but upon her. Better feelings, however, prevailed, for she had learned many a lesson of late, and had already begun to catch the kind and forgiving spirit of those with whom she dwelt; so, after a few moments' hesitation, a few moments'

struggle between pride, anger and womanly tenderness, she drew near to her husband, laid her head upon his bosom, and sobbed in very grief and sorrow of heart. "Sophia!" "Tremaine!" were the only words uttered during that first outburst of anguish. But soon the fountain of thought was unsealed, when, instead of taunts and mutual upbraidings, the bitter lessons learned in the school of adversity made them self-accusing, and willing to excuse each other.

But little time was given to make arrangements for the departure of Tremaine, who had determined not only on leaving the State, but the country. Mr. and Mrs. Dunning wished Sophia to remain with them, at least until her husband had procured some situation which might afford him a competent support. But Sophia would not listen to this—she would go with him—"she could do many things," she said, "to aid him." Fanny Dunning smiled, but she knew that Sophia was right in thus fulfilling her wifely duties, and both herself and her husband prepared every thing necessary for the comfort of the voyagers.

It was a bright morning in May, when these true and tried friends accompanied Tremaine and his wife in the noble ship which bore them down the bay, and with many a warm tear and repeated blessing wished them a prosperous voyage to England, and returned to the city.

And now we cannot better conclude their story than by giving an extract from a letter, written some time after the occurrence of the events already related, by Mr. Tremaine to his friend *Judge* Dunning.

"I must congratulate you, my dear Dunning, on your elevation to the bench; but I must not allow myself to utter all the praises that are swelling at my heart, nor does it require words to convey to you my respect, my esteem, my gratitude, and my love—ay, my love—for I do love you as a brother.

"Sophy bids me haste and tell you our good fortune—softly, dear wife, I will do so in a moment or two. You may perhaps recollect, my dear friend, that I wrote you how difficult it was for me to procure employment on my first arrival in Liverpool, and that this was mainly owing to my total ignorance of any kind of business. Indeed, had it not been for the few valuables belonging to my wife, which she cheerfully parted with, and had it not been for her kind and encouraging words, I should have yielded to despair. You know, too, my dear Dunning, that, glad to do any thing in honesty, I at last obtained a situation as clerk in a grocery store.

"How often has my cheek burned with shame, at the recollection of my silly contempt for tradespeople, when I was worse than idling away my time at college? How often has my heart smote me when I thought of my conduct toward you, my noble-minded, my best earthly friend? But why repeat all this? You have long since forgiven me, and yet I never can forgive myself. And now for my good fortune. My employer has enlarged his business and taken me into partnership, so that I am

in a fair way of being once more a rich man, (and may I not add a wiser one?) and your little namesake here, Robert Dunning, who is standing at my knee, is in an equally fair way of remaining what he now is—the son of a grocer. Heaven grant that he may in every thing resemble the man to whom his father once used the words as a term of reproach.

This is now my highest earthly ambition for my boy, and I pray that my own lessons in the school of adversity may enable me to teach him to place a juster estimate on the empty distinctions of society, and to learn how true are the words of the poet—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.”

LOVE.

BY J. HAYARD TAYLOR.

A FADING, fleeting dream!
That blinds awhile with bright and dazzling ray,
Until the heart is wildered by its beam,
And wanders from its lofty path away,
While meteors wild like holy planets gleam,
To tempt our steps astray!

A creature of the brain!
Whom poets painted with a hue divine—
That, bright embodied in their thrilling strain,
Makes the soul drunken, as with mental wine,
While the heart bows in longing and in pain
Before its mystic shrine!

The shadow of a bliss!
That flies the spirit hastening to enjoy—
That seems to come from fairer climes than this,
To throw its spells around the dreaming boy,
But steals his quiet with its siren-kiss,
And robs his soul of joy!

Is this that power unknown
That rules the world with curbless, boundless sway,
Binding the lowest cot and loftiest throne
In golden fetters, which resist decay,
And breathing o'er each cold and rugged zone
The balminess of May?

No! By the soul's high trust
On Him whose mandate bade the planets move!
Who, kind and merciful, though sternly just,
Gave unto man that loftiest boon of love,
To bless the spirit till his form is dust,
Then soar with it above!

'T is no delusive spell,
Binding the fond heart in its shadowy hall;
But 'neath its power the purer feelings swell,
Till man forgets his thralldom and his fall,
And bliss, that slumbers in the spirit's cell,
Wakes at its magic call.

Where'er its light has been,
But for a moment, twilight will remain;
Before whose ray, the night-born thoughts of sin
Cease from their torture of the maddened brain.
The spirit, deepest fallen, it can win
To better thoughts again!

'T is for the young a star,
Beckoning the spirit to the future on—
Shining with pure and steady ray afar,
The herald of a yet unbroken dawn,
Where every fetter that has power to bar
In its warm glow is gone!

Who ne'er hath oped his heart
To that dove-messenger on life's dark sea,
Binds down his soul, in cold, mistaken art,
When vainly hoping he has made it free!
In earth's great family he takes no part—
He has not learned to be!

Who longs to feel its glow,
And nurtures every spark unto him given,
Has instincts of the rapture he shall know
When from its thralling dust the soul is riven.
He breathes, so long it blesses him below,
The native air of Heaven!

SOLITUDE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Oh! what a solitude doth mind create!
A solitude of deep and holy thought—
Alone with that Ideal good and great,
Which never yet companionship hath sought;
E'en as the eagle, when he highest soars,
Leaves the dim earth and shadows all behind—
Alone, the thunder-cloud around him roars,

And the reft pinion flutters in the wind—
Alone, he soars where higher regions sleep,
And the calm ether knows nor storm nor cloud—
And thus the soul its heavenward way must keep,
Despite the tempest raging long and loud;
Alone, to God bear up its earthly weight
Of human hope and fear, nor feel all desolate.

MUSA; OR THE PILGRIM OF TRUTH.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

In the famous city of Bagdad there lived a rich merchant, named Abdallah, of whose numerous offspring the youngest alone survived in the person of Musa, an ingenuous and sprightly youth, in whom all the hopes and affections of the father were centered. He often pondered on the course of life to which he should direct the attention of his beloved son, and at length consulted the sage dervise Motaleb, celebrated for his learning, wisdom and virtue above all the inhabitants of that renowned city, where the Kaliph Haroun Al Raschid once reigned amid the splendors of oriental magnificence. Motaleb answered in few words, after the manner of wise men, "Thy son will be rich without the labor of acquiring wealth. Make him good, and, for that purpose, let him be taught to distinguish what is true from what is false; for I say unto thee, O Abdallah! that the knowledge and the love of Truth is the foundation of all virtue."

At the earnest solicitation of Abdallah, the dervise consented to superintend the education of his son, and Musa was accordingly committed to his care. His first lesson was never to depart from the truth, whatever might be the danger or temptation. This was continually repeated, until one day Musa, with all the simplicity of youth, asked, "What is Truth?"

"Truth," replied the dervise, "is that which is confirmed by the evidence of the senses, or sanctioned by the assent of the understanding. What thou seest, hearest, and feelest, thou mayest be certain is true; and what is sustained by thy reason, or understanding, though it may not be true, thou mayest assert, and believe, without being guilty of falsehood."

Musa pondered on these definitions until his young and tender intellect became involved in a maze of mystery; and the next time Motaleb repeated his daily injunction, he again asked, "What is truth?" "Have I not already told thee?" replied Motaleb. "True," answered the other, "but I confess I cannot comprehend what I heard. I may believe what is not true, and if I assert it to be the truth, surely I speak falsely?" "But," replied the dervise, "thou wouldst not commit a crime, since it is the wilful violation of Truth that constitutes the guilt."

Just at that moment a great crowd passed, with loud shouting and tumult, outside the garden where Musa received his instructions, and, with the curiosity natural to youth, he climbed up the wall to see what caused the uproar. "What seest thou, my son?" asked the dervise. "I see a man with his hands tied behind him, followed by an enraged multitude, pulling his beard, spitting in his face, and

beating him with staves and stones, while he is staggering toward the river. What means all this, O wise Motaleb?" "Allah be praised!" cried Motaleb, who had been tempted by these details to look over the wall, "Allah be praised! it is the recreant Mussulman, who, incited by the spirit of darkness, the other day renounced the Koran and the true Prophet, for the Bible and the false prophets of the Christian dogs. He is going to suffer the penalty of his crime by being impaled alive."

Musa fell into a profound reverie, from whence suddenly rousing himself, he asked, "If the follower of Mahomet is convinced by the evidence of his senses, or the dictates of his reason, that the religion of the Christian dogs is the true faith, is he guilty of a crime in forsaking that which he believes to be false?" "But," rejoined Motaleb, "he is deceived by the angel of darkness, or more probably only affects to believe in his accursed creed." "Methinks, then," said Musa, with perfect simplicity, "that he must be a great fool either to suffer himself to be deceived, or to sacrifice his life for that in which he does not believe." "But if his belief in the creed of the Christian dogs should be serious, what then, my son?" asked Motaleb. "Then," replied Musa, "he ought not to die, for you have often told me, that what is sanctioned by our reason may be adopted without being guilty of falsehood or committing a crime."

Motaleb hereupon fell into a long dissertation, involving various nice distinctions between wilful and involuntary errors of opinion, owing, in a great measure, sometimes to the influence of early education, habits and example; sometimes to the seduction of the passions, and at others to the weakness or perverseness of the understanding. When he thought he had made the subject quite clear to the comprehension of his pupil, the latter, after reflecting a few moments, asked him how he could distinguish those opinions which were adopted through the influence of education, passion, habit and example, from those derived from the convictions of pure impartial reason. "That is impossible," said Motaleb; "Allah alone can see into the human heart, and detect the secret springs by which it is directed." "It seems to me, then," said the youth, doubtingly, "that to Allah alone should be left the punishment of errors of opinion, since none other can know whether they are wilful or involuntary. But," continued he, after another pause of deep reflection, "surely there must be some standard of truth, equally invariable and universal, to which mankind may appeal, instead of sacrificing each other, as this

poor man is about to be, for a difference of opinion." "Thou art right, my son, there ~~is~~ such a standard. Thou shalt study the Koran, for that is the fountain of truth, the only exposition of the wisdom of Allah himself."

Motalleb placed the Koran in the hands of his pupil, who studied it with equal ardor and intelligence, the dervise having, by his repeated exhortations, inspired him with a fervent admiration of truth, as well as a longing desire to obtain its possession. But there were many portions of the book which neither corresponded with the evidence of his senses nor the dictates of his reason. When he read that the Prophet had, according to his own assertions, ascended to the seventh heaven in company with the angel Gabriel, on the back of a white camel, and advanced alone so near the throne of the Almighty as to be touched on the shoulder by his hand; and that he had, in less than the tenth part of a single night, thus performed a journey of at least a thousand years—these and other miraculous tales confounded his understanding, and contradicted not only the lessons of past experience, but the evidences of his senses. He tried to believe, but found it impossible; and when his preceptor, after allowing him sufficient time to study the great work of the Prophet, asked him whether he had not at length drank at the pure fountain of truth, he frankly expressed his doubts as to the miraculous journey. The dervise stroked his long beard, and frowned indignantly. "What!" cried he, "dost thou disbelieve the revelations of the Prophet himself?"

"I am compelled to do so," replied Musa, "since they neither accord with the evidence of my senses nor are confirmed by the assent of my reason."

Motalleb grew angry, and cried out with a loud voice, "What hath the evidence of the senses or the assent of reason to do with that which is beyond the reach of the senses or the comprehension of reason? Know, foolish youth, that these things are miracles, and that neither the understanding nor the reason of mortals can comprehend them. Dost thou doubt the testimony of him who communed with angels, and was inspired by Allah himself?"

"I am neither learned nor wise as thou art, O! Motalleb," answered Musa, bowing his head, and touching his forehead reverently, "but it seemeth to me that thy words do not exactly accord with the definition of truth which was one of my earliest lessons, and which thou hast repeated to me every day. Thou didst tell me that truth was the evidence of the senses, confirmed by the assent of the understanding. Now thou sayest otherwise, and I am to believe what neither my reason can comprehend, nor my senses realize as possible, because it contradicts all my experience."

"Thy reason! thy experience!" answered Motalleb, contemptuously. "Thy beard is not yet grown; thou hast as yet read little and seen nothing. When thou hast mastered all the learning of Arabia, and traversed the distant regions of the earth, thou mayest then found thy belief on the evidence of thy senses, the dictates of reason, and the results of ex-

perience. Go thy ways, my son. Thou art already too wise for me, since thou doubtest the miracles of the Prophet." Saying this, he dismissed his pupil, who bent his way homeward, thoughtful and depressed.

Abdallah received him with his usual affection, and being told of the dismissal of Musa by his preceptor, straightway went forth and purchased great store of costly manuscripts, containing all the learning, science and philosophy of the East, together with many translations from the Grecian sages and poets. To these Musa applied himself with such zeal and perseverance for several years, that he at length possessed himself of all the wisdom they contained. Every step, however, that he proceeded in his search after truth, only seemed to render its existence more doubtful. Scarcely any two of those illustrious wise men agreed in their religious, moral or political opinions, and he counted among the philosophers upwards of three hundred different definitions of the *summum bonum*—that is, the great constituent of human happiness. "Strange," thought Musa; "surely that which leads to happiness can be only the truth; and yet, in this most important of all concerns, these sages almost invariably dissent from each other. I will henceforth see with my own eyes, instead of those of others. Surely truth must exist somewhere in this world. I will traverse the earth, according to the advice of Motalleb, until I find it, or perish in the search."

At this moment he heard a loud cry at the door which opened toward the street, and going hastily forth, encountered four slaves bringing in the body of his father, who had been suddenly smitten by the angel of death, while drinking from a cool fountain in one of the public gardens of the city. Musa fell on the body and wept, and mourned a long while with all the depth and sincerity of filial love. But when time had assuaged his sorrows, he recalled to mind the anxious wishes of his parent, that he should seek and find out the truth; and being now rich, and his own master, he resolved to set out on his pilgrimage without delay. Placing the management of his affairs in the hands of a discreet friend of his father, he one morning, just at the dawning of day, mounted his Arabian steed, and turned his back on the once splendid capital of the Kaliphs.

In the course of twenty years, Musa visited a great portion of the habitable globe, with the exception of the new world, which was not then discovered. He sojourned among the Persians, whom he found almost equally divided between the worshippers of fire and the followers of the sect of Ali, abhorred by all the faithful. Each believed in the truth of their faith, and were ready to die in its defence. He then joined a caravan of merchants, and bent his way toward Hindostan, where, having safely arrived, he quitted his companions, and pursued his journey alone. The first thing that attracted his attention was a party of young people of both sexes bathing promiscuously together, who seemed to be utterly unconscious of any impropriety, and laughed and gamboled with all the hilarity of inno-

cence. To a disciple of Mahomet, accustomed to the jealous seclusion of females, the spectacle was revolting in the extreme, and he turned away in bitter disgust, exclaiming against such a violation not only of decency, but the law of the Prophet.

Proceeding onward, he observed several persons with a piece of fine muslin or gauze before the mouth, and others walking slowly, with brooms, carefully brushing away the dust before they ventured to take a step forward. On inquiring the reason, he was told that the former method was adopted lest they might accidentally swallow some insect, and the latter to prevent their treading on some living thing, and thus depriving it of life—a crime which subjected them to severe penance and mortification, as being against one of the fundamental principles of their faith. On hearing this, Musa pursued his way laughing, though a grave Mussulman; and, having crossed a river, encountered a person uttering the most horrid execrations against an evil spirit, who, it seems, had, in the shape of a dragon or serpent, raised a great thunder storm, which laid waste his fields and destroyed his crop of rice.

"Head of Mahomet!" said Musa, "what a set of ignorant barbarians are these! There is no use in seeking for truth among them. I will visit their wise men, and hear what they have got to say for themselves."

Learning, on inquiry, that the sect or caste of the Brahmins were considered the most wise and enlightened of all the people of Hindostan, he sought and obtained the society of some of the chief bonzes, under the character of a traveler in search of the truth. From these he learned, with no little surprise, that their religion was a perfect mystery, confined altogether to the priests, and that so far from wishing to make proselytes of strangers, none could be admitted among them but by hereditary succession. "Strange," thought Musa, "that people should be so selfish. If they believe their faith the only true one, it is cruel to keep it from the knowledge of others."

Passing away from these exclusives, he came to a temple, where he beheld a number of persons undergoing a variety of the most extraordinary tortures, to which, they were voluntarily submitting. Some of these had held up one arm in the same position till it became fixed and inflexible, and so remained during the rest of their lives. Others had clenched their fists with such force, and kept them thus so long, that the nails had grown through the palms, and projected from the back of the hand. Others had turned their faces over one shoulder, until they were irrevocably fixed in that direction. Others were suspended, by iron hooks fixed in the shoulder-blade, to a beam which turned round with great velocity on a pivot at the top of a long pole, while the penitent sometimes sung a song, or blew a trumpet, as he whirled around, to the great admiration of the spectators. On inquiring the meaning of all this, he was told that they were celebrating their religious rites, and exemplifying the sincerity of their devotion.

Musa turned away from this exhibition with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, and pursued his way pondering on the strange diversities of human opinion, most especially on subjects involving not only the temporal but eternal welfare of mankind.

"All cannot be true," exclaimed he, "and yet one must be the truth. I will not be discouraged, but continue my pilgrimage until I find the fountain of truth, or become involved in endless, inextricable doubt, and believe nothing."

Continuing his journey, he entered the great empire of China, where he found three hundred millions of people, divided into the followers of Loo Tsee, Foké, and Confucius, or Confutsee, each equally convinced of the truth of their creed, and each equally despising the others. Thence he proceeded to Japan, where he arrived at the period of celebrating a great religious festival, and saw them trampling the cross under foot, and sacrificing human beings to a great idol, which resembled neither beast, bird, fish, nor man, but exhibited a monstrous combination of the deformities of almost every species of animal.

It would be tedious to follow him throughout his various peregrinations through Asia and Africa. Suffice it to say, that he everywhere encountered the strangest diversities of manners, habits, opinions and modes of faith, and every day became more hopeless of gaining the object of his weary pilgrimage. The course of his wanderings at length brought him to Cairo in Egypt, where he accidentally fell into the company of a learned European traveler, who had visited the country to unravel the mystery of the pyramids, and decipher hieroglyphics. On learning from Musa the object of his journeyings, he turned up his nose somewhat scornfully and exclaimed—

"Pooh! what is the use of seeking for Truth among the barbarians of the East? You should visit enlightened Europe, the seat of learning, philosophy and true religion. I have completed the purposes which brought me hither, and am about to return home, where, I flatter myself, I shall prove to the satisfaction of all reasonable people that the whole tribe of travelers who preceded me are no better than a parcel of ignorant blockheads. You shall accompany me to Europe, where alone is to be found true religion and true philosophy."

Musa caught at the proposal. They embarked together in a vessel destined for Marseilles, where in good time they arrived without accident. On the night of his first sojourn in that city he was suddenly roused from a sweet sleep by a series of heart-rending shrieks and groans, mingled with loud imprecations and shouts of triumph, that seemed to come from all quarters of the city. Starting from his bed, he ran to the window, where he beheld bodies of armed ruffians raging through the streets, massacring men, women and children without mercy, breaking open the houses, tearing forth their wretched inmates, whom they slaughtered with every species of barbarous ingenuity, and committing their bodies

to the flames of their consuming habitations. While shivering at this exhibition of barbarity, and meditating an escape from its horrors, he was interrupted by his friend, and addressed him in a voice trembling with apprehension,

"In the name of the Prophet!" cried he, "what does all this mean? Is the city become a prey to banditti or hostile barbarians, who spare neither sex nor age, and riot in blood and fire?"

"It is nothing," answered the other, coolly. "They are only punishing the heretics for not believing in the Pope."

"And is that the name of your God?" asked Musa, with perfect simplicity.

"No—he is only his vicar on earth."

"But do not these poor people believe in your Bible, which you have told me is the great volume of Truth, and in that Supreme Being who you say is the only true God?"

"Yes—but they deny the supremacy of the Pope, and deserve to be punished with fire and sword."

"Then the Pope must be greater than your God," said Musa.

His friend turned away with a gesture of impatient contempt, and muttered something of which he could only distinguish the words—"Ignorant barbarians!"

At dawn of day he left the city in disgust, but wherever he came he found the country smoking with the blood of helpless innocence and unresisting weakness, and was told by the priests in tones of triumph that in one night all the heretics of the kingdom had been exterminated. He asked then what these poor people had done, whether they were thieves and robbers, traitors or rebels, that they should be cut down in one single night without discrimination and without mercy. But all the answer he received was—

"They deny the supremacy of the Pope!"

"Strange!" thought Musa. "But I am among true believers and enlightened philosophers, and no doubt shall find the Truth at last."

He, however, determined to leave the country as soon as possible, and bending his course to the seaside, embarked in a vessel destined for England, but which was driven by stress of weather into a port of Ireland. Here he found every thing in confusion. People were setting fire to the churches, pulling down stately abbeys and convents, and driving their inmates before them with every species of violence and of opprobrium.

"Who are these people?" asked he—"and what have they done—most especially those poor women and children, whom I see fleeing from their pursuers, pale with affright, and crying out in despair?"

"They are heretics and believe in the Pope," was the cool reply.

"That is very strange," said Musa—"I am just from a land where they were massacring men, women and children because they did not believe in the Pope. How is this?"

"We are only retaliating their persecutions. When they had the upper hand they oppressed us, and it is but just that they should suffer in turn."

"But does not your religion inculcate forgiveness of enemies?"

Before Musa could receive a reply, an aged, bald-headed friar ran tottering past, with a nun holding by his hand, and pursued by several people who seemed half mad with hate and eagerness, and assailed them with missiles of every kind. His companion joined the throng, and left him without an answer. He inquired of another what the old man, and especially the poor woman, had done to merit such unworthy treatment, and was told that one was a friar of the Order of Mercy, and the other a Sister of Charity.

"And what are their occupations?" inquired Musa.

"One is employed in the redemption of captives among the infidels—the other passes her life attending the bedside of the sick, relieving their wants, administering to their comfort, without fee or reward, and devoting herself to charity and devotion. But they both believe in the Pope, and that is the great original sin."

"Head of the Prophet!" exclaimed Musa—"and yet you persecute these people! Surely that cannot be the true religion which deals thus with the votaries of mercy and charity."

The man, instead of answering, stooped down and seizing a stone, threw it at Musa with such good aim that it grazed his turban, and began crying out—"A Papist!—A Papist!" whereupon Musa made the best of his way to the ship, where he sought shelter from an angry crowd that was shouting and shrieking in his rear. He continued his journey through England, Spain, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and wherever he went perceived such strange diversities and contrasts in the standard of morals and religion, that in despair he at length resolved to return home, having come to the conclusion that there was no such thing as truth in this world. With this intention he arrived at Rome, on his way to Venice, whence it was his purpose to embark for Smyrna, and thence to proceed by land through Asia Minor to Constantinople, on his way to Bagdad. At Rome he saw the Pope, a feeble, decrepit old man, who had, in order to give more imposing dignity to the ceremony, consented to preside at the burning of a heretic, who was convicted before the Inquisition of having pulled off his hat and made a bow to the statue of Hercules and the Centaurs. The poor victim, who was an ignorant peasant, solemnly declared that he mistook Hercules for a saint; but all would not do. He perished at the stake, after which *Te Deum* was sung, and high mass celebrated throughout the ancient capital of the world.

Sickened and disgusted with Europe, he embarked for Smyrna, and crossing Mount Sipylus on his way to Constantinople, was benighted and lost his way. He wandered about amid the deep recesses, until at length he descried a light at a distance, which, on approaching, was found to proceed from a cave, where Musa beheld an aged man, with a long white beard, reading by the light of a lamp. So deeply was

he engaged, that the lost traveler entered the cave and stood beside him ere he was aware of his presence. He was not, however, in the least startled when he perceived the stranger, but courteously requesting him to be seated, closed the manuscript volume in which he had been reading, and kindly inquired into his wants and desires.

Musa related to the old man how he had lost his way in returning homeward, after an absence of twenty years, and requested his hospitality. The old man assured him he was welcome, and having provided a frugal repast of milk, dates and bread, they sat and conversed together, making mutual inquiries of each other. The aged hermit informed his guest that he was of the sect of the Maronites, and had many years ago sought refuge from the persecutions of his fellow Christians in this spot, where he could alone enjoy liberty of conscience. "But thou," continued he, "hast just informed me that thou art returning home after twenty years of travel. Thou must have gathered vast stores of wisdom and many truths during thy long pilgrimage.

"I did indeed set forth in search of the truth," replied Musa, "but am returning only more in doubt than before. I have sought for some standard of manners, morals and religion, by which all mankind might regulate their opinions and conduct, for such a standard can be only the truth."

"And didst thou find it?" asked the hermit, smiling.

"Alas! no, venerable father," replied Musa. "I found no two nations agreeing in one or the other. A river, a mountain, or even an imaginary line of separation, not only produced a contrast in all these, but a bitter feeling of hostility, the parent of broils and bloodshed, seeming to proceed from mere differences in opinion, of which a great portion knew neither the grounds of their belief nor the source of their convictions. Even in matters involving their eternal welfare, I found no standard of truth, for millions differ with millions on the subject, and shed each other's blood for a diversity in creeds which are alike derived from the great book in which they all believe."

"And to what conclusion has all this travel, study and experience brought thee at last?" asked the hermit.

"I scarcely dare tell thee, O! venerable father. But if I have formed a decided opinion on any one thing, it is that there is no such virtue as truth on earth, and no Supreme Being in Heaven, since there are so many different opinions with regard to one, and so many modes of worshiping the other. Surely where such diversities exist, it is the height of presumption for men to persecute each other for not believing alike.

"But," asked the hermit, "amid these endless varieties of faith, didst thou ever encounter, in all thy pilgrimage, a people who believed not in a Su-

preme Being, either by himself or his ministers, presiding over the government of the universe?"

Musa reflected awhile, and then answered, "No; however different might be their faith, in their modes of manifesting it, I do not recollect ever to have found a people, civilized or barbarous, where I could not distinctly perceive, even among the darkest clouds of ignorance, a recognition, more or less distinct, of a Supreme Intelligence, in some shape or other. Even where they worshiped beasts or idols, I thought I could always trace their devotion, step by step, to a Supreme Being."

"Then," said the old man, "thou mightest have found in thy long search, hadst thou made a wise use of thine experience, at least one great truth, of more importance to the welfare of mankind than all the conclusions of learning and philosophy. Instead of drawing, from the various modes in which religion manifests itself, the conclusion that there is no God, thou shouldst have gathered, from the universal belief of all mankind, that there is assuredly such a Being, since neither the most wise nor the most ignorant deny his existence.

"This is one great truth thou mightest have learned in thy twenty years of travel. A second, scarcely less important, at least to the temporal happiness of mankind, is, that since almost all nations and communities differ in a greater or lesser degree in their modes of worship, and there is no earthly standard to which all are willing to submit, it becomes us short-sighted, erring beings, instead of persecuting each other by fire, sword and defamation, to be tolerant of that which we call error of opinion in morals or religion. However we may differ in the modes by which these are manifested, we may be assured that though we may be mistaken in abstract points of faith or morality, still there is one great universal truth which all may comprehend, namely—that charity for human errors must be the bounden duty of all, since without such charity on the part of the Most High, the gates of Heaven would be forever closed against his sinful creatures."

Musa remained several days in the cave of the hermit, during which time the old man often repeated the lesson he had given, and then bent his way toward Bagdad, which he reached without any adventure. Here he passed the remainder of his life in practising the precepts of the wise hermit of Mount Sipylus. He became the friend of the ignorant, the benefactor of the needy; nor did he ever inquire, ere he relieved them, to what sect they belonged, or pamper the pride of superior wisdom by despising their inferiority. And when, after many years of happy repose and wide-spread benevolence, he was smitten by the angel of death, he died in the full conviction that he had found the truth, and that it consisted in reverence for the Creator of the world, and charity toward all his creatures—charity not only for their wants, but their errors and opinions.

THREE ERAS OF DESTINY

IN THE LIFE OF THE PAINTER ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

PART I.

THERE is perhaps no scenery in the world so ravishingly beautiful as that offered by those vast plains of northern Italy situated at the base of the Rhaetian Alps. A champaign elaborately tilled, and laid out into those regular divisions of meadow, corn-field, and vineyard, which make so much of the beauty of cultivated landscape; groves and belts of trees so disposed as to be productive of the highest effect; classic looking villas, villages and towns, with their surrounding orchards and pleasure-grounds; bright rivers winding their way through all this beauty till they lose themselves in those magic lakes, which, with their green banks kissed by the waters, and bordered on every winding promontory and inlet by belts of overshadowing trees, reflect the sunset splendors of the Alps, and seem, in every rainbow grotto and crystal palace mirrored in their lucid depths, meet homes for those genii of the waters with which a graceful superstition peoples their enchanted caverns. All these, with the back ground of gigantic mountains, pile on pile, that seem to raise a barrier from earth to heaven between this Paradise and a ruder world beyond, fill us with the idea of wandering amid some remnant of the scenery of the Golden Age, where of old, as the fables tell, the primeval deities used to dwell with a purer humanity, and in a younger and lovelier earth.

From a village situated at a considerable elevation on the surface of the slopes into which these smiling plains incline themselves as they approach the mountains, one bright spring evening, a troop of young girls might have been seen issuing, apparently as if broken loose from school, so joyous were their gestures, so wild their mirth, as with the vivacious grace belonging to the children of the South they bounded over the grass, some gliding in imitation of the motions of a dance, some skipping, some chasing others with the speed of the wind, till at a call from one, "to the water—to the water!" echoed by a dozen voices, they descended a hollow leading to the bed of the bright Ticino, and in a few moments were plunging and gliding in the stream.

One of them, apparently between fourteen and fifteen years of age, instead of following the example of her companions, had, in the excitement attending this operation, slipped away unperceived, and wandering listlessly along the windings of the river soon found herself out of hearing and sight. Proceeding on her way, and picking up a pebble or a flower just as it suited her, and stopping to observe

every effective point of view in the landscape, with a narrowness of observation and sense of its beauty uncommon in one so young, she came to a ravine leading up from the side of the stream, which she ascended, till arriving on a high point that overlooked the channel of the river, she witnessed one of the most superb sunsets that ever gladdened an enthusiast's eye. Amidst an array of purple clouds, fringed with silver, the sun was descending, gold colored, behind a peak of Mount Rosa, and suffusing the surrounding Alpine masses with a dim violet vapor. At her feet, and flowing in a direction opposite to the eye, was the river, now transformed into a stream of rich ruddy amber, with its sloping and picturesque banks and wooded islands, that diversified its brilliance with emerald shadows, taking its way in a hundred windings, whose succession she could trace, curve beyond curve, as it clove its course through the opening hills—far away, till, in the termination of the vista, gleamed the shining roofs of the Pania, with the white spire of its cathedral seeming to lose itself in the gold of the evening sky. To the left, immediately at the foot of the eminence where she stood, was the little white village, with its orchards and trim vineyards, and, beyond, those vast slopes on which the mountains lose themselves in the Italian plains. To the right, arose perpendicularly from the river a wall of sparkling granite rocks, now of the deepest vermilion in the alchemy of evening; and behind, towered grandly into the sky those white wildernesses of Julian Alps, receiving from their brethren, the Rhaetians, the reflections of the opposite sunset in a thousand tints of lingering rose.

A singular effect was produced on the girl by the contemplation of this scene. Her bosom heaved, her cheeks flushed, her eyes filled with tears. "Oh! for the voice of a poet," said she, speaking to herself, "to celebrate these splendors in some immortal song! Or the hand of a painter, to retain them in undying hues, for a joy to the worshippers of beauty forever. Alas! they are fading—they shall soon be lost to the universe; and there is none here who, with the power of inhaling them into his spirit as I, hath the happier gift of reproducing them in some diviner form. Alas! I am weak, with no power but to *feel*; as when gazing on some noble statue—some magic scene—some surpassing human form—an irrepressible emotion seizes me, which, when I would invest with expression, my heart dies away in utter impotence!"

Ah! innocent soul, thou didst not then know that the first power of an artist is to *feel*; that in his susceptibility for emotion lie his strength and the spirit of his calling; and that the achievement of the painter, the poet, or the sculptor, is but the expression of that emotion which our common language is too weak to supply, and only acquired, like any other language, through practice and experience. The girl who mused thus was very beautiful, now rendered more so by the freshness and vivacity of her extreme youth. Long tresses of chestnut hair, braided across her temples and slightly twisted up behind, were then suffered to fall in ringlets over her neck. Her complexion was brilliantly fair, with that rather deep carmine tinge on cheek and lip common to the Teutonic race, on the confines of whose clime she was born; while her slender figure and regular features betrayed the vicinage of classic Italy. But the most remarkable feature were the eyes; they were large and of the deepest black, in whose serious, melting, intellectual expression we could read all the soul of Angelica Kauffmann.

Throwing herself on the grass, she gave way to a delicious reverie on the enchantments of the scene, which the twilight, the fading colors and the silence soon deepened into a sort of dream. She thought herself in the midst of a vast temple, whose dome expanded into the skyey concave above her head, lamp-lighted with its thousand stars. Its area, whose termination on any side she could not descry, seemed to extend into an interminable space, lost amid a wilderness of surrounding columns. By degrees she became aware of the presence of groups of majestic statues, that seemed, by some enchantment, one after another to strike her view, like the scenery of a diorama. Watching them attentively, she saw that though raised on pedestals, in the attitudes and repose of statuary, they were endowed with all the features of animated life, but a life more than human—it seemed immortal, divine; and she recognized in these forms the presence of that gifted and glorious company enshrined in the temple of the immortal heart of man. Amidst the group in whose immediate vicinity she found herself, stood "Raffaello the Divine," with that countenance of his so expressive of the spirit of the sainted religion whose attributes he has embodied in glorious painting, and his melancholy eyes filled with the presentiment of his early death. Angelo, grand and majestic like his own Moses, and a brow worthy of the conception of that great St. Peter's—the temple of the Christian world. Murillo, glorifying in his aspect the stolid simplicity of that humble life whence he drew his origin, and the delineation of which he made peculiarly the subject of his design. Carracci, with that forsaken look when the child of genius, like, alas! too many of his calling, lay down to die of a broken heart. Titian, beautiful as his own Apollos—and many more. But among these her attention was directed in surprise to a conspicuous pedestal, deficient of its statue, whereon was engraven in large letters, on the granite of its base, the name of "Angelica Kauffmann." Looking up at the same mo-

ment to the vast sky-blue dome above her head, she saw blazing directly over the vacant pedestal a large, bright, solitary star, that lighted the whole temple with its radiance. After a long riveted gaze toward it, she became slowly sensible of looking on the true sky, from which the sunset and the twilight had now quite faded, abandoning it to the deep cobalt blue of the approaching darkness. The statues had vanished; the pillars had resolved themselves into the surrounding trees of the landscape; and, instead of the temple, were the familiar features of the scenery, though now almost lost in the darkness, she had gazed upon before falling into slumber. Every thing had vanished except that bright, solitary star, which, though now restored to complete consciousness, she continued to gaze upon with eyes riveted by wonder and delight. Familiar with the geography of the heavenly world, she was wholly unable to account to herself for the appearance of this particular star, which differed in position and lustre from any of the heavenly bodies she had hitherto been familiar with. It was evidently some new comer, and the girl thought to herself of those presiding stars that were of old said to arise over the destinies of the great ones of the earth, and dreamed—who can tell in that hour—wild dreams to herself of future glory and renown.*

PART II.

There were preparations for a festival in the halls of the "Royal Academy" of London. A distinguished foreign member of the profession was expected to be present, and the first individual not a native on whom the fellowship of the Academy had hitherto been conferred. The king and royal family had promised the honor of their attendance, and the prize medals of the exhibition were to be presented, of which the eminent foreign artist alluded to had carried off the first. The saloons were gorgeously lighted. All the pictures of the exhibition had been removed from the walls, except those few favored masterpieces obtaining the award of the prizes—and one surpassing work of art that hung by itself at the head of the principal saloon, with a delicate wreath of laurel suspended above it, betokening it the first in honor as in place. It consisted of two figures, of which the most conspicuous was that of a shrinking, prostrate female, expressing the highest ideal of loveliness and grace, joined to utter abandonment, contrition and shame; appearing as if the whole soul had imbued itself through every muscle and lineament of the frame, for the delineation of these emotions, that none could mistake that model of penitential sorrow, afterward so celebrated as "The Weeping Magdalene." The face was completely buried in her hands, but so far from the absence of this most essential tablet of female beauty being felt as a defect, it was rather an adjunct to

* This seemingly supernatural orb was probably one of those since classed under the catalogue of "Variable Stars," which disappear for stated periods, and then become visible again, to blaze for a short time with extraordinary lustre.

the effect, inasmuch as it left to the imagination's heightening conception the modeling of a countenance meet for such a form, and such magic tones of color—burning with blushes—we know it from the roseate tint that almost seemed reflected from it along the pearly edges of the enshrouding hands—and drowned in tears, that fell like liquid diamonds over the snow of the Redeemer's feet. The accompanying figure was somewhat inferior, yet it expressed that union of majesty and sweetness joined to godlike compassion, in as great a degree as human art has ever been able to embody in its ideas of the Divine man. On the side of the hall opposite the picture was erected a pavilion, emblazoned with the royal arms of England, and surmounted by a crown, under which George the Third had just seated himself, habited in his usual dress of a marshal's uniform, with the rather vulgar, squat figure of his queen, the German Charlotte, surrounded by their *suite*, who gazed, with curious though certainly not very connoisseur like eyes, occasionally through their opera glasses at the divine picture suspended in front of them on the opposite wall.

The Academicians had severally arrived in their badges; there were gentlemen in the splendid Windsor uniform—officers glittering in epaulettes and gold lace—collars and grand crosses of knighthood—ladies in coronets and plumes. The music played, and the festival was begun. The *élite* of England's ennobled by birth and ennobled by mind were there, and mingled in conversation—some in animated groups round the pictures and statuary—some promenading the halls, when suddenly the buzz of conversation ceased, and an expression of eagerness pervaded the assembly, greater than that which had greeted the entrance of royalty itself, and there entered through the yielding crowds, conducted by a gentlemanly looking person in the badge of the Academy, a young slender girl—a child indeed no more, but still retaining the chestnut ringlets and glorious black eyes of Angelica Kauffmann. Conducting the young Academician, and the first woman ever invested with such a distinction, toward the pavilion, Sir Joshua Reynolds presented her to their majesties; when the peasant girl of the Alps, as she knelt before them, told that high-born and high-bred throng of a grace derived from the sense of the beautiful in the soul, and which the atmosphere of a court could neither add to nor bestow. Raising her hastily, George the Third, after a few words addressed to her, and graciously made in German by his queen, conducted her, leaning on his arm, through the saloons, rendering her the envied of all the envious.

"Such amiable condescension! But his majesty has such a passion for foreigners—beside his patronage of the Fine Arts—quite indeed auspicious of their restoration to the age."

"It is whispered," said another, "that she has been commanded to paint the royal family."

"By no means," interposed a gentleman in plain clothes. "My information came from an individual who had it from a high quarter, that such a report is incorrect. I understood that this honor was in con-

templation for the signora, but no positive orders have been yet issued on the subject."

It is to be doubted whether the object of these remarks was so highly sensible of these distinctions as a refined education would have taught her; and we have even a suspicion that she might have gone so far as to wish to escape from the gracious condescension of the conversation with which George honored her, as promenading round the hall she found herself obliged to stand *answer* to the abrupt and sometimes ridiculous questions originating in the royal mind, after the catechumenical method of conversation then in vogue in intercourse with majesty.

But higher honors awaited the young artist. Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Academy, having mounted the chair, proceeded to descant upon the excellencies of the several productions distinguished by the Society's prizes—but there was one, he said, which he could not pass over without some more especial notice.

"Need I direct attention," said he, "to that noble work at the head of the hall, whose magic beauties, as they shine from the canvas, have enchained the admiration of the most distinguished connoisseurs, and evidence stronger reasons for the decision we have come to in its favor than any words of mine could adduce. Although the age and sex of the artist invested the work with an interest in our eyes it would not otherwise perhaps so strongly possess, we would not for a moment have it supposed that they exercised the smallest influence upon our suffrages. We adore beauty, womanhood and youth, but we adore Art more, and have too high a sense of its dignity to permit any extrinsic consideration, however fascinating to the imagination, to divert us from our undivided homage toward it. It is to the solid excellence of the work itself—the new principles which it involves—principles, for the acquirement of which, I am not ashamed to say that I myself, as well as many others grown old in honors as in years, are not unwilling to descend into the character of pupilage—and not the less that we sit at the feet of a genius and a woman. While awarding in this direction the highest distinction, we can speak for our brethren of Art that have come forward in competition for the honors of this day, that they will feel satisfied in withdrawing into an inferior place before her who, from a distant land, chose to throw her merits upon our judgment, and her talents into the service of the British nation. Therefore I bestow the First Prize of the Institution upon the 'Weeping Magdalene,' property of the Academy, and executed by the Signora Angelica Kauffmann, of the Grisons, whom I have great pleasure in investing with the medal."

So saying, the President descended, and presented to Angelica, who stood up to receive him, a massive gold medal and chain. There was neither bashfulness nor awkwardness in her demeanor as she stood up amid that vast assembly, whose shouts and applauds now shook the building to its foundation—only a vivid blush passed over her face as she gazed

round the assembly for a moment with an almost bewildered look; but it seemed of some higher emotion than vanity—as if the consciousness and the exultation of genius—the satisfaction of having achieved something for Art—the experienced realization of the hopes and the labors of years—and the knowledge of having won for herself a place among the Immortals, and in the sympathies of her race, which is, perhaps, the principal ingredient in a woman's passion for fame—were all crowded into the emotion which gave it birth. The simplicity of her appearance contrasted strangely with the splendor of her reputation—young looking for her years, which then amounted to no more than twenty-two, her dress, too, plain and unadorned, and as much after the modest form of the antique as conformity with modern usage would allow without the charge of being particular or fantastic—no less added to this effect, contrasted, as it was, with the gauds and superfluity of hoop and head-dress then in vogue; her arms were bare nearly to the shoulder—and her hair, confined by a bandeau of pearls made to imitate a pointed coronet, was braided over her temples, and twisted up into a loose knot behind, as in times long ago, from which a few rich tresses escaping, fell over a neck possessing the contour and graceful set of an antique statue.

Fatigued and excited, she was glad to escape from the glare of the rooms into an adjoining balcony, to cool her eyes in the dim gleam of the stars—in all moments of excitement or passion, still the same bright, unchanging stars, ever ready to tranquilize us with thoughts of that world where passion and excitement cannot enter. A young man, who had watched her unceasingly all the evening with a deeper interest in his glance than mere curiosity, followed her hastily and in a moment was by her side. She did not attempt to conceal her pleasure at his appearance. "Where have you been, Alexander?" she said; "I often looked for you, but could not recognize yours among the bewildering crowd of faces that swarm in these busy halls."

"And you thought of me, amid honors and applause, and the caresses of the enlightened, and the smiles of a king!—but oh! Angelica, they may give you praise, they may give you wealth; they may elevate you to a lofty place in the world's view, where thy beauty and thy worth being recognized, may command the homage of the great and good; they may appoint you to a high rank among the hierarchy of genius that minister in the temple of fame—but I, only I, love thee! Poor in circumstances, poor in dignity, with no other advantage to offer you but a heart rich in affection, I have chosen this moment to lay it at your feet, in homage to a nobleness which, if my thought mistakes not, knows how to esteem such above all other gifts the world else can bestow." And with many more impassioned words and adoring glances did he woo her, she responding in tones and looks as endearing as his own. Just then, in the midst of her triumphs of art, honors, and of love, she looked up toward the heavens, and saw shining above her that bright, still, solitary star—the sun—

that had risen above the fantasies of her childhood, when she dreamed amid the sunny hills of Italy, far away! Many a strange experience, many a scene had passed before her since it first met her gaze; and now they all seemed to be crowded, as bestirred from her memory, into one moment of review. Her progress from the child to the woman—the strange intervening changes—the same, as she felt herself, yet not the same;—the vistas of fame opened to her with the first appearance of that star—her early struggles, and the space between, to the exulting consciousness of the pinnacle where she now stood, loftier than even her visions had conceived.

"The star triumphs!" thought she; "I am not superstitious," she continued, aloud, "but, Alexander, I have seen that orb *once* before, and feel as if I should see it but *once* again. With every hour of joy does there not mingle a pang?—that telling of the dark reverse, which, in this unstable scene, must sooner or later await the most fortunate."

"Hush! dear Angelica," said her lover, laying his finger on her lips; "to-night let us only think of being happy."

"You are right," replied she, and, seizing his arm, they were soon mingling and jesting with the crowds of the saloon.

PART III.

It had been a day of clouds and heavy rain, and now the night was closing over a dreary and scantily furnished apartment in one of those ruined palaces of Florence, which, like so many objects in Italy, are invested with the romantic prestige of grandeur passed away. A single rushlight threw into view the dilapidated marble walls, on which were the tattered remains of what might once have been gorgeous tapestry, and a large oriel window, in whose immediate vicinity stood a mean uncurtained bed, where lay a woman apparently dying. A single female, sitting near her to administer such assistance as she needed, and a cold, indifferent looking man, who had his chair drawn up in an opposite corner of the room, and evidently stationed there more from duty or necessity than any feeling of interest, were the sole occupants beside. Low murmuring sounds broke from the lips of the dying woman. She was talking incessantly, as in that thronging of indistinct, though perhaps not undelightful images that often flit across the brain of the departing, her thoughts seemed to be wandering over many varied scenes, and her consciousness of existence to be quickened as it was about to be closed forever. Her speech was of flowers and of sunshine, and of every thing fullest of life. Distant, happy years seemed to be restored to her, for her imagination transported her back to the era of her childhood, and she talked of wandering in old familiar places with her companions, many of them dead and gone—for by some subtle process of association, those of them mainly seemed present to her visions—and of "bounding," as she said, "fast, fast!" after something she could not detain. "Let me rest!" she would murmur, "I

am breathless with running—let me rest!" The passionless placidity of the countenance was in strange contrast with this—and the helplessness of the limbs, which, cold and nearly motionless, began to assume the semblance of that clay to which they were fast returning. Suddenly she opened her eyes, restored to the full consciousness of her situation. The eyes—those mirrors of the soul which neither time nor sorrow can rob of their magic, as long as they are the reflection of that which is immortal—were all that told of Angelica Kauffmann—and the long chestnut hair, which, though now hard and icy to the touch, still clung round her temples with some of the old luxuriance of those days when she dreamed inspired visions by the Alpine streams, or shone, the star of genius, in metropolitan saloons. For the rest, her features were faded and pale, their classic outline vanished in the hollows of time and the sharpness of death—haggard, too, but bearing that pathetic expression which told it might be the result more of suffering than years. And that cold, almost repulsive looking man!—can he be the same who knelt beside her beneath the stars and talked of unperishing love? Yes, such is life! In those worldly reverses which are too often the doom of the mentally gifted, poverty and neglect arrived—years of indifference followed, the character of the lover soon merging into that of the selfish and somewhat exacting husband—and now it had come to this. Calling him toward her, he took her proffered hand with a look of cold compassion. "I have been dreaming strangely to-night, Alexander," said she, "and have the strangest sensations, as if all past life were passing in review before me, and its experiences crowded into a few fleeting hours—circumstances which I had believed long since forgotten, and feelings which I had thought to have outlived or crushed into oblivion. Yet there is none that return to me with a more vivid consciousness than my old feeling for you; and even now I seem to leap back over long, weary years of coldness, indifference, and estrangement, and the sad imprints with which they have dimmed your features, and to see you stand before me, ardent and beautiful as when I dreamed that Heaven had no brighter reflection than the fondness of your eyes. You will pardon this," said she, on perceiving that such sympathies moved him not; "I have no wish to recall you to the past, nor too late to revive an extinguished affection, which can so seldom be

brought into review without pain—far less with a thought of reproach for any, except for myself. It is but to testify to you in parting, that with the life I have led, happy as it was before I knew you—spent amid dreams of beauty, and the caresses of a family that sympathized with the delights of my calling, and were proud of my fame, honored as it afterward became when my achievements as an artist, extolled in every country in Europe, drew me forth from my retreat to receive that brief and brilliant homage, less intoxicating to me on the score of my individual self, than as a tribute to the success of that art to which I had consecrated the energies of my existence—yet there is no part of it I would willingly live over again but the early, too brief moments spent near you—no part of it than this I more fervently hold to my heart, as the true gold hoarded from what else appears, in this hour whose solemnity dispels all illusions, the dross and scum of existence. Does not this prove that love is immortal? And now a thought has struck me, that that sweet, bright blossoming which, alas! for us yielded so little fruit, may yet offer a harvest to be reaped in some other world. Will you think of this, Alexander?—let us part forgiving each other—our next meeting will be happier—and brighter!"

She turned her eyes toward the window, which had been thrown open to admit the cool air of the evening, for the wind had died away, and the heavens were clear—and there, conspicuous amongst its fiery brethren, shone that bright, still, solitary star—still fair and tranquil, when life with all its excitements and hopes was passing away, as when shining above the passion of her young life. It spoke to her of the glory of other worlds contrasted with the vapidity of this, which she had weighed in the balance and found wanting—a high and unchangeable emblem of that *which is above us* amid all the storms, treacherous calms, and exulting yet bewildering spring-tides of life—the star of her destiny, indeed, if it pointed to Heaven as the haven where her hopes should at last find rest! Her soul passed away in that gaze; they could not tell the exact moment when, but by the dull fixture of the eye, and the dead weight of the hand which lay in his, Alexander knew that he gazed upon the dead.

That oracle spoke truth, which told there is nothing stable in the universe but Heaven and Love!

THE PAST.

In her strange, shadowy coronet she weareth
The faded jewels of an earlier time;
An ancient sceptre in her hand she beareth—
The purple of her robe is past its prime.
Through her thin silvery locks still dimly shineth
The flower-wreath woven by pale mem'ry's fingers.
Her heart is withered—yet it strangely shineth

In its lone urn, a light that fitful lingers.
With her low, muffled voice of mystery,
She reads old legends from Time's mouldering pages;
She telleth the present the recorded hist'ry,
And change perpetual of by-gone ages.
Her pilgrim feet still seek the haunted sod
Once ours, but *now* by naught but memory's footsteps trod.

R. J. R.

SLY LOVE.

OR COUSIN FRANK.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Back and forth, up and down—creak, creak, creak, strides Mr. Hazleton. From the back parlor to the front, from the front to the back—his head down, his lips firmly compressed, his arms crossed behind his back, while, by the knitting of his brows and the occasional jerk he gives his head, it is very easy to see that the mind of Mr. Hazleton is crossed also.

And how perfectly unconscious sits the lady in black satin upon the sofa! With what a nonchalant air she beats the time with her foot, upon the little *brioche*, to the air she is humming. The spirit of the storm—yet herself how calm! Nothing vexes an angry man more, perhaps, than indifference to his anger. Mrs. Hazleton knew her advantage, and she also knew she was idolized, as young and pretty wives are apt to be, whose husbands, like poor Mrs. —, are a "score of years too old." Pretty sure, therefore, of carrying her point in the matter under debate, she highly enjoyed this unwonted ebullition of anger in her usually placid husband. By degrees the features of Mr. Hazleton softened—his step became slower and lighter, and then approaching the sofa, he said, in a tone which was evidently meant to be conciliatory,

"Come, come, this is all very foolish. I think I know your goodness of heart too well, my dear Anna, to believe you serious, or that you will receive so ungraciously the child of my only sister."

"Mr. Hazleton, I tell you again," replied the lady, carelessly playing with her eye-glass, "you are demanding a most unheard-of thing! Were she only coming here for a few days, to see the *lions* and be off to the woods again, I assure you I would be the most attentive chaperone. I would escort her from one end of the city to the other with the greatest pleasure, and load her off with ribbons, gew-gaws, and the latest novel, when the joyful moment came for my release. But a fixture for the winter—and that, too, my dear Julia's first winter—O, heavens!"

Something very like an oath whistled through the teeth of Mr. Hazleton.

"Madam—Mrs. Hazleton—let me tell you I consider your remark as reflecting upon myself. No relative of mine, madam, can ever disgrace either yourself or your daughter, in any society."

"Indeed!" was the cool reply.

"And I insist upon your treating my niece, Alice Churchill, not only with politeness, but with kind-

ness—and your daughter also must be schooled to meet her as her equal."

"Her equal, indeed!" and now the ire of Mrs. Hazleton was fast kindling to a flame. "Her equal! I would ask you, Mr. Hazleton, if the Ninnybrain blood flows in her veins?—the Ninnybrains, Mr. Hazleton, one of whom was maid of honor to a queen—another—"

"Pish!" interrupted Mr. Hazleton, "and confound all the Ninnybrains!"

"Confound the Ninnybrains! Very pretty, really—yes, so much for marrying beneath me! Confound all the Ninnybrains, I think you said!"

"Yes, and I repeat, confound them all! What have they to do with my poor little Alice?"

It was now Mrs. Hazleton's turn to sail majestically from room to room, muttering,

"*Hem!* very pretty treatment—very pretty, indeed!"

While her husband, throwing himself into the seat she had just occupied upon the sofa, very coolly knocked his heels upon the unfortunate footstool. At length the lady paused in her walk, and turning to her husband, said,

"My dear," (and when Mrs. Hazleton said "my dear," it was no idle word,) "I think you misjudge my motives entirely for what I have said. It is only for the good of your dear niece, for of course she must be very dear to you, and no doubt she is a very sweet girl, that I have raised any objections to her becoming a member of our happy family—no doubt, my love, she would prove a great acquisition—but—*hem*—but I think I have heard you say your sister, our sister Churchill, was in rather limited circumstances, and has been obliged to use great economy in bringing up her family. Now I ask you, my dear, if—if—we should not be doing wrong, very wrong, to vitiate the simple, happy tastes of Alice, and render dull and uncongenial the home of contentment in which she has ever so peacefully dwelt? This surely would be the case were we to introduce her into the gay world. So perfectly unsophisticated as she is, she would the more easily be led astray by the frivolities of fashionable life. Would it not be better for her, then, better for her dear mother, that this visit should not take place?"

"No, I tell you no!—she shall come, she shall go everywhere, she shall see every thing the city has to boast."

"That can easily be done, love, in a few days," replied the plausible lady. "Some pleasant morning you can go with her to the Museum, and Girard

College, and the Water-Works. When I spoke of her going out, I meant to parties—"

"And I mean to parties, and to theatres, and concerts, and—"

"You are absurd, Mr. Hazleton!"

"Go on!"

"You have no regard for my feelings!"

"Go on."

"You would willingly mortify me, and embarrass my sweet Julia, by linking her in companionship with this uncultivated hoyden!"

"Go on."

"And also ruin the girl!"

"What next?"

"No, let me tell you, Mr. Hazleton, it must not, shall not be. Julia shall not be put to the blush continually for the solecisms this niece of yours will commit upon the rules of etiquette!"

"Little dear!"

"And, and—and, Mr. Hazleton—Lord, I wish I had never married!" and Mrs. Hazleton burst into tears.

Mr. Hazleton walked out.

CHAPTER II.

A BACHELOR IN CUPID'S NET.

In blessed bachelorhood had passed sixty years of Mr. Hazleton's life. With no one's whims but his own to nurse—no one to scold but his tailor and washerwoman, their flight had left little trace save in the silver threads with which Time weaves experience—linking the what has been to the what is and what will be. It is true, in early life he had wooed but not won, and it might be from disgust at the willful blindness of the lady of his love, he from that moment looked coldly upon the whole sex—blind to their beauty—deaf to their voices, and invulnerable to all their witchery, "charmed they never so wisely."

But, alas! the work of years may be shattered in a moment! Hard as the heart of Mr. Hazleton had become, it melted like the frost of an autumn morning under the sunny beams of Mrs. Ketchim's eyes! It was at Saratoga, that great hunting-ground of Cupid, that Mr. Hazleton first encountered the glances of the pretty widow. Whether that lady was in truth on a matrimonial chase cannot be definitely stated. Yet one thing is certain, no sooner did she meet with this rich, hard-hearted old bachelor than she determined to forget her departed Ketchim, and catch him—thus nobly avenging in her own person the slights her sex had received. What could not a fair and handsome widow accomplish with "sparkling black e'en and a bonnie sweet mou!" Mr. Hazleton was lost.

The age of the widow was an enigma which no one but herself could solve. She did acknowledge she was *too* young—she did also own to the interesting fact that one sweet child called her "mother." "Ah, a little golden-haired cherub, of some four or five summers!" thought our lover. What, then, was the surprise of Mr. Hazleton when, a few

weeks after their marriage, a tall, beautiful girl of seventeen rushed into the parlor, and, giving him a hearty kiss, called him "papa!"

He had abjured spectacles, using only the eyes of love, but he now for a moment involuntarily resumed them, and gazed long and inquiringly at his charming wife. He was satisfied. Mrs. Hazleton smiled as sweetly, and looked just as young and bewitching as she had appeared to him before—so he returned the filial salute of his *daughter* with a paternal embrace, and unlocked another chamber of his heart to receive her.

Some months passed pleasantly on, and the honey moon waxed not old. The so long time bachelor almost wept with sorrow over those lost years spent alone, and blessed the hour which had harbingered his present happiness. By degrees a little, a very little difference of opinion began to display itself—but insensibly gathering strength from frequent recurrence. Most generally, however, the husband yielded, and harmony was restored.

Julia was a lively, good-hearted girl—her faults more the result of her mother's mismanagement than her own willfulness. In fact, it was Julia herself who first suggested the invitation which Alice Churchill received from her uncle.

"Dear me, papa, how dull it is! Pray have not you any relations?" she inquired one evening, when they were left *tête-à-tête*.

This was rather a posing question, for indeed Mr. Hazleton could hardly remember whether he had any or not.

"No sisters, or nieces?" continued Julia.

"Or nice young nephews?" added Mr. Hazleton.

"Yes, papa—a cousin would be so delightful!" and here Julia sighed and looked sad. Why she sighed the reader shall know by and bye.

This careless remark of Julia aroused a train of long banished reflections in the mind of Mr. Hazleton. Early associations came thronging upon him, vividly calling up the image of his only sister, as tearfully and patiently she had turned from his reproaches at their last meeting, to follow the fortunes of him she loved. Ere Mr. Hazleton sought his pillow, the letter to his long neglected sister was written, and not even the possession of the late Mrs. Ketchim had made his heart so light as this simple act of duty and kindness.

Mrs. Hazleton had many weak points, but there were two upon which she was peculiarly sensitive. The first, viz.—her family. The Ninnibrains could trace a pedigree almost as far back as Adam—a sprig of nobility, too, had once engrafted itself upon the family tree, which important item had been handed down from generation to generation, and Mrs. Hazleton never lost an opportunity of proclaiming her noble lineage, while at the same time she indulged an almost slavish fear of deviating from the code of gentility, in *her* acceptance of the term. Her second tangible weakness was an affectation of juvenility. The idea of growing old gracefully was preposterous. Although she saw the seams and creases of Time's fingers on other faces, she would

not see them on her own, and while all the world were growing old around her, she resolved to set the gray-beard at defiance.

Mrs. Hazleton loved her daughter as much as she was capable of loving, yet she could not forgive her for the very contradictory evidence she brought against her youthfulness—could not pardon her for stepping forth from the nursery a tall, grown up girl, instead of quietly contenting herself with pantalettes and pinafores. The widow felt there must be a rapid race, or her daughter would reach the goal of Hymen before her—hence her conquest of Mr. Hazleton. Her own purpose attained, she then generously resolved to give Julia a chance, who, nothing loth, was summoned from a country boarding-school to catch a husband as quick as possible. To be sure this latter clause was not expressed in so many words—it was the ultimatum of the mother alone. As for Julia, she thought only of escaping from the odious Mrs. Rulem—of new dresses, theatres, and dancing till two o'clock in the morning. For once, then, Mrs. Hazleton concluded to assume maternity gracefully, and to matronize her daughter with all the dignity of the Ninnybrain school.

She was exceedingly annoyed, therefore, when she found her plans might all be defeated by the arrival of Alice Churchill. No way could she reconcile herself to this unavoidable evil. If handsome and engaging, she would only be in the way of her daughter's advancement—if awkward and ugly, a constant source of mortification. Every device of which she was mistress was put in practice to thwart the expected visit, but that she did not accomplish her object has already been shown.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARRIVAL.

Alice Churchill was none of those fragile beauties whose step is too light to bend "a hare-bell 'neath its tread"—whose eyes are compared to those of the gazelle, or to violets and dew-drops—with cheeks like the blush rose, and lips vieing with sea-corals, contrasted by teeth of pearls! No such wealth of beauty had Alice, but she was a very sweet girl notwithstanding—just pretty enough to escape being called plain, and yet plain enough to escape being spoiled for her prettiness. Mrs. Churchill was a widow of very moderate fortune, living in a retired village of Pennsylvania, more than fifty miles from any town of note, and which even in the year '45, (happy little village!) could boast of neither steam-boat nor railroad. It was here she had removed with her husband soon after their marriage, and here for a few brief years their happiness had been unclouded—until the shadow of death resting on that happy home severed all earthly ties. Peaceful now in the quiet grave-yard is the sleep of the husband and father.

Seventeen summers of Alice's life had passed away—not all cloudless, but happily—for she was kind and affectionate—in making others happy she

was herself so—indeed, as I said before, although she had no wealth of beauty, Alice was rich in goodness and purity of heart. Mrs. Churchill had offended her family by marrying a poor man, and there had been little or no intercourse since that period. When, therefore, she received a letter from her brother, not only affectionate, but accompanied also by a kind invitation for her daughter Alice to pass a few months in Philadelphia, it is difficult to say whether joy or surprise preponderated. Anxious alone to promote the happiness of Alice, Mrs. Churchill, sacrificing her own feelings at parting with her child, hesitated not to accept the offer. Little did Alice know of the world, except from books. Books had been her only companions, and, under her mother's judicious selection, these best of friends had wrought a silent influence over her mind, preparing her to meet the realities of life, its pleasures and its trials also, with rationality.

Such, then, was Alice Churchill, the innocent cause of the matrimonial *fracas* illustrated in a preceding chapter.

The boat touched the wharf, and the motley crowd which had been watching her approach, noisily sprang on her deck. "Have a cab, miss?" "Cab, sir?" "Take your baggage, ma'am?" "Have a carriage?" Poor Alice shrank back into the farthest corner of the ladies' cabin, perfectly bewildered with the noise and confusion. At length she heard her own name called, and, stepping forward, she was the next moment in the arms of her uncle. Mr. Hazleton embraced her affectionately, and then, gazing long and earnestly upon her, exclaimed, as he wiped a tear from his eye—

"Yes, you do look like your dear mother!"

But this was no time for sentiment, especially as the stewardess, anxious herself to be on shore; already began to bustle about preparatory to the next trip—so, after attending to the baggage, they left the boat, and were soon rattling through the streets at the mercy of an independent cabman who "*had another job.*"

Who that has passed through the streets of a great city for the first time cannot imagine the feelings of our simple country-girl, as she found herself thus borne amid the busy throng—the side-walks crowded with people hurrying to and from their business—the gaily ornamented windows—elegantly dressed ladies—beggars—squeaking hand-organs—dancing monkeys—the cry of the fish-man, mingling with the noisy bell of the charcoal-vender—carriages clashing rapidly past—omnibuses rattling heavily along—dust, din, smoke—no wonder the poor girl rejoiced when the cab stopped at her uncle's dwelling, and she found herself safe within its walls.

"My dear love, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my niece," said Mr. Hazleton, advancing with the blushing Alice on his arm.

Mrs. Hazleton coldly raised her eyes from the book on which they had been pertinaciously fixed, and with a slight bow and a formal "How do you do, Miss Churchill!" as coldly dropped them again.

Not so Julia, who, in spite of the lessons her ma'ma had been teaching her for the last half hour, could not see this young, blushing stranger so repulsed—she therefore rushed forward, exclaiming—
“O papa, do stand away, and let me greet my new cousin.”

“Julia! my dear!” emphasized Mrs. Hazleton.

“Now, my dear Alice—that’s your name, is it not? Mine is Julia—Julia Ketchim—horrible! do n’t you think so? Now you must not wonder at ma’mashe is a great reader—she has got hold of Carlyle—but she is very glad to see you—so are we all—but that’s her way. Come, sit down—or would you prefer to go to your room?”

“Julia, I am surprised!” and Mrs. Hazleton rang the bell.

A servant entered.

“Show Miss Churchill her apartment.”

“O no, ma’m, I am going with Alice.”

“Nancy, attend Miss Churchill. Julia, I want you—Julia!—Julia!” and with pouting lips and a very flushed face Julia was forced to obey, but not until she had whispered to Alice, who, almost terrified, was following the servant maid:

“Never mind ma’m, dear—she is great upon etiquette—she is a Ninnybrain you know.”

There was an attempt at a Caudle lecture after Alice had left, but to her dismay Mrs. Hazleton found her influence, like the honey-moon, rapidly on the wane! When Alice again appeared in the drawing-room escorted by Julia, who, in spite of ma’m, had contrived to slip away to her apartment, Mrs. Hazleton for the first time allowed her eyes to dwell searchingly upon the person of her unwelcome guest. To her inexpressible relief she found Miss Churchill presented that happy medium of which she had never dreamed, viz. that although her countenance was pleasing, yet she was by no means handsome enough to cause her one moment’s fear on the score of rivalry—while her natural ease of manner at once removed her from that awkward simplicity she had expected to find in an unskilled country girl. The effect of her scrutiny, therefore, was so satisfactory that Mrs. Hazleton with a pretty, girlish air instantly embraced her, and trusted she would feel herself as much at home as under her own dear mother’s roof. Although somewhat surprised, Alice did not doubt the sincerity of her welcome, and grateful for her kindness, returned her aunt’s embrace. Mr. Hazleton gave his wife a smile of approbation, while Julia whispered:

“There, I told you so—O that odious Carlyle—I knew ma’m would be glad to see you when she had put down her book.”

At the close of the evening, after the girls had retired, Mrs. Hazleton affirmed that really Miss Churchill was quite passable, and that if her manners only had a little of the Ninnybrain air—as, for instance, Julia’s or her own—one would hardly suspect that she had never been accustomed to good society! Upon which wondrous conclusion of his lady, Mr. Hazleton shrugged his shoulders and went to bed.

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CHAPTER IV.

COUSIN FRANK

Alice and Julia were soon good friends—and by degrees Alice became the confidante of a little episode in the life of her cousin which she feared might bear heavily upon her future happiness, unless her affections were as the wind-kissed lakelet—disturbed only on the surface—the heart-depths unmoved.

At first Julia only spoke of “Cousin Frank” as being such a “dear, merry soul,” “so pleasant,” “so kind”—she next admitted that she loved him “dearly, very dearly,” indeed she did—and that he loved her just as well, poor fellow!—and finally, blushing like a rose, she acknowledged that both hand and heart were pledged to “dear Cousin Frank!”

But did ma’m know any thing about it? Not she indeed! A pretty fuss she would make to find out she loved Frank—a poor midshipman in the navy, that had not even a drop of the Ninnybrain blood to compensate for want of fortune! No indeed! But they had vowed to be faithful, and that was enough—Cousin Frank was too proud to say a word to ma’m until he had won laurels as well as money—poor fellow! and so Julia cried one moment and laughed the next.

It appeared they had become acquainted at the house of a mutual relative in the village where Julia had been placed at school by her youthful mother. Cousins are without doubt a very dangerous allotment of the human family, as it proved in this case, for Frank Reeve came near losing his examination before the navy-board, while Julia, instead of treasuring up the wisdom of Mrs. Rulem, was filling her little brain with love, and such nonsense—just as naughty girls will sometimes do for their cousins!

Mrs. Hazleton would indeed have made a fuss had she known of this. Far different views had she for her daughter, and she would have spurned the poor midshipman’s love as most presumptuous.

It was now the joyous season of the holidays—when happiness and mirth, pleasure and folly trip hand in hand, gladdening this *once a year* the beggar and the bondman, and sweeping triumphantly through the halls of wealth and fashion. Parties and balls followed each other in rapid succession, and on the topmost wave of this tumultuous sea giddily floated Mrs. Hazleton. How the money fled from the well-lined pockets of Mr. Hazleton into the hands of tradesmen and milliners—smooth hard dollars, and soft silky scraps of paper exchanged for rings and bracelets, that the dress of both mother and daughter might be all as fine as money could purchase or fashion form. Alice seldom accompanied her aunt and cousin into these gay scenes. A short essay in fashionable life sufficed for her quiet tastes and habits, and she preferred therefore remaining at home with her uncle, who was no less pleased to have her do so, as with her he could talk over the scenes of his early life, and he loved too to listen to her own artless details of mother and home. Nor was Mrs. Hazleton sorry for Alice’s decision

She was often surprised to find that her modest pretty face, and her unaffected manners, attracted nearly or quite as much attention as the brilliant charms of Julia, so that on the whole she rather countenanced her remaining *tête-à-tête* with her uncle. "O you dear, quiet little soul," she would often say, "you must marry a country parson, and knit stockings."

One evening, Mrs. Hazleton came home from a large party in high spirits. She had marked her future son-in-law, and Julia had now only to bring down the game! Full, therefore, was she of the praises of young Herman Wallace. He was not only very rich, very handsome, very graceful, but of an ancient Scottish family—could trace his descent even from the great hero, Sir William Wallace—at least Mrs. Pryout had said so.

"But, ma'ma," interposed Julia, "he is the stiffest, coldest mortal—a beautiful petrification of man! When at last you got an opportunity to introduce me,"—and Julia, sly girl, remembered how blind she had been to many winks and nods and "wreathed smiles" of managing ma'ma,— "he looked down upon me with those great black eyes—oh, so cold and disdainful—he might just suit you, Alice, but as for me—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. Hazleton, "he did no such thing. I tell you what first drew my particular attention to *him*, was his very evident admiration of *you*!"

"Indeed, Ma'ma!"

"Yes, indeed, silly child. I overheard him asking who that very beautiful girl was in blue and silver—"

"O, ma'ma!"

"I don't wonder he asked, however, for you did look sweetly. It was when you were waltzing with young Langden, and as you floated so sylph-like around the room, I could not help thinking of a portrait I once saw of—"

"A Ninnybrain, ma'ma?"

Mr. Hazleton burst into a hearty laugh, in which the saucy girl as heartily joined, and even Alice could not refrain a smile. Mrs. Hazleton was evidently disconcerted, but too well pleased with her plans to be angry.

"You will see him again to-morrow evening, love," she continued, "and I think you will alter your opinion."

"By the way, Alice, you promised to go to Mrs. Dashwood's grand party," cried Julia; "so you will be able to judge of ma'ma's prodigy;" and then, as they left the room, she whispered, "Talk of *Herman Wallace*, indeed! I would not give one of dear Frank's heart-glances for all his frozen lordly looks!"

CHAPTER V.

MRS. DASHWOOD'S PARTY.

The toilet of the fair Julia, for this eventful evening, was made under the tasteful eye of Mrs. Hazleton herself, who wished her daughter to look her loveliest—to eclipse all other stars in that brilliant galaxy of youth and beauty. Next, the adornment of her own

person was her chief care—upon Alice she bestowed not a thought. Julia would fain have had the dress of her friend as beautiful as her own, but this Alice rejected as unsuitable, and made her appearance in the dressing-room of her aunt in a simple white muslin, her only ornaments a set of corals, the gift of her uncle. Mrs. Hazleton enrobed in crimson velvet, and Julia radiantly lovely in white satin and blonde, offered a striking contrast to the unpretending Alice.

"Well, child, you really look quite well—do n't she, love?" was the careless remark of Mrs. Hazleton, "but only see what a rich color Julia has!—I think I never saw her look so perfectly lovely—quite mature, don't you think so?—more like me! Why what have you got on?—white muslin over a *plain cambrie*! Mercy, had you not a silk skirt? Julia's tunic is magnificent—I paid one hundred dollars for the lace at Levy's. Corals are too warm, child—but they will do very well for you—they won't be noticed. Come here, Julia, and let Alice examine the chasteness of that beautiful aquamarine bracelet—now the ruby—and look at her pin, Alice, is it not superb!"

But a brighter jewel was in the breast of Alice—a *heart free from envy*!

And now over the tessellated floor fair and lovely forms are gliding—music pours its enchanting strains, and voices scarcely less sweet float on the perfumed air—jewels flash, feathers wave—there are smiles on the brow of beauty, soft speeches on the lips of manhood.

"But why, amid this joyous scene, is the brow of Mrs. Hazleton clouded? Admiration can find no higher aim than the charms of Julia; nor does her own ear drink in unwelcome the flatterer's whisper—yet still the cloud is there. Would you know the reason? Herman Wallace makes not one of the festive throng. She is almost angry with Julia for being so carelessly happy—with Alice for her composure. Suddenly her eye brightens. Ah, the game's in view! And in a few moments Mrs. Hazleton, now all smiles, presses on to the gay circle of which Wallace seems to be the attraction. She soon fastened upon him, and led him off triumphant to the spot where she had a moment before seen Julia—but Julia was gone, and Alice alone remained, quietly viewing the scene before her. Mrs. Hazleton, however, took not the slightest notice of her, but continued a ceaseless strain in the ears of Wallace. Did not Mr. Wallace like waltzing? Mr. Wallace did not. The polka? Decidedly not. Was Mr. Wallace fond of music? Not in a crowded room.

Mr. Wallace now turned his eye upon Alice. Could Mrs. Hazleton tell him who that interesting looking girl was?

"O, a niece of my husband's—poor child! You know, my dear sir, every family cannot look back upon a pedigree like yours—like mine, I was going to say—a very good sort of girl, though, but poor, and all that sort of thing."

Yet the descendant of a "noble pedigree" asked for an introduction to that "good sort of a girl,"

which, with a very ill grace, was granted. Julia now joined them, and a lively conversation ensued, which Mrs. Hazleton with great chagrin saw interrupted. The fair band of Julia was claimed for a dance, and away she tripped. Mrs. Hazleton, too, soon followed, to bring her back the earliest moment, leaving Alice and Wallace alone.

There was a pause of a few moments, when, with some embarrassment, Wallace said,

"The interest I feel, Miss Churchill, in a very dear friend, must be my apology for what I am about to say. He is a noble, generous fellow, but I fear has recklessly given his affections where they are but too lightly prized. You look surprised, Miss Churchill—I allude to Francis Reeve. I think you can be no stranger to the relationship existing between him and Miss Ketchim."

"I have frequently heard Julia speak of her cousin, Mr. Reeve," replied Alice.

"And no more! Has she never told you they stand in a far nearer light than mere cousins?"

"I will be candid with you, Mr. Wallace. Julia has confessed to me her affection for your friend."

"Her affection! Then you think she does love him?"

"Most sincerely."

"Is it possible! And has she a heart—she who seems to be the mere sport and puppet of fashion!" exclaimed Wallace.

"Indeed she has, and a warm one, too," replied Alice. "You must not judge of her as you now see her—that she is very volatile I acknowledge, but most affectionate and sincere."

"I rejoice to hear you say so," answered Wallace. "You know not, Miss Churchill, the ardor of my friend's attachment. True love is always jealous—and you surely then cannot blame poor Frank, when, on his return from a long voyage, he hears of her only as the gayest among the gay, receiving with apparent pleasure the flatterer's insidious praises!"

"She is not alone to blame, Mr. Wallace. Believe me, with all her seeming indifference, she is worthy the love of your friend," said Alice.

"I surely can no longer doubt her worth when I find her so ably defended, and by so amiable a champion," answered Wallace, bowing. "May I then ask you to deliver her this note, with which poor Frank, in an agony of jealous doubts, has entrusted me?"

Ere Alice could reply Mrs. Hazleton and Julia joined them. What could have brought such a glow to the cheek of Alice? thought her aunt—and Wallace, too, how animated! whose eyes were bent on the plain country-girl with an expression of admiration which caused the heart of this worldly woman to swell with envy and mortification. But dressing her countenance in well-feigned smiles, she exclaimed—

"Really, you seem to be having a very interesting discussion—I have been watching you some time. Come, I am dying to know what it is—and here is Julia, too, all curiosity."

Wallace made some cool reply to Mrs. Hazleton, and then, turning to the latter, began conversing with her so entirely different from his former manner, that she was astonished. He was no longer the "petrification" she had pronounced him, but animated and agreeable. She little thought how much she was indebted to the praises of Alice for this change. Mrs. Hazleton noticed this also, and her jealous fears subsided. The deer is wounded at last! was her exulting conclusion.

That may be, my good madam—but the shaft may have sped from another source, nevertheless!

"Do come into my room," said Julia to Alice, upon their return from Mrs. Dashwood's party. "For mercy's sake! let me get away from that Scotch bag-pipe ma'ma is ever sounding! One would think she was in love with Herman Wallace herself—but I'm sure I am not—though, just as plain as looks can speak, she tells him, 'Here she is—you may have her for the asking.' If this is Ninnybrain dignity, I beg to be excused from sharing it. I wonder what poor Frank would say? But how happy you look, Alice—what is the matter? After all, I believe poor ma'ma's trouble has all been thrown away."

'Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell—
It fell upon a little western flower.'

Ah, ah! Alice—now confess—has not this descendant of heroes been saying tender things to you?"

"He has, indeed, talked of love!" said Alice, laughing.

"Oh, excellent!" cried the giddy girl, clapping her hands.

"But alas for your theory, you were the object," continued Alice.

"Me?"

"Yes, you—and one other—and that other was—can't you guess?"

"No, Ally dear, you talk in enigmas."

"Which perhaps this may solve," and kissing her blushing cheek, Alice placed the note in her hand.

Julia screamed with surprise and pleasure, as she recognized the beloved handwriting. When she looked up her friend had left the room.

There was a light tap at the door of Alice's chamber, and Julia entering threw herself upon her neck, covered with tears and blushes.

"Oh, my dear Alice, he has come! Frank is here—in this city! How happy I am—and—and, oh dear, what shall I do? He wishes to come and see me! Ma'ma will be so angry—I dare not—what shall I do? Dear Alice, do tell me."

Alice advised her to accede unhesitatingly to the wishes of her lover, urging her no longer to have any concealment from her mother. Perhaps, after all, her fears were groundless, and she might sanction her choice. In any event, this clandestine intercourse must not continue, and Alice, "severe in youthful beauty," endeavored to point out the great fault she would be committing against her parent by allowing it to proceed further. Julia was overcome by the serious manner in which Alice spoke. She had never before allowed herself to reflect upon her

error in its true light—her mother's anger had been her only fear—but she now resolved to break the subject at once to her mother, and ask forgiveness for her fault.

CHAPTER VI.

COUSIN FRANK AGAIN.

Breakfast was over—Mr. Hazleton gone to his office—Alice to pen a letter to her mother—and Julia was left alone with Mrs. Hazleton. It was no light errand upon which she was bent, and gladly would she have followed her cousin from the room—but an encouraging smile from Alice re-assured her. Yet how to open the dreaded subject? Several times she essayed to speak, but the words died upon her lips. Meanwhile Mrs. Hazleton, in a most voluble strain, was planning characters and dresses for a fancy ball. So far as Julia herself was concerned, the Scottish Chiefs were chosen for the field of display—deciding she should go as Helen Mar, and she was now trying to fix upon some character calculated to set forth her own charms to the best advantage.

"What do you think of Die Vernon?" said she turning to Julia—"or would Flora McIvor suit my style better—perhaps Mary, Queen of Scots, or—but what is the matter with you? How stupid you are! Why do n't you speak? I declare I believe you will get to be as dull as Alice Churchill. What ails you?"

"Nothing, ma'ma—I—I only—"

"Only what? do speak!" cried Mrs. Hazleton, impatiently.

"I only wanted to tell you that—that Frank Reeve is in town," stammered poor Julia.

"And pray who is Frank Reeve, to call such a blush to your cheek?"

"Why, dear me, ma'ma, you know Cousin Frank Reeve!"

"No, I don't know Cousin Frank Reeve!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton, turning very red—"neither do I wish to know him."

"Why, ma'ma, he is so pleasant—so delightful!"

"Is he? Well, Miss Julia, that is no reason why I should know him, or you either—and, let me tell you, if you have any ridiculous, childish *penchant* for 'Cousin Frank,' you had better banish it at once!" and Mrs. Hazleton looked very knowing.

"Ma'ma, I—I do n't understand you."

"O yes you do. I have said enough—so no more of Frank Reeve. Now tell me if you can what were the colors of the *Vich-ian Vohr* plaid—Alice knows I dare say—go and ask her." And glad of an excuse to leave the room, Julia quickly withdrew.

Mrs. Hazleton spoke the truth—she did not know Cousin Frank, though the nephew of the departed Ketchim. She had never seen him—but she had heard of moonlight walks and tender billet-doux. In her widowhood, so long as Julia was out of the way, she cared little which most occupied her time—books or a lover. The case was now altered. She had a higher object to be accomplished, to which

the plighted affections of her daughter must be made to yield—what did she care for the affections!

Poor Julia's eyes were swollen with weeping—her head ached intolerably, but her heart ached worse. There was a ring at the door—she listened—O happiness! ma'ma was out—and there was Cousin Frank! What could Julia do! What *did* she do but rush down stairs and burst into a fresh flood of tears on Cousin Frank's shoulders! Very improper, was it not? However, we will not stop to argue the matter now, but rather adopt Jack Easy's system—finish the story first and have the argument afterward!

As interesting as our pair of lovers undoubtedly were to themselves, a third party might not form the same opinion. We will not intrude, therefore, but content ourselves with marking the result of this interview, which was that Julia from that hour appeared in excellent spirits, quite delighting ma'ma with her praises of Herman Wallace, and never once mentioning the name of Cousin Frank again—simply amusing herself when alone with kissing mysteriously folded billets, and penning little rose-colored notes—surely there was no harm in that!

In the meanwhile Wallace had become a constant visiter. Although Alice was generally in the room upon these occasions, Mrs. Hazleton had no longer any fears. Wallace to be sure was very polite and agreeable—brought her books—sometimes reading a favorite passage—of course, why should he not? and so Mrs. Hazleton herself began to treat her with more attention—but with Julia he would chat in a low voice in snug window seats, or remote corners, while she in turn seemed to lend a willing ear—blushing, smiling, and evidently very happy. "Ah, there certainly must be some understanding between them!" thought the delighted Mrs. Hazleton.

CHAPTER VII.

MASQUERADING.

Mrs. Hazleton resolved to give a party which should eclipse in splendor all those to which the gay season had given rise, and Mr. Hazleton, willing to gratify her, had placed both his purse and time at her command. For once every thing went favorably—the presiding Fates were all on the side of Mrs. Hazleton. Taste and elegance marked the upholsterer's high finish—the rooms were flooded with that soft, mellow light which throws so becoming a shade o'er the cheek of beauty—music was to lend its charms—and the luxuries of every clime were gathered on the refreshment tables, mingled with all those tasteful little devices which the skill of the confectioner can compound. So far well, and Mrs. Hazleton, bowing to herself as she took a last survey in her mirror, pronounced the image superb!

Mr. Wallace had begged permission to bring a friend—certainly, any friend of his would be most welcome. The rooms were already rapidly filling, when trembling and blushing Julia saw Mr. Wallace approaching, and with him—*Cousin Frank!*

And how handsome the fellow looked, too, and what a joyous, happy glance met hers!

"Allow me to present my friend, Mr. Francis—" the rest was somewhat unintelligible—and Mrs. Hazleton most gracefully bent to the modest salute of the stranger, and then turned to introduce her daughter also. It certainly was praiseworthy in Julia not to know cousin Frank, as her mother had so positively forbidden; so she merely bowed, and that, too, in the stiffest manner, which bow was as stiffly returned, and then immediately turning from her, Mr. Francis began an animated conversation with her mother. It is true that, in the course of the evening, he very formally invited Miss Julia to dance, who, with a toss of her pretty head, gave him her hand to lead her off—and that no sooner were they free from the vicinity of Mrs. Hazleton, than they both laughed right merrily, and said a great many things which must have been interesting to themselves, to judge from their looks; nay, more than this, instead of joining the dancers as they had proposed, they strolled off into the conservatory!

Mrs. Hazleton seemed blessed this evening with wonderful ubiquity of vision. She could not only look to the wants of her numerous guests, and see that each one was placed in his or her peculiar sphere for display—that the feet of the merry dancers stayed not for music—that the waiters were all in the quiet performance of their duties; but also that the actors in her private play of "*Maneuvering*" should not fail in the favorite parts she had allotted them. Thus when she suddenly came upon Herman Wallace and Alice evidently much engrossed by some interesting topic, and discovered the fact that the latter had never looked so well as on this evening, how adroitly she contrived to separate them by despatching Alice upon some trifling commission to another part of the room, and then, with a bland smile, requesting Wallace to go in search of her dear Julia! In a few moments, however, Julia appeared, leaning on the arm of Frank, who, by his graceful compliments, soon restored her good humor; nay, so well did he top his part in a play of his own, that, although Mrs. Hazleton's eyes were almost blasted by seeing Wallace leading that odious Alice Churchill to the dance, while Julia herself was disengaged, she yet had not courage to break away from his flattering speeches.

"How very much your sister resembles you!" said Frank, recovering from a sudden fit of absence, during which his eyes had been watching the movements of Julia.

"My sister!" cried Mrs. Hazleton, blushing and laughing, "my sister!—my daughter you mean."

"Daughter! good heavens!" and here Cousin Frank gave a tragedy start—"you don't mean to say that lady is your *daughter*! O, no, it cannot be—the resemblance is certainly striking—the same expressive eyes, the same noble brow, the full red lip, and luxuriant hair the same—but your daughter—it cannot be!"

Mrs. Hazleton, however, was obliged to own the "soft impeachment," while she mentally wished she had not visited Saratoga, or that she had allowed

some other of the sex to avenge the sisterhood on Mrs. Hazleton, for here indeed was a prize which might else have been hers!

CHAPTER VIII.

UNMASKING!

A few mornings after the party, both Wallace and Francis had a long and confidential interview with Mr. Hazleton, which resulted in the penning of a letter by the former to Mrs. Churchill, not, however, without the consent of the blushing Alice. Mr. Hazleton then went in search of his wife, whom he found absorbed in reflections which, could he have read her heart's frivolous page, he would have found not at all flattering to himself.

"Ah, my dear Anna, I have news for you! Who would have thought young Wallace so much in love!"

"Ha! why what is it, Mr. Hazleton?" demanded his lady, eagerly.

"Why that he has this morning proposed."

"Indeed! and to *you*—I should have thought—but no matter, I am truly rejoiced at the dear girl's good fortune—however, I think it would have been more proper if Wallace had spoken to me first."

"I do n't think so, my dear," said Mr. Hazleton.

"No, I dare say not," replied the lady, evidently piqued; "it is to be sure a mark of respect to your—your years."

"On the contrary, I think it a mark of respect to Mrs. Churchill."

"*Mrs. Churchill!*" exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton, "what has Mrs. Churchill to do with Herman Wallace's proposals for my daughter?"

"Nothing at all—but a great deal to do with his proposals for her own."

"What! *Alice Churchill!* You do n't mean to say that Herman Wallace has made proposals of marriage to her?"

"Certainly I do—and I have given my consent with all my heart, and I doubt not, from my representations, her mother will also give hers."

"He is a villain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazleton.

"Have all his devoted attentions come to this? My poor Julia! has he been trifling with her affections merely for his own amusement—and has he now the audacity to offer his hand to another!"

"I thought you were aware, my dear," said Mr. Hazleton, mildly, "that the affections of Julia were already given to a very deserving nephew of yours."

"Ridiculous, Mr. Hazleton! I should like to see Julia disposing of her affections without my consent. Pray, where did you hear this nonsense?"

"From Julia herself," answered Mr. Hazleton. "She would have made a confidante of you, Anna, but you would not listen to her. She has acknowledged to me, therefore, her long attachment for Frank Reeve, and has requested me to intercede with you to sanction their engagement."

"That I will never do," cried Mrs. Hazleton, in a towering passion. "What!—consent to her marrying a poor midshipman? No, never!"

"But he will rise—he will be promoted."

"No matter if he is—he shall never marry Julia Ketchim!"

"She loves him, my dear, sincerely," interposed Mr. Hazleton. "It has been an attachment since childhood—would you break her heart?"

"Yes, I would—before I would consent to her becoming his wife."

"But, my dear, will you not see your nephew, and let him plead his own cause? Do, my dear, reflect upon the consequences of what you are now doing."

"No, Mr. Hazleton—I tell you I will not see him, and I have already forbidden Julia. If it had not been for him, and for the artful machinations of your niece, I might have seen Julia properly allied—rank with rank."

Mr. Hazleton could swallow a great deal, and he therefore swallowed this, though with something of a take-physic face. He then resumed:

"Since such, then, is your firm decision, I feel more free to inform you that the friend of Mr. Wallace, Mr.—"

"Francis."

"The same—has also requested permission to pay his addresses to Julia."

"Ah, indeed!" and now Mrs. Hazleton began to look pleased again.

"He is an old friend of Wallace," continued Mr. Hazleton—"is of a good family—has great expectations, I am told—and, for my own part, I see no reasonable objection against encouraging his addresses—that is, if Julia herself can be persuaded."

"I shall take care of that, Mr. Hazleton. Thank Heaven! the Ninnybrains are no such obstinate people as some other people I *could* name. None of *my* family ever married against the wishes of their friends, as some other people's friends have done! Julia will receive Mr. Francis—I shall command her to do so."

And as Julia had made up her mind to be henceforth very dutiful to ma'ma, she promised, like a good girl, to transfer all her affections from Cousin Frank to Mr. Francis, and most submissively and demurely consented to receive his visits.

The wooing sped rapidly, and the happy day was already appointed for their nuptials, when Julia took an unaccountable freak in her head that she could not be married unless Cousin Frank was present at the ceremony! Mrs. Hazleton ridiculed—Julia insisted—and finally Mrs. Hazleton concluded to do the amiable, and wrote:

"DEAR NEPHEW—

"I hear you have been in town some weeks. Am surprised you have not paid your respects to

your aunt and cousin. Julia will be married tomorrow morning at half-past eleven. Shall be happy to see you.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"ANNA HAZLETON."

"To Mr. FRANCIS REEVE."

How brightly dawned the morning—how lovely looked the fair young bride—how happy the bridegroom, dear reader mine, determine in your own mind. Every one seemed particularly happy, but no one more so than Mr. Hazleton—although several times, with a very grave face, he demanded of the blushing bride if *Cousin Frank had not come yet?*

Alice, whose return home had only been postponed that she might be present at her friend's wedding, stood by the side of Julia, while Wallace performed the same pleasing office for his friend.

And now the priest has blessed them. Mrs. Hazleton has gracefully folded her daughter to her bosom, and turned her cheek modestly to the salute of her son-in-law. The carriage whirls to the door—tender adieus are interchanged, and with a "blush on her cheek and a tear in her eye," Julia is borne off by the exulting bridegroom!

As the carriage rolled from the door, Mrs. Hazleton sank down on the sofa, and folded her hands, and threw up her beautiful eyes complacently, exclaiming—

"Thank Heaven! my duty to Julia is done—she is off my hands! She has certainly made a most eligible match—as Lady Lackwit, who married into the Ninnybrain family in the reign of George the Second, observed—how, a letter for me?—where did you get it, John?"

"The postman just brought it, ma'am."

Mrs. Hazleton broke the seal and read:

"DEAR AUNT—

"Your invitation to Julia's wedding was received—was accepted. And you did not know me, dear aunt—nay, you would not know me! You could trust your daughter's happiness to a stranger, but not to one whom she has known and loved from childhood! The fond hopes of years you could recklessly destroy, uncaring for the anguish you might inflict—or of your daughter's peace of mind—wrecked perhaps forever! All this you could do. But to assure you that your child's happiness will be safe in the hands of your *chosen* son-in-law, I gratefully acknowledge myself that happy person!

"Your affectionate *nephew and son*,

"FRANCIS REEVE."

"P. S.—Julia sends her dutiful love."

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. III.



COMMON DUCK OR MALLARD.

THE common wild duck is the one which is usually meant when the word duck is used without any other qualification, and it is the species which is most frequently seen in the markets. They breed in all parts of the country, from Pennsylvania north as far as the inland woody districts of the fur countries, and it is met with everywhere in Europe, up to Spitzbergen. As a bird of passage it is seen in every part of the United States, always showing more activity in the night than in the day; its conduct even in a domesticated state presenting evidences of noisy watchfulness in the evening and at dawn. Its food is small fish, fry snails, aquatic insects and plants, and all kinds of seeds and grain. In England, ducks are very highly esteemed, and many expedients are resorted to by the fowlers who supply the London markets with this kind of food. Some account of their operations may prove interesting as well as instructive. The chief method employed in capturing them is the decoy, and instances have been known of eight hundred pounds being cleared in one year by a single decoy on the Essex coast. These decoys consist, in the first place, of an expanse of water which is called the pond, and which is placed in the shelter of reeds, and generally speaking also of bushes. The banks of the pond are left clear for some little way, so that the birds may rest upon land, and, in short, this portion of the contrivance is made as tempting as possible, as much of the success depends upon this requisite. But though the ducks resort to the pond in vast numbers, and pass the day in an inactive state, yet still great skill, or at all events practice, is required

in examining the pond, because they are exceedingly watchful, take wing on the least alarm, and do not readily settle. The sense of smelling is remarkably acute in these birds, as one might naturally suppose from the margins of their bills being so copiously supplied with nerves. In consequence of this, when it becomes necessary to approach them on the windward, it is usual to carry a bit of burning turf, the acid smoke of which counteracts the smell of the carrier, which would be sufficient to alarm the birds except for this precaution. The inland extremity of the pond is formed into pipes or funnel-shaped channels which narrow gradually, and have at the end a permanent net placed upon hoops. This net forms the trap in which the birds are taken, often in vast numbers at one time. In order that the decoy may be worked in all weathers, it is necessary that there should be one to suit each of the prevailing winds. We need not go farther into the details of this mode of bird catching. The ducks are enticed by tame ones, which are trained to the purpose.

These birds begin to be taken in October, and the taking continues, by law, only until the following February. Beside these decoys, there are, in the places where ducks are numerous, many of the country people who shoot them, and these are called *Pint Shooters* or *Pint Gunners*—in the creeks and openings of the streams, in the lower part of the Thames estuary, and, as they ply night and day, according as the tide answers, their labor is very severe and hazardous. This occupation once led a fowler into singular distress. It hap-

pened in the day-time. Mounted on his mud pattens (flat, square pieces of board, tied to the foot, to avoid sinking in the ooze) he was traversing one of these oozy plains in search of ducks, and being intent only on his game, suddenly found the water, which had been accelerated by some peculiar circumstance affecting the tide, had made an alarming progress around him, and he found himself completely encircled. In this desperate situation, an idea struck him as the only hope of safety. He retired to that part which seemed the highest from its being yet uncovered by water, and striking the barrel of his long gun deep in the ooze, he resolved to hold fast by it, as well as for a support as a security against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. He had reason to believe a common tide would not have flowed above his waist; but, in the midst of his reasoning on the subject, the water reached him. It rippled over his feet, it gained his knees, his waist, button after button was swallowed up, until at length it advanced over his shoulders. Fortunately for himself, he preserved his courage and hope—he held fast by his anchor, and with his eye looked anxiously about in search of some boat which might accidentally be passing. None appeared. A head upon the surface of the water, and that sometimes covered by a wave, was no object to be descried from the land at the distance of half a league; nor could he make any sounds of distress that could be heard so far. He finally concluded that his destruction was inevitable. Just now a new object attracted his attention. He thought he saw the topmost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner, floating on a wreck, could behold succor approach with greater transport than he felt at this transient view of the button; but the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he dared venture to assure himself that the button was yet fairly above the level of the flood. At length, a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be imagined than described, and his joy gave him spirits and resolution to hold on four or five hours longer, until the waters had fully retired.

One of the most tender and delicately flavored of the ducks which find their way into our markets is the Shoveller, (*Anas Clypeata*.) The Shoveller is a very handsome bird, though its bill is disproportionately large, and very peculiar in shape—it is about three inches in length, of a black color, widened toward the extremity; and the fibres along the margin are so much produced that the bill has the appearance of being surrounded all along the gape with a fringe of hairs. The form of the bill is well adapted to the habit of the animal, which is that of picking up very small animal matters in the shallows and runs of the rivers, and as these fibrous appendages are very sensitive, they enable it to detect with great nicety all substances that are edible. The Shoveller is an inland bird, and somewhat discursive. It is found, we believe with very little difference of appearance, as well in the Eastern continent as in our own; but, so far as is known, it is

a bird of the northern hemisphere, and is not met with in any part of the south. On the continent of Europe it is pretty abundant, and it breeds in the marshes of the middle latitudes; but in Britain it is not common, even in the fens, and, in our own country, it is much more migratory than in the eastern continent. This, however, does not establish a difference in the birds themselves, but may readily be accounted for in the difference of the two countries. The American summer is more dry than the European, and the American marshes in the middle latitudes partake of this drought; or, if they do not, they are covered with pumpers and other evergreens, so that they do not answer well for the summer resort of dabbling birds. The northern latitudes of America, again, are remarkably well adapted on account of their flatness, the abundance of water, the high temperature, and the corresponding great production of small animals. Yet, in respect of latitude, the climate to which the shoveller moves northward during the American summer is not more northerly than those in which it breeds in central Europe, although, from the different character of the seasons, it ranges more in the one country than in the other. In all countries where it is known, this bird forms its nest in the tallest and thickest tufts of rushes and other aquatic herbage, and generally also in places which are not accessible by man, or indeed by any of the land mammalia. The nest is rudely formed of withered grass, collected in considerable quantity, and the female is a close sitter. The young Shovelers have to find their food in the water, and therefore they have the feet and the bill in a tolerably complete state when they come out of the shell, whereas the organs of flight are then in a rudimental state; and they continue so much longer than they do in birds which are obliged to make use of the wing at an early stage of their existence. This slow production of the organs of flying is general among birds which seek their food upon the ground, whether in the shallow waters, the marshes, the fields, or the uplands; but all of them are better provided for the use of their bills and feet than birds of more early flight. Thus we see how well these creatures are adapted to the places in which they reside, and to which they are of course drawn by this very adaptation. The Shoveller is thus accurately described by Nuttall. The head, adjoining half of the neck, medial stripe to the interscapulars; the whole back, interior scapulars and primaries, umber brown; sides of the head, the neck and crest, glossed with duck green; the rump and tail coverts, above and below, with blackish green; lower half of the neck, the breast, shoulders, shorter scapulars, ends of the greater wing coverts and sides of the rump, white; longer scapulars, striped with pale blue, white and blackish brown; lesser coverts, pale blue; speculum or wing-spot, brilliant grass green, broadly bordered above and narrowly edged below with white, bounded interiorly with greenish black; belly and flanks, deep orange brown, the latter waved posteriorly with black; bill, black; legs, orange.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You Like It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ariel. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ariel. Not a hair perished. *TEMPEST.*

"D'YE hear there, Mr. Mulford?" called out Capt. Stephen Spike, of the half-frigged brigantine Swash, or Molly Swash, as was her registered name, to his mate—"we shall be dropping out as soon as the tide makes, and I intend to get through the Gate, at least, on the next flood. Waiting for a wind in port is lubberly seamanship, for he that wants one should go outside and look for it."

This call was uttered from a wharf of the renowned city of Manhattan, to one who was in the trunk-cabin of a clipper-looking craft, of the name mentioned, and on the deck of which not a soul was visible. Nor was the wharf, though one of those wooden piers that line the arm of the sea that is called the East River, such a spot as ordinarily presents itself to the mind of the reader, or listener, when an allusion is made to a wharf of that town which it is the fashion of the times to call the *Commercial Emporium of America*—as if there might very well be an *emporium* of any other character. The wharf in question had not a single vessel of any sort lying at, or indeed very near it, with the exception of the Molly Swash. As it actually stood on the eastern side of the town, it is scarcely necessary to say that such a wharf could only be found high up, and at a considerable distance from the usual haunts of commerce. The brig lay more than a mile above the Hook (Corlaer's, of course, is meant—not Sandy Hook) and quite near to the old Alms-House—far above the ship-yards, in fact. It was a solitary place for a vessel, in the midst of a crowd. The grum, top-chain voice of Captain Spike had nothing there to mingle with, or interrupt its harsh tones, and it instantly brought on deck Harry Mulford, the mate in question, apparently eager to receive his orders.

"Did you hail, Captain Spike?" called out the mate, a tight, well-grown, straight-built, handsome sailor-lad of two or three-and-twenty—one full of health, strength and manliness.

"Hail! If you call straining a man's throat until he's hoarse, hailing, I believe I did. I flatter myself there is not a man north of Hatteras that can make himself heard further in a gale of wind than a certain gentleman who is to be found within a foot of the spot where I stand. Yet, sir, I've been hailing the Swash these five minutes, and thankful am I to find some one at last who is on board to answer me."

"What are your orders, Capt. Spike?"

"To see all clear for a start as soon as the flood makes. I shall go through the Gate on the next young flood, and I hope you'll have all the hands aboard in time. I see two or three of them up at that Dutch beer-house, this moment, and can tell 'em, in plain language, if they come here with their beer aboard *them*, they'll have to go ashore again."

"You have an uncommonly sober crew, Capt. Spike," answered the young man, with great calmness. "During the whole time I have been with them, I have not seen a man among them the least in the wind."

"Well, I hope it will turn out that I've an uncommonly sober mate in the bargain. Drunkenness I abominate, Mr. Mulford, and I can tell you, short metre, that I will not stand it."

"May I inquire if you ever saw me, the least in the world, under the influence of liquor, Capt. Spike?" demanded the mate, rather than asked, with a very fixed meaning in his manner.

"I keep no log-book of trifles, Mr. Mulford, and cannot say. No man is the worse for bowling out his jib when off duty, though a drunkard's a thing I despise. Well, well—remember, sir, that the Molly Swash casts off on the young flood, and that Rose Budd and the good lady, her aunt, take passage in her, this v'y'ge."

"Is it possible that you have persuaded them into that, at last?" exclaimed the handsome mate.

"Persuaded! It takes no great persuasion, sir, to get the ladies to try their luck in that brig. Lady Washington herself, if she was alive and disposed to a sea-v'y'ge, might be glad of the chance. We've a ladies' cabin, you know, and it's suitable that it

should have some one to occupy it. Old Mrs. Budd is a sensible woman, and takes time by the forelock. Rose is ailin'—pulmonary, they call it, I believe, and her aunt wishes to try the sea for her constitution—"

"Rose Budd has no more of a pulmonary constitution than I have myself," interrupted the mate.

"Well, that's as people fancy. You must know, Mr. Mulford, they've got all sorts of diseases now-a-days, and all sorts of cures for 'em. One sort of a cure for consumption is what they term the Hyder-Ally—"

"I think you must mean hydropathy, sir—"

"Well, it's something of the sort, no matter what—but cold water is at the bottom of it, and they *do* say it's a good remedy. Now Rose's aunt thinks if cold water is what is wanted, there is no place where it can be so plenty as out on the ocean. Sea-air is good, too, and by taking a v'y'ge her niece will get both requisites together, and cheap."

"Does Rose Budd think herself consumptive, Capt. Spike?" asked Mulford, with interest.

"Not she—you know it will never do to alarm a pulmonary, so Mrs. Budd has held her tongue carefully on the subject before the young woman. Rose fancies that her *aunt* is out of sorts, and that the v'y'ge is tried on her account—but the aunt, the cunning thing, knows all about it."

Mulford almost nauseated the expression of his commander's countenance while Spike uttered the last words. At no time was that countenance very inviting, the features being coarse and vulgar, while the color of the entire face was of an ambiguous red, in which liquor and the seasons would seem to be blended in very equal quantities. Such a countenance, lighted up by a gleam of successful management, not to say with hopes and wishes that it will hardly do to dwell on, could not but be revolting to a youth of Harry Mulford's generous feelings, and most of all to one who entertained the sentiments which he was quite conscious of entertaining for Rose Budd. The young man made no reply, but turned his face toward the water, in order to conceal the expression of disgust that he was sensible must be strongly depicted on it.

The river, as the well known arm of the sea in which the Swash was lying is erroneously termed, was just at that moment unusually clear of craft, and not a sail, larger than that of a boat, was to be seen between the end of Blackwell's Island and Corlaer's Hook, a distance of about a league. This stagnation in the movement of the port, at that particular point, was owing to the state of wind and tide. Of the first, there was little more than a southerly air, while the last was about two-thirds ebb. Nearly every thing that was expected on that tide, coast-wise, and by the way of the Sound, had already arrived, and nothing could go eastward, with that light breeze and under canvas, until the flood made. Of course it was different with the steamers, who were paddling about like so many

ducks, steering in all directions, though mostly crossing and re-crossing at the ferries. Just as Mulford turned away from his commander, however, a large vessel of that class shoved her bows into the view, doubling the Hook, and going eastward. The first glance at this vessel sufficed to drive even Rose Budd momentarily out of the minds of both master and mate, and to give a new current to their thoughts. Spike had been on the point of walking up the wharf, but he now so far changed his purpose as actually to jump on board the brig and spring up alongside of his mate, on the taffrail, in order to get a better look at the steamer. Mulford, who loathed so much in his commander, was actually glad of this, Spike's rare merit as a seaman forming a sort of attraction that held him, as it might be against his own will, bound to his service.

"What will they do next, Harry?" exclaimed the master, his manner and voice actually humanized, in air and sound at least, by this unexpected view of something new in his calling—"What *will* they do next?"

"I see no wheels, sir, nor any movement in the water astern, as if she were a propeller," returned the young man.

"She's an out-of-the-way sort of a hussy! She's a man-of-war, too—one of Uncle Sam's new efforts."

"That can hardly be, sir. Uncle Sam has but three steamers, of any size or force, now the Missouri is burned, and yonder is one of them, lying at the Navy Yard, while another is, or was lately, laid up at Boston. The third is in the Gulf. This must be an entirely new vessel, if she belong to Uncle Sam."

"New! She's as new as a Governor, and they tell me they've got so now that they choose five or six of *them*, up at Albany, every fall. That craft is sea-going, Mr. Mulford, as any one can tell at a glance. She's none of your passenger-hoys."

"That's plain enough, sir—and she's armed. Perhaps she's English, and they've brought her here into this open spot to try some new machinery. Ay, ay! she's about to set her ensign to the navy men at the yard, and we shall see to whom she belongs."

A long, low, expressive whistle from Spike succeeded this remark, the colors of the steamer going up to the end of a gaff on the sternmost of her schooner-rigged masts, just as Mulford ceased speaking. There was just air enough, aided by the steamer's motion, to open the bunting, and let the spectators see the design. There were the stars and stripes, as usual, but the last ran perpendicularly, instead of in a horizontal direction.

"Revenue, by George!" exclaimed the master, as soon as his breath was exhausted in the whistle.

"Who would have believed they could have screwed themselves up to doing such a thing in that bloody service?"

"I now remember to have heard that Uncle Sam was building some large steamers for the revenue service, and, if I mistake not, with some new in-

vention to get along with, that is neither wheel nor propeller. This must be one of these new craft, brought out here, into open water, just to try her, sir."

"You're right, sir, you're right. As to the natur' of the beast, you see her buntin', and no honest man can want more. If there's any thing I *do* hate, it is that flag, with its unnat'ral stripes, up and down, instead of running in the true old way. I *have* heard a lawyer say, that the revenue flag of this country is unconstitutional, and that a vessel carrying it on the high seas might be sent in for piracy."

Although Harry Mulford was neither Puffendorf, nor Grotius, he had too much common sense, and too little prejudice in favor of even his own vocation, to swallow such a theory, had fifty Cherry-Street lawyers sworn to its justice. A smile crossed his fine, firm-looking mouth, and something very like a reflection of that smile, if smiles *can* be reflected in one's own countenance, gleamed in his fine, large, dark eye.

"It would be somewhat singular, Capt. Spike," he said, "if a vessel belonging to any nation should be seized as a pirate. The fact that she is national in character would clear her."

"Then let her carry a national flag, and be d—d to her," answered Spike fiercely. "I can show you law for what I say, Mr. Mulford. The American flag has its stripes fore and aft by law, and this chap carries his stripes perpendicular. If I commanded a cruiser, and fell in with one of these up and down gentry, blast me if I would n't just send him into port, and try the question in the old Alms-House."

Mulford probably did not think it worth while to argue the point any further, understanding the dogmatism and stolidity of his commander too well to deem it necessary. He preferred to turn to the consideration of the qualities of the steamer in sight, a subject on which, as seamen, they might better sympathize.

"That's a droll-looking revenue cutter, after all, Capt. Spike," he said—"a craft better fitted to go in a fleet, as a look-out vessel, than to chase a smuggler in-shore."

"And no goer in the bargain! I do not see how she gets along, for she keeps all snug under water; but, unless she can travel faster than she does just now, the Molly Swash would soon lend her the Mother Carey's Chickens of her own wake to amuse her."

"She has the tide against her, just here, sir; no doubt she would do better in still water."

Spike muttered something between his teeth, and jumped down on deck, seemingly dismissing the subject of the revenue entirely from his mind. His old, coarse, authoritative manner returned, and he again spoke to his mate about Rose Budd, her aunt, the "ladies' cabin," the "young flood," and "casting off," as soon as the last made. Mulford listened respectfully, though with a manifest distaste for the

instructions he was receiving. He knew his man, and a feeling of dark distrust came over him, as he listened to his orders concerning the famous accommodations he intended to give to Rose Budd and that "capital old lady, her aunt;" his opinion of "the immense deal of good sea-air and a v'y'ge would do Rose," and how "comfortable they both would be on board the Molly Swash."

"I honor and respect Mrs. Budd, as my captain's lady, you see, Mr. Mulford, and intend to treat her accordingly. She knows it—and Rose knows it—and they both declare they'd rather sail with *me*, since sail they must, than with any other ship-master out of America."

"You sailed once with Capt. Budd yourself, I think I have heard you say, sir?"

"The old fellow brought me up. I was with him from my tenth to my twentieth year, and then broke adrift to see fashions. We all do that, you know, Mr. Mulford, when we are young and ambitious, and my turn came as well as another's."

"Capt. Budd must have been a good deal older than his wife, sir, if *you* sailed with him when a boy," Mulford observed a little drily.

"Yes; I own to forty-eight, though no one would think me more than five or six-and-thirty, to look at me. There was a great difference between old Dick Budd and his wife, as you say, he being about fifty when he married, and she less than twenty. Fifty is a good age for matrimony, in a man, Mulford; as is twenty in a young woman."

"Rose Budd is not yet nineteen, I have heard her say," returned the mate, with emphasis.

"Youngish, I will own, but that's a fault a liberal-minded man can overlook. Every day, too, will lessen it. Well, look to the cabins, and see all clear for a start. Josh will be down presently with a cart-load of stores, and you'll take 'em aboard without delay."

As Spike uttered this order, his foot was on the plank-sheer of the bulwarks, in the act of passing to the wharf again. On reaching the shore, he turned and looked intently at the revenue steamer, and his lips moved, as if he were secretly uttering maledictions on her. We say maledictions, as the expression of his fierce, ill-favored countenance too plainly showed that they could not be blessings. As for Mulford, there was still something on his mind, and he followed to the gangway ladder and ascended it, waiting for a moment, when the mind of his commander might be less occupied, to speak. The opportunity soon occurred, Spike having satisfied himself with the second look at the steamer.

"I hope you don't mean to sail again without a second mate, Capt. Spike?" he said.

"I do, though, I can tell you. I hate Dickies—they are always in the way, and the captain has to keep just as much of a watch with one as without one."

"That will depend on his quality. You and I have both been Dickies in our time, sir; and my time was not long ago."

"Ay—ay—I know all about it—but you didn't stick to it long enough to get spoiled. I would have no man aboard the Swash who made more than two v'y'ges as second officer. As I want no spies aboard my craft, I'll try it once more without a Dicky."

Saying this in a sufficiently positive manner, Capt. Stephen Spike rolled up the wharf, much as a ship goes off before the wind, now inclining to the right, and then again to the left. The gait of the man would have proclaimed him a sea-dog, to any one acquainted with that animal, as far as he could be seen. The short squab figure, the arms bent nearly at right angles at the elbow, and working like two fins with each roll of the body, the stumpy, solid legs, with the feet looking in the line of his course and kept wide apart, would all have contributed to the making up of such an opinion. Accustomed as he was to this beautiful sight, Harry Mulford kept his eyes riveted on the retiring person of his commander, until it disappeared behind a pile of lumber, waddling always in the direction of the more thickly peopled parts of the town. Then he turned and gazed at the steamer, which, by this time, had fairly passed the brig, and seemed to be actually bound through the Gate. That steamer was certainly a noble-looking craft, but our young man fancied she struggled along through the water heavily. She might be quick at need, but she did not promise as much by her present rate of moving. Still, she was a noble-looking craft, and, as Mulford descended to the deck again, he almost regretted he did not belong to her; or, at least, to any thing but the Molly Swash.

Two hours produced a sensible change in and around that brigantine. Her people had all come back to duty, and what was very remarkable among seafaring folk, sober to a man. But, as has been said, Spike was a temperance man, as respects all under his orders at least, if not strictly so in practice himself. The crew of the Swash was large for a half-rigged brig of only two hundred tons, but, as her spars were very square, and all her gear as well as her mould seemed constructed for speed, it was probable more hands than common were necessary to work her with facility and expedition. After all, there were not many persons to be enumerated among the "people of the Molly Swash," as they called themselves; not more than a dozen, including those aft, as well as those forward. A peculiar feature of this crew, however, was the circumstance that they were all middle-aged men, with the exception of the mate, and all thorough-bred sea-dogs. Even Josh, the cabin-boy, as he was called, was an old, wrinkled, gray-headed negro, of near sixty. If the crew wanted a little in the elasticity of youth, it possessed the steadiness and experience of their time of life, every man appearing to know exactly what to do, and when to do it. This, indeed, composed their great merit; an advantage that Spike well knew how to appreciate.

The stores had been brought alongside of the brig

in a cart, and were already stowed in their places. Josh had brushed and swept, until the ladies' cabin could be made no neater. This ladies' cabin was a small apartment beneath a trunk, which was, ingeniously enough, separated from the main cabin by pantries and double doors. The arrangement was unusual, and Spike had several times hinted that there was a history connected with that cabin; though what the history was Mulford never could induce him to relate. The latter knew that the brig had been used for a forced trade on the Spanish Main, and had heard something of her deeds in bringing off specie, and proscribed persons, at different epochs in the revolutions of that part of the world, and he had always understood that her present commander and owner had sailed in her, as mate, for many years before he had risen to his present station. Now, all was regular in the way of records, bills of sale, and other documents; Stephen Spike appearing in both the capacities just named. The register proved that the brig had been built as far back as the last English war, as a private cruiser, but recent and extensive repairs had made her "better than new," as her owner insisted, and there was no question as to her sea-worthiness. It is true the insurance offices blew upon her, and would have nothing to do with a craft that had seen her two score years and ten; but this gave none who belonged to her any concern, inasmuch as they could scarcely have been underwritten in their trade, let the age of the vessel be what it might. It was enough for them that the brig was safe, and exceedingly fast, insurances never saving the lives of the people, whatever else might be their advantages. With Mulford it was an additional recommendation, that the Swash was usually thought to be of uncommonly just proportions.

By half past two, P. M., every thing was ready for getting the brigantine under way. Her foretopsail—or *foretaussail*, as Spike called it—was loose, the fasts were singled, and a spring had been carried to a post in the wharf, that was well forward of the starboard bow, and the brig's head turned to the southwest, or down stream, and consequently facing the young flood. Nothing seemed to connect the vessel with the land but a broad gangway plank, to which Mulford had attached lifelines, with more care than it is usual to meet with on board of vessels employed in short voyages. The men stood about the decks with their arms thrust into the bosoms of their shirts, and the whole picture was one of silent, and possibly of somewhat uneasy expectation. Nothing was said, however; Mulford walking the quarter-deck alone, occasionally looking up the still little tenanted streets of that quarter of the suburbs, as if to search for a carriage. As for the revenue-steamer, she had long before gone through the southern passage of Blackwell's, steering for the Gate.

"Dat's dem, Mr. Mulford," Josh at length cried, from the look-out he had taken in a stern-port,

where he could see over the low bulwarks of the vessel. "Yes, dat's dem, sir. I know dat old gray horse dat carries his head so low and sorrowful like, as a horse has a right to do dat has to drag a cab about dis big town. My eye! what a horse it is, sir!"

Josh was right, not only as to the gray horse that carried his head "sorrowful like," but as to the cab and its contents. The vehicle was soon on the wharf, and in its door soon appeared the short, sturdy figure of Capt. Spike, backing out, much as a bear descends a tree. On top of the vehicle were several light articles of female appliances, in the shape of handboxes, bags, &c., the trunks having previously arrived in a cart. Well might that over-driven gray horse appear sorrowful, and travel with a lowered head. The cab, when it gave up its contents, discovered a load of no less than four persons besides the driver, all of weight, and of dimensions in proportion, with the exception of the pretty and youthful Rose Budd. Even she was plump, and of a well-rounded person; though still light and slender. But her aunt was a fair picture of a ship-master's widow; solid, comfortable and buxom. Neither was she old, nor ugly. On the contrary, her years did not exceed forty, and being well preserved, in consequence of never having been a mother, she might even have passed for thirty-five. The great objection to her appearance was the somewhat indefinite character of her shape, which seemed to blend too many of its charms into one. The fourth person, in the fare, was Biddy Noon, the Irish servant and *factotum* of Mrs. Budd, who was a pock-marked, red-faced, and red-armed single woman, about her mistress's own age and weight, though less stout to the eye.

Of Rose we shall not stop to say much here. Her deep-blue eye, which was equally spirited and gentle, if one can use such contradictory terms, seemed alive with interest and curiosity, running over the brig, the wharf, the arm of the sea, the two islands, and all near her, including the Alms-House, with such a devouring rapidity as might be expected in a town-bred girl, who was setting out on her travels for the first time. Let us be understood; we say town-bred, because such was the fact; for Rose Budd had been both born and educated in Manhattan, though we are far from wishing to be understood that she was either very-well born, or highly educated. Her station in life may be inferred from that of her aunt, and her education from her station. Of the two, the last was, perhaps, a trifle the • highest.

We have said that the fine blue eye of Rose passed swiftly over the various objects near her, as she alighted from the cab, and it naturally took in the form of Harry Mulford, as he stood in the gangway, offering his arm to aid her aunt and herself in passing the brig's side. A smile of recognition was exchanged between the young people, as their eyes met, and the color, which formed so bright a

charm in Rose's sweet face, deepened, in a way to prove that that color spoke with a tongue and eloquence of its own. Nor was Mulford's cheek mute on the occasion, though he helped the hesitating, half-doubting, halfbold girl along the plank with a steady hand and rigid muscles. As for the aunt, as a captain's widow, she had not felt it necessary to betray any extraordinary emotions in ascending the plank, unless, indeed, it might be those of delight on finding her foot once more on the deck of a vessel!

Something of the same feeling governed Biddy, too, for, as Mulford civilly extended his hand to her also, she exclaimed—

"No fear of me, Mr. Mate—I came from Ireland by wather, and knows all about ships and brigs, I do. If you could have seen the times we had, and the saas we crossed, you'd not think it nadeful to say much to the likes iv me."

Spike had tact enough to understand he would be out of his element in assisting females along that plank, and he was busy in sending what he called "the old lady's dunnage" on board, and in discharging the cabman. As soon as this was done, he sprang into the main-channels, and thence, *vid* the bulwarks, on deck, ordering the plank to be hauled aboard. A solitary laborer was paid a quarter to throw off the fasts from the ring-bolts and posts, and every thing was instantly in motion to cast the brig loose. Work went on as if the vessel were in haste, and it consequently went on with activity. Spike bestirred himself, giving his orders in a way to denote he had been long accustomed to exercise authority on the deck of a vessel, and knew his calling to its minutiae. The only ostensible difference between his deportment to-day and on any ordinary occasion, perhaps, was in the circumstance that he now seemed anxious to get clear of the wharf, and that in a way which might have attracted notice in any suspicious and attentive observer. It is possible that such a one was not very distant, and that Spike was aware of his presence, for a respectable-looking, well-dressed, middle-aged man *had* come down one of the adjacent streets, to a spot within a hundred yards of the wharf, and stood silently watching the movements of the brig, as he leaned against a fence. The want of houses in that quarter enabled any person to see this stranger from the deck of the Swash, but no one on board her seemed to regard him at all, unless it might be the master.

"Come, bear a hand, my hearty, and toss that bow-fast clear," cried the captain, whose impatience to be off seemed to increase as the time to do so approached nearer and nearer. "Off with it, at once, and let her go."

The man on the wharf threw the turns of the hawser clear of the post, and the Swash was released forward. A smaller line, for a spring, had been run some distance along the wharves, ahead of the vessel, and brought in aft. Her people clapped on this, and gave way to their craft, which, being comparatively light, was easily moved, and was

very manageable. As this was done, the distant spectator who had been leaning on the fence, moved toward the wharf with a step a little quicker than common. Almost at the same instant, a short, stout, sailor-like looking little person, waddled down the nearest street, seeming to be in somewhat of a hurry, and presently he joined the other stranger, and appeared to enter into conversation with him; pointing toward the Swash, as he did so. All this time, both continued to advance toward the wharf.

In the meanwhile, Spike and his people were not idle. The tide did not run very strong near the wharves and in the sort of a bight in which the vessel had lain, but, such as it was, it soon took the brig on her inner bow, and began to cast her head off shore. The people at the spring pulled away with all their force, and got sufficient motion on their vessel to overcome the tide, and to give the rudder an influence. The latter was put hard a-starboard, and helped to cast the brig's head to the southward.

Down to this moment, the only sail that was loose on board the Swash, was the fore-topsail, as mentioned. This still hung in the gear, but a hand had been sent aloft to overhaul the buntlines and clewlines, and men were also at the sheets. In a minute the sail was ready for hoisting. The Swash carried a wapper of a fore-and-aft mainsail, and, what is more, it was fitted with a standing gaff, for appearance in port. At sea, Spike knew better than to trust to this arrangement, but in fine weather, and close in with the land, he found it convenient to have this sail haul out and brail like a ship's spanker. As the gaff was now aloft, it was only necessary to let go the brails to loosen this broad sheet of canvas, and to clap on the out-hauler, to set it. This was probably the reason why the brig was so uncereemoniously cast into the stream, without showing more of her cloth. The jib and flying-jibs, however, did at that moment drop beneath their booms, ready for hoisting.

Such was the state of things as the two strangers came first upon the wharf. Spike was on the taffrail, overhauling the main-sheet, and Mulford was near him, casting the fore-topsail braces from the pins, preparatory to clapping on the halyards.

"I say, Mr. Mulford," asked the captain, "did you ever see either of them chaps afore? These jokers on the wharf, I mean."

"Not to my recollection, sir," answered the mate, looking over the taffrail to examine the parties. "The little one is a burster! The sunniest looking little fat old fellow I've seen in many a day."

"Ay, ay, them fat little bursters, as you call 'em, are sometimes full of the devil. I do n't like either of the chaps, and am right glad we are well cast, before they got here."

"I do not think either would be likely to do us much harm, Capt. Spike."

"There's no knowing, sir. The biggest fellow looks as if he might lug out a silver oar at any moment."

"I believe the silver oar is no longer used, in this

country at least," answered Mulford, smiling. "And if it were, what have we to fear from it? I fancy the brig has paid her reckoning."

"She don't owe a cent, nor ever shall for twenty-four hours after the bill is made out, while I own her. They call me ready-money Stephen, round among the ship-chandlers and caulkers. But I do n't like them chaps, and what I don't relish I never swallow, you know."

"They'll hardly try to get aboard us, sir; you see we are quite clear of the wharf, and the mainsail will take now, if we set it."

Spike ordered the mate to clap on the out-hauler, and spread that broad sheet of canvas at once to the little breeze there was. This was almost immediately done, when the sail filled, and began to be felt on the movement of the vessel. Still, that movement was very slow, the wind being so light, and the *vis inertia* of so large a body remaining to be overcome. The brig receded from the wharf, almost in a line at right angles to its face, inch by inch, as it might be, dropping slowly up with the tide at the same time. Mulford now passed forward to set the jibs, and to get the topsail on the craft, leaving Spike on the taffrail, keenly eyeing the strangers, who, by this time, had got down nearly to the end of the wharf, at the berth so lately occupied by the Swash. That the captain was uneasy was evident enough, that feeling being exhibited in his countenance, blended with a malignant ferocity.

"Has that brig any pilot?" asked the larger and better-looking of the two strangers.

"What's that to you, friend?" demanded Spike, in return. "Have you a Hell-Gate branch?"

"I may have one, or I may not. It is not usual for so large a craft to run the Gate without a pilot."

"Oh! my gentleman's below, brushing up his logarithms. We shall have him on deck to take his departure before long, when I'll let him know your kind inquiries after his health."

The man on the wharf seemed to be familiar with this sort of sea-wit, and he made no answer, but continued that close scrutiny of the brig, by turning his eyes in all directions, now looking below, and now aloft, which had in truth occasioned Spike's principal cause for uneasiness.

"Is not that Capt. Stephen Spike, of the brigantine Molly Swash?" called out the little, dumpling-looking person, in a cracked, dwarfish sort of a voice, that was admirably adapted to his appearance. Our captain fairly started; turned full toward the speaker; regarded him intently for a moment, and gulped the words he was about to utter, like one confounded. As he gazed, however, at little dumpy, examining his bow-legs, red broad cheeks, and coarse snub nose, he seemed to regain his self command, as if satisfied the dead had not really returned to life.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman you have named?" he asked, by way of answer. "You speak of him like one who ought to know him."



John edwards and a Pig

Philadelphia 1847

"A body is apt to know a shipmate. Stephen Spike and I sailed together twenty years since, and I hope to live to sail with him again."

"You sail with Stephen Spike? when and where, may I ask, and in what v'y'ge, pray?"

"The last time was twenty years since. Have you forgotten little Jack Tier, Capt. Spike?"

Spike looked astonished, and well he might, for he had supposed Jack to be dead fully fifteen years. Time and hard service had greatly altered him, but the general resemblance in figure, stature, and waddle, certainly remained. Notwithstanding, the Jack Tier Spike remembered was quite a different person from this Jack Tier. That Jack had worn his intensely black hair clubbed and curled, whereas this Jack had cut his locks into short bristles, which time had turned into an intense gray. That Jack was short and thick, but he was flat and square; whereas this Jack was just as short, a good deal thicker, and as round as a dumpling. In one thing, however, the likeness still remained perfect. Both Jacks chewed tobacco, to a degree that became a distinct feature in their appearance.

Spike had many reasons for wishing Jack Tier were not resuscitated in this extraordinary manner, and some for being glad to see him. The fellow had once been largely in his confidence, and knew more than was quite safe for any one to remember but himself, while he might be of great use to him in his future operations. It is always convenient to have one at your elbow who thoroughly understands you, and Spike would have lowered a boat and sent it to the wharf to bring Jack off, were it not for the gentleman who was so inquisitive about pilots. Under the circumstances, he determined to forego the advantages of Jack's presence, reserving the right to hunt him up on his return.

The reader will readily enough comprehend that the Molly Swash was not absolutely standing still while the dialogue related was going on, and the thoughts we have recorded were passing through her master's mind. On the contrary, she was not only in motion, but that motion was gradually increasing, and by the time all was said that has been related, it had become necessary for those who spoke to raise their voices to an inconvenient pitch in order to be heard. This circumstance alone would soon have put an end to the conversation, had not Spike's pausing to reflect brought about the same result, as mentioned.

In the mean time, Mulford had got the canvas spread. Forward, the Swash showed all the cloth of a full-rigged brig, even to royals and flying gib; while aft, her masts was the raking, tall, naked pole of an American schooner. There was a taunt topmast, too, to which a gaff-topsail was set, and the gear proved that she could also show, at need, a staysail in this part of her, if necessary. As the Gate was before them, however, the people had set none but the plain, manageable canvas.

The Molly Swash kept close on a wind, luffing

athwart the broad reach she was in, until far enough to weather Blackwell's, when she edged off to her course, and went through the southern passage. Although the wind remained light, and a little baffling, the brig was so easily impelled, and was so very handy, that there was no difficulty in keeping her perfectly in command. The tide, too, was fast increasing in strength and velocity, and the movement from this cause alone was getting to be sufficiently rapid.

As for the passengers, of whom we have lost sight in order to get the brig under way, they were now on deck again. At first, they had all gone below, under the care of Josh, a somewhat rough groom of the chambers, to take possession of their apartment, a sufficiently neat, and exceedingly comfortable cabin, supplied with every thing that could be wanted at sea, and, what was more, lined on two of its sides with state-rooms. It is true, all these apartments were small, and the state-rooms were very low, but no fault could be found with their neatness and general arrangements, when it was recollected that one was on board a vessel.

"Here ebbery t'ing heart can wish," said Josh, exultingly, who, being an old-school black, did not disdain to use some of the old-school dialect of his caste. "Yes, ladies, ebbery t'ing. Let Capt. Spike alone for dat! He won'erful at accommodation! Not a bed-bug aft—know better dan come here; jest like de people, in dat respects, and keep deir place forrard. You nebber see a pig come on the quarter-deck, nudder."

"You must maintain excellent discipline, Josh," cried Rose, in one of the sweetest voices in the world, which was easily attuned to merriment—"and we are delighted to learn what you tell us. How do you manage to keep up these distinctions, and make such creatures know their places so well?"

"Nuttin easier, if you begins right, miss. As for de pig, I teach dem wid scaldin' water. Whenever I sees a pig come aft, I gets a little water from de copper, and just scald him wid it. You can't t'ink, miss, how dat mend his manners, and make him squeel fuss, and t'ink arter. In that fashion I soon gets de ole ones in good trainin', and den I has no more trouble with dem as comes fresh aboard; for de ole hog tell de young one, and 'em won'erful cunnin', and know how to take care of 'emself."

Rose Budd's sweet eyes were full of fun and expectation, and she could no more repress her laugh than youth and spirits can always be discreet.

"Yes, with the pigs," she cried, "that might do very well; but how is it with those—other creatures?"

"Rosy, dear," interrupted the aunt, "I wish you would say no more about such shocking things. It's enough for us that Capt. Spike has ordered them all to stay forward among the men, which is always done on board well disciplined vessels. I've heard your uncle say, a hundred times, that the quarter-

deck was sacred, and that might be enough to keep such animals off it."

It was barely necessary to look at Mrs. Budd in the face to get a very accurate general notion of her character. She was one of those inane, uncultivated beings, who seem to be protected by a benevolent Providence in their pilgrimage on earth, for they do not seem to possess the power to protect themselves. Her very countenance expressed imbecility and mental dependence, credulity and a love of gossip. Notwithstanding these radical weaknesses, the good woman had some of the better instincts of her sex, and was never guilty of any thing that could properly convey reproach. She was no monitress for Rose, however, the niece much oftener influencing the aunt than the aunt influencing the niece. The latter had been fortunate in having had an excellent instructress, who, though incapable of teaching her much in the way of accomplishments, had imparted a great deal that was respectable and useful. Rose had character, and strong character, too, as the course of our narrative will show; but her worthy aunt was a pure picture of as much mental imbecility as at all comported with the privileges of self-government.

The conversation about "those other creatures" was effectually checked by Mrs. Budd's horror of the "animals," and Josh was called on deck so shortly after as to prevent its being renewed. The females staid below a few minutes, to take possession, and then they re-appeared on deck, to gaze at the horrors of the Hell-Gate passage. Rose was all eyes, wonder and admiration of every thing she saw. This was actually the first time she had ever been on the water, in any sort of craft, though born and brought up in sight of one of the most thronged havens in the world. But there must be a beginning to every thing, and this was Rose Budd's beginning on the water. It is true the brigantine was a very beautiful, as well as an exceedingly swift vessel, but all this was lost on Rose, who would have admired a horse-jockey bound to the West Indies, in this the incipient state of her nautical knowledge. Perhaps the exquisite neatness that Mulford maintained about every thing that came under his care, and that included every thing on deck, or above board, and about which neatness Spike occasionally muttered an oath, as so much senseless trouble, contributed somewhat to Rose's pleasure; but her admiration would scarcely have been less with anything that had sails, and seemed to move through the water with a power approaching that of volition.

It was very different with Mrs. Budd. She, good woman, had actually made one voyage with her late husband, and she fancied that she knew all about a vessel. It was her delight to talk on nautical subjects, and never did she really feel her great superiority over her niece, so very unequivocally, as when the subject of the ocean was introduced, about which she did know something, and touching

which Rose was profoundly ignorant, or as ignorant as a girl of lively imagination could remain with the information gleaned from others.

"I am not surprised you are astonished at the sight of the vessel, *Rosy*," observed the self-complacent aunt at one of her niece's exclamations of admiration. "A vessel is a very wonderful thing, and we are told what extr'ordinary beings they are that 'go down to the sea in ships.' But you are to know this is not a ship at all, but only a half-jigger rigged, which is altogether a different thing."

"Was my uncle's vessel, *The Rose In Bloom*, then, very different from the *Swash*?"

"Very different, indeed, child! Why, *The Rose In Bloom* was a full-jiggered ship, and had twelve masts—and this is only a half-jiggered brig, and has but two masts. See, you may count them—one—two!"

Harry Mulford was coiling away a top-gallant-brace, directly in front of Mrs. Budd and Rose, and, at hearing this account of the wonderful equipment of *The Rose In Bloom*, he suddenly looked up, with a lurking expression about his eye that the niece very well comprehended, while he exclaimed, without much reflection, under the impulse of surprise—

"Twelve masts! Did I understand you to say, ma'am, that Capt. Budd's ship had twelve masts?"

"Yes, sir, *twelve*! and I can tell you all their names, for I learnt them by heart—it appearing to me proper that a ship-master's wife should know the names of all the masts in her husband's vessel. Do you wish to hear their names, Mr. Mulford?"

Harry Mulford would have enjoyed this conversation to the top of his bent, had it not been for Rose. She well knew her aunt's general weakness of intellect, and especially its weakness on this particular subject, but she would suffer no one to manifest contempt for either, if in her power to prevent it. It is seldom one so young, so mirthful, so ingenuous and innocent in the expression of her countenance, assumed so significant and rebuking a frown as did pretty Rose Budd when she heard the mate's involuntary exclamation about the "twelve masts." Harry, who was not easily checked by his equals, or any of his own sex, submitted to that rebuking frown with the meekness of a child, and stammered out, in answer to the well-meaning, but weak-minded widow's question—

"If you please, Mrs. Budd—just as you please, ma'am—only twelve is a good many masts—" Rose frowned again—"that is—more than I'm used to seeing—that's all."

"I dare say, Mr. Mulford—for you sail in only a half-jigger; but Capt. Budd always sailed in a full-jigger—and *his* full-jiggered ship had just twelve masts, and, to prove it to you, I'll give you the names—first, then, there were the fore, main, and mizzen masts—"

"Yes—yes—ma'am," stammered Harry, who wished the twelve masts and *The Rose In Bloom* at the bottom of the ocean, since her owner's niece

still continued to look coldly displeased—"that's right, I can swear!"

"Very true, sir, and you'll find I am right as to all the rest. Then, there were the fore, main, and mizzen top-masts—they make six, if I can count, Mr. Mulford?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the mate, laughing, in spite of Rose's frowns, as the manner in which the old sea-dog had quizzed his wife became apparent to him. "I see how it is—you are quite right, ma'am—I dare say The Rose In Bloom had all these masts, and some to spare."

"Yes, sir—I knew you would be satisfied. The fore, main and mizzen top-gallant-masts make nine—and the fore, main and mizzen royals make just twelve. Oh, I'm never wrong in any thing about a vessel, especially if she is a full-jiggered ship."

Mulford had some difficulty in restraining his smiles each time the full-jigger was mentioned, but Rose's expression of countenance kept him in excellent order—and she, innocent creature, saw nothing ridiculous in the term, though the twelve masts had given her a little alarm. Delighted that the old lady had got through her enumeration of the spars with so much success, Rose cried, in the exuberance of her spirits—

"Well, aunty, for my part, I find a half-jigger vessel so very, very beautiful, that I do not know how I should behave were I to go on board a *full-jigger*."

Mulford turned abruptly away, the circumstance of Rose's making herself ridiculous giving him sudden pain, though he could have laughed at her aunt by the hour.

"Ah, my dear, that is on account of your youth and inexperience—but you will learn better in time. I was just so, myself, when I was of your age, and thought the fore-rafters were as handsome as the squared-jiggers, but soon after I married Capt. Budd I felt the necessity of knowing more than I did about ships, and I got him to teach me. He did n't like the business, at first, and pretended I would never learn; but, at last, it came all at once like, and then he used to be delighted to hear me 'talk ship,' as he called it. I've known him laugh, with his cronies, as if ready to die, at my expertness in sea-terms, for half an hour together—and then he would swear—that was the worst fault your uncle had, Rosy—he *would* swear, sometimes, in a way that frightened me, I do declare!"

"But he never swore at you, aunty?"

"I can't say that he did exactly do that, but he would swear all round me, even if he didn't actually touch me, when things went wrong—but it would have done your heart good to hear him laugh! He had a most excellent heart, just like your own, Rosy dear; but, for that matter, all the Budds have excellent hearts, and one of the commonest ways your uncle had of showing it was to laugh, particularly when we were together and talking. Oh, he used to delight in hearing me converse, especially about

vessels, and never failed to get me at it when he had company. I see his good-natured, excellent-hearted countenance at this moment, with the tears running down his fat, manly cheeks, as he shook his very sides with laughter. I may live a hundred years, Rosy, before I meet again with your uncle's equal."

This was a subject that invariably silenced Rose. She remembered her uncle, herself, and remembered his affectionate manner of laughing at her aunt, and she always wished the latter to get through her eulogiums on her married happiness, as soon as possible, whenever the subject was introduced.

All this time the Molly Swash kept in motion. Spike never took a pilot when he could avoid it, and his mind was too much occupied with his duty, in that critical navigation, to share at all in the conversation of his passengers, though he did endeavor to make himself agreeable to Rose, by an occasional remark, when a favorable opportunity offered. As soon as he had worked his brig over into the south or weather passage of Blackwell's, however, there remained little for him to do, until she had drifted through it, a distance of a mile or more, and this gave him leisure to do the honors. He pointed out the castellated edifice on Blackwell's as the new penitentiary, and the hamlet of villas, on the other shore, as Ravenswood, though there is neither wood nor ravens to authorize the name. But the "Sunnawick," which satisfied the Delafields and Gibbsses of the olden time, and which distinguished their lofty halls and broad lawns, was not elegant enough for the cockney tastes of these later days, so "wood" must be made to usurp the place of cherries and apples, and "ravens" that of gulls, in order to satisfy its cravings. But all this was lost on Spike. He remembered the shore as it had been twenty years before, and he saw what it was now, but little did he care for the change. On the whole, he rather preferred the Grecian Temples, over which the ravens would have been compelled to fly, had there been any ravens in that neighborhood, to the old fashioned and highly respectable residence that once alone occupied the spot. The point he did understand, however, and on the merits of which he had something to say, was a little farther ahead. That, too, had been re-christened—the Hallet's Cove of the mariner being converted into Astoria—not that bloody-minded place at the mouth of the Oregon, which has come so near bringing us to blows with our "ancestors in England," as the worthy denizens of that quarter choose to consider themselves still, if one can judge by their language. This Astoria was a very different place, and is one of the many suburban villages that are shooting up, like mushrooms, in a night, around the great *Commercial Emporium*. This spot Spike understood perfectly, and it was not likely that he should pass it without communicating a portion of his knowledge to Rose.

"There, Miss Rose," he said, with a didactic sort of air, pointing with his short, thick finger at the

little bay which was just opening to their view; "there's as neat a cove as a craft need bring up in. That *used to be* a capital place to lie in, to wait for a wind to pass the Gate; but it has got to be most too public for my taste. I'm rural, I tell Mulford, and love to get in out-of-the-way berths with my brig, where she can see salt-meadows, and smell the clover. You never catch me down in any of the crowded slips, around the markets, or any where in that part of the town, for I *do* love country air. That's Hallet's Cove, Miss Rose, and a pretty anchorage it would be for us, if the wind and tide did n't serve to take us through the Gate."

"Are we near the Gate, Capt. Spike?" asked Rose, the fine bloom on her cheek lessening a little, under the apprehension that formidable name is apt to awaken in the breasts of the inexperienced.

"Half a mile, or so. It begins just at the other end of this island on our larboard hand, and will be all over in about another half mile, or so. It's no such bad place, a'ter all, is Hell-Gate, to them that's used to it. I call myself a pilot in Hell-Gate, though I *have* no branch."

"I wish, Capt. Spike, I could teach you to give that place its proper and polite name. We call it Whirl-Gate altogether now," said the relict.

"Well, that's new to me," cried Spike. "I *have* heard some chicken-mouthed folk say *Hurl-Gate*, but this is the first time I ever heard it called Whirl-Gate—they'll get it to Whirlagig-Gate next. I don't think that my old commander, Capt. Budd called the passage any thing but honest, up and down Hell-Gate."

"That he did—that he did—and all my arguments and reading could not teach him any better. I proved to him that it was Whirl-Gate, as any one can see that it ought to be. It is full of Whirlpools, they say, and that shows what Nature meant the name to be."

"But, aunty," put in Rose, half reluctantly, half anxious to speak, "what has *gate* to do with whirlpools? You will remember it is called a *gate*—the gate to that wicked place I suppose is meant."

"Rose, you amaze me! How can *you*, a young woman of only nineteen, stand up for so vulgar a name as Hell-Gate?"

"Do you think it as vulgar as *Hurl-Gate*, aunty?" To me it always seems the most vulgar to be straining at gnats."

"Yes," said Spike, sentimentally, "I'm quite of Miss Rose's way of thinking—straining at gnats is very ill-manners, especially at table. I once knew a man who strained in this way, until I thought he would have choked, though it was with a fly to be sure; but gnats are nothing but small flies, you know, Miss Rose. Yes, I'm quite of your way of thinking, Miss Rose; it *is* very vulgar to be straining at gnats and flies, more particularly at table. But you'll find no flies or gnats aboard here, to be straining at, or brushing away, or to annoy you. Stand by there, my hearties, and see all clear to run

through Hell-Gate. Don't let me catch *you* straining at any thing, though it should be the fin of a whale!"

The people forward looked at each other, as they listened to this novel admonition, though they called out the customary "ay, ay, sir," as they went to the sheets, braces and bowlines. To them the passage of no Hell-Gate conveyed the idea of any particular terror, and with the one they were about to enter, they were much too familiar to care any thing about it.

The brig was now floating fast, with the tide, up abreast of the east end of Blackwell's, and in two or three more minutes she would be fairly in the Gate. Spike was aft, where he could command a view of every thing forward, and Mulford stood on the quarter-deck, to look after the head-braces. An old and trustworthy seaman, who acted as a sort of boatswain, had the charge on the fore-castle, and was to tend the sheets and tack. His name was Rove.

"See all clear," called out Spike. "D'ye hear there, for'ard! I shall make a half-board in the Gate, if the wind favor us, and the tide prove strong enough to hawse us to wind'ard sufficiently to clear the pot—so mind your—"

The captain breaking off in the middle of this harangue, Mulford turned his head, in order to see what might be the matter. There was Spike, leveling a spy-glass at a boat that was pulling swiftly out of the north channel, and shooting like an arrow directly athwart the brig's bows into the main passage of the Gate. He stepped to the captain's elbow.

"Just take a look at them chaps, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, handing his mate the glass.

"They seem in a hurry," answered Harry, as he adjusted the glass to his eye, "and will go through the Gate in less time than it will take to mention the circumstance."

"What do you make of them, sir?"

"The little man who called himself Jack Tier is in the stern-sheets of the boat, for one," answered Mulford.

"And the other, Harry—what do you make of the other?"

"It seems to be the chap who hailed to know if we had a pilot. He means to board us at Riker's Island, and make us pay pilotage, whether we want his services or not."

"Blast him and his pilotage too! Give me the glass"—taking another long look at the boat, which by this time was glancing, rather than pulling, nearly at right angles across his bows. "I want no such pilot aboard here, Mr. Mulford. Take another look at him—here, you can see him, away on our weather bow, already."

Mulford did take another look at him, and this time his examination was longer and more scrutinizing than before.

"It is not easy to cover him with the glass," observed the young man—"the boat seems fairly to fly."

"We're forereaching too near the Hog's Back, Capt. Spike," roared the boatswain, from forward.

"Ready about—hard a-lee," shouted Spike. "Let all fly, for'ard—help her round, boys, all you can, and wait for no orders! Bestir yourselves—bestir yourselves."

It was time the crew should be in earnest. While Spike's attention had been thus diverted by the boat, the brig had got into the strongest of the current, which, by setting her fast to windward, had trebled the power of the air, and this was shooting her over toward one of the greatest dangers of the passage on a flood tide. As everybody bestirred themselves, however, she was got round and filled on the opposite tack, just in time to clear the rocks. Spike breathed again, but his head was still full of the boat. The danger he had just escaped as Scylla met him as Charybdis. The boatswain again roared to go about. The order was given as the vessel began to pitch in a heavy swell. At the next instant she rolled until the water came on deck, whirled with her stern down the tide, and her bows rose as if she were about to leap out of water. The Swash had hit the Pot Rock.

PART II

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogg. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

We left the brigantine of Capt. Spike in a very critical situation, and the master himself in great confusion of mind. A thorough seaman, this accident would never have happened, but for the sudden appearance of the boat and its passengers; one of whom appeared to be a source of great uneasiness to him. As might be expected, the circumstance of striking a place as dangerous as the Pot Rock in Hell-Gate, produced a great sensation on board the vessel. This sensation betrayed itself in various ways, and according to the characters, habits, and native firmness of the parties. As for the ship-master's relict, she seized hold of the main-mast, and screamed so loud and perseveringly, as to cause the sensation to extend itself into the adjacent and thriving village of Astoria, where it was distinctly heard by divers of those who dwell near the water. Biddy Noon had her share in this clamor, lying down on the deck in order to prevent rolling over, and possibly to scream more at her leisure, while Rose had sufficient self-command to be silent, though her cheeks lost their color.

Nor was there any thing extraordinary in females betraying this alarm, when one remembers the somewhat astounding signs of danger by which these persons were surrounded. There is always something imposing in the swift movement of a

considerable body of water. When this movement is aided by whirlpools and the other similar accessories of an interrupted current, it frequently becomes startling, more especially to those who happen to be on the element itself. This is peculiarly the case with the Pot Rock, where, not only does the water roll and roar as if agitated by a mighty wind, but where it even breaks, the foam seeming to glance up stream, in the rapid succession of wave to wave. Had the Swash remained in her terrific berth more than a second or two, she would have proved what is termed a "total loss;" but she did not. Happily the Pot Rock lies so low, that it is not apt to fetch up any thing of a light draught of water; and the brigantine's fore-foot had just settled on its summit, long enough to cause the vessel to whirl round and make her obeisance to the place, when a succeeding swell lifted her clear, and away she went down stream, rolling as if scudding in a gale, and, for a moment, under no command whatever. There lay another danger ahead, or it would be better to say astern, for the brig was drifting stern foremost, and that was in an eddy under a bluff, which bluff lies at an angle in the reach, where it is no uncommon thing for craft to be cast ashore, after they have passed all the more imposing and more visible dangers above. It was in escaping this danger, and in recovering the command of his vessel, that Spike now manifested the sort of stuff of which he was really made, in emergencies of this sort. The yards were all sharp up when the accident occurred, and springing to the lee-braces, just as a man winks when his eye is menaced, he seized the weather fore-brace with his own hands, and began to round in the yard, shouting out to the man at the wheel to "port his helm" at the same time. Some of the people flew to his assistance, and the yards were not only squared, but braced a little up on the other tack, in much less time than we have taken to relate the evolution. Mulford attended to the main-sheet, and succeeded in getting the boom out in the right direction. Although the wind was in truth very light, the velocity of the drift filled the canvas, and taking the arrow-like current on her lee bow, the Swash, like a frantic steed that is alarmed with the wreck made by his own madness, came under command, and sheered out into the stream again, where she could drift clear of the apprehended danger astern.

"Sound the pumps," called out Spike to Mulford, the instant he saw he had regained his seat in the saddle. Harry sprang amidst ships to obey, and the eye of every mariner in that vessel was on the young man, as, in the midst of a death-like silence, he performed this all-important duty. It was like the physician's feeling the pulse of his patient before he pronounces on the degree of his danger.

"Well, sir?" cried out Spike, impatiently, as the rod re-appeared.

"All right, sir," answered Harry, cheerfully—"the well is nearly empty."

"Hold on a moment longer, and give the water time to find its way amidships, if there be any."

The mate remained perched up on the pump, in order to comply, while Spike and his people, who now breathed more freely again, improved the leisure to brace up and haul aft, to the new course.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Budd, considerably, during this pause in the incidents, "you need n't scream any longer. The danger seems to be past, and you may get up off the deck now. See, I have let go of the mast. The pumps have been sounded, and are found tight."

Biddy, like an obedient and respectful servant, did as directed, quite satisfied if the pumps were tight. It was some little time, to be sure, before she was perfectly certain whether she were alive or not—but, once certain of this circumstance, her alarm very sensibly abated, and she became reasonable. As for Mulford, he dropped the sounding rod again, and had the same cheering report to make.

"The brig is tight as a bottle, sir."

"So much the better," answered Spike. "I never had such a whirl in her before in my life, and I thought she was going to stop and pass the night there. That's the very spot on which 'The Hussar' frigate was wrecked."

"So I have heard, sir. But she drew so much water that she hit slap against the rock, and started a butt. We merely touched on its top, with our fore-foot, and slid off."

This was the simple explanation of the Swash's escape, and every body being now well assured that no harm had been done, things fell into their old and regular train again. As for Spike, his gallantry, notwithstanding, was upset for some hours, and glad enough was he when he saw all three of his passengers quit the deck to go below. Mrs. Budd's spirits had been so much agitated that she told Rose she would go down into the cabin and rest a few minutes on its sofa. We say sofa, for that article of furniture, now-a-days, is far more common in vessels than it was thirty years ago in the dwellings of the country.

"There, Mulford," growled Spike, pointing ahead of the brig, to an object on the water that was about half a mile ahead of them, "there's that bloody boat—d'y' see? I should like of all things to give it the slip. There's a chap in that boat I do not like."

"I do n't see how that can be very well done, sir, unless we anchor, repass the gate at the turn of the tide, and go to sea by the way of Sandy Hook."

"That will never do. I've no wish to be parading the brig before the town. You see, Mulford, nothing can be more innocent and proper than the Molly Swash, as you know from having sailed in her these twelvemonths. You'll give her that character, I'll be sworn?"

"I know no harm of her, Capt. Spike, and hope I never shall."

"No, sir—you know no harm of her, nor does any one else. A nursing infant is not more innocent than the Molly Swash, or could have a clearer character, if nothing but truth was said of her. But the world is so much given to lying, that one of the old saints, of whom we read in the good book, such as Calvin and John Rogers, would be villified if he lived in these times. Then, it must be owned, Mr. Mulford, whatever may be the real innocence of the brig, she has a most desperate wicked look."

"Why, yes, sir—it must be owned she is what we sailors call a wicked-looking craft. But some of Uncle Sam's cruisers have that appearance also."

"I know it—I know it, sir, and think nothing of looks myself. Men are often deceived in me, by my looks, which have none of your long-shore softness about 'em, perhaps; but my mother used to say I was one of the most tender-hearted boys she had ever heard spoken of—like one of the babes in the woods, as it might be. But mankind go so much by appearances, that I do not like to trust the brig too much afore their eyes. Now, should we be seen in the lower bay, waiting for a wind, or for the ebb tide to make, to carry us over the bar, ten to one but some philotropic or other would be off with a complaint to the District Attorney, that we looked like a slaver, and have us all fetched up to be tried for our lives as pirates. No, no—I like to keep the brig in out-of-the-way places, where she can give no offence to your 'tropics, whether they be philos, or of any other sort."

"Well, sir, we are to the eastward of the Gate, and all's safe. That boat cannot bring us up."

"You forget, Mr. Mulford, the revenue craft that steamed up, on the ebb. That vessel must be off Sands' Point by this time, and she may hear something to our disparagement from the feller in the boat, and take it into her smoky head to walk us back to town. I wish we were well to the eastward of that steamer! But there's no use in lamentations. If there is really any danger, it's some distance ahead yet, thank Heaven!"

"You have no fears of the man who calls himself Jack Tier, Capt. Spike?"

"None in the world. That feller, as I remember him, was a little bustlin' chap that I kept in the cabin, as a sort of steward's mate. There was neither good nor harm in him, to the best of my recollection. But Josh can tell us all about him—just give Josh a call."

The best thing in the known history of Spike was the fact that his steward had sailed with him for more than twenty years. Where he had picked up Josh no one could say, but Josh and himself, and neither chose to be very communicative on the subject. But Josh had certainly been with him as long as he had sailed the Swash, and that was from a time actually anterior to the birth of Mulford. The mate soon had the negro in the council.

"I say, Josh," asked Spike, "do you happen to

remember such a hand aboard here as one Jack Tier?"

"Lor' bless you, yes, sir—members he as well as I do the pea-soup that was burnt, and which you t'rowed all over him to scald him for punishment."

"I've had to do that so often, to one careless fellow or other, that the circumstance doesn't recall the man. I remember him, but not as clear as I could wish. How long did he sail with us?"

"Sebbel v'y'ge, sir, and got left ashore down on the Main, one night, when 'e boat was obliged to shove off in a hurry. Yes, 'members little Jack, right well I does."

"Did you see the man that spoke us from the wharf, and hailed for this very Jack Tier?"

"I see'd a man, sir, dat was won'erful Jack Tier built like, sir; but I didn't hear the conversation, habbin' the ladies to 'tend to. But Jack was uncommon short in his floor timbers, sir, and had no length of keel at all. His beam was won'erful for his length, sitgedder—what you call jolly-boat or bum-boat build, and was only good afore 'e wind, Capt. Spike."

"Was he good for any thing aboard ship, Josh? Worth heaving-to for, should he try to get aboard of us again?"

"Why, sir, can't say much for him in dat fashion. Jack *was* handy in the cabin, and capital feller to carry soup from the galley, aft. You see, sir, he was so low-rigged that the brig's lurchin' and pitchin' could n't get him off his pins, and he stood up like a church in the heaviest wea'der. Yes, sir, Jack was right good for *dat*."

Spike mused a moment—then he rolled the tobacco over in his mouth, and added, in the way a man speaks when his mind is made up—

"Ay, ay!—I see into the fellow. He'll make a handy lady's maid, and we want such a chap, just now. It's better to have an old friend aboard, than to be pickin' up strangers, 'long shore. So, should this Jack Tier come off to us, from any of the islands or points ahead, Mr. Mulford, you'll round to and take him aboard. As for the steamer, if she will only pass out into the Sound, where there's room, it shall go hard with us but I get to the eastward of her, without speaking. On the other hand, should she anchor this side of the Fort, I'll not attempt to pass her. There is deep water inside of most of the islands, I know, and we'll try and dodge her in that way, if no better offer. I've no more reason than another craft, to fear a government vessel; but the sight of one of them makes me uncomfortable—that's all."

Mulford shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent, perceiving that his commander was not disposed to pursue the subject any further. In the mean time, the brig had passed beyond the influence of the bluff, and was beginning to feel a stronger breeze, that was coming down the wide opening of Flushing Bay. As the tide still continued strong in her favor, and her motion through the water was

getting to be four or five knots, there was every prospect of her soon reaching Whitestone, the point where the tides meet, and where it would become necessary to anchor; unless, indeed, the wind, which was now getting to the southward and eastward, should come round more to the south. All this Spike and his mate discussed together, while the people were clearing the decks, and making the preparations that are customary on board a vessel before she gets into rough water.

By this time, it was ascertained that the brig had received no damage by her salute of the Pot Rock, and every trace of uneasiness on that account was removed. But Spike kept harping on the boat, and "the pilot-looking chap who was in her." As they passed Riker's Island, all hands expected a boat would put off with a pilot, or to demand pilotage; but none came, and the Swash now seemed released from all her present dangers, unless some might still be connected with the revenue steamer. To retard her advance, however, the wind came out a smart working breeze from the southward and eastward, compelling her to make "long legs and short ones" on her way towards Whitestone.

"This is beating the wind, Rosy dear," said Mrs. Budd, complacently, she and her niece having returned to the deck a few minutes after this change had taken place. "Your respected uncle did a great deal of this in his time, and was very successful in it. I have heard him say, that in one of his voyages between Liverpool and New York, he beat the wind by a whole fortnight, every body talking of it in the insurance offices as if it was a miracle."

"Ay, ay, Madam Budd," put in Spike, "I'll answer for that. They're desperate talkers in and about them there insurance offices in Wall street. Great gossips be they, and they think they know every thing. Now, just because this brig is a little old or so, and was built for a privateer in the last war, they'd refuse to rate her as even B, No. 2, and my blessing on 'em."

"Yes, B, No. 2, that's just what your dear uncle used to call me, Rosy—his charming B, No. 2, or Betsy, No. 2; particularly when he was in a loving mood. Captain Spike, did you ever beat the wind in a long voyage?"

"I can't say I ever did, Mrs. Budd," answered Spike, looking grimly around, to ascertain if any one dared to smile at his passenger's mistake; "especially for so long a pull as from New York to Liverpool."

"Then your uncle used to boast of the Rose in Bloom's wearing and attacking. She would attack any thing that came in her way, no matter who, and, as for wearing, I think he once told me she *would* wear just what she had a mind to, like any human being."

Rose was a little mystified, but she looked vexed at the same time, as if she distrusted all was not right.

"I remember all my sea education," continued the unsuspecting widow, "as if it had been learnt yester-

day. Beating the wind and attacking ship, my poor Mr. Budd used to say, were nice manœuvres, and required most of his tactics, especially in heavy weather. Did you know, Rosy dear, that sailors weigh the weather, and know when it is heavy and when it is light?"

"I did not, aunt; nor do I understand now how it can very well be done."

"Oh! child, before you have been at sea a week, you will learn so many things that are new, and get so many ideas of which you never had any notion before, that you'll not be the same person. My captain had an instrument he called a thermometer, and with that he used to weigh the weather, and then he would write down in the log-book 'to-day, heavy weather, or to-morrow, light weather,' just as it happened, and that helped him mightily along in his voyages."

"Mrs. Budd has merely mistaken the name of the instrument—the 'barometer' is what she wished to say," put in Mulford, opportunely.

Rose looked grateful, as well as relieved. Though profoundly ignorant on these subjects herself, she had always suspected her aunt's knowledge. It was, consequently, grateful to her to ascertain that, in this instance, the old lady's mistake had been so trifling.

"Well, it may have been the barometer, for I know he had them both," resumed the aunt. "Barometer, or thermometer, it don't make any great difference; or quadrant, or sextant. They are all instruments, and sometimes he used one, and sometimes another. Sailors take on board the sun, too, and have an instrument for that, as well as one to weigh the weather with. Sometimes they take on board the stars, and the moon, and 'fill their ships with the heavenly bodies,' as I've heard my dear husband say, again and again! But the most curious thing at sea, as all sailors tell me, is crossing the line, and I do hope we shall cross the line, Rosy, that you and I may see it."

"What is the line, aunty, and how do vessels cross it?"

"The line, my dear, is a place in the ocean where the earth is divided into two parts, one part being called the North Pole, and the other part the South Pole. Neptune lives near this line, and he allows no vessel to go out of one pole into the other, without paying it a visit. Never! never!—he would as soon think of living on dry land, as think of letting even a canoe pass, without visiting it."

"Do you suppose there is such a being, really, as Neptune, aunty?"

"To be sure I do; he is king of the sea. Why shouldn't there be? The sea must have a king, as well as the land."

"The sea may be a republic, aunty, like this country; then, no king is necessary. I have always supposed Neptune to be an imaginary being."

"Oh! that's impossible—the sea is no republic; there are but two republics, America and Texas. I've heard that the sea is a highway, it is true—the

'highway of nations,' I believe it is called, and that must mean something particular. But my poor Mr. Budd always told me that Neptune was king of the seas, and he was always so accurate, you might depend on every thing he said. Why, he called his last Newfoundland dog Neptune, and do you think, Rosy, that your dear uncle would call his dog after an imaginary being?—and he a man to beat the wind, and attack ship, and take the sun, moon and stars aboard! No, no, child; fanciful folk may see imaginary beings, but solid folk see solid beings."

Even Spike was dumfounded at this, and there is no knowing what he might have said, had not an old sea-dog, who had just come out of the fore-topmast cross-trees, come aft, and, hitching up his trousers with one hand while he touched his hat with the other, said, with immovable gravity,

"The revenue-steamer has brought up just under the Fort, Capt. Spike."

"How do you know that, Bill?" demanded the captain, with a rapidity that showed how completely Mrs. Budd and all her absurdities were momentarily forgotten.

"I was up on the fore-topgallant yard, sir, a bit ago, just to look to the strap of the jewel-block, which wants some sarvice on it, and I see'd her over the land, blowin' off steam and takin' in her kites. Afore I got out of the cross-trees, she was head to wind under bare poles, and if she had n't anchored, she was about to do so. I'm sartin 'twas she, sir, and that she was about to bring up."

Spike gave a long, low whistle, after his fashion, and he walked away from the females, with the air of a man who wanted room to think in. Half a minute later, he called out—

"Stand by to shorten sail, boys. Man fore-clew-garnets, flying jib down-haul, topgallant sheets, and gaff-top-sail gear. In with 'em all, my lads—in with every thing, with a will."

An order to deal with the canvas in any way, on board ship, immediately commands the whole attention of all whose duty it is to attend to such matters, and there was an end of all discourse while the Swash was shortening sail. Every body understood, too, that it was to gain time, and prevent the brig from reaching Throg's Neck sooner than was desirable.

"Keep the brig off," called out Spike, "and let her ware—we're too busy to tack just now."

The man at the wheel knew very well what was wanted, and he put his helm up, instead of putting it down, as he might have done without this injunction. As this change brought the brig before the wind, and Spike was in no hurry to luff up on the other tack, the Swash soon ran over a mile of the distance she had already made, putting her back that much on her way to the Neck. It is out of our power to say what the people of the different craft in sight thought of all this, but an opportunity soon offered of putting them on a wrong scent. A large coasting schooner, carrying every thing that would

draw on a wind, came sweeping under the stern of the Swash, and hailed.

"Has any thing happened, on board that brig?" demanded her master.

"Man overboard," answered Spike—"you hav'n't seen his hat, have you?"

"No—no," came back, just as the schooner, in her onward course, swept beyond the reach of the voice. Her people collected together, and one or two ran up the rigging a short distance, stretching their necks, on the look-out for the "poor fellow," but they were soon called down to "bout ship." In less than five minutes, another vessel, a rakish coasting sloop, came within hail.

"Did n't that brig strike the Pot Rock, in passing the Gate?" demanded her captain.

"Ay, ay!—and a devil of a rap she got, too."

This satisfied him; there being nothing remarkable in a vessel's acting strangely that had hit the Pot Rock, in passing Hell-Gate.

"I think we may get in our mainsail on the strength of this, Mr. Mulford," said Spike. "There can be nothing uncommon in a craft's shortening sail, that has a man overboard, and which has hit the Pot Rock. I wonder I never thought of all this before."

"Here is a skiff trying to get alongside of us, Capt. Spike," called out the boatswain.

"Skiff be d—d! I want no skiff here."

"The man that called himself Jack Tier is in her, sir."

"The d—l he is!" cried Spike, springing over to the opposite side of the deck to take a look for himself. To his infinite satisfaction he perceived that Tier was alone in the skiff, with the exception of a negro, who pulled its sculls, and that this was a very different boat from that which had glanced through Hell-Gate, like an arrow darting from its bow.

"Luff, and shake your topsail," called out Spike. "Get a rope there to throw to this skiff."

The orders were obeyed, and Jack Tier, with his clothes-bag, was soon on the deck of the Swash. As for the skiff and the negro, they were cast adrift the instant the latter had received his quarter. The meeting between Spike and his quondam steward's mate was a little remarkable. Each stood looking intently at the other, as if to note the changes which time had made. We cannot say that Spike's hard, red, selfish countenance betrayed any great feeling, though such was not the case with Jack Tier's. The last, a lymphatic, puffy sort of a person at the best, seemed really a little touched, and he either actually brushed a tear from his eye, or he affected so to do.

"So, you are my old ship-mate, Jack Tier, are ye?" exclaimed Spike, in a half-patronizing, half-hesitating way—"and you want to try the old craft ag'in. Give us a leaf of your log, and let me know where you have been this many a day, and what you have been about? Keep the brig off, Mr. Mul-

ford. We are in no particular hurry to reach Throg's, you'll remember, sir."

Tier gave an account of his proceedings, which could have no interest with the reader. His narrative was any thing but very clear, and it was delivered in a cracked, octave sort of a voice, such as little dapper people not unfrequently enjoy—tones between those of a man and a boy. The substance of the whole story was this. Tier had been left ashore, as sometimes happens to sailors, and, by necessary connection, was left to shift for himself. After making some vain endeavors to rejoin his brig, he had shipped in one vessel after another, until he accidentally found himself in the port of New York, at the same time as the Swash. He know'd he never should be truly happy ag'in until he could once more get aboard the old hussy, and had hurried up to the wharf, where he understood the brig was lying. As he came in sight, he saw she was about to cast off, and, dropping his clothes-bag, he had made the best of his way to the wharf, where the conversation passed that has been related.

"The gentleman on the wharf was about to take boat, to go through the Gate," concluded Tier, "and so I begs a passage of him. He was good-natured enough to wait until I could find my bag, and as soon a'terwards as the men could get their grog we shoved off. The Molly was just getting in behind Blackwell's as we left the wharf, and, having four good oars, and the shortest road, we come out into the Gate just ahead on you. My eye! what a place that is to go through in a boat, and on a strong flood! The gentleman, who watched the brig as a cat watches a mouse, says you struck on the Pot, as he called it, but I says, 'no,' for the Molly Swash was never know'd to hit rock or shoal in my time aboard her."

"And where did you quit that gentleman, and what has become of him?" asked Spike.

"He put me ashore on that point above us, where I see'd a nigger with his skiff, who I thought would be willin' to 'arn his quarter by giving me a cast along side. So here I am, and a long pull I've had to get here."

As this was said, Jack removed his hat and wiped his brow with a handkerchief, which, if it had never seen better days, had doubtless been cleaner. After this, he looked about him, with an air not entirely free from exultation.

This conversation had taken place in the gang-way, a somewhat public place, and Spike beckoned to his recruit to walk aft, where he might be questioned without being overheard.

"What became of the gentleman in the boat, as you call him?" demanded Spike.

"He pulled ahead, seeming to be in a hurry."

"Do you know who he was?"

"Not a bit of it. I never saw the man before, and he did n't tell me his business, sir."

"Had he any thing like a silver oar about him?"

"I saw nothing of the sort, Capt. Spike, and knows nothing consarnin' him."

"What sort of a boat was he in, and where did he get it?"

"Well, as to the boat, sir, I *can* say a word, seein' it was so much to my mind, and pulled so wonderful smart. It was a light ship's yawl, with four oars, and came round the Hook just a'ter you had got the brig's head round to the eastward. You must have seen it, I should think, though it kept close in with the wharves, as if it wished to be snug."

"Then the gentleman, as you call him, expected *that* very boat to come and take him off?"

"I suppose so, sir, because it *did* come and take him off. That's all I knows about it."

"Had you no jaw with the gentleman? You was n't mum the whole time you was in the boat with him?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. Silence and I does n't agree together long, so we talked most of the time."

"And what did the stranger say of the brig?"

"Lord, sir, he catechised me like as if I had been a child at Sunday-school. He asked me how long I had sailed in her; what ports we'd visited, and what trade we'd been in. You can't think the sight of questions he put, and how cur'ous he was for the answers."

"And what did you tell him in your answers? You said nothin' about our call down on the Spanish Main, the time you were left ashore, I hope, Jack?"

"Not I, sir. I played him off surprisin'ly. He got nothin' to count upon out of me. Though I *do* owe the Molly Swash a grudge, I'm not goin' to betray her."

"You owe the Molly Swash a grudge! Have I taken an enemy on board her, then?"

Jack started, and seemed sorry he had said so much; while Spike eyed him keenly. But the answer set all right. It was not given, however, without a moment for recollection.

"Oh, you knows what I mean, sir. I owe the old hussy a grudge for having deserted me like; but it's only a love quarrel atween us. The old Molly will never come to harm by my means."

"I hope not, Jack. The man that wrongs the craft he sails in can never be a true-hearted sailor. Stick by your ship in all weathers is my rule, and a good rule it is to go by. But what did you tell the stranger?"

"Oh! I told him I'd been six v'y'ges in the brig. The first was to Madagascar—"

"The d—! you did! Was he soft enough to believe that?"

"That's more than I know, sir. I can only tell you what I *said*; I don't pretend to know how much he *believed*."

"Heave ahead—what next?"

"Then I told him we went to Kamschatka for gold-dust and ivory."

"Whe-e-w! What did the man say to that?"

"Why, he smiled a bit, and a'ter that he seemed more cur'ous than ever to hear all about it. I told him my third v'y'ge was to Canton, with a cargo of broom-corn, where we took in salmon and dun-fish for home. A'ter that we went to Norway with ice, and brought back silks and money. Our next run was to the Havana, with salt and 'nips—"

"'Nips! what the devil be they?"

"Turnips, you knows, sir. We always calls 'em 'nips in cargo. At the Havana I told him we took in leather and jerked beef, and came home. Oh! he got nothin' from me, Capt. Spike, that'll ever do the brig a morsel of harm!"

"I am glad of that, Jack. You must know enough of the seas to understand that a close mouth is sometimes better for a vessel than a clean bill of health. Was there nothing said about the revenue-steamer?"

"Now you name her, sir, I believe there was—ay, ay, sir, the gentleman *did* say, if the steamer fetched up to the westward of the Fort, that he should overhaul her without difficulty, on this flood."

"That'll do, Jack; that'll do, my honest fellow. Go below, and tell Josh to take you into the cabin again, as steward's mate. You're rather too Dutch built, in your old age, to do much aloft."

One can hardly say whether Jack received this remark as complimentary, or not. He looked a little glum, for a man may be as round as a barrel, and wish to be thought genteel and slender; but he went below, in quest of Josh, without making any reply.

The succeeding movements of Spike appeared to be much influenced by what he had just heard. He kept the brig under short canvas for near two hours, sheering about in the same place, taking care to tell every thing which spoke him that he had lost a man overboard. In this way, not only the tide, but the day itself, was nearly spent. About the time the former began to lose its strength, however, the fore-course and the main-sail were got on the brigantine, with the intention of working her up toward White-stone, where the tides meet, and near which the revenue-steamer was known to be anchored. We say near, though it was, in fact, a mile or two more to the eastward, and close to the extremity of the Point.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations of a wish to work to windward, Spike was really in no hurry. He had made up his mind to pass the steamer in the dark, if possible, and the night promised to favor him; but, in order to do this, it might be necessary not to come in sight of her at all; or, at least, not until the obscurity should in some measure conceal his rig and character. In consequence of this plan, the Swash made no great progress, even after she had got sail on her, on her old course. The wind lessened, too, after the sun went down, though it still hung to the eastward, or nearly ahead. As the tide gradually lost its force, moreover, the set to windward became less and less, until it finally disappeared altogether.

There is necessarily a short reach in this passage, where it is always slack water, so far as current is concerned. This is precisely where the tides meet, or, as has been intimated, at Whitestone, which is somewhat more than a mile to the westward of Throgmorton's Neck, near the point of which stands Fort Schuyler, one of the works recently erected for the defence of New York. Off the pitch of the point, nearly mid-channel, had the steamer anchored, a fact of which Spike had made certain, by going aloft himself, and reconnoitering her over the land, before it had got to be too dark to do so. He entertained no manner of doubt that this vessel was in waiting for him, and he well knew there was good reason for it; but he would not return and attempt the passage to sea by way of Sandy Hook. His manner of regarding the whole matter was cool and judicious. The distance to the Hook was too great to be made in such short nights ere the return of day, and he had no manner of doubt he was watched for in that direction, as well as in this. Then he was particularly unwilling to show his craft at all in front of the town, even in the night. Moreover, he had ways of his own for effecting his purposes, and this was the very spot and time to put them in execution.

While these things were floating in his mind, Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece were making preparations for passing the night, aided by Biddy Noon. The old lady was factotum, or factota, as it might be most classical to call her, though we are entirely without authorities on the subject, and was just as self-complacent and ambitious of seamanship below decks, as she had been above board. The effect, however, gave Spike great satisfaction, since it kept her out of sight, and left him more at liberty to carry out his own plans. About nine, however, the good woman came on deck, intending to take a look at the weather, like a skilful marineress as she was, before she turned in. Not a little was she astonished at what she then and there beheld, as she whispered to Rose and Biddy, both of whom stuck close to her side, feeling the want of good pilotage, no doubt, in strange waters.

The Molly Swash was still under her canvas, though very little sufficed for her present purposes. She was directly off Whitestone, and was making easy stretches across the passage, or river, as it is called, having nothing set but her huge fore-and-aft mainsail and the jib. Under this sail she worked like a top, and Spike sometimes fancied she traveled too fast for his purposes, the night air having thickened the canvas as usual, until it "held the wind as a bottle holds water." There was nothing in this, however, to attract the particular attention of the ship-master's widow, a sail, more or less, being connected with observation much too critical for her schooling, nice as the last had been. She was surprised to find the men stripping the brig forward, and converting her into a schooner. Nor was this done in a loose and slovenly manner, under

favor of the obscurity. On the contrary, it was so well executed that it might have deceived even a seaman under a noon-day sun, provided the vessel were a mile or two distant. The manner in which the metamorphosis was made was as follows. The studding-sail booms had been taken off the topsail yard, in order to shorten it to the eye, and the yard itself was swayed up about half mast, to give it the appearance of a schooner's fore-yard. The brig's real lower yard was lowered on the bulwarks, while her royal yard was sent down altogether, and the topgallant-mast was lowered until the heel rested on the topsail yard, all of which, in the night, gave the gear forward very much the appearance of that of a fore-topsail schooner, instead of that of a half-rigged brig, as the craft really was. As the vessel carried a try-sail on her foremast, it answered very well, in the dark, to represent a schooner's foresail. Several other little dispositions of this nature were made, about which it might weary the uninitiated to read, but which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of a sailor.

These alterations were far advanced when the females re-appeared on deck. They at once attracted their attention, and the captain's widow felt the imperative necessity, as connected with her professional character, of proving the same. She soon found Spike, who was bustling around the deck, now looking around to see that his brig was kept in the channel, now and then issuing an order to complete her disguise.

"Captain Spike, what *can* be the meaning of all these changes? The tamper of your vessel is so much altered that I declare I should not have known her!"

"Is it, by George! Then, she is just in the state I want her to be in."

"But why have you done it—and what does it all mean?"

"Oh, Molly's going to bed for the night, and she's only undressing herself—that's all."

"Yes, Rosy dear, Captain Spike is right. I remember that my poor Mr. Budd used to talk about the Rose In Bloom having her clothes on, and her clothes off, just as if she was a born woman! But don't you mean to navigate at all in the night, Captain Spike? Or will the brig navigate without sails?"

"That's it—she's just as good in the dark, under one sort of canvas, as under another. So, Mr. Mulford, we'll take a reef in that mainsail; it will bring it nearer to the size of our new foresail, and seem more ship-shape and Brister fashion—then I think she'll do, as the night is getting to be rather darkish."

"Captain Spike," said the boatswain, who had been sent to look-out for that particular change—"the brig begins to feel the new tide, and sets to windward."

"Let her go, then—now is as good a time as another. We've got to run the gantlet, and the sooner it is done the better."

As the moment seemed propitious, not only Mulford, but all the people, heard this order with satisfaction. The night was star-light, though not very clear at that. Objects on the water, however, were more visible than those on the land, while those on the last could be seen well enough, even from the brig, though in confused and somewhat shapeless piles. When the Swash was brought close by the wind, she had just got into the last reach of the "river," or that which runs parallel with The Neck for near a mile, doubling where the Sound expands itself, gradually, to a breadth of many leagues. Still the navigation at the entrance of this end of the Sound was intricate and somewhat dangerous, rendering it indispensable for a vessel of any size to make a crooked course. The wind stood at south-east, and was very scant to lay through the reach with, while the tide was so slack as barely to possess a visible current at that place. The steamer lay directly off the Point, mid-channel, as mentioned, showing lights, to mark her position to any thing which might be passing in or out. The great thing was to get by her without exciting her suspicion. As all on board, the females excepted, knew what their captain was at, the attempt was made amid an anxious and profound silence; or, if any one spoke at all, it was only to give an order in a low tone, or its answer in a simple monosyllable.

Although her aunt assured her that every thing which had been done already, and which was now doing, was quite in rule, the quick-eyed and quick-witted Rose noted these unusual proceedings, and had an opinion of her own on the subject. Spike had gone forward, and posted himself on the weather-side of the fore-castle, where he could get the clearest look ahead, and there he remained most of the time, leaving Mulford on the quarter-deck, to work the vessel. Perceiving this, she managed to get near the mate, without attracting her aunt's attention, and at the same time out of ear-shot.

"Why is every body so still and seemingly so anxious, Harry Mulford?" she asked, speaking in a low tone herself, as if desirous of conforming to a common necessity. "Is there any new danger here? I thought the Gate had been passed altogether, some hours ago?"

"So it has. D'ye see that large dark mass on the water, off the Point, which seems almost as huge as the Fort, with lights above it? That is a revenue steamer which came out of York a few hours before us. We wish to get past her without being troubled by any of her questions."

"And what do any in this brig care about her questions? They can be answered, surely."

"Ay, ay, Rose—they *may* be answered, as you say, but the answers sometimes are unsatisfactory. Capt. Spike, for some reason or other, is uneasy, and would rather not have any thing to say to her. He has the greatest aversion to speaking the smallest craft when on a coast."

"And that's the reason he has undressed his Molly, as he calls her, that he might not be known."

Mulford turned his head quickly toward his companion, as if surprised by her quickness of apprehension, but he had too just a sense of his duty to make any reply. Instead of pursuing the discourse, he adroitly contrived to change it, by pointing out to Rose the manner in which they were getting on, which seemed to be very successfully.

Although the Swash was under much reduced canvas, she glided along with great ease and with considerable rapidity of motion. The heavy night air kept her canvas distended, and the weatherly set of the tide, trifling as it yet was, pressed her up against the breeze, so as to turn all to account. It was apparent enough, by the manner in which objects on the land were passed, that the crisis was fast approaching. Rose rejoined her aunt, in order to await the result, in nearly breathless expectation. At that moment, she would have given the world to be safe on shore. This wish was not the consequence of any constitutional timidity, for Rose was much the reverse from timid, but it was the fruit of a newly awakened and painful, though still vague, suspicion. Happy, thrice happy was it for one of her naturally confiding and guileless nature, that distrust *was* thus opportunely awakened, for she was without a guardian competent to advise and guide her youth, as circumstances required.

The brig was not long in reaching the passage that opened to the Sound. It is probable she did this so much the sooner because Spike kept her a little off the wind, with a view of not passing too near the steamer. At this point, the direction of the passage changes at nearly a right angle, the revenue-steamer lying on a line with the Neck, and leaving a sort of bay, in the angle, for the Swash to enter. The land was somewhat low in all directions but one, and that was by drawing a straight line from the Point, through the steamer, to the Long Island shore. On the latter, and in that quarter, rose a bluff of considerable elevation, with deep water quite near it; and, under the shadows of that bluff, Spike intended to perform his nicest evolutions. He saw that the revenue vessel had let her fires go down, and that she was entirely without steam. Under canvas, he had no doubt of beating her hand over hand, could he once fairly get to windward, and then she was at anchor, and would lose some time in getting under way, should she even commence a pursuit. It was all important, therefore, to gain as much to windward as possible, before the people of the government vessel took the alarm.

There can be no doubt that the alterations made on board the Swash served her a very good turn on this occasion. Although the night could not be called positively dark, there was sufficient obscurity to render her hull confused and indistinct at any distance, and this so much the more when seen from the steamer outside, or between her and the land. All this Spike very well understood, and largely calcu-

lated on. In effect he was not deceived; the look-outs on board the revenue vessel could trace little of the vessel that was approaching beyond the spars and sails which rose above the shores, and these seemed to be the spars and sails of a common fore-topsail schooner. As this was not the sort of craft for which they were on the watch, no suspicion was awakened, nor did any reports go from the quarter-deck to the cabin. The steamer had her quarter watches, and officers of the deck, like a vessel of war, the discipline of which was fairly enough imitated, but even a man-of-war may be overreached on an occasion.

Spike was only great in a crisis, and then merely as a seaman. He understood his calling to its minutiae, and he understood the Molly Swash better than he understood any other craft that floated. For more than twenty years had he sailed her, and the careful parent does not better understand the humors of the child, than he understood exactly what might be expected from his brig. His satisfaction sensibly increased, therefore, as she stole along the land, toward the angle mentioned, without a sound audible but the gentle gurgling of the water, stirred by the stem, and which sounded like the ripple of the gentlest wave, as it washes the shingle of some placid beach.

As the brig drew nearer to the bluff, the latter brought the wind more ahead, as respected the desired course. This was unfavorable, but it did not disconcert her watchful commander.

"Let her come round, Mr. Mulford," said this pilot-captain, in a low voice—"we are as near in as we ought to go."

The helm was put down, the head sheets started, and away into the wind shot the Molly Swash, fore-reaching famously in stays, and, of course, gaining so much on her true course. In a minute she was round, and filled on the other tack. Spike was now so near the land, that he could perceive the tide was beginning to aid him, and that his weatherly set was getting to be considerable. Delighted at this, he walked aft, and told Mulford to go about again as soon as the vessel had sufficient way to make sure of her in stays. The mate inquired if he did not think the revenue people might suspect something, unless they stood further out toward mid-channel, but Spike reminded him that they would be apt to think the schooner was working up under the southern shore because the ebb first made there. This reason satisfied Mulford, and, as soon as they were half way between the bluff and the steamer, the Swash was again tacked, with her head to the former. This manœuvre was executed when the brig was about two hundred yards from the steamer, a distance that was sufficient to preserve, under all the circumstances, the disguise she had assumed.

"They do not suspect us, Harry!" whispered Spike to his mate. "We shall get to windward of 'em, as sartain as the breeze stands. That boatin' gentleman might as well have staid at home, as for any good his hurry done him or his employers!"

"Whom do you suppose him to be, Capt. Spike?"

"Who?—a feller that lives by his own wicked deeds. No matter who he is. An informer, perhaps. At any rate, he is not the man to outwit the Molly Swash, and her old, stupid, foolish master and owner, Stephen Spike. Luff, Mr. Mulford, luff. Now's the time to make the most of your leg—luff her up and shake her. She is setting to windward fast, the ebb is sucking along that bluff like a boy at a molasses hogshead. All she can drift on this tack is clear gain; there is no hurry, so long as they are asleep aboard the steamer. That's it—make a half board at once, but take care and not come round. As soon as we are fairly clear of the bluff, and open the bay that makes up behind it, we shall get the wind more to the southward, and have a fine long leg for the next stretch."

Of course Mulford obeyed, throwing the brig up into the wind, and allowing her to set to windward, but filling again on the same tack, as ordered. This, of course, delayed her progress toward the land, and protracted the agony, but it carried the vessel in the direction she most wished to go, while it kept her not only end on to the steamer, but in a line with the bluff, and consequently in the position most favorable to conceal her true character. Presently, the bay mentioned, which was several miles deep, opened darkly toward the south, and the wind came directly out of it, or more to the southward. At this moment the Swash was near a quarter of a mile from the steamer, and all that distance dead to windward of her, as the breeze came out of the bay. Spike tacked his vessel himself now, and got her head up so high that she brought the steamer on her lee quarter, and looked away toward the island which lies northwardly from the Point, and quite near to which all vessels of any draught of water are compelled to pass, even with the fairest winds.

"Shake the reef out of the mainsail, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, when the Swash was fairly in motion again on this advantageous tack. "We shall pass well to windward of the steamer, and may as well begin to open our cloth again."

"Is it not a little too soon, sir?" Mulford ventured to remonstrate; "the reef is a large one, and will make a great difference in the size of the sail."

"They'll not see it at this distance. No, no, sir, shake out the reef, and sway away on the topgallant-mast rope; I'm for bringing the Molly Swash into her old shape again, and make her look handsome once more."

"Do you dress the brig, as well as undress her, o' nights, Capt. Spike?" inquired the ship-master's relict, a little puzzled with this fickleness of purpose. "I do not believe my poor Mr. Budd ever did that."

"Fashions change, madam, with the times—ay, ay, sir—shake out the reef, and sway away on that mast-rope, boys, as soon as you have manned it. We'll convert our schooner into a brig again."

As these orders were obeyed, of course, a general

bustle now took place. Mulford soon had the reef out, and the sail distended to the utmost, while the topgallant-mast was soon up and fiddled. The next thing was to sway upon the fore-yard, and get that into its place. The people were busied at this duty, when a hoarse hail came across the water on the heavy night air.

"Brig ahoy!" was the call.

"Sway upon that fore-yard," said Spike, unmoved by this summons—"start it, start it at once."

"The steamer hails us, sir," said the mate.

"Not she. She is hailing a brig; we are a schooner yet."

A moment of active exertion succeeded, during which the foreyard went into its place. Then came a second hail.

"Schooner, ahoy!" was the summons this time.

"The steamer hails us again, Capt. Spike."

"The devil a bit. We're a brig now, and she hails a schooner. Come, boys, bestir yourselves, and get the canvas on Molly forward. Loose the fore-course before you quit the yard there, then up aloft and loosen every thing you can find."

All was done as ordered, and done rapidly, as is ever the case on board a well ordered vessel when there is occasion for exertion. That occasion now appeared to exist in earnest, for while the men were sheeting home the topsail a flash of light illuminated the scene, when the roar of a gun came booming across the water, succeeded by the very distinct whistling of its shot. We regret that the relict of the late Capt. Budd did not behave exactly as became a ship-master's widow, under fire. Instead of remaining silent and passive, even while frightened, as was the case with Rose, she screamed quite as loud as she had previously done that very day in Hell-Gate. It appeared to Spike, indeed, that practice was making her perfect; and, as for Biddy, the spirit of emulation became so powerful in her bosom, that, if any thing, she actually outshrieked her mistress. Hearing this, the widow made a second effort, and fairly recovered the ground some might have fancied she had lost.

"Oh! Captain Spike," exclaimed the agitated widow, "do not—do not, if you love me, do not let them fire again!"

"How am I to help it?" asked the captain, a good deal to the point, though he overlooked the essential fact, that, by heaving-to, and waiting for the steamer's boat to board him, he might have prevented a second shot, as completely as if he had the ordering of the whole affair. No second shot was fired, however. As it afterward appeared, the screams of Mrs. Budd and Biddy were heard on board the steamer, the captain of which, naturally enough, supposing that the slaughter must be terrible where such cries had arisen, was satisfied with the mischief he had already done, and directed his people to secure their gun and go to the capstan-bars, in order to help lift the anchor. In a word, the revenue vessel was getting under way, man-

of-war fashion, which means somewhat expeditiously.

Spike understood the sounds that reached him, among which was the call of the boatswain, and he bestirred himself accordingly. Experienced as he was in chases and all sorts of nautical artifices, he very well knew that his situation was sufficiently critical. It would have been so, with a steamer at his heels, in the open ocean; but, situated as he was, he was compelled to steer but one course, and to accept the wind on that course as it might offer. If he varied at all in his direction it was only in a trifling way, though he did make some of these variations. Every moment was now precious, however, and he endeavored to improve the time to the utmost. He knew that he could greatly outsail the revenue vessel, under canvas, and some time would be necessary to enable her to get up her steam; half an hour at the very least. On that half hour, then, depended the fate of the Molly Swash.

"Send the booms on the yards, and set stun'sails at once, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, the instant the more regular canvas was spread forward. "This wind will be free enough for all but the lower stun'sail, and we must drive the brig on."

"Are we not looking up too high, Capt. Spike? The Stepping-Stones are ahead of us, sir."

"I know that very well, Mulford. But it's nearly high water, and the brig's in light trim, and we may rub and go. By making a short cut here, we shall gain a full mile on the steamer; that mile may save us."

"Do you really think it possible to get away from that craft, which can always make a fair wind of it, in these narrow waters, Capt. Spike?"

"One do n't know, sir. Nothin' is done without tryin', and by tryin' more is often done than was hoped for. I have a scheme in my head, and Providence may favor me in bringing it about."

Providence! The religionist quarrels with the philosopher if the latter happen to remove this interposition of a higher power, even so triflingly as by the intervention of secondary agencies, while the biggest rascal dignifies even his success by such phrases as Providential aid! But it is not surprising men should misunderstand terms, when they make such sad confusion in the acts which these terms are merely meant to represent. Spike had his Providence as well as a priest, and we dare say he often counted on its succor, with quite as rational grounds of dependence as many of the pharisees who are constantly exclaiming, "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are these."

Sail was made on board the Swash with great rapidity, and the brig made a bold push at the Stepping-Stones. Spike was a capital pilot. He insisted if he could once gain sight of the spar that was moored on those rocks for a buoy, he should run with great confidence. The two lights were of great assistance, of course, but the revenue

vessel could see these lights as well as the brig, and *she*, doubtless, had an excellent pilot on board. By the time the studding-sails were set on board the *Swash*, the steamer was aweigh, and her long line of peculiar sails became visible. Unfortunately for men who were in a hurry, she lay so much within the bluff as to get the wind scant, and her commander thought it necessary to make a stretch over to the southern shore, before he attempted to lay his course. When he was ready to tack, an operation of some time with a vessel of her great length, the *Swash* was barely visible in the obscurity, gliding off upon a slack bowline, at a rate which nothing but the damp night air, the ballast-trim of the vessel, united to her excellent sailing qualities, could have produced with so light a breeze.

The first half hour took the *Swash* completely out of sight of the steamer. In that time, in truth, by actual superiority in sailing, by her greater state of preparation, and by the distance saved by a bold navigation, she had gained fully a league on her pursuer. But, while the steamer had lost sight of the *Swash*, the latter kept the former in view, and that by means of a signal that was very portentous. She saw the light of the steamer's chimneys, and could form some opinion of her distance and position.

It was about eleven o'clock when the *Swash* passed the light at Sands' Point, close in with the land. The wind stood much as it had been. If there was a change at all, it was half a point more to the southward, and it was a little fresher. Such as it was, Spike saw he was getting, in that smooth water, quite eight knots out of his craft, and he made his calculations thereon. As yet, and possibly for half an hour longer, he was gaining, and might hope to continue to gain on the steamer. Then her turn would come. Though no great traveler, it was not to be expected that, favored by smooth water and the breeze, her speed would be less than ten knots, while there was no hope of increasing his own without an increase of the wind. He might be five miles in advance, or six at the most; these six miles would be overcome in three hours of steaming, to a dead certainty, and they might possibly be overcome much sooner. It was obviously necessary to resort to some other experiment than that of dead sailing, if an escape was to be effected.

The Sound was now several miles in width, and Spike, at first, proposed to his mate, to keep off dead before the wind, and by crossing over to the north shore, let the steamer pass ahead, and continue a bootless chase to the eastward. Several vessels, however, were visible in the middle of the passage, at distances varying from one to three miles, and Mulford pointed out the hopelessness of attempting to cross the sheet of open water, and expect to go unseen by the watchful eyes of the revenue people.

"What you say is true enough, Mr. Mulford," answered Spike, after a moment of profound reflection, "and every foot that they come nearer, the

less 'will be our chance. But here is Hempstead Harbor a few leagues ahead; if we can reach *that* before the blackguards close we may do well enough. It is a deep bay, and has high land to darken the view. I don't think the brig could be seen at midnight by any thing outside, if she was once fairly up that water a mile or two."

"That is our chance, sir!" exclaimed Mulford cheerfully. "Ay, ay, I know the spot, and every thing is favorable—try that, Capt. Spike; I'll answer for it that we go clear."

Spike did try it. For a considerable time longer he stood on, keeping as close to the land as he thought it safe to run, and carrying every thing that would draw. But the steamer was on his heels, evidently gaining fast. Her chimneys gave out flames, and there was every sign that her people were in earnest. To those on board the *Swash* these flames seemed to draw nearer each instant, as indeed was the fact, and just as the breeze came fresher out of the opening in the hills, or the low mountains, which surround the place of refuge in which they designed to enter, Mulford announced that by aid of the night-glass he could distinguish both sails and hull of their pursuer. Spike took a look, and throwing down the instrument, in a way to endanger it, he ordered the studding-sails taken in. The men went aloft like cats, and worked as if they could stand in air. In a minute or two the *Swash* was under what Mrs. Budd might have called her "attacking" canvas, and was close by the wind, looking on a good leg well up the harbor. The brig seemed to be conscious of the emergency, and glided ahead at capital speed. In five minutes she had shut in the flaming chimneys of the steamer. In five minutes more Spike tacked, to keep under the western side of the harbor, and out of sight as long as possible, and because he thought the breeze drew down fresher where he was than more out in the bay.

All now depended on the single fact whether the brig had been seen from the steamer or not, before she hauled into the bay. If seen, she had probably been watched; if not seen, there were strong grounds for hoping that she might still escape. About a quarter of an hour after Spike hauled up, the burning chimneys came again into view. The brig was then half a league within the bay, with a fine dark back-ground of hills to throw her into shadow. Spike ordered every thing taken in but the trysail, under which the brig was left to set slowly over toward the western side of the harbor. He now rubbed his hands with delight, and pointed out to Mulford the circumstance that the steamer kept on her course directly athwart the harbor's mouth! Had she seen the *Swash* no doubt she would have turned into the bay also. Nevertheless, an anxious ten minutes succeeded, during which the revenue vessel steamed fairly past, and shut in her flaming chimneys again by the eastern headlands of the estuary.

PART III.

The western wave was all a flame,
The day was well nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun. THE ANCIENT MARINER.

At that hour, on the succeeding morning, when the light of day is just beginning to chase away the shadows of night, the Molly Swash became visible within the gloom of the high land which surrounds so much of the bay of Hempstead, under easy sail, backing and filling, in order to keep within her hiding place, until a look could be had at the state of things without. Half an hour later, she was so near the entrance of the estuary, as to enable the look-outs aloft to ascertain that the coast was clear, when Spike ordered the helm to be put up, and the brig to be kept away to her course. At this precise moment, Rose appeared on deck, refreshed by the sleep of a quiet night, and with cheeks tinged with a color even more delicate than that which was now glowing in the eastern sky, and which was almost as brilliant.

"We stopped in this bit of a harbor for the night, Miss Rose, that is all," said Spike, observing that his fair passenger was looking about her, in some little surprise, at finding the vessel so near the land, and seemingly so much out of her proper position. "Yes, we always do that, when we first start on a v'y'ge, and before the brig gets use to traveling—don't we, Mr. Mulford?"

Mr. Mulford, who knew how hopeless was the attempt to mystify Rose, as one might mystify her credulous and weak-minded aunt, and who had no disposition to deal any way but fairly by the beautiful, and in one sense now helpless young creature before him, did not see fit to make any reply. Offend Spike he did not dare to do, more especially under present circumstances; and mislead Rose he would not do. He affected not to hear the question, therefore, but issuing an order about the head-sails, he walked forward as if to see it executed. Rose herself was not under as much restraint as the young mate.

"It is convenient, Capt. Spike," she coolly answered for Mulford, "to have stopping places for vessels that are wearied, and I remember the time when my uncle used to tell me of such matters, very much in the same vein; but, it was before I was twelve years old."

Spike hemmed, and he looked a little foolish, but Clench, the boatswain, coming aft to say something to him in confidence, just at that moment, he was enabled to avoid the awkwardness of attempting to explain. This man Clench, or Clinch, as the name was pronounced, was deep in the captain's secrets; far more so than was his mate, and would have been filling Mulford's station at that very time, had he not been hopelessly ignorant of navigation. On the present occasion, his business was to point out to

the captain, two or three lines of smoke, that were visible above the water of the Sound, in the eastern board; one of which he was apprehensive might turn out to be the smoke of the revenue craft, from which they had so recently escaped.

"Steamers are no rarities in Long Island Sound, Clench," observed the captain, leveling his glass at the most suspected of the smokes. "That must be a Providence, or Stonington chap, coming west with the Boston train."

"Either of *them* would have been further west, by this time, Capt. Spike," returned the doubting, but watchful boatswain. "It's a large smoke, and I fear it is the revenue fellow coming back, after having had a look well to the eastward, and satisfying himself that we are not to be had in that quarter."

Spike growled out his assent to the possibility of such a conjecture, and promised vigilance. This satisfied his subordinate for the moment, and he walked forward, or to the place where he belonged. In the mean time, the widow came on deck, smiling, and snuffing the salt air, and ready to be delighted with any thing that was maritime.

"Good morning, Capt. Spike," she cried—"are we in the offing, yet—you know I desired to be told when we are in the offing, for I intend to write a letter to my poor Mr. Budd's sister, Mrs. Sprague, as soon as we get to the offing."

"What is the offing, *aunt*?" enquired the handsome niece.

"Why *you* have hardly been at sea long enough to understand me, child, should I attempt to explain. The offing, however, is the place where the last letters are always written to the owners, and to friends ashore. The term comes, I suppose, from the circumstance that the vessel is about to be off, and it is natural to think of those we leave behind, at such a moment. I intend to write to your aunt Sprague, my dear, the instant I hear we are in the offing; and what is more, I intend to make *you* my amanuensis."

"But how will the letter be sent, *aunt*?—I have no more objections to writing than any one else, but I do not see how the letter is to be sent. Really, the sea is a curious region, with its stopping places for the night, and its offings to write letters at!"

"Yes, it's all as you say, Rose—a most remarkable region is the sea! You'll admire it, as I admire it, when you come to know it better; and as your poor uncle admired it, and as Capt. Spike admires it, too. As for the letters, they can be sent ashore by the pilot, as letters are always sent."

"But, *aunt*, there is no pilot in the Swash—for Capt. Spike refused to take one on board."

"Rose!—you don't understand what you are talking about! No vessel ever yet sailed without a pilot, if indeed any *can*. It's opposed to the law, not to have a pilot; and now I remember to have heard your dear uncle say it was n't a voyage if a vessel did n't take away a pilot."

"But if they take them away, aunty, how can they send the letters ashore by them?"

"Poh! poh! child; you don't know what you're saying; but you'll overlook it, I hope, Capt. Spike, for Rose is quick, and will soon learn to know better. As if letters could n't be sent ashore by the pilot, though he was a hundred thousand miles from land! But, Capt. Spike, you must let me know when we are about to get off the Sound, for I know that the pilot is always sent ashore with his letters, before the vessel gets off the Sound."

"Yes, yes," returned the captain, a little mystified by the widow, though he knew her so well, and understood her so well—"you shall know, ma'am, when we get off soundings, for I suppose that is what you mean."

"What is the difference? Off the Sound, or off the soundings, of course, must mean the same thing. But, Rosy, we will go below and write to your aunt at once, for I see a light-house yonder, and light-houses are always put just off the soundings."

Rose, who always suspected her aunt's nautical talk, though she did not know how to correct it, was not sorry to put an end to it, now, by going below, and spreading her own writing materials, in readiness to write, as the other dictated. Biddy Noon was present, sewing on some of her own finery.

"Now write, as I tell you, Rose," commenced the widow—

"My dear sister Sprague—Here we are, at last, just off the soundings, with light-houses all round us, and so many capes and islands in sight, that it does seem as if the vessel never *could* find its way through them all. Some of these islands must be the West Indies!"

"Aunty, that can *never* be!" exclaimed Rose—"we left New York only yesterday."

"What of that? Had it been old times, I grant you several days might be necessary to get a sight of the West Indies, but, now, when a letter can be written to a friend in Boston and an answer received in half an hour, it requires no such time to go to the West Indies. Besides, what other islands are there in this part of the world?—they can't be England!"

"No—no!"—said Rose, at once seeing it would be preferable to admit they were the West Indies; so the letter went on:—

"Some of these islands must be the West Indies, and it is high time we saw some of them, for we are nearly off the Sound, and the light-houses are getting to be quite numerous. I think we have already seen four since we left the wharf. But, my dear sister Sprague, you will be delighted to hear how much better Rose's health is already becoming—"

"My health, aunty! Why, I never knew an ill day in my life!"

"Do n't tell me that, my darling; I know too well what all these deceptive appearances of health

amount to. I would not alarm you for the world, Rosy dear, but a careful parent—and I'm your parent in affection, if not by nature—but a careful parent's eye is not to be deceived. I know you *look* well, but you are ill, my child; though, Heaven be praised, the sea air and hydropathy are already doing you a monstrous deal of good."

As Mrs. Budd concluded, she wiped her eyes, and appeared really glad that her niece had a less consumptive look than when she embarked. Rose sat, gazing at her aunt, in mute astonishment. She knew how much and truly she was beloved, and that induced her to be more tolerant of her connection's foibles than even duty demanded. Feeling was blended with her respect, but it was almost too much for her, to learn that this long, and, in some respects painful voyage, was undertaken on her account, and without the smallest necessity for it. The vexation, however, would have been largely increased, but for certain free communications that had occasionally occurred between her and the handsome mate, since the moment of her coming on board the brig. Rose knew that Harry Mulford loved her, too, for he had told her as much with a seaman's frankness; and, though she had never let him know that his partiality was returned, her woman's heart was fast inclining toward him, with all her sex's tenderness. This made the mistake of her aunt *tolerable*, though Rose was exceedingly vexed it should ever have occurred.

"Why, my dearest aunt," she cried, "they told me it was on *your* account that this voyage was undertaken!"

"I know they did, poor, dear Rosy, and that was in order not to alarm you. Some persons of delicate constitutions—"

"But my constitution is not in the least delicate, aunt; on the contrary, it is as good as possible; a blessing for which, I trust, I am truly grateful. I did not know but you might be suffering, though you do look so well, for they all agreed in telling me you had need of a sea-voyage."

"I, a subject for hydropathy! Why, child, water is no more necessary to me, than it is to a cat."

"But going to sea, aunty, is not hydropathy—"

"Don't say that, Rosy; do not say that, my dear. It is hydropathy on a large scale, as Capt. Spike says, and when he gets us into blue water, he has promised that you shall have all the benefits of the treatment."

Rose was silent and thoughtful; after which she spoke quickly, like one to whom an important thought had suddenly occurred.

"And Capt. Spike, then, was consulted in my case?" she asked.

"He was, my dear, and you have every reason to be grateful to him. He was the first to discover a change in your appearance, and to suggest a sea voyage. Marine Hydropathy, he said, he was sure would set you up again; for Capt. Spike thinks your constitution good at the bottom, though the high

color you have proves too high a state of habitual excitement."

"Was Dr. Monson consulted at all, aunt?"

"Not at all. You know the doctors are all against hydropathy, and mesmerism, and the magnetic telegraph, and every thing that is new; so we thought it best not to consult him."

"And my aunt Sprague?"

"Yes, *she* was consulted after every thing was settled, and when I knew her notions could not undo what had been already done. But she is a seaman's widow, as well as myself, and has a great notion of the virtue of sea air."

"Then it would seem that Dr. Spike was the principal adviser in my case?"

"I own that he was, Rosy dear. Capt. Spike was brought up by your uncle, who has often told me what a thorough seaman he was. 'There's Spike, now,' he said to me one day, 'he can almost make his brig talk'—this very brig, too, your uncle meant, Rosy, and of course one of the best vessels in the world, to take hydropathy in."

"Yes, aunty," returned Rose, playing with the pen, while her air proved how little her mind was in her words. "Well, what shall I say next to my aunt Sprague?"

"Rose's health is already becoming *confirmed*," resumed the widow, who thought it best to encourage her niece by as strong terms as she could employ, "and I shall extol hydropathy to the skies, as long as I live. As soon as we reach our port of destination, my dear sister Sprague, I shall write you a line to let you know it, by the magnetic telegraph—"

"But there is no magnetic telegraph on the sea, aunty," interrupted Rose, looking up from the paper, with her clear, serene, blue eyes, expressing even *her* surprise, at this touch of the relict's ignorance.

"Don't tell me *that*, Rosy child, when every body says the sparks will fly round the whole earth, just as soon as they will fly from New York to Philadelphia."

"But they must have something to fly on, aunty; and the ocean will not sustain wires, or posts."

"Well, there is no need of being so particular; if there is no telegraph, the letter must come by mail. You can say telegraph, here, and when your aunt gets the letter, the post-mark will tell her how it came. It looks better to talk about telegraphic communications, child."

Rose resumed her pen, and wrote at her aunt's dictation, as follows:—"By the magnetic telegraph, when I hope to be able to tell you that our dear Rose is well. As yet, we both enjoy the ocean exceedingly; but when we get off the Sound, into blue water, and have sent the pilot ashore, or discharged him, I ought to say, which puts me in mind of telling you that a cannon was discharged at us only last night, and that the ball whistled so near me, that I heard it as plain as ever you heard Rose's piano."

"Had I not better first tell my aunt Sprague what is to be done when the pilot is discharged?"

"No; tell her about the cannon that was discharged, first, and about the ball that I heard. I had almost forgot that adventure, which was a very remarkable one, was it not Biddy?"

"Indeed, Missus, and it was! and Miss Rose might put in the letter how we both screamed at that cannon, and might have been heard as plainly, every bit of it, as the ball."

"Say nothing on the subject, Rose, or we shall never hear the last of it. So, darling, you may conclude in your own way, for I believe I have told your aunt all that comes to mind."

Rose did as desired, finishing the epistle in a very few words, for, rightly enough, she had taken it into her head there was no pilot to be discharged, and consequently that the letter would never be sent. Her short, but frequent conferences with Mulford were fast opening her eyes, not to say her heart, and she was beginning to see Capt. Spike in his true character, which was that of a great scoundrel. It is true, that the mate had not long judged his commander quite so harshly; but had rather seen his beautiful brig and her rare qualities, in her owner and commander, than the man himself; but jealousy had quickened his observation of late, and Stephen Spike had lost ground sensibly with Harry Mulford within the last week. Two or three times since, the young man had thought of seeking another berth, on account of certain distrusts of Spike's occupations; but he was poor, and so long as he remained in the Swash, Harry's opportunities of meeting Rose were greatly increased. This circumstance, indeed, was the secret of his still being in the "Molly," as Spike usually called his craft; the late voyage having excited suspicions that were rather of a delicate nature. Then the young man really loved the brig, which, if she could not be literally made to talk, could be made to do almost every thing else. A vessel, and a small vessel, too, is rather contracted as to space, but those who wish to converse can contrive to speak together often, even in such narrow limits. Such had been the fact with Rose Budd and the handsome mate. Twenty times since they sailed, short as that time was, had Mulford contrived to get so near to Rose, as to talk with her, unheard by others. It is true, that he seldom ventured to do this, so long as the captain was in sight, but Spike was often below, and opportunities were constantly occurring. It was in the course of these frequent but brief conversations, that Harry had made certain dark hints touching the character of his commander, and the known recklessness of his proceedings. Rose had taken the alarm, and fully comprehending her aunt's mental imbecility, her situation was already giving her great uneasiness. She had some undefined hopes from the revenue steamer, though, strangely enough as it appeared to her, her youngest and most approved suitor betrayed a strong desire to escape from that

craft, at the very moment he was expressing his apprehensions on account of her presence in the brig. This contradiction arose from a certain *esprit de corps*, which seldom fails, more or less, to identify the mariner with his ship.

But the writing was finished, and the letter sealed with wax, Mrs. Budd being quite as particular in that ceremony as Lord Nelson, when the females again repaired on deck. They found Spike and his mate sweeping the eastern part of the sound, with their glasses, with a view to look out for enemies; or, what to them, just then, was much the same thing, government craft. In this occupation, Rose was a little vexed to see that Mulford was almost as much interested as Spike himself, the love of his vessel seemingly overcoming his love for her, if not his love of the right—she knew of no reason, however, why the captain should dread any other vessel, and felt sufficiently provoked to question him a little on the subject, if it were only to let him see that the niece was not as completely his dupe as the aunt. She had not been on deck five minutes, therefore, during which time several expressions had escaped the two sailors touching their apprehensions of vessels seen in the distance, ere she commenced her inquiries.

"And why should we fear meeting with other vessels?" Rose plainly demanded—"here in Long Island Sound, and within the power of the laws of the country?"

"Fear!" exclaimed Spike, a little startled, and a good deal surprised at this straight-forward question—"Fear, Miss Rose! You do not think we are afraid, though there are many reasons why we do not wish to be spoken by certain craft that are hovering about. In the first place, you know it is war time—I suppose you know, Madam Budd, that America is at war with Mexico?"

"Certainly," answered the widow, with dignity—"and that is a sufficient reason, Rose, why one vessel should chase, and another should run. If you had heard your poor uncle relate, as I have done, all his chasings and runnings away, in the war times, child, you would understand these things better. Why, I've heard your uncle say that, in some of his long voyages, he has run thousands and thousands of miles, with sails set on both sides, and all over his ship!"

"Yes, aunty, and so have I, but that was 'running before the wind,' as he used to call it."

"I s'pose, however, Miss Rose," put in Spike, who saw that the niece would soon get the better of the aunt;—"I s'pose, Miss Rose, that you'll acknowledge that America is at war with Mexico?"

"I am sorry to say that such is the fact, but I remember to have heard you say, yourself, Capt. Spike, when my aunt was induced to undertake this voyage, that you did not consider there was the smallest danger from any Mexicans."

"Yes, you did, Capt. Spike," added the aunt—"you did say there was no danger from Mexicans."

"Nor is there a bit, Madam Budd, if Miss Rose, and your honored self will only hear me. There is no danger, because the brig has the heels of any thing Mexico can send to sea. She has sold her steamers, and, as for any thing else under her flag, I would not care a straw."

"The steamer from which we ran, last evening, and which actually fired off a cannon at us, was not Mexican, but American," said Rose, with a pointed manner that put Spike to his trumps.

"Oh! that steamer—" he stammered—"that was a race—only a race, Miss Rose, and I would n't let her come near me, for the world. I should never hear the last of it, in the insurance offices, and on 'change, did I let her overhaul us. You see, Miss Rose—you see, Madam Budd—" Spike ever found it most convenient to address his mystifying discourse to the aunt, in preference to addressing it to the niece—"You see, Madam Budd, the master of that craft and I are old cronies—sailed together when boys, and set great store by each other. We met only last evening, just after I had left your own agreeable mansion, Madam Budd, and says he, 'Spike, when do you sail?' 'To-morrow's flood, Jones,' says I—his name is Jones;—Peter Jones, and as good a fellow as ever lived. 'Do you go by the Hook, or by Hell-Gate—'"

"Hurl-Gate, Capt. Spike, if you please—or Whirl-Gate, which some people think is the true sound; but the other way of saying it is awful."

"Well, the captain, my old master, always called it Hell-Gate, and I learned the trick from him—"

"I know he did, and so do all sailors; but genteel people, now-a-days, say nothing but Hurl-Gate, or Whirl-Gate."

Rose smiled at this, as did Mulford; but neither said any thing, the subject having once before been up between them. As for ourselves, we are still so old fashioned as to say, and write, Hell-Gate, and intend so to do, in spite of all the Yankees that have yet passed through it, or who ever shall pass through it, and that is saying a great deal. We do not like changing names to suit their uneasy spirits.

"Call the place Hurl-Gate, and go on with your story," said the widow, complacently.

"Yes, Madam Budd—"Do you go by the Hook, or by Whirl-Gate?" said Jones. "By Whirl-a-Gig-Gate," says I. "Well," says he "I shall go through the Gate myself, in the course of the morning. We may meet somewhere to the eastward, and, if we do, I'll bet you a beaver," says he, "that I show you my stern." "Agreed," says I, and we shook hands upon it. That's the whole history of our giving the steamer the slip, last night, and of my not wishing to let her speak me."

"But you went into a bay, and let her go past you," said Rose, coolly enough as to manner, but with great point as to substance. "Was not that a singular way of winning a race?"

"It does seem so, Miss Rose, but it's all plain enough, when understood. I found that steam was

too much for sails, and I stood up into the bay to let them run past us, in hopes they would never find out the trick. I care as little for a hat, as any man, but I do care a good deal about having it reported on 'change that the Molly was beat, by even a steamer."

This ended the discourse, for the moment, Clench again having something to say to his captain in private.

"How much of that explanation am I to believe, and how much disbelieve," asked Rose, the instant she was left alone with Harry. "If it be all invention, it was a ready and ingenious story."

"No part of it is true. He no more expected that the steamer would pass through Hell-Gate, than I expected it myself. There was no bet, or race, therefore; but it was our wish to avoid Uncle Sam's cruiser, that was all."

"And why should *you* wish any such thing?"

"On my honor, I can give you no better reason, so far as I am concerned, than the fact that, wishing to keep clear of her, I do not like to be overhauled. Nor can I tell you why Spike is so much in earnest in holding the revenue vessel at arm's length; I know he dislikes all such craft, as a matter of course, but I can see no particular reason for it just now. A more innocent cargo was never struck into a vessel's hold."

"What is it?"

"Flour; and no great matter of that. The brig is not half full, being just in beautiful ballast trim, as if ready for a race. I can see no sufficient reason, beyond native antipathy, why Capt. Spike should wish to avoid any craft, for it is humbug his dread of a Mexican, and least of all, here in Long Island Sound. All that story about Jones is a tub for whales."

"Thank you for the allusion; my aunt and myself being the whales."

"You know I do mean—*can* mean nothing, Rose, that is disrespectful to either yourself or your aunt."

Rose looked up, and she looked pleased. Then she mused in silence, for some time, when she again spoke.

"Why have you remained another voyage, with such a man, Harry?" she asked, earnestly.

"Because, as his first officer, I have had access to your house, when I could not have had it otherwise; and because I have apprehended that he might persuade Mrs. Budd, as he had boasted to me it was his intention to do, to make this voyage."

Rose now looked grateful; and deeply grateful did she feel, and had reason to feel. Harry had concealed no portion of his history from her. Like herself, he was a ship-master's son, but one better educated and better connected than was customary for the class. His father had paid a good deal of attention to the youth's early years, but had made a seaman of him, out of choice. The father had lost his all, however, with his life, in a ship-wreck, and Harry was thrown upon his own resources, at the early

age of twenty. He had made one or two voyages as a second mate, when chance threw him in Spike's way, who, pleased with some evidences of coolness and skill, that he had shown in a foreign port, on the occasion of another loss, took him as his first officer; in which situation he had remained ever since, partly from choice and partly from necessity. On the other hand, Rose had a fortune; by no means a large one, but several thousands in possession, from her own father, and as many more in reversion from her uncle. It was this money, taken in connection with the credulous imbecility of the aunt, that had awakened the cupidity, and excited the hopes of Spike. After a life of lawless adventures, one that had been chequered by every shade of luck, he found himself growing old, with his brig growing old with him, and little left beside his vessel and the sort of half cargo that was in her hold. Want of means, indeed, was the reason that the flour barrels were not more numerous.

Rose heard Mulford's explanation favorably, as indeed she heard most of that which came from him, but did not renew the discourse, Spike's conference with the boatswain just then terminating. The captain now came aft, and began to speak of the performances of his vessel in a way to show that he took great pride in them.

"We are traveling at the rate of ten knots, Madam Budd," he said exultingly, "and that will take us clear of the land, before night shuts in ag'in. Montauk is a good place for an offing; I ask for no better."

"Shall we then have *two* offings, this voyage, Capt. Spike?" asked Rose, a little sarcastically. "If we are in the offing now, and are to be in the offing when we reach Montauk, there must be two such places."

"Rosy, dear, you amaze me!" put in the aunt. "There is no offing until the pilot is discharged, and when he's discharged there is nothing but offing. It's all offing. On the Sound, is the first great change that befalls a vessel as she goes to sea; then, comes the offing; next the pilot is discharged—then—then—what comes next, Capt. Spike?"

"Then the vessel takes her departure—an old navigator like yourself, Madam Budd, ought not to forget the departure."

"Quite true, sir. The departure is a very important portion of a seaman's life. Often, and often have I heard my poor, dear Mr. Budd talk about his departures. His departures, and his offings and his—"

"Land-falls," added Spike, perceiving that the ship-master's relict was a little at fault.

"Thank you, sir; the hint is quite welcome. His land-falls, also, were often in his mouth."

"What is a land-fall, aunty?" enquired Rose—"It appears a strange term to be used by one who lives on the water."

"Oh! there is no end to the curiosities of sailors! A 'land-fall,' my dear, means a ship-wreck of course."

To fall on the land, and a very unpleasant fall it is, when a vessel should keep on the water. I've heard of dreadful land-falls in my day, in which hundreds of souls have been swept into eternity, in an instant."

"Yes; yes, Madam Budd—there are such accidents truly, and serious things be they to encounter," answered Spike, hemming a little to clear his throat, as was much his practice whenever the widow ran into any unusually extravagant blunder; "yes, serious things to encounter. But the land-fall that I mean is a different sort of thing; being, as you well know, what we say when we come in *sight* of land after a v'y'ge; or, meaning the land we may happen first to see. The departure is the beginning of our calculation when we lose sight of the last cape or head-land, and the land-fall closes it, by letting us know where we are, at the other end of our journey, as you probably remember."

"Is there not such a thing as clearing out in navigation?" asked Rose quickly, willing to cover a little confusion that was manifest in her aunt's manner.

"Not exactly in navigation, Miss Rose, but clearing out, with honest folk, ought to come first and navigation afterwards. Clearing out means going through the Custom House, accordin' to law."

"And the Molly Swash has cleared out, I hope?"

"Sartain—a more lawful clearance was never given in Wall Street; it's for Key West and a market. I did think of making it Havana and a market, but port-charges are lightest at Key West."

"Then Key West is the place to which we are bound?"

"It ought to be, agreeable to papers; though vessels sometimes miss the ports for which they clear."

Rose put no more questions, and her aunt being conscious that she had not appeared to advantage in the affair of the "land-fall," was also disposed to be silent. Spike and Mulford had their attention drawn to the vessel, and the conversation dropped.

The reader can readily suppose that the Molly Swash had not been standing still all this time. So far from this, she was running "down Sound," with the wind on her quarter, or at south-west, making great head-way, as she was close under the south shore, or on the island side of the water she was in. The vessel had no other motion than that of her speed, and the females escaped every thing like sea-sickness, for the time being. This enabled them to attend to making certain arrangements necessary to their comforts below, previously to getting into rough water. In acquitting herself of this task, Rose received much useful advice from Josh, though his new assistant, Jack Tier, turned out to be a prize indeed, in the cabins. The first was only a steward; but the last proved himself not only a handy person of his calling, but one full of resources; a genius, in his way. Josh soon became so sensible of his own inferiority, in contributing to the comforts of

females, that he yielded the entire management of the "ladies' cabin," as a little place that might have been ten feet square, was called, to his uncouth-looking, but really expert deputy. Jack waddled about below, as if born and brought up in such a place, and seemed every way fitted for his office. In height, and in build generally, there was a surprising conformity between the widow and the steward's deputy, a circumstance which might induce one to think they must often have been in each other's way, in a space so small; though, in point of fact, Jack never ran foul of any one. He seemed to avoid this inconvenience, by a species of nautical instinct.

Towards the turn of the day, Rose had every thing arranged, and was surprised to find how much room she had made for her aunt and herself, by means of Jack's hints, and how much more comfortable it was possible to be, in that small cabin, than she had, at first, supposed.

After dinner, Spike took his siesta. He slept in a little state-room that stood on the starboard side of the quarter deck, quite aft; as Mulford did in one on the larboard. These two state-rooms were fixtures; but a light deck over-head, which connected them, shipped and unshipped, forming a shelter for the man at the wheel, when in its place, as well as for the officer of the watch, should he see fit to use it, in bad weather. This sort of cuddy, Spike termed his "coach-house."

The captain had no sooner gone into his state-room, and closed its window, movements that were understood by Mulford, than the latter took occasion to intimate to Rose, by means of Jack Tier, the state of things on deck, when the young man was favored with the young lady's company.

"He has turned in for his afternoon's nap, and will sleep for just one hour, blow high, or blow low," said the mate, placing himself at Rose's side on the trunk, which formed the usual seat for those who could presume to take the liberty of sitting down on the quarter-deck. "It's a habit with him, and we can count on it, with perfect security."

"His doing so, now, is a sign that he has no immediate fears of the revenue steamer?"

"The coast is quite clear of her. We have taken good looks at every smoke, but can see nothing that appears like our late companion. She has doubtless gone to the eastward, on duty, and merely chased us, on her road."

"But *why* should she chase us, at all?"

"Because we ran. Let a dog run, or a man run, or a cat run, ten to one but something starts in chase. It is human nature, I believe, to give chase; though I will admit there was something suspicious about that steamer's movements—her anchoring off the Fort, for instance. But let her go, for the present; are you getting things right, and to your mind, below decks?"

"Very much so. The cabin is small, and the two state-rooms the merest drawers that ever were used,

but, by putting every thing in its place, we have made sufficient room, and no doubt shall be comfortable."

"I am sorry you did not call on me for assistance. The mate has a prescriptive right to help stow away."

"We made out without your services," returned Rose, slightly blushing—"Jack Tier, as he is called, Josh's assistant, is a very useful person, and has been our adviser and manager. I want no better, for such services."

"He is a queer fellow, all round. Take him altogether, I hardly ever saw so droll a being! As thick as he's long, with a waddle like a duck, a voice that is cracked, hair like bristles, and knee high, the man might make a fortune as a show. Tom Thumb is scarcely a greater curiosity."

"He is singular in 'build,' as you call it," returned Rose, laughing, "but, I can assure you, that he is a most excellent fellow in his way—worth a dozen of Josh. Do you know, Harry, that I suspect he has strong feelings towards Capt. Spike; though whether of like or dislike, friendship or enmity, I am at a loss to say."

"And why do you think that he has any feeling, at all? I have heard Spike say, he left the fellow ashore, somewhere down on the Spanish Main, or in the Islands, quite twenty years since, but a sailor would scarce carry a grudge so long a time, for such a thing as that."

"I do not know—but feeling there is, and much of it, too; though, whether hostile, or friendly, I will not undertake to say."

"I'll look to the chap, now you tell me this. It is a little odd, the manner in which he got on board us, taken in connection with the company he was in, and a discovery may be made. Here he is, however, and, as I keep the keys of the magazine, he can do us no great harm, unless he scuttles the brig."

"Magazine! Is there such a thing here?"

"To be sure there is, and ammunition enough in it, to keep eight carronades in lively conversation for a couple of hours."

"A carronade is what you call a gun, is it not?"

"A piece of a one—being somewhat short, like your friend Jack Tier, who is shaped a good deal like a carronade."

Rose smiled—nay, half laughed, for Harry's pleasantries almost took the character of wit in her eyes, but she did not the less pursue her inquiries.

"Guns! And where are they, if they be on this vessel?"

"Do not use such a lubberly expression, my dear Rose, if you respect your father's profession. *On a vessel* is a new fangled Americanism, that is neither fish, flesh, nor red-herring, as we sailors say—neither English nor Greek."

"What should I say, then? My wish is not to parade sea-talk, but to use it correctly, when I use it at all."

"The expression is hardly 'sea-talk,' as you call

it, but every-day English—that is when rightly used. On a vessel is no more English, than it is nautical—no sailor ever used such an expression."

"Tell me what I ought to say, and you will find me a willing, if not an apt scholar. I am certain of having often read it, in the newspapers, and that quite lately."

"I'll answer for that, and it's another proof of its being wrong. *In a vessel* is as correct as *in a coach*, and *on a vessel* as wrong as can be; but you can say *on board a vessel*, though not '*on a vessel*!' Not on the '*boards of a vessel*,' as Mrs. Budd has it."

"Mr. Mulford!"

"I beg a thousand pardons, Rose, and will offend no more—though she does make some very queer mistakes!"

"My aunt thinks it an honor to my uncle's memory to be able to use the language of his professional life, and if she do sometimes make mistakes that are absurd, it is with a motive so respectable that no sailor should deride them."

"I am rebuked for ever. Mrs. Budd may call the anchor a silver spoon, hereafter, without my even smiling. But, if the aunt has this kind remembrance of a seaman's life, why cannot the niece think equally well of it?"

"Perhaps she does," returned Rose, smiling again—"seeing all its attractions through the claims of Capt. Spike."

"I think half the danger from him gone, now that you seem so much on your guard. What an odious piece of deception, to persuade Mrs. Budd that you were fast falling into a decline!"

"One so odious that I shall surely quit the brig at the first port we enter, or even in the first suitable vessel that we may speak."

"And Mrs. Budd—could you persuade her to such a course?"

"You scarce know us, Harry Mulford. My aunt commands, when there is no serious duty to perform, but we change places, when there is. I can persuade her to any thing that is right, in ten minutes."

"You might persuade a world!" cried Harry, with strong admiration expressed in his countenance; after which he began to converse with Rose, on a subject so interesting to themselves that we do not think it prudent to relate any more of the discourse, forgetting all about the guns.

About four o'clock, of a fine summer's afternoon, the *Swash* went through the Race, on the best of the ebb, and with a staggering south-west wind. Her movement by the land, just at that point, could not have been less than at the rate of fifteen miles in the hour. Spike was in high spirits, for his brig had got on famously that day, and there was nothing in sight to the eastward. He made no doubt, as he had told his mate, that the steamer had gone into the Vineyard Sound, and that she was bound over the shoals.

"They want to make political capital, out of her," he added, using one of the slang phrases that the "business habits" of the American people are so fast, and so rapidly incorporating with the common language of the country—"They want to make political capital out of her, Harry, and must show her off to the Boston folk, who are full of notions. Well, let them turn her to as much account in that way, as they please, so long as they keep her clear of the Molly. Your sarvant, Madam Budd"—addressing the widow, who just at that moment came on deck—"a fine a'ternoon, and likely to be a clear night to run off the coast in."

"Clear nights are desirable, and most of all at sea, Capt. Spike," returned the relict, in her best, complacent, manner, "whether it be to run *off* a coast, or to run *on* a coast. In either case, a clear night, or a bright moon must be useful."

Capt. Spike rolled his tobacco over in his mouth, and cast a furtive glance at the mate, but he did not presume to hazard any further manifestations of his disposition to laugh.

"Yes, Madam Budd," he answered, "it is quite as you say, and I am only surprised where you have picked up so much of what I call useful nautical knowledge."

"We live and learn, sir. You will recollect that this is not my first voyage, having made one before, and that I passed a happy, happy, thirty years in the society of my poor, dear husband, Rose's uncle. One must have been dull, indeed, not to have picked up, from such a companion, much of a calling that was so dear to him, and the particulars of which were so very dear to him. He actually gave me lessons in the 'sea dialect,' as he called it, which probably is the true reason I am so accurate and general in my acquisitions."

"Yes, Madam Budd—yes—hem—you are—yes, you are wonderful in that way. We shall soon get an offing, now, Madam Budd—yes, soon get an offing, now."

"And take in our departure, Capt. Spike—" added the widow with a very intelligent smile.

"Yes, take our departure. Montauk is yonder, just coming in sight; only some three hours' run from this spot. When we get there, the open ocean will lie before us, and give me the open sea, and I'll not call the king my uncle."

"Was he your uncle, Capt. Spike?"

"Only in a philanthropic way, Madam Budd. Yes, let us get a good offing, and a rapping to'gallant breeze, and I do not think I should care much for two of Uncle Sam's new-fashioned revenue craft, one on each side of me."

"How delightful do I find such conversation, Rose! It's as much like your poor, dear uncle's, as one pea is like another. 'Yes,' he used to say, too, 'let me only have one on each side of me, and a wrapper round the topgallant sail to hold the breeze, and I'd not call the king my uncle.' Now I think of it, *he* used to talk about the king as his uncle, too."

"It was all talk, aunty. He had no uncle, and what is more, he had no king."

"That's quite true, Miss Rose," rejoined Spike, attempting a bow, which ended in a sort of a jerk. "It is not very becoming in us republicans to be talking of kings, but a habit is a habit. Our forefathers had kings, and we drop into their ways without thinking of what we are doing. Fore-top-gallant yard, there?"

"Sir."

"Keep a bright look-out, ahead. Let me know the instant you make any thing in the neighborhood of Montauk."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"As I was saying, Madam Budd, we seamen drop into our forefather's ways. Now, when I was a youngster, I remember, one day, that we fell in with a ketch—you know, Miss Rose, what a ketch is, I suppose?"

"I have not the least notion of it, sir."

"Rosy, you amaze me!" exclaimed the aunt—"and you a ship-master's niece, and a ship-master's daughter! A catch is a trick that sailors have, when they quiz landsmen."

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes; we have them sort of catches, too, but I now mean the vessel with a peculiar rig, which we call a ketch, you know."

"Is it the full-jigger, or the half-jigger sort, that you mean?"

Spike could hardly stand this, and he had to hail the top-gallant-yard again, in order to keep the command of his muscles, for he saw by the pretty frown that was gathering on the brow of Rose, that she was regarding the matter a little seriously. Luckily, the answer of the man on the yard diverted the mind of the widow from the subject, and prevented the necessity of any reply.

"There's a light, of course sir, on Montauk, is there not, Capt. Spike?" demanded the seaman who was aloft.

"To be sure there is—every head-land, hereabouts, has its light; and some have two."

"Ay, ay, sir—it's that which puzzles me; I think I see one light-house, and I'm not certain but I see two."

"If there is any thing like a second, it must be a sail. Montauk has but one light."

Mulford sprang into the fore-rigging, and in a minute was on the yard. He soon came down and reported the light-house in sight, with the afternoon's sun shining on it, but no sail near.

"My poor, dear Mr. Budd used to tell a story of his being cast away on a light-house, in the East Indies," put in the relict, as soon as the mate had ended his report, "which always affected me. It seems there were three ships of them together, in an awful tempest directly off the land—"

"That was comfortable any how," cried Spike;—"if it must blow hard, let it come off the land, say I."

"Yes, sir, it was directly off the land, as my poor

husband always said, which made it so much the worse you must know, Rosy, though Capt. Spike's gallant spirit would rather encounter danger than not. It blew what they call a Hyson, in the Chinese seas—"

"A what, aunty?—Hyson is the name of a tea, you know."

"A Hyson, I'm pretty sure it was, and I suppose the wind is named after the tea, or the tea after the wind."

"The ladies do get in a gale, sometimes, over their tea," said Spike gallantly. "But I rather think Madam Budd must mean a Typhoon."

"That's it—a Typhoon, or a Hyson—there is not much difference between them, you see. Well, it blew a Typhoon, and they are always mortal to somebody. This my poor Mr. Budd well knew, and he had set his chronometer for that Typhoon—"

"Excuse me aunty, it was the barometer that he was watching—the chronometer was his watch."

"So it was—his watch on deck *was* his chronometer, I declare. I *am* forgetting a part of my education. Do you know the use of a chronometer, now, Rose? You have seen your uncle's often, but do you know how he used it?"

"Not in the least, aunty. My uncle often tried to explain it, but I never could understand him."

"It must have been, then, because Capt. Budd did not try to make himself comprehended," said Mulford, "for I feel certain nothing would be easier than to make *you* understand the uses of the chronometer."

"I should like to learn it from *you*, Mr. Mulford," answered the charming girl, with an emphasis so slight on the 'you,' that no one observed it but the mate, but which was clear enough to him, and caused every nerve to thrill.

"I can attempt it," answered the young man, "if it be agreeable to Mrs. Budd, who would probably like to hear it, herself."

"Certainly, Mr. Mulford, though I fancy you can say little on such a subject, that I have not often heard, already, from my poor, dear, Mr. Budd."

This was not very encouraging, truly, but Rose continuing to look interested, the mate proceeded.

"The use of the chronometer is to ascertain the longitude," said Harry, "and the manner of doing it, is simply this: A chronometer is nothing more nor less, than a watch made with more care than usual, so as to keep the most accurate time. They are of all sizes, from that of a clock, down to this which I wear in my fob, and which is a watch in size and appearance. Now, the nautical almanacs are all calculated to some particular meridian—"

"Yes," interrupted the relict, "Mr. Budd had a great deal to say about meridians."

"That of London, or Greenwich, being the meridian used by those who use the English Almanacs, and those of Paris or St. Petersburg, by the French and Russians. Each of these places has an observatory, and chronometers that are kept carefully regu-

lated, the year round. Every chronometer is set by the regulator of the particular observatory or place to which the almanac used is calculated."

"How wonderfully like my poor, dear Mr. Budd, all this is, Rosy! Meridians, and calculated and almanacs! I could almost think I heard your uncle entertaining me with one of his nautical discussions, I declare!"

"Now the sun rises earlier in places east, than in places west of us."

"It rises earlier in the summer, but later in the winter, every where, Mr. Mulford."

"Yes, my dear Madam, but the sun rises earlier every day, in London, than it does in New York."

"That is impossible," said the widow, dogmatically—"Why should not the sun rise at the same time in England and America?"

"Because England is east of America, aunty. The sun does not move, you know, but only appears to us to move, because the earth turns round from west to east, which causes those who are farthest east to see it the first. That is what Mr. Mulford means."

"Rose has explained it perfectly well," continued the mate. "Now the earth is divided into 360 degrees, and the day is divided into 24 hours. If 360 be divided by 24, the quotient will be 15. It follows, that for each fifteen degrees of longitude, there is a difference of just one hour in the rising of the sun, all over the earth, where it rises at all. New York is near five times 15 degrees west of Greenwich, and the sun consequently rises five hours later at New York than at London."

"There *must* be a mistake in this, Rosy," said the relict in a tone of desperate resignation, in which the desire to break out in dissent, was struggling oddly enough, with an assumed dignity of deportment. I've always heard that the people of London are some of the latest in the world. Then I've been in London, and know that the sun rises in New York, in December, a good deal earlier than it does in London, by the clock—yes, by the clock."

"True enough, by the clock, Mrs. Budd, for London is more than ten degrees north of New York, and the farther north you go, the later the sun rises in winter, and the earlier in summer."

The relict merely shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say that she knew no such thing; but Rose, who had been well taught, raised her serene eyes to her aunt's face, and mildly said—

"All true, aunty, and that is owing to the fact that the earth is smaller at each end, than in the middle."

"Fiddle faddle with your middles and ends, Rose—I've been in London, dear, and know that the sun rises later there than in New York, in the month of December, and that I know by the clock, I tell you."

"The reason of which is," resumed Mulford, "because the clocks of each place keep the time of that place. Now, it is different with the chronometers, they are set in the observatory of Greenwich, and keep the time of Greenwich. This watch

chronometer was set there, only six months since, and this time, as you see is near nine o'clock, when in truth it is only about four o'clock, here, where we are."

"I wonder you keep such a watch, Mr. Mulford?"

"I keep it," returned the mate smiling, "because I know it to keep good time. It has the Greenwich time; and, as your watch has the New York time, by comparing them together, it is quite easy to find the longitude of New York."

"Do you, then, keep watches to compare with your chronometers?" asked Rose, with interest.

"Certainly not, as that would require a watch for every separate part of the ocean, and then we should only get known longitudes. It would be impracticable, and load a ship with nothing but watches. What we do, is this: We set our chronometers at Greenwich, and thus keep the Greenwich true time, wherever we go. The greatest attention is paid to the chronometers, to see that they receive no injuries, and usually there are two, and often more of them, to compare one with another, in order to see that they go well. When in the middle of the ocean, for instance, we find the true time of day at that spot, by ascertaining the height of the sun. This we do by means of our quadrants, or sextants; for, as the sun is always in the zenith at twelve o'clock, nothing is easier than to do this, when the sun can be seen, and an arc of the heavens measured. At the instant the height of the sun is ascertained by one observer, he calls to another, who notes the time on the chronometer. The difference in these two times, or that of the chronometer and that of the sun, gives the distance in degrees and minutes, between the longitude of Greenwich and that of the place on the ocean, where the observer is; and that gives him his longitude. If the difference is three hours and twenty minutes, in time, the distance from Greenwich is fifty degrees of longitude, because the sun rises there three hours and twenty minutes sooner in London, than in the fiftieth degree of west longitude."

"A watch is a watch, Rosy," put in the aunt, doggedly—"and time is time.—When it's four o'clock at our house, it's four o'clock at your aunt Sprague's, and it's so all over the world. The world may turn round—I'll not deny it, for your uncle often said as much as *that*, but it cannot turn in the way Mr. Mulford says, or we should all fall off it, at night, when it was bottom upwards. No, sir, no; you've started wrong. My poor, dear, late Mr. Budd always admitted that the world turned round, as the books say; but, when I suggested to him the difficulty of keeping things in their places, with the earth upside down, he acknowledged candidly—for he was all candor, I must say that for him—and owned that he had made a discovery, by means of his barometer, which showed that the world did not turn round, in the way you describe, or by rolling over, but by whirling about as one turns in a dance. You must remember your uncle's telling me this, Rose?"

Rose did remember her uncle's telling her aunt this, as well as a great many other similar prodigies. Capt. Budd had married his silly wife, on account of her pretty face, and when the novelty of that was over, he often amused himself by inventing all sorts of absurdities, to amuse both her and himself. Among other things, Rose well remembered his quieting her aunt's scruples about falling off the earth, by laying down the theory that the world did not "roll over," but "whirl round." But Rose did not answer the question.

"Objects are kept in their places on the earth, by means of attraction," Mulford ventured to say, with a great deal of humility of manner. "I believe it is thought there is no up or down, except as we go from, or towards the earth; and that would make the position of the last a matter of indifference, as respects objects keeping on it."

"Attractions are great advantages, I will own, sir, especially to our sex. I think it will be acknowledged there has been no want of them in our family, any more than there has been of sense and information. Sense, and information, we pride ourselves on; attractions being gifts from God, we try to think less of them. But all the attractions in the world could not keep Rosy, here, from falling off the earth, did it ever come bottom upwards. And, mercy on me, where would she fall to?"

Mulford saw that argument was useless, and he confined his remarks, during the rest of the conversation, to showing Rose the manner in which the longitude of a place might be ascertained, with the aid of the chronometer, and by means of observations to get the true time of day, at the particular place itself. Rose was so quick witted, and already so well instructed, as easily to comprehend the principles; the details being matters of no great moment to one of her sex and habits. But Mrs. Budd remained antagonist to the last. She obstinately maintained that twelve o'clock was twelve o'clock; or, if there *was* any difference, "London hours were notoriously later, than those of New York."

Against such assertions, arguments were obviously useless, and Mulford, perceiving that Rose began to fidget, had sufficient tact to change the conversation altogether.

And still the Molly Swash kept in swift motion. Montauk was, by this time, abeam, and the little brigantine began to rise and fall, on the long swells of the Atlantic, which now opened before her, in one vast sheet of green and rolling waters. On her right, lay the termination of Long Island; a low, rocky cape, with its light, and a few fields in tillage, for the uses of those who tended it. It was the "land's end" of New York, while the island that was heaving up out of the sea, at a distance of about twenty miles to the eastward, was the property of Rhode Island, being called Blok Island. Between the two, the Swash shaped her course for the ocean.

Spike had betrayed uneasiness, as his brig came up with Montauk; but the coast seemed clear, with not even a distant sail in sight, and he came aft rubbing his hands with delight, speaking cheerfully.

"All right, Mr. Mulford," he cried—"every thing ship-shape and brister-fashion—not even a smack fishing here-away, which is a little remarkable. Ha!—what are you staring at, over the quarter, there?"

"Look here, sir, directly in the wake of the setting sun, which we are now opening from the land—is not that a sail?"

"Sail! Impossible, sir. What should a sail be doing in there, so near Montauk—no man ever saw a sail there, in his life. It's a spot in the sun, Madam Budd, that my mate has got a glimpse at, and, sailor-like, he mistakes it for a sail! Ha—ha—yes, Harry, it's a spot in the sun."

"It is a spot *on* the sun, as you say, but it's a spot made by a vessel—and here is a boat pulling towards her, might and main; going from the light, as if carrying news."

It was no longer possible for Spike's hopes to deceive him. There was a vessel sure enough, though, when first seen, it was so directly in a line with the fiery orb of the setting sun, as to escape common observation. As the brig went foaming on towards the ocean, however, the black speck was soon brought out of the range of the orb of day, and Spike's glass was instantly leveled at it.

"Just as one might expect, Mr. Mulford," cried the captain, lowering his glass, and looking aloft to see what could be done to help his craft along; "a bloody revenue cutter, as I'm a wicked sinner! There she lies, sir, within musket shot of the shore, hid behind the point, as it might be in waiting for us, with her head to the southward, her helm hard down, topsail aback, and foresail braild; as wicked looking a thing as Free Trade and Sailor's Rights ever ran from. My life on it, sir, she's been put in that precise spot, in waiting, for the Molly to arrive. You see, as we stand on, it places her as handsomely to windward of us, as the heart of man could desire."

"It is a revenue cutter, sir; now she's out of the sun's wake, that is plain enough. And that is her boat, which has been sent to the light to keep a look-out for us. Well, sir; she's to windward, but we have every thing set for our course, and as we are fairly abeam, she must be a great traveler to overhaul us."

"I thought these bloody cutters were all down in the Gulf," growled the captain, casting his eyes aloft, again, to see that every thing drew. "I'm sure the newspapers have mentioned as many as twenty that are down there, and here is one, lying behind Montauk, like a snake in the grass!"

"At any rate, by the time he gets his boat up, we shall get the start of him—ay; there he fills and falls off, to go and meet her. He'll soon be after us, Capt. Spike, at racing speed."

Every thing occurred as those two mariners had foreseen. The revenue cutter, one of the usual fore-top-sail schooners that are employed in that service, up and down the coast, had no sooner hoisted up her boat, than she made sail, a little off the wind, on a line to close with the Swash. As for the brig, she had hauled up to an easy bowline, as she came round Montauk, and was now standing off south south-east, still having the wind at south-west. The weatherly position of the cutter enabled her to steer rather more than one point freer. At the commencement of this chase, the vessels were about a mile and a half apart, a distance too great to enable the cutter to render the light guns she carried available, and it was obvious from the first, that every thing depended on speed. And speed it was, truly; both vessels fairly flying; the Molly Swash having at last met with something very like her match. Half an hour satisfied both Spike and Mulford that, by giving the cutter the advantage of one point in a freer wind, that she would certainly get along side of them, and the alternative was to keep off.

"A stern chase is a long chase, all the world over," cried Spike—"edge away, sir; edge away, sir, and bring the cutter well on our quarter."

This order was obeyed, but to the surprise of those in the Swash, the cutter did not exactly follow, though she kept off a little more. Her object seemed to be to maintain her weatherly position, and in this manner, the two vessels ran on, for an hour longer, until the Swash had made most of the distance between Montauk and Blok Island. Objects were even becoming dimly visible on the last, and the light on the point was just becoming visible, a lone star above a waste of desert, the sun having been down now fully a quarter of an hour, and twilight beginning to draw the curtain of night over the waters.

"A craft under Blok," shouted the look-out, that was still kept aloft as a necessary precaution.

"What sort of a craft?" demanded Spike, fiercely; for the very mention of a sail, at that moment, aroused all his ire. "Ar'n't you making a frigate out of an apple orchard?"

"It's the steamer, sir. I can now see her smoke. She's just clearing the land, on the south side of the island, and seems to be coming round to meet us."

A long, low, eloquent whistle from the captain, succeeded this announcement. The man aloft was right. It *was* the steamer, sure enough; and she had been lying hid behind Blok Island, exactly as her consort had been placed behind Montauk, in waiting for their chase to arrive. The result was, to put the Molly Swash in exceeding jeopardy, and the reason why the cutter kept so well to windward, was fully explained. To pass out to sea between these two craft was hopeless. There remained but a single alternative from capture, by one or by the other, and that Spike adopted instantly. He kept

his brig dead away, setting studding-sails on both sides. This change of course brought the cutter nearly aft, or somewhat on the other quarter, and laid the brig's head in a direction to carry her close to the northern coast of the island. But the principal advantage was gained over the steamer, which could not keep off, without first standing a mile or two, or even more, to the westward, in order to clear the land. This was so much clear gain to the Swash, which was running off at racing speed, on a northeast course, while her most dangerous enemy was still heading to the westward. As for the cutter, she kept away; but, it was soon apparent that the brig had the heels of her, dead before the wind.

Darkness now began to close around the three vessels; the brig and the schooner soon becoming visible to each other principally by means of their night-glasses; though the steamer's position could be easily distinguished by means of her flaming chimney. This latter vessel stood to the westward for a quarter of an hour, when her commander appeared to become suddenly conscious of the ground he was losing, and he wore short round, and went off before the wind, under steam and canvas; intending to meet the chase off the northern side of the island. The very person who had hailed the Swash, as she was leaving the wharf, who had passed her in Hell-Gate, with Jack Tier in his boat, and who had joined her off Throgmorton's, was now on her deck, urging her commander, by every consideration, not to let the brig escape. It was at his suggestion that the course was changed. Nervous, and eager to seize the brig, he prevailed on the commander of the steamer to change his course. Had he done no more than this, all might have been well; but, so exaggerated were his notions of the Swash's sailing, that, instead of suffering the steamer to keep close along the eastern side of the island, he persuaded her commander of the necessity of standing off, a long distance to the northward and eastward, with a view to get ahead of the chase. This was not bad advice, were there any certainty that Spike would stand on, of which, however, he had no intention.

The night set in dark and cloudy, and, the instant that Spike saw, by means of the flaming chimney, that the steamer had wore, and was going to the eastward of Blok, his plan was laid. Calling to Mul-

ford, he communicated it to him, and glad to find that his intelligent mate was of his own way of thinking. The necessary orders were given, accordingly, and every thing was got ready for its execution.

In the meantime, the two revenue craft were much in earnest. The schooner was one of the fastest in the service, and had been placed under Montauk, as described, in the confident expectation of her being able to compete with even the Molly Swash successfully; more especially if brought upon a bow line. Her commander watched the receding form of the brig with the closest attention, until it was entirely swallowed up in the darkness, under the land, towards which he then sheered himself, in order to prevent the Swash from hauling up, and turning to windward, close in under the shadow of the island. Against this manœuvre, however, the cutter had now taken an effectual precaution, and her people were satisfied that escape in that way was impossible.

On the other hand, the steamer was doing very well. Driven by the breeze, and propelled by her wheels, away she went, edging further and further from the island, as the person from the Custom House succeeded, as it might be, inch by inch, in persuading the captain of the necessity of his so doing. At length a sail was dimly seen ahead, and then no doubt was entertained that the brig had got to the northward and eastward of them. Half an hour brought the steamer along side of this sail, which turned out to be a brig, that had come over the shoals, and was beating into the ocean, on her way to one of the southern ports. Her captain said there had nothing passed to the eastward.

Round went the steamer, and in went all her canvas. Ten minutes later the look-out saw a sail to the westward, standing before the wind. Odd as it might seem, the steamer's people now fancied they were sure of the Swash. There she was, coming directly for them, with square yards! The distance was short, or a vessel could not have been seen by that light, and the two craft were soon near each other. A gun was actually cleared on board the steamer, ere it was ascertained that the stranger was the schooner! It was now midnight, and nothing was in sight but the coasting brig. Reluctantly, the revenue people gave the matter up; the Molly Swash having again eluded them, though by means unknown. [To be continued.]

HAWKING.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

Up and away, for the day is bright,
With the falconers shouting cheerily!
Look at the gos-hawk's eye of light,
As he plumes his pinions merrily!

He sees the heron, and quick he starts,
Wheeling to heaven so cheerily!
Now, like a thunderbolt down he darts
Away, away right merrily!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Thirty Years' War. Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

In the opinion of Carlyle this is the best philosophical history that Germany has produced. The Harpers have reprinted it in the cheap and elegant series of valuable books, entitled their "New Miscellany." The volume presents a graphic and exceedingly interesting view of one of the most terrible and devastating wars with which Europe was ever cursed. It represents the struggle of the Protestant States against the overgrown power of Austria, and the various motives, religious and devilish, which animated the parties during the contest. The skill and bravery of the commanders engaged in the war, give a personal as well as general interest to the narrative. On the one side we have Gustavus Adolphus, Count Thörn, Mansfield, Bernard of Weimar, Banner, Torstensohn, on the other Wallenstein, Tilly, Piccolomini, Pappenheim, and Hatzfeld. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein are, of course, the leading objects of interest. In reading this history the mind becomes so accustomed to the devastation of provinces, the murder of peasants, and horrible outrages on all the decencies and sanctities of life,—that fire, famine and slaughter become mere commonplaces and matters of course. We read, at last, the most terrible accounts of wretchedness and cruelty, with hardly a shudder. Schiller, in summing up the various evils of this war, a war which devastated whole provinces, reduced towns and cities to ashes, "smothered the glimmering sparks of civilization in Germany, and threw back the improving manners of the country into their pristine barbarity and wildness," still finds consolation in the thought that from this fearful war Europe came forth free and independent. "In it she first learned to recognize herself as a community of nations; and this intercommunion of States, which originated in the thirty years' war, would alone be sufficient to reconcile the philosopher to its horrors." There is, in truth, some consolation in the idea that a soul of goodness abides in things evil,—that men, mad with passion or drunk with fanaticism, cannot hack each other to pieces, without having their blind fury directed by a higher power to a good result.

The History of Civilization from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. By P. Guizot. Translated by William Hazlitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 4 vols. 12mo.

No person can have watched the course of the prominent American publishers of the United States, without observing a manifest improvement, within the last three or four years, in the character of the books they reprint, and the style of their execution. The house of Appleton & Co. have been especially distinguished for the intrinsic value, and the cheapness and elegance, of their publications. Their mercantile daring, in hazarding capital on books which were not considered, until lately, profitable speculations, deserves the highest praise. The present edition of Guizot's admirable work on Civilization, is one of their most important additions to the stock of works, combining great learning and profound thought, with some of the most charming qualities of style. The first portion of the

present publication, on the General History of Civilization in Europe, is well known; but the other three volumes, containing Guizot's lectures on the History of Civilization in France, have been but lately translated. Guizot is probably the greatest historian that France has produced, in the combination of those qualities which go to make up a genius for history. He yields to none in the research which collects facts, the understanding which analyses and arranges them, and the imagination which represents them as realities, and endows them with substantial life and meaning. To all these advantages, he adds a beautiful clearness, vigor and brilliancy of style, in narrating the progress of events and setting forth their laws and principles. The present history is at once popular and profound. It is calculated to delight and instruct the common reader as well as the student. We cordially recommend it to all, as a book containing a vast amount of erudition and thought, devoted to the illustration of a subject in which everybody has an interest, and calculated to improve the literary taste of the reader, as well as to inform and enlarge his understanding.

Stories from the Italian Poets. By Leigh Hunt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the most entertaining volumes of the season. It contains a summary in prose of Dante's Divine Comedy, and various stories from the poems of Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, with occasional passages versified, and some interesting critical notices of the lives and genius of the poets. In the criticisms Hunt evinces a knowledge of his authors, founded on a long acquaintance with them, and a keen enjoyment of their excellencies. The account of the Divine Comedy is the best, for the general mind, which we have yet seen in English, and is calculated to give delight to thousands, to whom Cary's translation would be a bore. The stories from Pulci are exquisite for their mirthful beauty. The tales from Boiardo, Ariosto and Tasso, will introduce the common novel reader into a new world of beauty, heroism and romance. The passages of grandeur and sublimity, of pathos and sweetness,—the images both delicate and magnificent, with which the volume abounds,—make its circulation in this country a thing devoutly to be wished. It will enable the reader to obtain some idea of the splendor and opulence of the Italian mind, in all which enchants the senses and thrills the imagination.

Hunt's critical notices and occasional comments are very characteristic. His style has the same sweetness and felicity which constitute the charm of his other essays; and is dotted over with those little impertinences of personal opinion, from which nothing that he writes is wholly free. His remarks on Dante throw more light upon his own character than that of his subject. From the very constitution of his mind he revolts at all infliction of suffering, even for sin. He would have ice-creams in Pandemonium. He is inexpressibly shocked at Dante's severity and spleen, and speaks many a fair word for the poor rascals whom the austere Florentine has consigned to perdition. His comments on the remorseless severity of the punishments in Hell,—his indignation that Cato should be placed in Purgatory while his wife, Marcia, sojourns in the pit,—his exceptions to some of the persons placed on high seats in

heaven,—are often exquisitely amusing. It requires a man like Hunt to criticise a man like Dante.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a splendid edition of one of the most popular of English poets. It has ten fine steel embellishments, and its general execution places it very nearly on a level with the English edition. As a specimen of American typography it is very honorable to the enterprising publishers. It is the only complete edition of Moore ever published in this country, being reprinted from the London collection, lately edited by the poet himself, and containing his autobiographical prefaces and illustrations. In these the poet very pleasantly prattles about his own life and works, and is exhibited as the most graceful of egotists. The volume contains an immense number of brilliant verses, ranging in subject from the romantic poem to the political squib. Without depth of passion, elevation of sentiment, or grandeur of imagination, the poems of Moore still evince a quickness of sensibility, an opulence of fancy, and a brilliancy of wit, which have made them among the most popular works produced within the present century. His poems are lit up with an incessant shower of sparkling fancies. Almost everything he has written is full of glitter and point—his sentiment as well as his satire. His songs are often epigrams of feeling. Though, as a poet, he can hardly stand by the side of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, or Byron, in the greatest qualities of the bard, yet no one can glance over the present volume without being impressed with the brilliant genius of its author, and fascinated with the stores of wit, fancy, learning and sentiment, which glisten and gleam on every page.

The French Revolution. A History. By Thomas Carlyle. Newly Revised by the Author, with Index. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 3 Parts 12mo.

This is Carlyle's grandest work—a prose epic on the great event of modern history. In our narrow limits we cannot hope to do any thing like justice, to the imagination, fancy, learning, humor, pathos, sublimity, characterization, with which the volumes abound. In spite of some obstinate faults, in spite of much false and pernicious doctrine, in spite of the style, no work ever written on the French Revolution equals this in the clearness with which it represents the causes of that revolution, in the vividness with which it brings up its different events in magnificent pictures, speaking directly to the eye, and in the grandeur of its delineations of the principal actors in the drama. The portraits of Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre, are master pieces. Every page glows with vital life. The words are all alive with meaning. They paint objects so distinctly that we become observers of the scenes to which they relate. Carlyle, in truth, is a master of expression as distinguished from mere fluency. He selects the "inevitable best word," or compounds it, with an unmistakable tact and sureness. If to his other great qualities he joined calmness, comprehension, mental honesty, the present work would be almost perfect. Viewing it with an eye to all its faults, it must be pronounced a work of great genius and power.

The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

Foster is well known as the author of a volume of essays, laden with weighty thought and acute observations on character and life. The present volume, containing his letters and journals from his earliest to his latest years, is one of great value, not merely to his own sect, the Baptists, but to all who can appreciate originality of character and

thought. Foster was a hard, determined, patient thinker, gifted with much imagination, and impressing on every thing he wrote the invincible honesty of his character. His correspondence reveals to us the inmost recesses of his mind and disposition, and constitutes a kind of psychological autobiography, replete with materials of interest and instruction. The separate thoughts scattered over these volumes would alone be sufficient to reward abundantly the trouble of its perusal. One of the strongest peculiarities of genius, Foster says in one place, "is the power of lighting its own fire." Of a soft and pensive evening, he remarks—"It is as if the soul of Eloisa pervaded all the air." Shakespeare, he observes, had perceptions of every kind; "he could think every way. His mind might be compared to that monster the prophet saw in his vision, which *had eyes all over*." Again he says—"Lord Chatham did not reason; he struck, as by intuition, directly on the results of reasoning; as a cannon-shot strikes the mark without your seeing its course through the air as it moves towards its object." When shown a piece of ornamental worsted-work, with a great deal of red in it, he said "it was red with the blood of murdered time." The volumes are full of thoughts and observations equally striking and pointed.

The New Timon. A Romance of London. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

This poem has excited no inconsiderable interest in London. It is reprinted from the third English edition. Bulwer has been mentioned as the probable author, but this must be a mistake, unless Bulwer has essentially changed his literary opinions. Wordsworth, Keats and Tennyson, each of whom the author of "Pelham" has warmly praised, the author of "Timon" most ignorantly and perty ridicules. The poem, it must be admitted, has much merit. It is written in a vigorous style, contains numerous passages of flashing description, much keen portraiture of prominent English politicians, and many beautiful scenes of pathos and passion. The pith and nerve of the verse, the half-misanthropic, half-romantic tone of the sentiment, the frequent allusion to contemporary events and persons, and the bitter sharpness of the satire on social evils,—often remind the reader of Byron. The work evidences a brilliant and restless intellect, ill at ease with the manners and institutions of society, scornful, dogmatic and perverse, but quite felicitous in running keen observations into the moulds of fancy and wit. Kinglake, the author of Eothen, might have written it. The author's character is a composite, made up of Diogenes and Alcibiades.

Memoirs of the Life of Addison. By Miss Aiken. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The publishers of this volume have started a "Library for the People," of which the Life of Addison constitutes No. 5. It makes a volume of about 300 pages, elegantly printed. The price is only fifty cents, or one-fourteenth of the cost of the English edition. All the mistakes of the English edition, so acutely pointed out by Macaulay, have been corrected in the American reprint. The work is well written, and introduces us to a most interesting period of English literature and history. The correspondence of Addison confers great value upon the work. Most of the letters were never before printed. The beautiful character of the subject, joined to the immense influence which his writings have exerted on English letters and manners, give to the details of his virtuous and well-spent life a peculiar interest and charm. A volume which introduces us so completely to Addison, and strengthens that affectionate companionship with him, which his works may have commenced, cannot fail to be popular.

The Poetry of Wit and Humor. Selected from the English Poets. With an Illustrative Essay, and Critical Comments. By Leigh Hunt. 1 vol. 12mo.

The matter of this book will ensure its success. It contains extracts from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Suckling, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith and Wolcott, with running comments on the authors and on particular passages of the poems. The essay on Wit and Humor, though it does not exhaust the topic, is ingenious, and pleasantly illustrated. We do not think that in the case of a few of the authors, Hunt has hit upon the happiest selections. Few, for example, would obtain an idea of the comic genius of Fletcher from the specimens quoted in the volume. The task, however, was a difficult one to perform; and the editor, in compiling an entertaining volume, has done all that perhaps could be expected, in the limited space to which he was confined.

The Island Bride, and other Poems. By James F. Colman. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The most superficial glance over this volume would convince even the supercilious critic, that the author is destined to take a high rank among American poets. "The Island Bride" contains nine Cantos of Spenserian verse, finished in diction, poetical in feeling, and replete with thought, fancy and imagination. It is one of the very few long poems in American literature, which more than repay perusal. The other pieces are of much merit, and bear unmistakable marks of power. The most surprising quality manifested in the volume, is perhaps the correct taste which is everywhere observable throughout its pages. It seems the work of a veteran in composition, rather than the first volume of a youthful poet. We should be pleased, had we time, to make it the subject of a more extended notice; but at present, we can do little more than cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

Classical Antiquities, a Compendium of Roman and Grecian Antiquities, with a Sketch of Ancient Mythology. By Joseph Salkeld. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of this volume is a good one, and it will be found eminently useful. To read modern books understandingly, some knowledge of the religion, government and manners and customs of the Greeks and Romans, is indispensable, from the multitude of allusions to them throughout every department of modern literature. In addition to this, the subject of Classical Antiquities is sufficiently interesting of itself, to justify the reading of a much larger book than the present. The "way of life" among two nations, which have once held a vast dominion on earth, by virtue of their power and policy, and still hold even a vaster dominion over the mind by virtue of their literature, must be interesting to every reflective and curious mind.

Rationale of Crime, and its Appropriate Treatment; being a Treatise on Criminal Jurisprudence considered in relation to Cerebral Organization. By M. B. Sampson. With Notes and Illustrations by E. W. Farnham. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The character of this volume is indicated by its title. It is the application of the principles of phrenology to the phenomena of crime. The notions of the author are illustrated by a number of portraits of criminals and other persons, the shape of whose heads are said to indicate the bent of their characters. The book is readable, even to unbelievers in the science of bumps. Phrenology, however, to all intents and purposes, is an exploded system; and thieves and murderers cannot, at this day, save themselves from punishment, by exhibiting in extenuation of their crime, the most gigantic organs of acquisitiveness and destructiveness.

Notes on the Northwest and Valley of the Upper Mississippi. By Wm. J. A. Bradford. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

A work like this has long been wanted. The large mass of readers are singularly deficient in accurate knowledge respecting the great region of which it treats. Mr. Bradford has interesting chapters on the physical geography, history, topography, pursuits, health, geology, botany, monuments, and aboriginal inhabitants of the Northwest. Under this name he includes the country between Lakes Superior and Michigan, east,—the Illinois and Missouri Rivers, and the Northern Boundary of the United States,—including Iowa and Wisconsin, part of Michigan northwest of the Straits of Mackinaw, and Northern Illinois and Missouri.

Poetry and Truth from my Life. From the German of Goethe. By Parke Godwin. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts, 12mo.

It is singular that this is the first good English translation of the celebrated work of Goethe on his own life. As a record of the external influences and internal experiences, which went to form the character of Germany's master-intellect, it is one of the most important works of the age. Carlyle, in referring to it, well says—"what would we give for such an autobiography of Shakespeare, of Milton, even of Pope or Swift?" The publishers have included it in their series of "Choice Books"—an enterprise which they have successfully extended to eighty numbers, without any evidence of exhausting their materials.

Something for Every-Body: Gleaned in the Old Purchase, from Fields often Reaped. By Robert Carlton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This book well bears out its title. It is a collection of anecdotes, personal adventures, and hits upon popular errors. The author is a shrewd observer of life and character, and has an eye for the tendencies of popular movements. There is much sense and humor in his remarks on the various moral reforms of the day. He is "a gentleman of the old school," and perhaps does not always do complete justice to the objects of his sarcasm or indignation; but he well probes their weak points.

Sartor Resartus: the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. In Three Books. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This edition of Carlyle's celebrated work on the philosophy of clothes, is revised by the author; and Wiley & Putnam are authorized by him, to "print and vend the same in the United States." The book, itself, with all its wildness of style, is one of the most fascinating works of the century—full of splendid imagination, deep thought, and humorous insight into life, character and manners. Its wealth of pictorial expression, would alone entitle it to a high rank among works of imagination. The present edition is altogether the best and most elegant ever published in the United States.

Experimental Researches on the Food of Animals, and the Fattening of Cattle; with Remarks on the Food of Man. By Robert Dundas Thomson, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work presents the results of an extensive series of original experiments, undertaken by order of the British government. It is full of matter important at once to the practical agriculturist and the scientific physiologist. The publishers have issued it in a cheap form, so as to bring it within the reach of the humblest means. The author is evidently a patient man of science, who may be relied upon as a close observer of facts, and strict reasoner from them. No farmer can well dispense with the book.







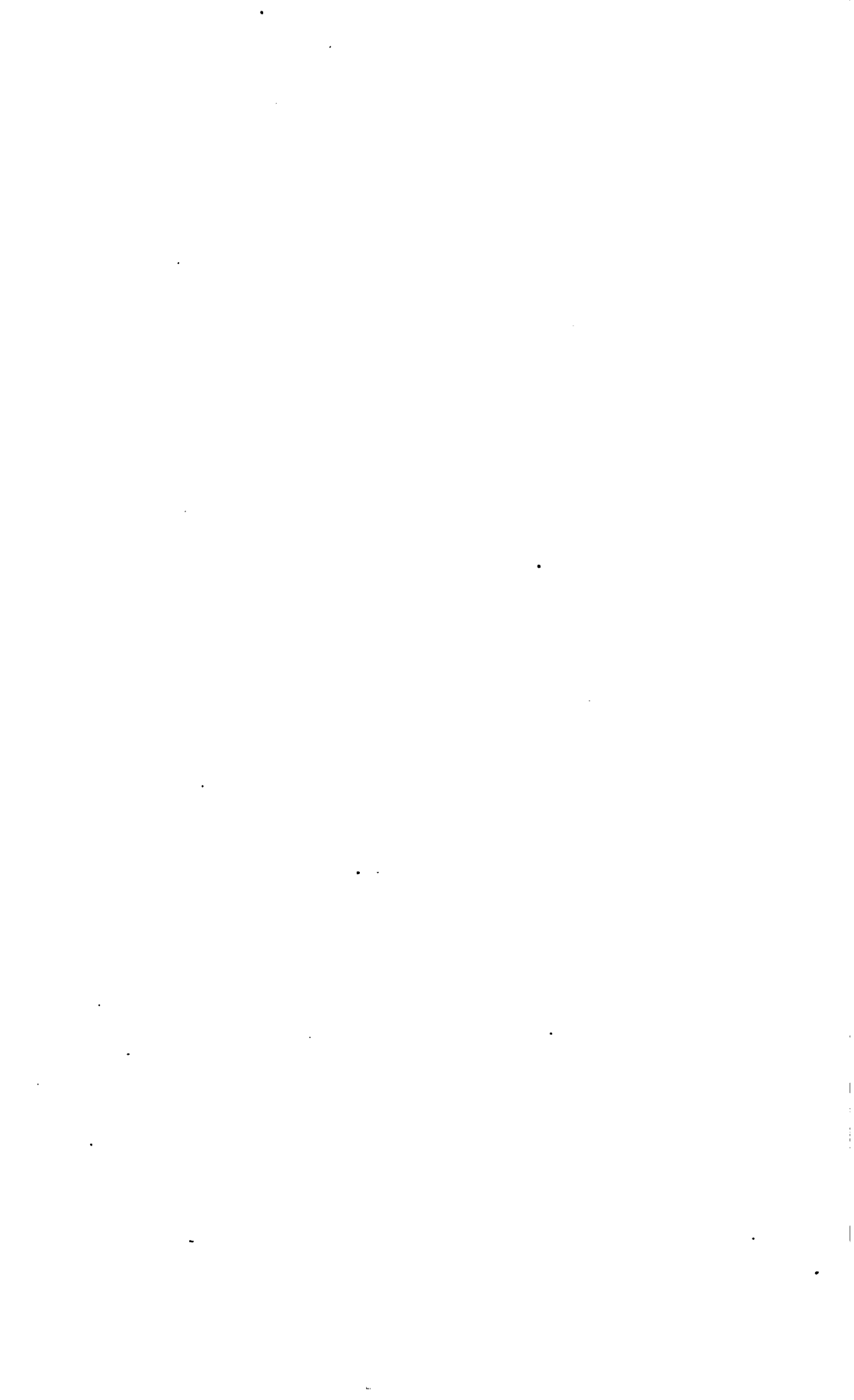
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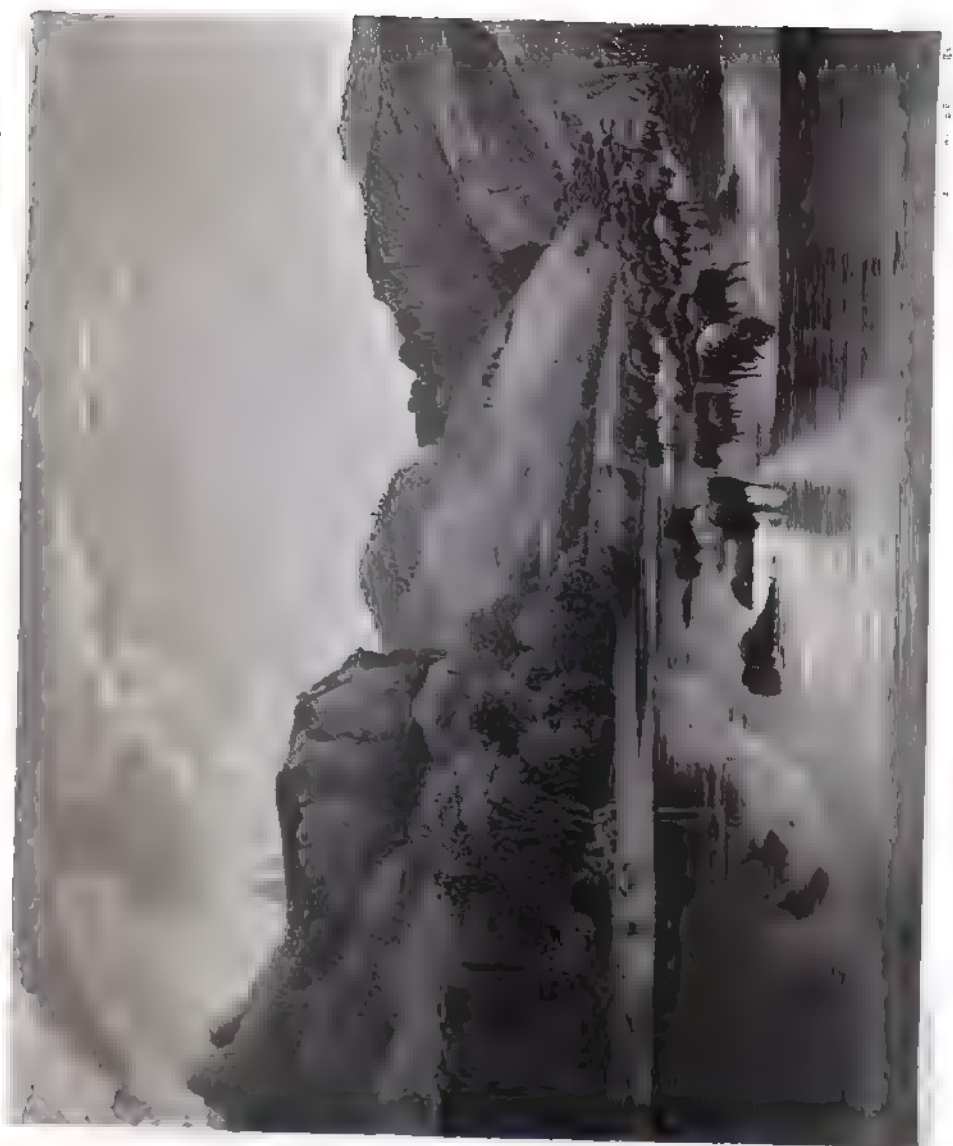
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Graham's Magazine.

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No. 2.

TRIBULATION TREPID.

A MAN WITHOUT A HOPE.

(A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.)

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

It is inconvenient to have to bear with personal deficiencies—troublesome and disheartening not to possess all the senses and the faculties which are demanded to enable man to compete with his fellows upon equal terms; and it requires philosophy that we do not repine when we find ourselves in any respect, either physical or mental, compelled to stand aside in the unpleasant attitude of being an exception to the general rule. It is true that the march of science is able, to a considerable extent, to obviate corporeal default. Eyes are constructed so well as to deceive the eye, although the constructed eye is not yet so perfect that we shall hope to see with it far into the opacity of mill-stones. Legs are manufactured more symmetrically beautiful than the majority of real legs; and the skillful artist will, if you are only tall enough, modulate you into a figure which might put an Apollo to the blush. But the steam leg, in its swiftness of locomotion, is as yet no more than a dream of the visionary; and we may pad ourselves into muscularity as much as we please, without gaining a particle of power.

We are aware that by the aid of spectacles he who would otherwise be always stumbling over the dog, and tripping in contact with other people's feet, periling his precious countenance by rude collisions with every species of obstacle, may contrive to see his way through the world in comparative clearness. But science has not perhaps succeeded to the same extent in the work of metaphysical regeneration; nor do we know that any man's geese have as yet been fully converted into swans, though he may think them progressive creatures in the scale of ornithology, and likely to reach a higher position than has been attained by former members of the race. It is theoretical, we learn, with the phrenologists, and probably practical also, to a greater extent than

the world is willing to admit, that there are processes whereby the neglects of dame nature may at least be partially counteracted and repaired, so that "bumps" shall be raised, where depressions exist, and some degree of potency be secured in those "organs" which were originally faint and feeble; just as the muscular fibre is strengthened by exercise, and as our agile capabilities are increased by a judicious practice of the thews and sinews on which activity depends.

Now, while we hope for the sake of humanity in general, that these assumptions will fully bear the test of experiment, it must yet be conceded that education fails somewhat in this regard; and that in thinking, as in dancing, much depends upon the configuration of mind and of body with which we were endowed from the outset. The phrenologists are right in the belief that training has its advantages; but there must be a basis on which that training is to proceed, or the result will be such as cannot fail to lead to serious disappointment.

For example, and in the way of parenthesis, it would be a parlous difficulty to teach the innate craven to plunge valiantly onward at the desperate head of a forlorn hope, or to hurl himself recklessly upon the sharp and bristling array of a forest of hostile bayonets. You may debate the question if you are so inclined, insisting on it vehemently that, in honor's view, there is no essential difference in a case like this, between a glorious death and the triumph of a victory, and that the most disastrous of the two is infinitely preferable to an age without a name, yet, our life on it, it will prove that your friend of the weak nerve, and of the nonchivalrous temperament, is not to be talked, by the most persuasive, into any relish for cold steel, or into any decided fancy for the reception into himself of cer-

tain intrusive pellets of hot lead. Nay, Ciceronian eloquence would be wasted in the endeavor to induce him to come to the conclusion that it is much better for him to be extended face upward on the ensanguined plain, after the fashion of the "grinning honor" of Sir Walter Blount, than to find himself sound in body, but without a single sprig of laurel to his name, snugly enfolded in the blankets awaiting a call to breakfast. Nature, you will observe, has denied to him the perception of the romantic and the poetical. He has no desire to be posthumous to his own reputation. To such a one, the hard knock is simply a hard knock, unmitigated by transcendental embellishment; and renown has no part in the plain arithmetic of his calculations. He values life by its admeasurements—according to the number and length of its days. So give it up at once—there is no sun—of Austerlitz or of any other place—that can ripen this man into a warrior, or tempt him to enter into fierce competition for the wreath of glory.

And thus—musically—we find that people "without an ear," do not often take the lead in operatic performances; or, if they do participate, that the operatic performances are not particularly benefited by their interference. The querulous and fretful—do they acquire the resources of patient fortitude? Not often, so far as our experience extends; and we do not know that the simpleton, school him ever so much, is likely to obtain distinction for himself as a philosopher—nay, he is often furthest from it at the very moment when he imagines himself a great deal wiser than his neighbors.

Such as these, as well as others who might be mentioned, have no foundation on which the deficient "bump" is to be elevated; and, as a general rule, it is just as well to abandon as a "bad job" all effort to render them distinguished in the display of those faculties which form no part of their primary constitution. The superstructure that may be raised on an insecure soil, must of necessity be weak and "shackling;" and all the military education that can be bestowed on the poltroon, will not avail to prevent an ill-timed manifestation of that species of plumage which obtains ignoble renown under the epithet of the "white feather." It has been in him probably from his birth, that he must locomote in a direction contrary to that in which "the nettle danger" uprears its ugly front; and, under these circumstances, the impulse to retrograde travel will burst all the artificial and conventional bonds which have been devised to drive it into the teeth of the battery. It was the design of nature that our friend should run; and who will venture to stand antagonistical to nature?

It is a mere flight of fancy, no doubt, into the illimitable regions of hypothesis, but we should very much like to see the day when a Bumpological art shall be matured, and a practical science of Organology be brought into operation. Then there will be some use in the knocks about the sponce, which

are now so woefully wasted; and when we shall be driven into frenzies, the manifestations of our wrath will become really beneficial to those on whom they may chance to be bestowed. Then we should find the rationale of corporal punishment—a thing not to be whirled about in random kicks and cuffs; but to be so applied as to develop that very bump, a deficiency of which, in the offending party, has so raised our vengeful ire. Such, perchance, is the latent reason why we are so anxious to maltreat those who are not disposed to obey our behests, as well as the true motive why it is an impulse of our nature to chastise the enemy. Education would thus be revolutionized, and the Art of War would be brought within the range of the directly useful sciences.

But to descend at once to the facts that are before us, it is a blessed thought to believe that by a wise system of tuition, the small uncertain spark of a virtue may be breathed into a steady flame; and if, infirm of purpose as so many are, they could be strengthened into a surer aim by due attention to the feeble parts of character, none, we are sure, could be found to regret it; and so we are, and we intend to be, full of respect to this phrenological idea, which might, we think, be somewhat more carefully engrafted upon systems of educational improvement, so that the mere appeal to the memory might leave room for the analysis and development of the moral being.

We should go to school upon a different principle then; and probably it may not be a useless waste of imagination to reflect a little upon the novel scenes that would then be presented in the halls of the academy.

"My son Bob, Mr. Professor—this is Bob, sir, trying to hide himself behind the door—stand up, Bob, and behave like a man—Bob, Mr. Professor, has n't got any pride, and has the smallest quantity of dignity. He's always letting himself down, and never tries to hyst himself up—likes the raggedest boys the best, Mr. Professor, and prefers the company of the sweeps to going to the nicest of tea-parties. Bob always feels flat in genteel society, does Bob."

"Ah—I comprehend—a very common case, indeed; but curable—take Bob, Mr. Simpkins, and touch him up in the region of self-esteem. Don't be afraid—we'll make Bob—you'll have to call him Master Robert then—as proud as Lucifer, in a week or two. When we send him home, he will hardly speak to his own father, and he wont own any of his relations."

"And here is Peter, sir, and Sam—nice boys as ever was, only they do n't care nothing for nobody, and will have it all their own way, which is apt to be the wrong way, if not a bad way."

"Ho! ho! knock up a bump in the region of approbateness, so that they may quit thinking for themselves, and always want somebody to think for them."

"Please, Mr. Professor, our Tom appropriates and conveys—sugar, sir, or pennies convertible to sugar—he bones, sir, and he filches, sir, whatever he can lay his blessed little hands upon, the darling; every thing is fish that comes to Tom's net."

"Just so—Tom has not yet got beyond the first principle of human nature, which impels us to help ourselves to whatever we want—the application must be made to Tom, sharply, just where his conscience ought to be. Bump up a conscience for Tommy."

The disrespectful, who, in some way or other, are disposed to make faces at their superiors, would require to be rapped rather soundly in and about "veneration;" and we are not now to be told that a smart blow on the eye is sure to awaken vociferous displays of the faculty of "language." For him who comes too late, which is bad—or stays too late, which is worse—what could be better than a forcible appeal to "time?" And if a boy—your boy, or any other body's boy—cannot be easily made to see the essential difference between his own selfish will and your authoritative behest, you have only to perform for him a tune upon his slumbering organ of "comparison," and you shall have music, you may depend upon it. If the same rebellious individual is slow to discern why he should obey, lend him a smart fillip upon his "casualty," educative of the why, and provocative of the wherefore; and if you yourself cannot discover the point of a joke, taking the fact for granted that it is a joke which comes to a point—some jokes, like some people, come to nothing—depend upon it that your "wit" is beginning to lose its edge, and is getting to be somewhat rusty in the method of its operation.

No one, we presume, will venture to deny that "cautiousness," well rubbed and roused, has a tendency to keep our fingers out of the fire; or that an inflammation of our "combativeness" will give us joy in the facing of our foe. But what, let us ask, what is to be done, if, like the peculiar one who now comes under our special notice—what is to be done, if in all the qualities which go to make up our mentality, we have not one scintilla of self reliance and expectation, and are like

TRIBULATION TREPID,

A MAN WITHOUT A HOPE!

You see, the case is in every way a hopeless one—for Tribulation Trepid never had a hope. He has no more idea of what you mean by a hope than a blind man can understand what you are talking about when you speak of colors. Hope!—how do you go about it—how do you begin when you want to hope? The first principle of hopefulness is not resident within the confines of the craniology of Tribulation Trepid; and, therefore, from the very moment of his birth, up and down—but more down than up—poor Tribulation Trepid has been lost in despond and in despair. Who ever called him

"Young Hopeful?" It would have been the very heartlessness of cold derision.

If in the adventurousness of youth—for the earlier stages of existence form a perpetual exploring expedition, and an unceasing voyage of discovery into all sorts of holes and corners, to the constant annoyance of those who do not appreciate the march of mind in its primary manifestations—if then, at this interesting period, Tribulation Trepid undertook to exercise his limbs, and to gratify his curiosity by climbing up the chair, or ascending the table, that in this way his knowledge of the laws of gravitation might be increased, and his power of self-reliance extended, and if, thwartingly, at such perilous moment, as too often happens to be the case, the usual maternal caution fell upon his ear,

"Tribby, Tribby, what are you at? That child will fall and break its good-for-nothing neck!"

Tribby, of course, did fall—he was sure to do it—only suggest the worst of the alternatives to his mind, and, lacking hope to sustain his trembling limbs, he dropped at once into the fell catastrophe. He took it for granted that it must be so; and so it was. The great secret of successful adventure is confidence—a fixed faith in the potency of your star; and he who is deficient in this belief, will find it much better to remain at home, or to "go ashore," than to tempt the chances of the storm. He, in truth, seeketh a shipwreck, who is not assured of his own buoyancy; and that man marches to an overthrow, whose mind is always dwelling on the probabilities of being beaten. He alone triumphs, who disdains to entertain a doubt of his own invincibility, and thus compels fortune to perch, whether she will or no, upon his daring banner. But such was not our Tribulation.

"Here, Tribby, take this pitcher down to Susan, and be sure you do n't fall, or I'll box your ears, you Tribby."

Under the doctrine of pains and penalties, which until lately formed the basis of all education—sound whipping and sound teaching having heretofore been identical—one would have thought that, with such a threatening over his head, Tribulation Trepid would not have dared to treat himself to a luxury so expensive as the species of tumble now referred to. To slip down stairs by himself is wicked enough in any child, when we reflect upon the uproar which every child is apt to create under these circumstances. But to slip down stairs, including a best pitcher in the gymnastic operation, to the exceeding detriment of the crockery, is an offence not to be excused at the judgment-seat of the good housekeeper. It is a sin which cannot be pardoned or overlooked.

"Now mind—don't you fall and break that pitcher, Tribby, as you always do," was the pursuing admonition to our child of wo, as he entered upon the labyrinthine convolutions of the dark stairway—but just then—did you not expect it?—*cr-a-a-sh!*—*bimble—bumble—rub-dub!*—Tribby has

achieved his descent by a short hand process, and lies vociferously prone upon his back at the landing-place, environed by the fragments of the ware. We are not satisfied that it mended the matter at all, and we are quite sure it did not mend the pitcher; but we presume it was a satisfaction, if not to both, at least to one of the parties involved; and a satisfaction is something in this unsatisfactory state of existence; and so Tribulation Trepid received his promised reward—"I'll teach you," and so forth—causing his auricular appendages to reverberate for an hour or two, and likewise to be comfortably warm for at least the same space of time, affording him both his music and his caloric at the lowest possible rate; though it can scarcely be said that his hope underwent any considerable degree of augmentation by the process.

"Tribby Trepid does n't know his lesson, I am tolerably well assured of that," said the teacher, glancing significantly at his rattan—for Tribulation Trepid underwent his share of schooling when rattan was lord paramount in the academic groves, and served, as it made the schoolboy "smart" in more senses than one, to counteract, on the part of preceptors, the baneful influences of sedentary life, by affording wholesome exercise in the "dusting of jackets."

Now Tribby's hope not being strong in the faith that he would prove thoroughly conversant with his lesson, when brought up to the test of actual experiment, though he was acquainted with it passing well when he left home, the announcement of this foregone conclusion in the teacher's mind, coupled with certain tingling remembrances connected with rattan, drove all other lessons from his desponding brain; and he was executed accordingly, to the infinite relief of Mr. Switchem's dyspeptic symptoms, and to the marvelous increase of the aforesaid Switchem's appetite for dinner. And so, reproof, condemnation and rattan being inevitable, why should Tribulation Trepid annoy himself by the previous pain of toilsome study? He did so no more.

"I sha'n't know 'em if I do; and I shall be whipped whether I do or not," said Tribby, and he forthwith bowed himself down to that which appeared to be the inevitable, allowing hope to be crushed beneath the lumbering wheels of a Juggernaut of fear.

Hope on—hope ever. There is nothing in this world so valuable as hope. The thing hoped for, precious though it be, is perhaps less of a blessing in itself than the state of mind which convinces us that by the proper effort we are able to obtain it. Better is it to be full of hope than to have triumphed in the pursuit of all that man regards as most desirable. Hope is richer than a diadem. Hopefulness is a perpetual banquet—a feast that never cloy; and he who has around him the glowing atmosphere which hope alone can bring, has no

need to envy the successes that others have achieved. His dreams surpass reality,

But Tribulation Trepid has no hope. If there were a germ of it at the outset of his career, it was, as it were, trampled down and buried by a conviction steadfastly impressed, that, if others could succeed he was sure to fail; and therefore, he did fail.

Did he mount a horse—oh! Tribulation Trepid will be thrown from the saddle, as a matter of course—and he was thrown. Did he undertake to leap the brook—the discouraging idea seemed to arrest him midway that he could not do it; and Trepid emerged dripping from the wave. And so it was, and so it has been, throughout the life of Tribulation—such, it may be, is the secret why the lives of so many of our kind present an unbroken series of disastrous failure. They lack the inspiring voice of hope. They knew it would be so; and so it is.

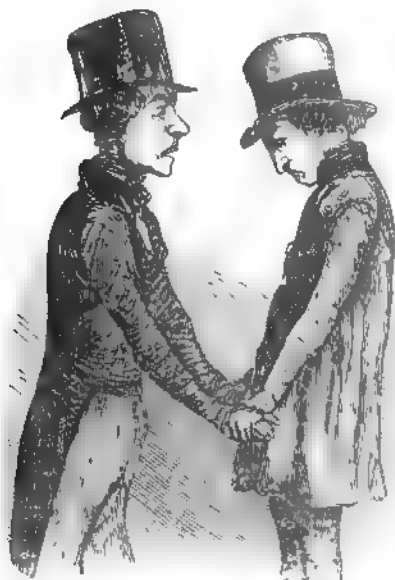
It is a melancholy thing, moreover, to have to do with the family of the Trepids. In the endeavor to encourage them, your own hopefulness seems to fade away; and the more you labor to elevate them and to push them forward, the more heavily, and inertly, and listlessly do they fall back upon your hands. They are convinced that it is of "no use doing nothing," and they tamely suffer every competitor to pass them in the race.

Just so it is with the lugubrious individual now before us, who invariably puts the worst possible face upon every matter, for the simple reason that, as in the reflection of a mirror, every matter wears the worst possible face to him; and as he looks at matters sadly, despondingly, just so do matters return the glance. He sighs over matters, and groans over matters. He walks through the streets with a longitude of visage and a mournful down-drawing of the corners of the mouth that would be neat and appropriate at the funeral of his best friend, but which are sadly out of time and place at every other moment; and he feels assured always that it is going to rain—if not to-day, certainly to-morrow—that is, in case a shower is not wanted. Otherwise, it will never rain again—it has forgotten how.

Beware, then, how your sympathizing nature induces you to accost Tribulation Trepid in the highway, unless you are proof against the contagious influences of sorrow, and are firmly fixed in the confidence of your own hope; for it seems to afford a mournful satisfaction to all the Trepids to bring others down to their own melancholy level.

"You may try," say they—"no objection to any body's trying—but it's not often that trying comes to anything. Whatever it may be, it will never answer—we never knew things to answer. Things never answer nowadays," with various other assurances of a like enlivening nature. Beware, then, of the effect of contact with the Trepids, unless your nature is of that sanguine sort which bids defiance to the chill, and has hardihood to sport itself safely in December's snow.

"How are you Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid?"



"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee—most dead, I am obliged to you—I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, any how, that I'm not going to be any better; and, for the future, you may always know I'm worse without asking any questions; for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular; but a great deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we do n't know what it is. That's what kills people—when they can't tell what it is—that's what's killing me. My great grandfather died of it, he did, and so will I. The doctor's don't know—they can't tell—they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough; and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days, right after my great grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks."

But as Tribulation Trepid has now got under way, in reference to his bodily health, it may be as well to suffer him to explain himself in the matter of his pecuniary relations, which are in quite as bad a condition.

"Well, but, Trepid, how do you come on otherwise? Why don't you go into some sort of business and keep a shop?"

"Keep a shop?—what's the use of my keeping a shop? If I keep a shop, nobody would ever come into it; and if they did come in, they would n't buy any thing. Did n't I try once, and nobody came, because they said I had n't enough of an assortment? Ketch me! Why did they not buy what I had, instead of trying to coax me to get things, which they

would not have bought after all? Me keep a shop! Yes, to be sold out by the sheriff—I'm always sold out—do n't I know it beforehand?"

"Apply for a situation did you say? Nonsense! Aint they always very sorry—if I had only come sooner, or if they had only know'd of it before—is n't that always the answer? Could I ever get anywhere soon enough, or before somebody else had been there, and had gathered up all the good things that were agoing? Do n't talk to me about applying for a situation. It's almost as bad as trotting about to get an office. 'Bring your recommendations,' say they; and by the time you've got your recommendations, oh, how sorry they are, for such a nice man as you, only the place is filled already."

"I've a great mind never to try to go anywhere any more, after situations—somebody must sleep there all night; for, however bright and early I get up of a morning, there he is; and I might have had the place if I had been in time, as if that was any comfort."

"And as for trying to borrow money of people, which is a nice easy way of getting a living as a gentleman could desire, if you've a pretty good run of business in that line, I never could do much at it, somehow or other. I never could take the moneyed people by surprise. They seemed to know what I wanted as soon as I looked at them, and they were always very sorry, too—everybody is very sorry to me—but they had no cash to spare just now, and just now is all the time when people do n't want to lend. No—nothing is to be done in that line unless you can take them by surprise, like a steel trap, and I'm not quick enough for that operation. There's never any money when I'm coming."

"I'll give up—yes, if nobody will leave me a fortune, and no rich widow will marry me, I've a great mind to give up, and see what will become of me then. I suppose something must become of me; though I hardly believe it will, for nothing ever become of me yet. But of this I'm sure, there's no use of my trying to get along by myself; and I'll just sit down by the side of life's turnpike and wait till something goes traveling by to get me along. But I guess I'll have to wait a good while, for the place will be occupied—they'll be very sorry, to be sure, and they'll wish they had know'd it in time; but there's no room left."

It will thus be seen that Tribulation Trepid adopts the expectant method of treatment, as the course of practice best adapted to the peculiarities of his case. He waits for something to "turn up" in his favor, because he lacks force, faith and hope to urge him onward to energetic effort—for, in the collapsed recesses of his trembling heart, he does not really believe that any thing favorable will "turn up" for him. Such turnings up never have occurred for his special benefit. All his turnings have been

turnings down; as the turnings of this world generally prove to be, unless our own shoulder is so applied to the turning as to induce it to turn in the proper direction. And this brings us to the great query of all queries—the unsolved problem in our social theory—what is to be done to help him who, by nature or by education, proves to be unable to help himself—what measure of relief is to be passed

for the benefit of the sinking family of the Trepids, as they stumble down the depths of disaster?—Gentle reader, and most sagacious friend, if you should think of any, pray announce it betimes; and in return receive a position among the most distinguished of the benefactors of the human race. Cheer, if thou canst,

THE MAN WITHOUT A HOPE.

GLIMPSES OF A SOUL.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

KATE CAROL TO MARY H—.

"I miss you, Mary mine, more than I can tell, with this cold pen and sluggish ink. I own I love Right Angledom. After the bustle and *randomness* of life in New York—its straight ways, its quiet and its monotony, are refreshing. I love the Quakers too, with their delicious repose of manner—their low, lulling, musical voices, and their simple truthfulness of character and conversation. Their 'ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.' But I must confess to, now and then, a feeling, I cannot say of home-sickness—for I, wanderer that I am, have no home, unless it be in your heart, and in some few others, a *precious* few, indeed—but a feeling of regret, a pining for the past; for the few true and pure spirits to whom I have dared reveal myself, who *know* me thoroughly, faults and all, and who love me the more for those faults; because love and pity come *together* on their divine mission from the gate of heaven, and walk hand-in-hand, twin children of God, ever tender, and beautiful, and sad, through this clouded vale of tears.

" 'Thee knows,' Mary, as a lovely Quaker maiden said to me in a low lute-tone the other night, 'Thee knows the gravel and the gold run together in *all* characters.' Sweet Lizzie L—, she does *not* know how much that simple Orphic saying consoled me. Well, there is *some* gold in *my* character, but it requires the sunbeams of love and sympathy to light it up, and so reveal it; and *they* might change even the gravel to gold in a heart so docile as mine, if they only knew it, and would only take the trouble.

"Thee knows, Mary dear, my invincible aversion to strangers. Gay, careless, confiding, frank, indeed to a fault, among those who seem to love me, I am shy, cold, dull—nay, worse, I am *wretched*, where I am not sure of pleasing. This is a most unfortunate weakness of mine, and has been the cause of many troubles to me. I recollect once in New York going to a party, which I afterwards heard was made *for me*—made expressly to introduce me to some distinguished authors—and just see, Mary, how badly I behaved; see what a wayward, naughty lion I was. Had I only *known* then, as I afterward

did, the kind interest that my host took in me, I should have been so happy, so social, so delightful; but as it was, with my usual want of self-confidence, finding myself among strangers, I felt my heart, like the pimpernel on the approach of rain, coldly shrinking and shutting up, leaf by leaf, until I became a statue of *lead*; and on my introduction to those writers, whom I had all my life been eager to see, and whom, if I had only been sure that they would let me, I could have loved at once. I replied in monosyllables, so coldly, so drily, that they left me, surprised and repelled; and my dear, kind, disappointed host, afterward said, in reply to some encomiums by a friend—Yes, I suppose she is all that, but you must allow that she is very eccentric.' *Am* I eccentric, Mary? *Am* I any thing but foolish and timid, and sensitive to a ridiculous degree?

"Now it was this shrinking of the heart that I felt, when I first took possession of a large, and at first, somewhat dreary room in a Philadelphia boarding-house. The sister of a dear friend, then in Washington, called upon me, and with a single magical sentence, like a gleam from the lamp of Aladdin, warmed, and furnished, and lighted up the chamber, till it seemed a home even to my lonely and sorrowing heart. She simply said, 'Oh! this is the room that Sophy had!' The following impromptu will show you how fervently I felt the change.

THE ROOM THAT SOPHY HAD.

Though strange and chill at first the room,
How soon it seemed with comfort clad,
When some one said—and blessed the gloom—
"It is the chamber Sophy had."

With that sweet word the sunshine stole,
Around a spirit lone and sad,
A lingering ray from her true soul,
Still warmed "the room that Sophy had."

And here has beat her happy heart;
And here have rung her accents glad;
And here the darling mused apart,—
Oh, precious "room that Sophy had."

And here, perhaps, my image stole,
When care unwonted made her sad,
And whispered love through all her soul,
And cheered "the room that Sophy had."

No palace-hall a queen may pace,
With splendor lit—with beauty clad,
Would seem so filled with light and grace,
As this dear "room that Sophy had."

"You bid me send you all the verses I write. You little dream of the shower that would overwhelm you, were I to comply literally with your request. '*Nulla die sine linea*,' is my motto as well as that of the painter of old, and while I sew, or walk, or ride, or lounge, I am forever singing to myself impromptu love-songs, from imaginary damsels to imaginary youths, set to music by a score written in the air, and invisible to all eyes but mine, while a band of aerial musicians play the accompaniment, with my heart, for the leader, beating time. You shall have one of them, dear, and that, I think, will content you for the present—

Should all who throng, with gift and song,
And for my favor bend the knee,
Forsake the shrine, they deem divine,
I would not stoop my soul to thee!

The lips, that breathe the burning vow,
By falsehood base unstained must be;
The heart, to which mine own shall bow,
Must worship Honor more than me!

The monarch of a world wert thou,
And I a slave on bended knee,
Though tyrant chains my form might bow,
My soul should never stoop to thee!

Until its hour shall come, my heart
I will possess, serene and free;
Though snared to ruin by thine art,
'T would sooner break than bend to thee!

"Ah, Mary! if only my dream-opera could play on through life, uninterrupted by the coarser or commoner cares of every-day existence—if the charm of that music, inaudible to others, to which, when I am let alone, my spirit moves, gliding or dancing as the measure chances to be swift or slow, might not be broken by the discord of reality, how light would float the fairy hours, led by that weird and wondrous melody, from 'night to morn, from morn till dewy eve.' But often, just in the midst of my heroine's most impassioned reply to my hero—the bell rings for dinner—or our little Lily-belle wants her robe arranged—or rosy, roguish Mary insists upon playing that she is my mamma and that I am her youngest and naughtiest responsibility; and, after all, the glee that our three loving hearts play and sing together, with now and then a coo from the cradle from our little dove, our precious '*Picciola*,' as an accompaniment—if less ethereal—less artistic—is quite as sweet and more spirited than the dream-music that Fancy plays in the air for me. To be sure, I have to be punished and put in the corner by my little tyrant, rather

often than is convenient or agreeable, and to spell hard words, that I eschewed in my vagrant school-days some—forty years ago!—if we count time by 'heart-throbs,' as Festus bids us, I have lived longer than that—

"I broke that chain of thought, attracted by the peculiar grace of a compliment paid by a gentleman to a very lovely woman, who is sitting near me, bending a pair of superb Spanish eyes and a graceful Psyche-head over a suspender, on which, beneath her fairy hands a wreath of exquisitely delicate flowers is growing and glowing; all too daintily for the heart it is meant to chain—since that heart is man's—

For still the fairest, frailest flowers
He soonest casts aside!

But the compliment. Some one remarked, that her head would be perfect, were it not that the organ of reverence was entirely wanting in it. 'It has never been brought into play,' was the reply, 'for she has found *no superior* on earth.'

"Last night, as I watched her pensive look, I found myself chanting to myself a song to her lost child—the most divinely beautiful being that I ever beheld. I loved her as my own, and the tears still spring to my eyes whenever I think of her. Will you hear the song, Mary?

TO LITTLE ANNIE C—.

Thy dark eyes danced in light,
And on thy cheek the while,
Life's morning, rosy bright, Annie,
Did softly glow and smile.

A rare and radiant grace,
A beauty not of earth,
Had 'o'erinformed' thy face, Annie!
God's darling! from thy birth.

When last I pressed thy brow,
There dawned thy soul divine;
But Heaven has won thee now, Annie!
A lovelier morn is thine!

While paled life's early rose,
Thy spirit plumed her wings,
And now—how soft they close, Annie!
While God's new angel sings!

"Some time before her death, the dear little child had frequently looked up in her mother's face, and exclaimed, without any apparent or immediate cause—'Happy Annie!' and 'Happy Annie!' was the only epitaph they traced upon the simple slab of white marble that marked her little grave.

"But I shall sing you to sleep, my own Marie, if I give you any more of my verses: so take a spirit-kiss, and believe me still

"Your fondly attached,
"KATE CAROL."

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

(Continued from page 8.)

CHAPTER IV.

Here's a good world!
—Knew ye of this fair work?—KING LEAR.

THE news of so important an event as the capture of Mr. Mowbray was not long in traveling to Mrs. Blakeley's. One morning, as she and her niece sat at work together, the butler rushed into the room, betraying considerable agitation. We have already alluded to his pomposity and affectation of high-sounding phrases; another foible, the desire to play an important part, sometimes got the better of his discretion, as in the present instance.

"I've just heard such news, Missus Blakeley," he exclaimed, breathlessly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "It's completely admonished me. I've run all de way from de head of de avenue, where I heard it from Jim Benson, who listed wid de British, and is now going home on a furbelow; a berry respectable person he is for a Tory and a common white man. In his new uniform he looks almost like an officer, I insure you!"

Here the old man paused, overcome by the rapidity of his utterance. Both Mrs. Blakeley and her niece understood his peculiarities too well to interrupt him, but they looked up smiling.

"Such news!" he began again. "I hope young missus won't faint. Be sure, such things must recur; but to think it should happen to Mr. Mowbray—Lor' save us."

Kate, at the mention of her father's name, turned pale, and could no longer endure the speaker's proximity.

"What is the matter with my father?" she gasped, "Is he dead?"

"Oh, no, missus—only taken by de Tories. But dey say he is to be hung."

The sight of Kate's ghastly face stopped the officious announcement—but it was too late; with a shriek she fell to the floor. At this spectacle, the old slave, struck with sudden remorse, cried, wringing his hands,

"I have killed her. Oh, Lor'!—oh, Lor'!—will she ever survive again?"

"You have only made her swoon by your hasty announcement of this terrible news," said Mrs. Blakeley, sternly. "Run and send her maid."

It was long before Kate was restored to consciousness. Meantime, Mrs. Blakeley learned from

old Jacob all he had to impart. Of her brother's ultimate fate she could scarcely entertain a doubt. She well knew the character of that bitter warfare. The orders of Lord Rawdon, the then superior officer of the royal army in South Carolina, had just been repeated, that all who had once signed the protection, yet subsequently been captured in arms against the king, should be summarily executed. The sentence of Mr. Mowbray, according to old Jacob's report, was already issued. Mrs. Blakeley was scarcely less shocked than her niece, but her fortitude was required to sustain Kate, and she struggled to appear composed.

"Let us go to Col. Watson at once," were almost the first words of Kate, on recovering her senses. "Surely he will not refuse us. He was but lately your guest—how can he then deny your prayer?"

"Alas! my child," replied her aunt, with tears in her eyes, "war converts men into fiends, and dries up all the kindlier feelings of the soul; but especially in a civil war like this, no such thing as friendship is acknowledged. Have you forgotten the fate of Gabriel Marion, the neighbour of the general—youthful, beautiful, unoffending, the pride of that old man's heart? He was taken in a skirmish, and, as soon as recognized, told to make ready for death. His prayers for a respite—for paper to write to his uncle—for time to make his peace with God, were alike denied him." She shuddered as she continued. "They made him kneel on the highway, and then basely murdered him."

"But they will not, they cannot murder my father thus. The men who did that foul deed were Tory outcasts. Col. Watson has a kind heart; he will spare my father's life." And Kate, clasping her hands, addressed her aunt supplicatingly, as if on the words she might speak hung her parent's existence.

Mrs. Blakeley could not reply for some time for weeping. Twice she essayed to speak: twice tears choked her utterance. At last she shook her head mournfully.

"Say not so—you do not mean it," cried Kate, eagerly.

"Alas! alas! my darling," sobbed Mrs. Blakeley, clasping Kate in her arms, "I would as willingly hope as you; but there is no hope. Was not solicitation, influence, promises, every thing exerted to save Col. Hayne; but to no purpose. They are inexorable. Did not the general say, in refusing a

pardon, that if it were his own brother, he could do no more."

At these words the full truth of her father's situation seemed for the first time to break on Kate, who hitherto had hoped that aid from some quarter, her own prayers, or other influence, might save his life. During the time Mrs. Blakeley was speaking, the unfortunate girl gazed with stony eyes upon her, every feature rigid, her arms motionless and set, hanging by her side, and her head slightly advanced, with half parted lips, listening eagerly. Even when the speaker ceased, only a vague sense of what she said seemed to rest on Kate, and she murmured vacantly,

"No hope!—none, did you say?"

Mrs. Blakeley shook her head, mournfully. Her own heart was swelled to bursting; that stony look, those rigid lips, made her tremble for the reason of her niece.

"No hope!" whispered Kate, in those thrillingly low tones that are more eloquent than all the accents of despair. "Oh, just Heaven!" she exclaimed, suddenly elevating her voice; and she raised her outstretched hands on high, "wilt thou see this foul injustice done?"

But here the pitch of horror to which the unfortunate girl had been wound up, proved too much for a frame already weakened by preceding agitation, and she suddenly fell back, rigid and paralyzed, in another fainting fit.

All that day, and part of the night, Mrs. Blakeley watched over her niece. Toward midnight the sufferer sank into a slumber. On awaking in the morning, wan and haggard, she seemed only the shadow of her former self; but she had gained composure; though in the quivering lip, and the eye that filled unconsciously with tears, might have been read the agony of a breaking heart.

But though Mrs. Blakeley did not allow herself to hope, and thought it her duty to bid her niece discard all expectation of the prisoner's pardon, she nevertheless resolved to do every thing that could be done to induce Col. Watson to save Mr. Mowbray's life, or at least to grant a respite until headquarters could be heard from. Accordingly, she spent the hours of the night, after Kate, stupified alike by exhaustion and by narcotics, had sunk into slumber, in writing to Col. Watson. She also penned a hasty epistle to Major Lindsay, beseeching his interposition; for though Mrs. Blakeley was well aware of his pretensions to the hand of her niece, she thought this no time for morbid delicacy. These epistles being indited, and confided to the hand of a trusty servant, with orders to spare neither whip nor spur until he reached Col. Watson's quarters, Mrs. Blakeley, toward morning, sought her couch, almost as much exhausted, both physically and mentally, as her unfortunate niece.

The morning broke in that once happy mansion as on a house of death. The shutters were half closed, as if to exclude the light, and the servants

stole noiselessly to and fro, speaking in whispers scarcely above their breath. The morning meal remained almost untouched. Kate could eat nothing; and often set down her teacup, while her eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Blakeley, spite of all her self-control, was nervous and trembling. The old butler, who remained in the room, often turned his back, and brushed the honest tears from his eyes; for though unwilling to betray his emotion, he was unable to prevent it. Even Mrs. Blakeley's pet greyhound seemed to know and participate in the grief; for, instead of rushing up to his mistress boisterously, when she came down stairs, as had been his wont, he walked slowly and sadly toward her, looking up appealingly into her face, as if assuring her of his sympathy. The same dull pantomime was gone through with when Kate entered, and made her lip quiver.

Mrs. Blakeley had informed her niece of what she had done, and said that nothing now remained but to wait an answer to her letters. Kate, however, begged that she might be allowed to go to Col. Watson's head-quarters to see her father; and though Mrs. Blakeley strove to dissuade her from this purpose, believing that the interview would only harrow up unnecessarily the feelings of both, filial love prevailed, and Kate extorted a lingering consent that they should set forth as soon as the heavy, lumbering carriage could be prepared.

It was during this delay that the galloping of a horse arrested her ear, and Major Lindsay was seen to alight on the lawn. During the moment that elapsed before his announcement, Kate had time to indulge in a thousand wild speculations. Hope whispered to her that Major Lindsay had procured the pardon of her father, or else come to announce a reprieve. Breathless and trembling, she did not wait for his entrance, but hurried to the door of the parlor. Mrs. Blakeley was almost equally agitated. Her first supposition was that Major Lindsay had received her note, and hurried at once to their aid; but a moment's reflection satisfied her that time enough for this had not elapsed. She concluded then that he had hastened, on his own suggestion, to comfort them; and she advanced to meet him as eagerly as Kate.

Major Lindsay met them at the door. He started back at the sight of Kate's wan face, for never could he have believed it possible that human agony could be so forcibly depicted on the countenance; but, recovering himself, he advanced eagerly, and clasping the hand of each lady in his own, looked from one to the other with a smile, not gay yet encouraging.

"You bring us good news, I know," said Kate, turning deadly pale, and then flushing to the forehead.

"I hope so," said he, with marked emphasis. "God grant it!"

"God grant it, indeed," faltered Mrs. Blakeley, in reply, the blood going back coldly on her heart at these equivocal words.

Kate, however, did not notice this: hope blinded her eyes, willingly; and she eagerly answered,

"I knew you would bring us words of cheer. He is free—he is on his way hither; he will be here soon. Is it not so?" and she looked so beautifully earnest, as she lifted her eyes eagerly to Major Lindsay's face, that he vowed inwardly no obstacle should prevent him from winning so charming a bride.

"Not exactly that," he replied, with some hesitation. "Mr. Mowbray is not free yet—but I hope, nay, I may promise that he is in no danger—that is, provided," he stopped, embarrassed.

Mrs. Blakeley looked searchingly at the speaker, yet her heart would not allow her to entertain the suspicion that had flashed across her, and she discarded it indignantly. Kate, hurled suddenly from her pinnacle of hope, trembled, and clung speechlessly to her aunt's arm.

Major Lindsay's embarrassment continued. He looked imploringly at Mrs. Blakeley, as if he half expected her to come to his aid. But Mrs. Blakeley was as agitated as Kate. She struggled to subdue her emotion, saying, eagerly,

"Do not torture us by suspense, I implore you, Major Lindsay. If any thing is expected of us, fear not to tell us at once; we will strip ourselves to the uttermost farthing, if a heavy fine can save my brother's life."

Major Lindsay, thus thrown on his own resources, hesitated and stammered, but found words at length to say,

"Do not be alarmed, ladies. I repeat it, there is nothing to fear. But I come rather as an ambassador than as the herald of joy. In other words, I have certain matters to mention, which are preliminary, I regret, to the pardon of Mr. Mowbray. My message, too, is exclusively to Miss Mowbray, and I fear can be delivered to her alone. But understand me, there is no doubt of all yet going well."

"I will leave you with this dear girl at once," said Mrs. Blakeley, imprinting a kiss on Kate's brow. "I need scarcely say how deeply she has been agitated, and beg you to spare her as much as possible."

"I will do it," said Major Lindsay earnestly, his eyes compassionately bent on Kate; and Mrs. Blakeley, notwithstanding her suspicions, could not doubt his sincerity.

Kate trembled with a strange forboding feeling, as she saw the door close on her aunt; and yet what was there of alarm in this approaching interview? Were not the words and looks of Major Lindsay kind and encouraging? Yet still Kate trembled to find herself alone with him.

CHAPTER V.

"Where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt."—KING LEAR.

THE apartment in which Major Lindsay found himself, was one with which he had been familiar

on his preceding visit to the mansion; but, for a minute after Mrs. Blakeley's exit, he gazed around him as if examining for the first time the architecture and furniture of the room. It was an apartment, too, well worth his scrutiny. Few even of the gentry of that proud state could boast a dwelling like that of Mrs. Blakeley. The walls of the parlor were wainscoted to the ceiling with richly carved cornices; and over the mantelpiece, encircled by a wreath of roses carved in the wood, were the arms of the family. The furniture was of mahogany, consisting of massive tables and chairs, with elaborately carved feet. A couple of fine portraits adorned the walls—one a picture of the deceased Mr. Blakeley, the other a likeness of Mr. Mowbray.

Major Lindsay cast his eyes from the cornice to the floor, and from the mantelpiece to the portraits, and at length stealthily turned them in the direction of Kate, who sat on the sofa, her color rapidly changing, equally constrained and embarrassed. That a young and almost inexperienced girl should want perfect self-possession was less singular, however, than that a practiced man of the world like Major Lindsay should be without it. But the truth was that he scarcely knew how to introduce his errand to Kate.

When his eyes, however, met those of the fair girl, there was an expression of surprise and inquiry at his silence, not to be misunderstood; and he thought it best to refer at once to the purpose of the interview.

"It pains me exceedingly—you cannot imagine how much—my dear Miss Mowbray," he began. "to come here without the unconditional pardon of your father. But there are two circumstances which prevented me from succeeding to the extent of my wishes, and thus having the honor and pleasure of bringing you such welcome news. In the first place, Mr. Mowbray is not, as you suppose, a prisoner to Col. Watson, that officer being on his march to join Lord Rawdon at Camden; but, on the contrary, is in the hands of Lieut. Col. Campbell, who now holds the post of Georgetown, and who, besides being a gentleman of a more inexorable nature, is personally unacquainted with your father. Now, had it been Col. Watson to whom Mr. Mowbray had been surrendered, I indulge the hope that, difficult as the task would have been, his intimacy with yourself and Mrs. Blakeley, to say nothing of my own solicitations, would have procured the release of your parent. But with Col. Campbell the case is different. He is not only a stranger to you all, but he is nearly an entire stranger to myself. There does not exist between us those terms of intimacy that, in the case of Col. Watson, would have justified me in asking for the release of your father as a personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expecting Kate to answer; but she only bowed. It was evident also from her look of continued surprise that she could not yet make out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major Lindsay slowly, "there is nothing in this case to distinguish it from others—nothing, I mean, to justify Colonel Campbell in his own eyes for pardoning your parent, when so many others, also taken with arms in their hands, are executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are explicit. Every man who, having once signed the protection, is afterward captured fighting against the king, is to be punished with death. This command hitherto has been rigidly enforced. Nor is there in Mr. Mowbray's case, as I before said, any thing to take him out of the general rule. On the contrary, as Col. Campbell assured me, there is every reason why he should be proceeded against even more rigidly than others. Your father is rich and has great personal influence; and his pardon would lead the gentry generally to suppose that they could revolt with impunity. To suffer the leaders to escape—these were the words of my superior—yet punish their deluded followers, is neither justice nor good policy. These considerations induced Col. Campbell, to whom I hastened at once as an intercessor, being fortunately in Georgetown, to refuse my suit, though he kindly condescended to explain the reasons, as I have recapitulated to you."

Kate clasped her hands at these words, and became pale as a corpse.

"Then he is to die!" she gasped. "It is thus you would break the news to me."

"Nay, not so, as I hope in heaven!" cried Major Lindsay, earnestly, springing forward to support the fainting girl. "Your father's life may yet be spared—Col. Campbell himself assured me how."

Kate's eyes were eagerly turned to the speaker at these words, though by a motion of her hand she waved off his assistance.

"The colonel said," continued Major Lindsay, seeing she waited for him to speak, "that it was only necessary to give a proper pledge to the royal government for his future neutrality, and Mr. Mowbray might yet be saved. He himself hinted at the character of that pledge, or else I should have remained in doubt. 'Go to Miss Mowbray,' he said, 'and tell her that with her it rests to preserve her father's life. I have heard of your suit in that quarter; obtain her consent to a speedy marriage; and then to the father-in-law of one of his majesty's most faithful subjects I can grant that life which I must deny to a rebel in arms.' These were his words. And now, dear Miss Mowbray, think not I come to take advantage of you," said Major Lindsay, speaking rapidly and eagerly, as he saw her avert her face, "God knows nothing is further from my thoughts. But it is the weakness of love to be selfish, and when the way by which I might win my suit was thus pointed out to me, I had not the strength to resist. Besides, I knew I should never forgive myself if I refused to come, and your father lost his life in consequence. My very love for you, by making me anxious for his life, would have

forced me hither, even if I knew beforehand that you would spurn me."

Surprise and indignation chased each other through Kate's mind at hearing these words. The embarrassment of Major Lindsay was now explained, for well might he hesitate to avow his baseness in making her father's life the price of her hand. Kate was firmly persuaded that he might have saved her parent if he would; and her bosom heaved with indignant feelings. But had she known all: had she known that Major Lindsay himself had planned her father's capture, and instigated his superior to dictate the only terms of pardon—how would she have turned from him with horror and loathing inexpressible!

Kate's first impulse was to rise and leave the room. But she remembered how completely she was in her auditor's power, and her feelings suffered a revulsion. She burst into tears.

"I see I pain you," said the major, in affected sorrow. "Nay! then I will leave your presence. Heaven bless you!" and he rose sadly and prepared to go.

Kate was staggered by these words. Could one who thus spoke have really acted as basely as she but now supposed? She could not believe it. Yet she still turned with repugnance from the idea of a union with Major Lindsay. Meantime that individual had advanced several steps toward the door, while Kate continued sobbing violently on the sofa. Her heart was torn with conflicting emotions. If she suffered her visitor to depart, her father's blood would be on her hands. The major had already turned the lock: there was no longer room for delay. Springing wildly from her seat, she rushed forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"Stay!" she gasped. "Do with me as you will."

A gleam of triumph shot across Major Lindsay's face.

"You know not how you transport me," he said rapidly. "If the devotion of a life can repay you for this promise, here I swear to bestow it in requital," and taking those fair but listless fingers in his hand, he would have raised them to his lips.

But Kate instinctively drew them back, and with an almost haughty gesture. The next moment, however, she again burst into tears.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "is there no other way. Be generous, Major Lindsay."

She stood like an imploring Niobe, her eyes raised in supplication, her whole face beaming.

The countenance of her auditor, on that sudden withdrawal of her hand, had flushed with sudden anger; but he had now once more controlled his features to a look of pity, and he replied—

"Would I could do as you wish; would there was some other way."

"There is—there is," said Kate, eagerly. "You yourself will go again to Col. Campbell and intercede for us."

"Alas! I have done that already."

"To Lord Rawdon, then," breathlessly interposed Kate.

"It would be useless. Nay, if he hears of this matter prematurely, before you are mine, neither Col. Campbell nor I can save your father."

There was a tone of decision in him as he pronounced these words, that shut out all further entreaty. Kate felt, moreover, that what he said was true; from Lord Rawdon no hope could be entertained. With a groan she buried her face against the sofa.

Major Lindsay stood at a respectful distance. During the interview he had more than once been smote to the heart by Kate's agony. He was not a villain in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Impelled by his necessities, and stung by Kate's persevering refusal, he had planned her father's capture, intending to purchase her hand by his pardon, and little doubting that, in time, she would learn to love him. He had found little difficulty in persuading Col. Campbell to further his scheme, representing to that officer that Kate was not indifferent to him in secret, but was unwilling, on her father's account, to marry a royal officer. But Major Lindsay, though engaged in this black plot, really loved Kate; and had he not gone too far to retreat, perhaps would have been moved from his purpose by the sight of her suffering. His commiseration was not, therefore, all affected; and even now, as he stood awaiting her final decision, which he no longer doubted would be in his favor, a pang of remorse shot through his heart on raising his eyes and beholding Mr. Mowbray's picture—for the mute canvas seemed to rebuke him with its sad, earnest gaze.

Perhaps five minutes thus passed—the major leaned on his sword—Kate, her face buried from sight, continued to sob. At length she looked up, and holding out her hand with averted head, she said,

"My father shall be saved." And then, as if almost choked by the words, she added, "Leave me now."

"Thank you for those blessed words," said Major Lindsay; and bowing over her hand, which he just touched with his lips, he left the room.

Kate waited till the door closed after him, then, with a cry of anguish, she gave way to fresh tears.

"Oh, miserable, unhappy me!" she groaned, "would nothing but this save my father!"

All at once she started up, and a wild gleam of joy irradiated her face. She dashed the tears from her eyes; for the first time it had occurred to her that Preston could avert her horrible destiny—in what way she knew not; but in childhood he had always been her protection, and she still felt the habit of looking up to him in peril.

But in an instant came the reflection of the terms on which they now stood to each other. They had parted in anger; and he either despised or hated her. Under such circumstances her womanly modesty revolted from appealing to him for aid. "No,"

she mentally ejaculated, "I will die sooner." And as she came to this resolution, she fell back again in hopeless misery on her sent.

Major Lindsay, meanwhile, had sought out Mrs. Blakeley, to whom he related the result of his interview with Kate. To her aunt, who knew little of our heroine's feelings, the sacrifice appeared an inconsiderable one; and Mrs. Blakeley had always regarded Major Lindsay with favor. She informed her guest that they were soon to set forth for Georgetown, and invited him to accompany them. He declined, alledging the necessity of his returning as speedily as possible; but offered to leave a portion of his dragoons to escort the ladies.

"I shall be the first to meet you in Georgetown," he said, as he bid Mrs. Blakeley farewell on the steps of her mansion; and plunging spurs into his steed, he was soon out of sight with his train.

CHAPTER VI.

"Who thundering comes on blackest steed."—BYRON.

WHILE Major Lindsay was galloping from Blakeley Hall, Captain Preston, by the same road, was advancing toward it. He had been out on a scouting expedition, and hearing that Kate was still with her aunt, determined, in a moment of relenting, to visit her. He had not yet heard of her father's capture—of course he was ignorant of her own peril; and Kate determined that he should still remain so.

The rapidity of Major Lindsay's pace was in unison with the tumult of his thoughts. Now that all was settled, conscience was stilled; and he felt only the wild exultation of success. Exposure was the only thing he had to dread; but of that he felt no alarm, the unsettled state of the country affording secrecy as well as impunity.

He had no doubt Kate would soon love him. With other women he had generally been successful; he attributed his failure in her case to her remembrance of Preston as her old playmate. But once finding herself the husband of another, duty would soon teach her to forget the past. Occupied with these reflections, Major Lindsay's spirits rose. Triumphant guilt is rarely given to remorse.

"But one thing only is wanting," he said. "If I could meet this Preston—this braggadocio—I would at once have my revenge, and get rid of all possibility of future rivalry."

As if in answer to this half expressed wish, there was at that moment seen, on the crest of a slight elevation in front, a single horseman, who, even at that distance, was recognized as wearing the uniform of Marion's brigade.

"Wheel to the right," said Major Lindsay sharply and suddenly to his dragoons, "into this old wood-road. Halt! We will lie in ambush here until we know something of the strength of the enemy. They do not yet see us."

His orders were immediately executed. The troopers dashed into the pine barren, where they

were easily concealed behind some high brush. Major Lindsay alighted and stealthily advanced to reconnoitre.

First he saw a trooper idly descending the hill; then another immediately cut the clear acclivity with his figure; and soon a third, fourth, and fifth appeared in rapid succession. The last comer was at a gallop, and dashed by the others until he reached their head. Even at that distance Major Lindsay thought there was something familiar in this person. He could not believe, however, that he had seen the whole of the enemy's force, until the five horsemen had nearly descended the hill, when he concluded that they were merely a scouting party of the foe. He beckoned to him his orderly.

"Do you know those fellows?" he said.

The approaching horsemen were still at a considerable distance, so the man, shading his eyes with one hand, while with the other he held back the brushwood to get an opening for his face, peered long and eagerly. Then he drew back, nodding his head.

"I know 'em," he said, "least ways one o' em, who is that Capt. Preston that used to plague us so, up at the hall, yonder," and he jerked his finger over his shoulder in the direction of Mrs. Blakeley's, which they had left about an hour before.

"Are you sure?" said Major Lindsay, eagerly. "I would rather lose a dozen guineas than that you should be mistaken."

"Then you'll keep your guineas, sir," said the orderly, "that's Capt. Preston, and nobody else."

"Is that fellow, Macdonald, with him? He is worth two men, and it would be a lucky hit to get both."

"No, sir, I know his cut well—but he's not along. And that's odd too, for he and Capt. Preston always go together like dogs hunting in couples."

"Then we have him!" said Major Lindsay, exultingly. "He cannot escape us."

"Shall we blow trumpet and charge at once then?" said the orderly. "Our men will go at 'em like hungry wolves. They've a long score to settle."

"Not yet," said Major Lindsay, "we will wait till those fellows come up; then, boot and saddle, and upon them. I would not have them escape us for my life."

The dragoons, informed who the enemy was, chafed impatiently to begin the attack—for they had a hundred insults to avenge on the bold partisan before them. Meanwhile, our hero, for the orderly had been right in saying Capt. Preston led the troop, approached on a trot, completely unconscious of the presence of his hidden enemy. He was engaged in a scouting expedition of some extent, and had no idea an armed royalist was within twenty miles. Suddenly, however, he drew in his rein, for he thought he heard a horse stamping in the forest; but it was too late; Major Lindsay saw they were discovered, and immediately gave the long wished for word.

"Charge!" he said, plunging his rowels into the sides of his horse, and clearing at one bound the space between him and the road.

With a loud huzza, the dragoons shouting, "no quarter," followed his example, horse and man suddenly filling the road like apparitions. Preston saw he was surrounded. Their cries told him, moreover, that it was to be a life and death struggle. Five against fifteen was fearful odds, yet he cried,

"Marion for ever!" and drawing his sabre, he dashed at Lindsay, whom he recognized. "Ha! have we met!" he cried.

"Yes! and I have you," was the reply hissed between his adversary's teeth.

As Major Lindsay thus spoke, he raised himself in his stirrups, and throwing all his strength into one gigantic blow, he brought his heavy sabre down, right on the almost unprotected head of Preston. For a moment it seemed as if the trenchant blade would cut through cap and skull, even to the shoulder—and had it struck fair it would; but with a dexterous movement, our hero evaded the stroke, and in return dealt a side cut that, if Major Lindsay's horse had not fortunately swerved, would have ended his life at once.

But though foiled in this first attempt, each was eager to return to the charge, and wheeling their horses, they rushed again upon each other. It was Preston's turn now to deal the first blow. He rode with very short stirrups, of which he took advantage to throw himself backward, and then, projecting himself forward, and casting all his strength into the blow, he brought his sabre down on the helmet of Major Lindsay with a force that was irresistible. Cutting clean through the crest as if it had been a smoke wreath, the well-proved blade descended with full violence on the steel cap, through which it crashed like an egg-shell; but here it stopped, broken into fragments by the tremendous stroke and the resistance of the iron casque combined. Nothing but that well-tempered steel head-piece could have saved Major Lindsay's life. As it was, stunned and bewildered, he reeled in his saddle.

"Hew him down!—Use the cold lead!—Have at him there, one and all!"

Such were the exclamations that met our hero's ear, as he recovered himself from that blow, and found only the hilt and a fragment of his broken blade left in his hand. He looked around hastily. His four followers had already been put *hors du combat*, and the dragoons were now, like dogs around a wild boar, waiting a chance to rush in on him, encouraging each other by shouts; for such was the terror of Preston's name, and so terrific was the blow they had just seen dealt their leader, that each man hung back an instant, preferring that his neighbor should go in first. Preston saw this advantage, and hastened to avail himself of it, for, as pistols were already drawn, he knew his chance would last scarcely a moment.

"Ho, Thunderer!" he said, addressing his steed—a

powerful animal, jet black all over—and turning his head toward that part of the circle of his foes which seemed the thinnest, he added, “stand by me now, and we escape them yet.”

As he spoke, he dashed his spurs into the animal's sides till the blood spurted beneath the sharp steel, and with a pistol in his right hand, sprang fiercely forward. Right and left the dragoons, panic-struck, gave way, as when a flock of sheep fly before the onset of an angry wolf—only one man attempting to stop his progress. But, without so much as being wounded, the trooper went down headlong, overthrown by the shock of Preston's powerful charger; and our hero, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, as he saw the way thus cleared before him, rose in his stirrups, and waving his arm on high, looked back, and gave utterance to a shout that long after he had vanished, like a bolt shot from some huge catapult, echoed and re-echoed in the startled woods.

“He is off, by God,” said the orderly. “Saw you ever the like?”

For a second the dragoons stood stupidly looking at each other; then, all at once, a dozen pistols were snapped at the fugitive, and a dozen steeds put to the pursuit. Moreover, Major Lindsay, though his head still swam from that tremendous blow, had recovered sufficiently to understand what was passing, and he now lent his voice to encourage the chase, and himself pressed forward among the first.

All this had occupied less time than it has taken us to relate it. The attack, the fight, the escape succeeded each other like flashes of summer lightning; and when Preston, adroitly turning his horse into the narrow and winding road where his foes had lain in ambush, passed momentarily out of sight, unharmed by the shots that whistled past, it seemed to him almost as if he were in a dream. But the shouts of pursuers, and the rapid tread of hoofs, speedily convinced him of the reality, and plying voice and spur, he went onward at a slashing pace, now and then looking behind to see if the dragoons gained on him.

There is something inexpressibly still and refreshing in an old, deserted road, winding through a cool pine-forest. The tall trees lapping overhead, the thick carpet of splintering leaves below, and the delicious fragrance all around, have always had a charm for us; and Preston felt it so, especially after the fierce excitement of that life and death struggle; so that when he came to a little dark stream, gliding softly across the road, he longed to stop and bathe his throbbing temples, and take one long, sweet draught, as he had often done upon a hot day in the forest when a boy. But the red foe was behind him, and he shot on like an arrow.

Presently he came to an old clearing, which had been long abandoned. Here, for about a quarter of a mile, was an open space, where ploughed fields had once been, but the furrows of which now were overgrown with a dry, stunted grass. He would

have preferred the winding forest road, but there was no alternative, and on he dashed. He had nearly regained the shelter of the forest on the other side, when he heard a wild burst of cheering, and looking back, he saw the dragoons, with Major Lindsay and one other in advance, entering on the open space. They had caught sight of him for the first time since he entered the old road, and their shouts betokened renewed hope and determination on their part.

Breathlessly Preston kept on, but with less assurance than before, for his horse was already hard worked, and he soon saw with dismay that blood was flowing from his fore-shoulder freely from a wound. A half mile further on the poor animal began to flag sensibly; yet, cruel as it seemed, and much as it pained his own generous nature, Preston was forced to urge on the dying steed. He knew that at the distance of a mile and a half ahead was a swamp, into the recesses of which, if he could once plunge, he would be safe. But now he heard behind him a rapid hoof. It came nearer and nearer, though still out of sight. One, if not more, of his pursuers was gaining upon him. Again he spurred his steed, and encouraged him with words. The noble animal answered with a feeble cry, and staggered on. Scarcely half a mile now remained to gain the swamp. If he could only reach it, Preston knew all danger would be past. But this was impossible.

That rapid gallop came nearer and nearer, like the clock that ticks the hour of the criminal's fate. He heard a shout behind him, and looking over his shoulder saw the trooper, whom he had last noticed side by side with Major Lindsay, come thundering on. He cheered his dying steed to a last effort—but it was in vain; the dragoon made two strides to his one. A few paces only now separated them; the swamp lay thrice the distance before. Already the trooper had risen in his stirrups, broadsword in hand. Preston had no such weapon. Suddenly he recollected the pistol in his other holster, and drawing it with the velocity of thought, he turned half around in his saddle and fired. With unerring aim the ball entered the brain of the dragoon, who fell dead to the earth.

It was the work of a moment to leap to the ground and catch the fallen soldier's horse, on which Preston sprang. Poor Thunderer was already dead; he had sunk to the earth as his master fired the last shot.

Thus fate interposed to prevent an interview between Preston and our heroine, at a time when it would have been of incalculable advantage to both, and have circumvented a plot as base and cruel as it was now certain of success. At the very hour when Preston, after having ridden over thirty miles from the spot where he was attacked, threw himself wearied from his horse, in one of the most secret recesses of the forest, Kate and her aunt were setting forth for Georgetown, where they arrived on the succeeding day.

Never was human creature in a more isolated and mournful situation than Kate now found herself. Indulging in what she thought a hopeless passion, every motive of delicacy forbade her revealing it to those who alone could befriend her. She well knew that if her father became aware how much her marriage with Major Lindsay was against her inclinations, he would interpose even at the very altar, and ascend the scaffold to save her. Neither would it do to let her aunt guess her abhorrence at this union. Both her father and Mrs. Blakeley had, indeed, at one time hoped that a matrimonial connection would be formed between her and Preston, but the mutual coldness of the parties had long since dissipated this expectation. It was no time now to reveal her secret preference; such a confession would only have sealed her father's fate without rendering her happy. Kate was forced therefore to wear a smiling face, when her heart was lacerated.

As Major Lindsay was compelled to be at Camden in six days, his leave of absence closing at that period, the marriage was fixed for the evening before his departure. This was an earlier day than Kate had looked for, but she could not object without exposing her secret. She submitted therefore in silence.

But who can tell the agony of her spirit, when in company with her aunt and parent she was forced to wear a smiling aspect! yet when alone she gave free vent to her sorrow. The image of Preston often intruded on those bitter moments. Alas! that one so young should be so miserable. She could have prayed for death but that it would have been impious.

Oh, the heart, the heart! what a mystery it is. There are blows worse than those on the wheel; it is when a gay heart is broken with anguish.

[Conclusion in our next.]

THE MAID OF LINDEN LANE.

WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO THE SCHOOL-GIRL.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

LITTLE maiden, you may laugh
That you see me wear a staff!
For your laughter 's but the chaff
From the melancholy grain!
Through the shadows long and cool
You are tripping down to school,
But your teacher's cloudy rule
Only dulls the shining pool
With its loud and stormy rain!

There 's a higher lore to learn
Than his knowledge can discern:
There 's a valley deep and dorn
In a desolate domain!
But for this he has no chart!
Shallow science—shallow art!
Thither—oh be still my heart—
One too many did depart
From the halls of Linden Lane!

I can teach you better things;
For I know the secret springs
Where the spirit wells and sings
Till it overflows the brain!
Come when eve is closing in,
When the spiders all begin,
Like philosophers, to spin
Gilded tissues vain and thin
Through the shades of Linden Lane.

While you sit as in a trance,
Where the moon-made shadows dance,
From the distaff of Romance
I will spin a silken skein!
Down the misty years gone by
I will turn your azure eye;
You shall see the changeful sky
Falling dark or hanging high
O'er the halls of Linden Lane!

Come, and sitting by the trees,
O'er the long and level leas,
Stretched between us and the seas,
I can point the battle-plain:
If the air comes from the shore
We may hear the billows roar;
But oh! never, nevermore
Shall the wind come as of yore
To the halls of Linden Lane!

Those were weary days of wo,
Ah! yes, many years ago,
When a cruel foreign foe
Sent his fleets across the main!
Though all this is in your books,
There are countless words and looks,
Which, like flowers in hidden nooks,
Or the melody of brooks,
There 's no volume can retain!

Come, and if the night be fair,
And the moon be in the air,
I can tell you when and where
Walked a tender loving twain:
Though it cannot be, alas!
Yet, as in a magic glass,
We will sit and see them pass
Through the long and rustling grass
At the foot of Linden Lane!

Yonder did they turn and go,
Through the level lawn below,
With a stately step and slow,
And long shadows in their train:
Weaving dreams no thoughts could mar,
Down they wandered long and far,
Gazing toward the horizon's bar
On their love's appointed star,
Rising in the Lion's Mane.

As across a summer sea,
 Love passed o'er the quiet lea,
 Light as only love may be,
 Frighted with no care or pain.
 Such the night; but with the morn
 Brayed the distant bugle horn!
 Louder! louder! still 't was borne!
 Then were anxious faces worn
 In the halls of Linden Lane!

With the trumpet's nearer bray,
 Saw we arms and banners gay
 Flashing but a league away,
 Stretching far along the plain!
 Neighing answer to the call
 Burst our chargers from the stall;
 Mounted, here they leaped the wall,
 There the stream! While in the hall
 Eyes were dashed with sudden rain!

Belted for the fiercest fight,
 And with swimming plume of white,
 Passed the lover out of sight
 With the hurrying host again!
 Then the thunders of the gun
 On the shuddering breezes run;
 And the clouds o'er swept the sun
 Till the heavens hung dark and dun
 O'er the halls of Linden Lane!

Few that joined the fiery fray
 Lived to tell how went the day;
 But that few could proudly say
 How the foe had fled the plain!
 Long the maiden's eyes did yearn
 For her cavalier's return;
 But she watched alone to learn
 That the valley deep and dorn
 Was her desolate domain!

Leave your books awhile apart;
 For they cannot teach the heart!
 Come, and I will show the chart
 Which shall make the mystery plain!
 I can tell you hidden things
 Which your knowledge never brings;
 For I know the secret springs
 Where the spirit wells and sings
 Till it overflows the brain.

Ah, yes, lightly sing and laugh,
 Half a child and woman half;
 For your laughter 's but the chaff
 From the melancholy grain!
 And, ere many years shall fly,
 Age will dim your laughing eye,
 And like me you 'll totter by;
 For, remember, love, that I
 Was the Maid of Linden Lane!

ÆGEUS.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOMER.

Theseus set sail for Athens in the same mournful ship in which he came to Crete, but forgot to change his sails, according to the instructions of his father; so that when his father beheld from a watch-tower the ship returning with black sails, he imagined that his son was dead, and cast himself headlong into the sea, which was afterward called Ægean sea, from his name and destiny. ANDREW TOOKER.

"A MAST above the waters
 Is rising tall and fair,
 And hither bound, with glory crowned,
 Welcome my princely heir!"

A king these glad words uttered,
 His white locks streaming free,
 Beneath a golden circlet,
 In his watch-tower by the sea.

When nearer drew to Athens
 The bark that bore his son,
 The monarch, with an altered look,
 This loud lament begun.

"Those sails are sails of mourning,
 They flap above the dead;
 And winds, that fill them, murmur
 Low lies the laureled head!"

"Vain, vain the hope long cherished,
 That this old hand of mine
 To Theseus, in dying hour,
 Would royal robe resign.

"Though black the sails and rigging
 Of yon ill-omened bark,
 In my despairing bosom
 There is a night *more* dark."

High, high the broken billow
 Its wreath of foam did fling,

When, headlong from the dizzy tower,
 Plunged, in his wo, the king.

Thenceforth, august Athena!
 Thy sea, for beauty famed,
 The bards of classic story
 "Ægeum Mare" named.

A waste of troubled waters
 Is, aye, the poet's dower,
 And royal thought keeps vigil
 Within a lonely tower.

Rich fancies have been trusted
 To Fortune's varying gale,
 And eagerly the watcher marks
 Yon home-returning sail.

Perchance on board are riches,
 To cheer the minstrel's lot,
 And glory's crown of amaranth,
 Whose purple fadeth not.

Winds drive the vessel nearer,
 And well their wrath she braves—
 "Ho, watchman! swells her canvas
 A white cloud o'er the waves?"

"Thy visions, bard, are perished,
 Thy golden hopes have fled—
 Those sails are sails of mourning,
 They flap above the dead.

THE EXECUTIONER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THOSE who, day by day, glance carelessly over a newspaper, as they puff a cigar, or give relish to a lazy breakfast, by running the eye over the brief sketches of crime which appear in the morning journals, with so much regularity, and in such equal proportions, that we are almost led to conjecture that each day receives by lot its due share of such matter, seldom, if ever, think of the actual romance of the events which come to them in such a barren shape. How many broken hearts and peculiar agonies are involved in the intimate details of that arrest, the narrative of which appears among twenty others, and is so told, that, perhaps, the only impression which it makes upon the mind is one of wonder at the feats of the police. What a fearful stage in the history of some human spirit is following the publication of that hasty but remorseless paragraph, which may scarcely arrest the attention as we trace the columns down for more stimulating news, and yet, first, perhaps, publicly connects an honorable name with low vice, and removes the last motive to reform with the last hope of concealment. It is well for those of gentle sensibilities that fancy is not more discursive at such moments, and that, by a kind law of our natures, the door of sympathy seldom opens but to intrusive griefs.

In spite, however, of the callousness which the monotony of crime induces, and which ranges, increasingly, down from those who read of it with indifference to those who commit with composure, it is sometimes brought so near to us in all its bleak reality of depravity and affliction, that we cannot well avoid communion with its voices. There are those who consider emotional culture a duty of self-education, and who would have us, upon systematic principle, subject ourselves to frequent contact with guilt and its results. This doctrine may be carried to excess; and yet but few can say that experience has not proved that the impressions of an occasional intimacy with life's deep tragedies around us are salutary and instructive.

I had stopped for the night, on a journey westward, at the little town of —. I was to leave it again in half an hour, and in this short interval that remained before the coach would arrive which was to carry me on my way, I was comfortably seated by a table in my own private apartment, alternately sipping from a cup of coffee and searching for some item of interest in the columns of a dull weekly, still damp from the village press. My eye passed hastily over the stereotype remarks of the country editor, the absurd extravagance of its political articles, and the unmeaning gossip of the neighborhood,

and rested, at last, with somewhat more interest, upon a paragraph which, under conspicuous capitals and innumerable marks of exclamation, had been thrust into the paper at the last moment. It contained the announcement of a robbery of the United States mail; from the confusion and empty verbiage of which I extracted these brief facts. The mail had been attacked, just before dawn, by two ill-looking men, who deliberately dragged the driver from his seat, tied him to a tree, and then, without further violence to his person, proceeded to rifle the bags. This done, they had fled, leaving the open letters scattered in the road, and the driver still bound. There was nothing, to be sure, very extraordinary in all this, except that it had occurred but a few hours before, and within two or three miles of where I sat. But when, soon after, the servant came in, and, eager to convey such unusual news, informed me that the men had been hotly pursued and taken, and were then in close custody in one of the rooms of that very house, on their way to the county prison, my curiosity, I confess, was fairly roused.

Intensity of character is always interesting, whatever may be its tendency. Profound intellectuality and abandoned villany are, perhaps, equally attractive, when viewed in the light of mere food for speculation. Our deepest feelings discover themselves in our intercourse with the eccentric traits of those of our own species. It is seldom the fear of the elements, or of wild beasts, with which we frighten children and distress ourselves. It is the terror of strong men, of mad men, or of dead men, that is, at all times, most natural and most urgent. There is subject for deep reason and earnest philosophy in these leadings of a wayward nature.

Some, it is true, are so conversant with such scenes that they lose the fresh effect which this occurrence had upon me. It was a new thing to have crime at my very door. It was no ordinary event for me to mingle my breath with that of outlaw men; of my own shape, indeed, but of wild passions and strange excitements, who gambled with such desperate stakes. I dropped the paper, pushed myself back from the table, and bade the servant go for the landlord.

He soon appeared, and I requested that he would get me a sight of the prisoners. My curiosity was certainly not unusual, or unnatural, and I flattered myself that my appearance gave weight to the wish. He disappeared, but soon returned with a favorable answer. With some caution, adopted to satisfy my host, lest I should be observed by those who

might wish to indulge a similar desire, and might lead him to regret his effort in my behalf, I approached the room in which they were confined, and at a signal agreed upon was admitted.

It was a small apartment. The men were standing at separate windows, looking out upon that open world from whose highways and endless fields they had been taken so suddenly. They were heavily manacled at wrist and ankle. Deep suffering is not sensitive, or easily startled, or perhaps their apathy in this instance arose from sullenness, but neither of them turned or moved as I entered. I nodded to an officer watching at the door, thanked him in low words for his courtesy in indulging my curiosity, and then leaned back against the wall by his side, and silently scrutinized the prisoners.

They stood, as I have mentioned, unmoved as statues. Though their faces were concealed from my view as they looked out, and their backs only were presented, I could see that in age and general appearance they were very different. They were both dressed with tolerable decency, except that their clothes were soiled and torn in the hurry of their flight, and the struggle of their capture. One of them was evidently very young, probably not more than twenty, and the long, neglected hair which fell upon his coat was light and soft. His feet were small, his hands white and delicate, his person slender and somewhat emaciated. They showed gentle training.

His companion was older, and his figure shorter and more sturdy. He had an awkward stoop, and his whole appearance was slouching and ungainly. A profusion of coarse black hair fell straight over his shoulders, without curl or gloss, and a thick beard seemed to cover his face. He bore marks of great strength in his short, thick neck and heavy limbs. This was all that I could see, and I waited patiently for a change in their positions.

"They're both of 'em," whispered the officer, "strangers in the neighborhood. I guess it's a new trade with 'em, for they're not very keen. They got nothing for their risk and then did n't know how to take themselves off. They're bad looking chaps though, and I would n't wonder if they'd seen the inside of a jail before to-day."

"One of them is very young," said I, and looks like a gentleman's son. Do you see his hands and feet?"

"You would n't think that of him," said he, "if you were to see his face once. It's the worst face that I ever saw in a young man. They're both game, too, and fought like the devil before we got the irons on 'em. That black, Spanish-looking rascal is as strong as a wild beast. He came mighty near getting off."

"Where did you catch them?" said I, "you seem to have been prompt."

"We found 'em by accident, in the end," said the officer. "And it was their own foolishness, too, that brought it about. We had given 'em up, and

were coming home, when we came across this letter. The fellows had dropped it two or three hundred yards from the house where we nabbed 'em. They thought they were safe, and were just trying to get something to eat. We would n't have touched 'em, it's likely, seeing 'em in a decent house, but they started, like fools, and looked scared, and all that, and we knew what to do."

I took the letter from him as he spoke. The seal had been broken when it was found. The address immediately arrested my attention. It was really a very singular coincidence, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened it. The letter was from my most intimate college friend to his father. I had not seen him for full two years, but in that interval I had corresponded with him freely, and I knew his present situation and something of his family history. His father resided in the far west. The son was at the east. He had remained at college when we parted, where he was still preparing himself for the bar, and the post-mark showed that it had been written at that place.

My first impulse, on seeing the signature, was one of honorable delicacy, and I had half folded the letter to return it to the officer, when it occurred to me that it had, no doubt, been already read and re-read; that it would necessarily form part of the chain of the testimony against the accused; that it would be exposed to inspection by bench, bar, and jury, and might at length find its way even to the public papers.

These thoughts decided me, and I opened it and read it. It surprised me somewhat; and though it may be made a question whether I was right or wrong in my mode of settling the point of delicacy, there is nothing which should prevent me now from placing it before the reader as accurately as my memory will allow after so long a lapse of time. It will not interest him as it did me, but its contents bear upon other parts of my story.

It was as follows:

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter of the — instant in regular course of mail. I was sincerely glad to hear that you had so far recovered from an indisposition which at first threatened to be serious.

"I am sorry that my reply will convey news which must distress you. George has returned from sea. I met him in the street a few days ago with an ill-looking companion. He came upon me suddenly. I am never very self-possessed, and I was extremely doubtful how to treat him. He saw me, however—knew me at once—seized me by the hand and drew me into a public room which opened upon the place where we stood. I could not break away from him without attracting attention. He affected a pleasure which I suppose was assumed, in order to overcome a repulsiveness of manner that he could not fail to notice, and which I could not help. He asked about you and Mary, and told me he was utterly destitute, and needed money for his necessary wants. I gave

him a small sum to keep him from starving, and tried to shake him off. This, however, I could not easily do. He went on to say that he had determined to see you again, and throw himself on your charity, and was then actually on his way to the west. I told him that your feelings had not changed, and that his appearance would only make trouble and give you pain. His resolution, notwithstanding what I said, seemed unaltered, and I am afraid his presence will soon annoy you.

"His appearance shocked me excessively. He looks bloated and depraved beyond description, and I fear from the expression of his face, and the air of his companion, that he has gone far in vice since he left you.

"I wish Mary could have seen him as I saw him. She has been so unreasonable already, however, that it might be well to send her from home in anticipation of the threatened visit. Unless she is kept in ignorance of it in this, or some other way, she may yet give us much trouble and anxiety.

"Give my love to her, and believe me

"Your affectionate son,

"HENRY EAGLETON, JR."

I have said that I was somewhat surprised. My friend had occasionally mentioned the name of George Ellis, his father's ward, and had more than once spoken of his own sister Mary. But though I had deemed our intimacy sufficient for almost any confidence, he had never touched upon circumstances bearing in the remotest degree upon those which had thus accidentally met my eye. Indeed I recollected, or thought I recollected, that there had always been a certain reserve in his conversation about Ellis, which had at times excited a casual curiosity. Now the mystery was in a measure explained. From the letter in my hand I could gather at a glance the main features of this family trouble. I afterwards learned that its most important events had happened after I parted with my friend.

"What names have they given?" said I to the officer, handing back the letter.

"None at all," he replied. "The short one can't or won't talk English, and the other is stubborn and says nothing. They've jabbered together a little in some foreign gibberish, but we can't get any thing out of 'em, do our best. If they knew what they were about they'd just give in their names at once as John Smith, or John Jones, and have done with it. That's the way the knowing ones do."

At this instant some one tapped at the door, opened it slightly, and informed me that the coach was waiting for me. Attracted by the sound the younger of the prisoners turned fully round. I had been looking for such a movement, and whispering to the servant that I would be there presently, and that in the meantime he could take down my trunk, I stood for a moment longer by the side of the officer, and with as little that was offensive in my glance as possible, returned steadily the gaze of the culprit.

The officer was right. In so young a man I had never seen so bad a face. Marks of brutal passion and dissipation mingled with an expression of sullen fear upon a countenance which might once have been handsome, but was now far otherwise. His eyes were heavy and bloodshot, and his skin red and bloated. But he could not bear my scrutiny, and cut it short by turning again to the window. I had already delayed longer than I should have done, and bidding the officer a hasty good bye, I left the room.

In ten minutes more I was driving rapidly away. On my return, I again passed through the town, and found upon inquiry the result of the arrest. The elder of the prisoners had been convicted upon the testimony of the younger; the former was in prison, the latter at large.

In the pressure of business, however, and of life's pursuits, the connected impressions of that scene soon went from me. Matters of deeper interest occupied my mind and enlisted my attention. My correspondence with Eagleton, in which of course I never hinted at my singular adventure, became less and less frequent, and at last ceased entirely; and before the time over which I now pass so hastily had gone by, I had well nigh forgotten my early friendship.

It was some five years after the occurrence of the scene which I have described, that on a visit to the city in whose college I had received a part of my education, I had occasion to employ counsel to advise me in the conduct of perplexed and unpleasant business. Seven years absence from the place had nearly obliterated my slight knowledge of its society, and I was obliged to make some inquiry in reference to the character and comparative ability of different members of the bar. Among other names mentioned to me with commendation was that of Henry Eagleton, my chum and classmate.

I sought no further, but determined without loss of time to see him, revive our acquaintance, and obtain his services. With the name, too, came back my recollection of the scene at —, and I felt a deep desire to discover, if I could do so with delicacy, the sequel to the brief narrative of that stolen letter. I obtained his address, and soon stood at the door of his office. I knocked, and in obedience to a call from within, entered.

By a large table on which lay open books and scattered papers, in the confusion and disorder of hasty use, sat my friend writing. He rose as I entered, and though time had made some change in my appearance and much more in his, we knew each other at once.

He was thinner and paler than when I had last seen him, and all the buoyancy of his disposition had gone. Then he was the soul of fun and innocent mirth, now he was grave, reserved, and business-like, and his features wore a deep tinge of melancholy. He was chatty and companionable, how-

ever, to me; and as passing from one lively topic to another we talked of old times and college freaks, his reserve wore away, and his face lighted up with smiles which probably had not played upon it for years before, and which made him look much more like my old friend Harry Eagleton. Maturity and old age are marvelously indulgent to the faults and follies of their youth, and while we recalled one scene after another of high frolic or absurd amusement, we almost felt ready for their mischief again.

As we warmed in a conversation of such a character, old sympathies revived, and our remarks became closer and more personal. I freely went over the general course of my life since we had parted, and with apparently equal openness he spoke of his own career. He had partly prepared himself for the bar in the proper department of the institution in which he had been graduated, had completed his training in a private office in the same city, had determined to settle there permanently in his profession, had come to the bar under favorable auspices, and with a delay much less than he had feared, and was now in the full tide of successful practice, reaping the fruits of an honorable and a lucrative business.

I asked him, after some time, after his father and sister. In a moment all sprightliness passed from his countenance, and he answered me with the deepest gravity.

His father had been dead for several years; his sister was living with him, a confirmed and hopeless invalid.

I did not mention Ellis's name, or push my inquiries further, but after a short and awkward silence touched abruptly on my own matters, and produced the papers which bore upon the business that had led me to his office. It was soon arranged. His clear comprehension of facts which I deemed complicated, and his better information as to their bearing and effect soon simplified a case of much importance, put it in a light more favorable to my own interest than I had anticipated, and directed my future course toward those concerned with me in the result.

This over our social chat re-commenced; and though I feared to intrude upon his time, he pressed me to remain seated, with an urgency which I could not resist. We were soon wandering away again with the memories which had already proved so pleasant, and which seemed to freshen and increase as we went on. After a prudent hesitation as to the propriety of doing so, which perhaps yielded in the end rather to inclination than to judgment, I availed myself of some accidental turn in our conversation, and related the adventure of my journey to the west.

I began the story without hinting to him that his name was involved. As I went on step by step, his eye became fixed on mine with increasing interest. I mentioned the letter and its address, and was about to tell its contents, when Eagleton rose

suddenly, took me by the hand and led me into an inner room. As I left the office I saw what I had not noticed until then. In the shadow of a large, high case, in a remote part of the apartment, with his hands folded listlessly before him, and his head drooping heavily over his lap, sat a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age. In all our lively and even noisy conversation, not a breath or motion had apprised me of his presence. Without seeming to observe him, however, I followed my friend. I felt satisfied that I was now about to be gratified by some disclosure connected with a history in regard to which all my former curiosity had returned.

He closed the door between the rooms, handed me a chair, drew another opposite to it, and as we sat down facing each other, he begged me to resume my narrative. He eyed me steadily as I proceeded, and at times expressions passed over his features whose meaning, with all my skill, I could not fathom—expressions of changing but controlled emotion.

I told the story to its end. With an accuracy of memory which surprised me, and seemed strangely supplied for the call of the occasion, I repeated this letter as I have given it already. When I mentioned the arrival of the servant to hurry me away, a shade of disappointment was evidently perceptible. When I spoke of the sudden movement of the younger of the prisoners, the hasty opportunity I had obtained, by his change of position, of examining his face, and then described his forbidding and depraved appearance, all his eager interest returned, and he bent forward as he sat, intent upon every word that passed my lips.

I paused at length, for my narrative was at an end; yet though I had ceased, so absorbed was he in that rapid description, that he still leaned toward me as though he hoped that I would give one touch more to the picture. Then he fell back in his chair absorbed in deep thought, which overlooks all apology for its silence, and peremptorily forbids interruption—sat thus for some minutes—rose and paced the room with rapid and unequal strides, and stood in the end abruptly before me.

"Did you pass through — on your return," said he with the tone and manner of one who rather thought the question aloud than uttered it.

I replied that I had, and mentioned in a few words what I had heard in reference to the prisoners, and the result of the proceedings against them.

Again Eagleton paced the room. I watched him with earnest curiosity, but did not by motion or remark interfere with his mood. It was one which must shortly explain itself. His step became gradually calmer and more steady, and at length he quietly sank into his chair. His countenance was grave, but without any manifest traces of agitation or excitement, and he looked steadily at me as he spoke.

"You saw, no doubt," said he, "in the room we

just left, a young man seated by a case. I am about to call him in for a moment. Will you be kind enough to observe him narrowly, and tell me when he is gone whether you have ever seen him before."

He rose once more, and with an appearance of composure, which was evidently assumed, opened the door through which we had just passed, called to the person who was sitting there, and then quietly resumed his seat. I heard a slow, shuffling step across the floor within, and presently the person called, whoever he was, appeared. I looked at him eagerly.

He was an idiot. I could see that clearly and at a glance. His vacant face gave undoubted evidence of the visitation of that peculiar judgment under whose influence the light within goes out; yet his features were not bad, and if one particle of intelligence had shown in his sunken eye, he might, perhaps, have passed without notice or remark in spite of his wan and unhealthy complexion, his unmeaning expression, and his listless gait and carriage. It was that dull, preternatural stare that made him so melancholy a spectacle.

I recollected well the face of the younger prisoner. It had made a fast and painful impression on my mind. Many a time it had been present with me; seldom as part of the scene in which it first appeared, but coming suddenly and unattended, looking at me as I mused. In my fancies my character had assumed it wholly or in fragments. If I slept I had fitted it to the creatures of my dream. A face alone—nothing else; but a face clearly chiseled, and with every point and line distinct.

If the man before me and he were the same, a fearful change had passed over him. But Eagleton had evidently connected the idiot with my story, and after the eagerness of his manner as I told the result of that last accidental scrutiny of the features of the man at —, and his subsequent singular request, I should have been dull indeed if I had not seen the drift of his thoughts, though I was in utter ignorance of the precise course they had pursued, and of the remote reasons of his conduct. The robber had an eye full of meaning and evil purpose—the face before me wore no shade of depravity; and yet as I looked resemblances occurred, became gradually more striking and more convincing, fastened themselves upon me with a tenacity that I could not shake off, and at last blended the two faces into one. I became satisfied of their identity as fully as if the awkward figure before me, guarded and manacled, were gazing yet from the window at which years before it had met my eye. It was not mere fancy, or an opinion forced upon me by the circumstances.

And yet I feared that it was, and to dispel any cloud that might rest upon my mental vision, or any nervous delusion which interfered with the correctness of the result at which I aimed, I rose and looked out for a few moments upon some

climbing vines and clustered roses that grew by an open door, and then resumed my seat.

My friend, rather to aid my observation than to give a reason for his call, had been speaking slowly to the object of my attention, until becoming satisfied from my manner that I was prepared to answer his question, he quietly dismissed him, and turned toward me again with the same affected composure in his movements, but with an eye full of eager inquiry.

"Eagleton," said I, "If I am right, a greater change has passed over that face in five years than death itself could have produced. But you have made a request, and I comply with it. I believe, before God, that the person I have just seen is the same to whose description you have just been listening. That description does not now apply, and yet it is a true one. I have doubted my conclusion, and distrusted memory, but I cannot relieve myself of the conviction I have expressed."

He was evidently prepared for the answer, and did not seem shocked or surprised, though the shade of gloom increased upon his countenance. He rose again, and paced the floor so long that I became impatient.

"I need not tell you," said he, at last resuming his seat once more, "that what you have seen, and what you are about to hear, are in the deepest confidence. I do not ask your pledge to keep it, but I leave it to your honor till I am dead. You have not only become acquainted, by accident, with family troubles which I hoped until to day would die with those connected with them, but by that same accident have been enabled to tell me that of which I did not know before, but which, now that I have heard it, solves many doubts, and explains facts before inexplicable. I am composed, but the answer to my question, for the candor of which I thank you, has pained me excessively; and yet, when you have listened to what I have to say, you will doubtless wonder at my sensibility upon such a subject as much as you now wonder at my indifference to your announcement.

"The young man you have just seen is George Ellis. My sister is his wife. Until your visit to-day, however much I may have suspected, no words brought to my ear had ever certainly fastened crime upon, or tainted his name with any thing but vice and dissipation, in which I know he has been deeply steeped. To day you have added that stain to his character. But why should I fret over what cannot be recalled. I have one real consolation. My sister has never known this new degradation, and will die in ignorance of your disclosures. As to Ellis, he is past feeling. You have seen his situation. But I must proceed with my narrative."

I do not tell the tale in Eagleton's words. In spite of all his efforts to control his feelings, they occasionally broke out in exclamations of deep pathos and bitter invective, and led him wandering off from the direct thread of his story. Besides, I

subsequently learned many facts which neither of us knew at that time, but which were closely interwoven with the scenes through which I am about to carry the reader.

The father of George Ellis and the father of my friend were once partners in mercantile business, in a thriving town of the West. The firm was Ellis & Eagleton. It did a large business, was widely known and much respected. Mr. Ellis was a man of information and integrity, but a free liver and a man of the world. He never married. He had, however, this son, whom he seemed to love more warmly because there was a stigma upon his birth, or, perhaps, because its history was connected with associations that were painful. But whatever was the reason for his father's blind attachment, George was humored and indulged, until, even while a child, he became the pest and terror of the neighborhood.

It is said that the offspring of illicit passion are generally marked by insanity of character. Be that as it may, it matters not here. There was enough to account for the worst traits of his disposition, in the unbridled license of his early training, and the foolish devotion of a worldly father. If ever there was an evil spirit in human shape, that spirit was George Ellis. From the very cradle the fiend showed itself. Boys of his own age fled from him as if he had been a wild beast. Eagleton, though older, was afraid of him. No one could govern him, least of all his own parent; and his reputation for mad freaks and reckless mischief soon spread far and wide, and rapidly increased as he became older. And yet with all this, with that dark, bad eye and bold air, he was as handsome a fellow as ever grew to be a man.

His father died when he was about eighteen. He died utterly bankrupt. With scrupulous honor, however, even in the excesses which had led to such a result, he had not involved his firm. On his deathbed he sent for Mr. Eagleton, told him that he died without a dollar to leave behind him, and with an earnestness which, perhaps, at such a moment, could not have been refused, committed his son to his partner's care.

It was a terrible legacy from a ruined man. My friend's father might have known that Mr. Ellis's wish could not be complied with, and that it would be absolutely impossible for him to assume such a trust. It would have been happy for him if he could have felt so. It would have saved him much affliction, and have given to his life happy years that sorrow soon cut off. But the destiny was otherwise.

I never saw Mary Eagleton. I know, however, that, at the time of which I speak, she was the belle of her village, the pet and pride of her father and brother. At the date of my interview with Henry in a distant city, she was a mere shadow of what she had once been—a wreck in mind and body—oppressed with pain and increasing infirmities.

These were all portions of that same fearful legacy.

Before the death of Mr. Ellis she had often seen his son. She was about his age, and had been attracted by his appearance. This was all. He was deemed a dangerous acquaintance, and a close and watchful care prevented intimacy. Now, by the last prayer of a dying parent, the profligate was brought to her very door, and sat at her very table and fireside. Her father might have prevented this, and yet have fulfilled his duty to the dead. He was blind.

They soon understood each other. But their conduct was cautious and baffled a watchfulness that was keenly awake. I need not clog my narrative with details. Her brother was away; her father could not be always near her. George was depraved and heartless, she was young and foolish. A private marriage terminated their intercourse, for the heart broken father cast the bridegroom off, at once, sternly, and forever. His wife never saw him again until, years after, in a distant city, he was brought to her bedside—an idiot. The bequest was not yet exhausted. But it might have been worse.

Ellis soon after went to sea in a merchant vessel bound for a foreign port. He was too abandoned even for such a society. On the first arrival of the ship at her destination he was set on shore. Without money, or character, yet with enough shrewdness to keep him from starving, he plunged desperately into all the temptations of a depraved city. Vice and poverty soon led to crime. It was not many months before he concealed himself, a fugitive from justice, on board of a vessel bound for his own country, and with a companion in his guilt, a Spaniard, arrived in the United States but a few days before the meeting mentioned in my friend's letter.

A few hours after that meeting he and his companion were on their way westward. Ellis hoped to be received again. The Spaniard had nothing to lose, and some adventure in a new country might turn to his advantage. But hard want pressed them sorely. Begging was a slow and servile support. Labor was not so much as thought of. To such minds an answer to the fearful questionings of hunger was not doubtful, or long delayed. Their first adventure was the crime at ——. As Ellis turned over the letters which they had scattered in the road his eye was attracted by the address of one of them. He opened it, read it, and quietly put it in his pocket. It proved, as we have seen, the means of their arrest.

The Spaniard's name was Antonio. I never heard any other. He was more mature than Ellis in years and in depravity. But the most striking trait of his character was one that will appear hereafter. From the moment of their arrest the prisoners preserved a dogged silence. Antonio could not speak a word of English. Ellis had his own reason for the course he pursued. The driver of the mail,

whose person they had treated so unceremoniously, and who, upon their first capture, had been loud in his confidence of their identity with those who had bound him, a few days after declared that his first impressions were hasty, and declined backing his assertion by an oath. The mail which they had robbed had afforded them nothing worth having, and, at the time of their seizure, they had about them no evidence of guilt. The only grounds of suspicion against them were the fact that they were strangers; the letter found near them; their seeming alarm upon seeing the officers; their dogged and persevering silence, and their reckless and abandoned appearance.

The prisoners were confined in separate cells. The officers, who have always motives for industry appealing to them in such cases, saw, at a glance, which was the oldest and most hardened offender, and from which of them they were most likely to gain their object. Ellis was wary and knew their game, but he was without honor, and intensely selfish. His sullenness at last relaxed. He gave them, cautiously, to understand that he would convict Antonio to secure his own escape, and it was determined to use him as a witness against his accomplice.

I need not give the details of the trial. Ellis appeared in the box and gave evidence, coolly, against the accused. The Spaniard was too much a stranger to the form of the proceeding to understand the scheme at once. But light at last broke in upon him and revealed the treachery. From that moment one burning dream, overcoming all fear of punishment, and strangely composing the bitterness of solitude rested upon him. It was a delirious prayer for revenge, in a heart as malignant as was ever shut from human eye. The witness would have trembled if he could have looked within it.

The evidence was effectual. Antonio was convicted, and received the severest sentence that the law allowed—ten years imprisonment. He was taken to his cell. Ellis went at large.

A copy of Eagleton's letter to his father had been re-mailed, several weeks after the arrest, by some person to whose hand it had come, more considerate than those who had first held it. At the foot a brief explanation was given of the circumstances which rendered it necessary to retain the original, and an apology for the delay in communicating its contents. When it reached its destination Mr. Eagleton was laboring under a second and more serious attack of the same illness which the letter mentioned. It had been brought about by mental suffering, and, so alarming were the symptoms, that his daughter had just despatched a letter to hasten her brother home.

It was at this juncture that the copy was received. As she had frequently done before since her father's sickness, Mary opened the letter to read it aloud. It surprised her. It began as only her brother's letters began, and yet the handwriting was not his.

As she read she grew pale, her lips trembled, and at length bursting into tears, she left the room. The invalid took it from the bed, on which she had dropped it, sat up, and, much moved, read it through. The news was such as he did not wish to believe. The whole matter was singular, and with a flushed face and increased fever he dropped again upon his pillow. If it were really from his son, all reserve or secrecy toward his daughter was at an end, and all that could be done was to await her husband's arrival.

The excitement was injurious, Mr. Eagleton became so much feebler from day to day that Mary's greatest fear now was that her brother might not come until too late. It was as she had apprehended. Death came rapidly on, and she was alone at its crisis. In a few days she sat beside the dead body of her father, and in a few more, the only mourner, followed him to his grave.

And yet her brother did not come. Again and again she wrote to him, with an urgency which showed how lonely and unprotected she felt. There was a trial which she anticipated, and which she feared to meet without his aid. She felt assured that her first letter had not reached him, and the journey was one of many days.

A traveler arrived at last, but it was not Henry. In the hall of the mansion from which he had been thrust out with bitter curses, tattered and wretched and bleached with prison gloom, stood the outcast, the fugitive, the robber, the dishonored witness—George Ellis. His wife had pledged her word to her dying father that she would not see him again, and here he stood in her very house, her rightful husband. Her heart throbbed fearfully between returning love and religious duty. But she kept her word to the dead, refused to see him, and shutting herself in her own room, awaited the coming of her brother.

Mr. Eagleton had left a will, but it bore date before the marriage, and did not provide for the state of things which that event produced. Ellis was aware that as her husband he had legal rights, and that her father's death had given them effect; but he was ignorant of their actual nature, and caution taught him to refrain from violence. He did not intrude upon his wife's privacy, but, with all the coolness of villany, he made himself at home in the house from which the dead had just been borne, and trusted to her woman's weakness, and a love, the strength of which he knew too well, to cure her of her solitary mood.

But my friend appeared, and the face of affairs soon changed. He met Ellis on his arrival, and, surprised at his presence, soon gathered from the servants a history of what had occurred. His first impulse was to eject him forcibly, but better suggestions made him change his purpose. Without allowing them to inform his sister of his arrival, he hastened to the office of his father's attorney and apprised himself of the precise nature of the in-

truder's rights. He knew his want of money, and with a paper carefully drawn, releasing all claim to the estate of Mr. Eagleton, he returned home. He soon had an interview with Ellis, and offered him a certain sum, to be paid upon the spot, if he would sign the instrument. He refused at first, peremptorily, then asked an advance in the offer, and, at last, finding that he could do no better, put his name to the paper, coolly pocketed the money and left the house.

The estate was soon settled. Their native place was connected with associations so painful that they were glad to leave it, and in a few weeks they were quietly domiciled in the city where I found them.

It was a year, at least, after the death of Mr. Eagleton, when early one morning on the high-road leading to the village in which he had lived, the dead body of a wealthy farmer was found by some one passing by. It bore marks of violence which none could doubt. A murder had been committed.

Excitement burned in the town and in the neighborhood. Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant no similar act of violence had been committed. Suspicion first ran riot, then settled, as if by common agreement, upon George Ellis. It was not strange that conjecture should have taken that course.

Ellis did not leave the town when he last turned from the door which had twice cast him off. He remained, for the simple reason that he knew not where else to go. He lurked about its vilest places and made low friends by his ill-gotten money. But he soon lost both, and yet he stayed. No one knew how he lived. He crossed the paths of citizens in strange places and unusual hours. He went in and came out like no one else. His worst companions had shaken him off. He was the very one upon whom any crime would have been first cast.

He felt the suspicion and tried to live it down. His efforts gave it a new stimulus. He braved public opinion, sought public places, became noisy and obtrusive. Many thought this sudden change of manner justified his arrest, and so strong became at last the feeling against him that the suggestion was followed. He was seized without oath, examined without effect, and committed in the end to await his trial upon evidence that would have convicted half of the community. Public opinion is hard law.

New facts came out. The prisoner had been seen abroad much later than usual on the night before the murder. He had mentioned it to some one early on the morning after it had been committed. His manner, it was said, had been more hurried and excited for a day or two before it occurred. What a silly thing suspicion is. How easy to feed it. And yet these and a dozen other like stories were passed about by grave men in eager gossip. The net was cast and brought in of every kind.

An indictment was found; who dare have said

nay. The trial drew near—it came too slowly. Yet all this while nothing serious or substantial had come to light in any way connecting Ellis with the deed.

He protested his innocence firmly and without contradiction. His counsel encouraged him. Public opinion was not to try him. The flimsy rumors that had ruled the market-house and the tavern door would be winnowed and sifted. No conviction could be had upon such testimony.

The day came, and in a court-room thronged as it had never been before, a jury was sworn with much difficulty—for few had not formed or expressed an opinion. This done, the trial proceeded.

The testimony began after a short opening. First in order, in grave detail of examination and cross-examination, came that which bore upon the finding of the body—its appearance—the wounds it showed—the opinion of medical men that such wound caused the death, and the nature of the weapon used. It was in evidence that a small and peculiar pistol had been found not far off from the place where the murdered man lay. It had no doubt been fired close to his head, for the upper part of it was entirely blown away. The pockets had been rifled, and all that was valuable about his person had been removed.

Then followed the proof connecting the prisoner with the crime. It consisted entirely of such facts as those we have given, and even these presented with doubt and contradiction. The last witness had retired from the box, and the counsel for the state was about to close his case, when a bustle was heard in the crowd, and a pedlar with his pack upon his back, forced on by the crowd, made his way toward the bar. A bailiff stopped him, when a citizen well known in the town, and who had from the first been earnest in his voice against the accused, stepped forward and spoke to the officer. The pack was removed, and the pedlar was admitted within the enclosure in which the prosecuting attorney sat. An earnest conversation followed. Ellis and his counsel were anxious; but not more so than their professional opponent, who was a gentleman of high principle, and a humanity unusual in such a station. The latter now rose and asked permission to be absent for a short time, and taking the pistol from the table, he beckoned the new comer to follow him, and left the court-room. They were absent some twenty minutes, and when they returned the stranger was put at once into the witness box.

His story was simple, and no severity of cross-examination could baffle its force or procure a contradiction. He had sold that very pistol to the prisoner, whom he had met in the public road two days before the murder. Ellis he could not mistake—the weapon he could swear to on his death-bed. He was in the village now by accident, had come to the trial from curiosity, had made an unguarded explanation when he first saw the accused,

and in spite of his unwillingness to give testimony in a case of life and death, he had been forced up by those around. This was simple, but direct and damning.

The witness had one of those heavy faces which are the most difficult to decipher. Ellis scrutinized him closely. He was confident he had never seen him before. Sick at heart, and bewildered by what he deemed a gratuitous and wanton effort to swear away his life, yet powerless in the grasp of villany, he turned from him, and as he did so his eye fell on another face, whose glance drove the blood throbbing to his heart. It was the face of Antonio. With a fevered brow and a dry tongue he leaned toward his counsel, and hastily whispered his fears. It was too late now to ferret out a conspiracy, and when he turned again the Spaniard was gone, and that impenetrable witness stood coolly in the box awaiting his dismissal. God of compassion! he was taken in the snare.

An agony to be loose when no hand was on him; a frenzy to be free when no bars were round him. Was he going mad? Then a film came over his mind thicker—thicker. He buried his face in his hands, and the veins upon his forehead were swollen and knotted. Memories went over him like the rushing of a host.

The evidence on the part of the state now closed. None was offered on behalf of the prisoner. The counsel summed up the evidence;—the charge of the court followed;—the jury retired, soon returned, and their foreman gave in a verdict. Guilty!

Ellis had undermined his constitution by excesses. But from the instant when that word fell upon his ear a decay, far less gradual, began in mind and body. He did not faint or weep; he did not reason, resist, or complain. The withering blight of years came upon him in a few short days, but no eye saw the change.

It was some weeks after the trial that as Eagleton glanced over one of the morning papers, a paragraph met his eye which riveted his attention. It was an announcement of the execution of George Ellis, to take place in a month from that time.

He was deeply shocked. Feelings struggled in his breast that were never there before. He asked himself questions until then never suggested. Might not this result have been averted? Had his conscience no one weak point in all the history of his course toward one over whom a parent had thrown the sacred protection of a dying trust? Had they done the outcast a justice that could bear the light of humanity as well as of reason? Was there no shadow of selfishness in the motives that had twice cast him upon the world?

One duty, however, was clear. He could not let the wretched man die alone. He must see him if it were only to stand by him on the scaffold. That over, a dying parent's prayer would no longer appeal to him, except perhaps to bury the dead out of sight.

He plead business to his sister, and started on his

way. Night and day he traveled, those solemn questions still communing with his spirit. He was a deep-hearted man, and sorrow had made his sensibilities sore. Night and day—night and day. If he dreamed, George Ellis was there, straight and handsome, his dark eye softened into sympathy, and Mary on his arm—a lovely bride; and suddenly the scene changed, and a creature bloated and miserable stood upon a scaffold, with a sea of heads heaving before it, and its bloodshot gaze upon him, not in anger, but in mournful rebuke;—and again it was George Ellis.

He reached the town, and was admitted to his cell. The prisoner was pale and emaciated, and a sluggish apathy was in his air, which seemed indifference to life. He recognized Eagleton, but greeted him coldly, and declined all his proffered visits. And yet there was no resentment in his manner. The misery of life had burnt away the wished for rest and quiet sleep. Before Henry left him, however,—abruptly, and without question, but with an energy that appeared to wake up for the purpose, and a call upon God to attest his truth—he swore that he was innocent of the crime he was to expiate.

Eagleton left him in deep emotion. He busied himself at once in collecting information as to the murder, the trial, and the ground of conviction. He made diligent search for the strange witness, and strove for a pardon or reprieve. It was in vain. A sentence was a sterner thing then than now, and the verdict of twelve men more inviolable.

The day fixed for the execution arrived. It was near noon when a gloomy procession left the prison gate and wound through the opening crowd to the foot of the gallows. The scaffold bore at last the prisoner, the sheriff, a deputy, found at the last moment to relieve him from the hateful duty of taking life, a clergyman, and Eagleton. The first was still, stupid, and indifferent. No sound escaped him as his irons were removed, and his hands bound; no voice passed his lips as time was given him to bid those around farewell. The man of God knelt in prayer, then rose and fell back. The executioner approached.

My friend watched him with intense interest. He was masked. His manner was singular, and a deep excitement pervaded his movements. A strange and unaccountable suspicion of the man crept over Eagleton, he knew not why.

He raised the cap which was to shut out the world forever from the wretched being by his side. But before it rested on the head for which it was intended, he who held it seemed to have a purpose to fulfil. He leaned quickly forward, whispered in that passive ear, and for a single instant raised his mask. Eyes of fire glared from under it. It was Antonio once more. What he said no mortal knows; but if ages of burning malignity and pent passion can be distilled into one word, that word, no doubt, was in the prisoner's ear. He started and looked up, and

a shudder passed over his frame. Then, in one instant, all his apathy was gone, and he struggled like a madman to free his hands. The Spaniard saw his error, and strove to retrieve it. But the frantic exertions of the prisoner foiled him.

Eagleton himself could be passive no longer. He had seen it all, and felt that the sudden change that had passed upon Ellis was not the mere change of fear grown riotous at the last. He seized the stranger, tore off his mask, and called for aid. Quicker than thought the executioner drew a pistol from his breast and fired it. The prisoner fell upon the scaffold. He then quietly surrendered himself. As the sheriff, until now transfixed by the scene, approached and drew from the hand of his strange deputy the weapon just used, he started at its resemblance to the one which had been produced at the trial, the peculiar marks of which were strongly impressed upon his memory.

The intervention of those who could act with authority was procured. There was clearly a plot against the prisoner's life, in which the strange witness was the first actor, and the executioner the second. Humanity rode down the sharp points of legal form. The scaffold was soon cleared. The

multitude retired. The gallows fell beneath axe and hammer; and the only evidence of that stirring scene was the grass trampled by the eager crowd.

My friend next day visited Antonio in his cell. He asked after his victim, and being told that the wound was mortal, and that he was dying, made a full confession. He had escaped from his prison;—*he* had been the murderer;—the witness was his tool;—he had gone upon the scaffold to finish his revenge, and to glut his passion with the agonies of a frightful death. It was singular, but for some reason best known to himself, he left Eagleton in ignorance of the cause of his malice, and of the crime at —.

Ellis did not die. His wound was thought to be mortal—it was only severe. He recovered, but his mind was dead, and Eagleton took him to his own home, harmless and passive as a new-born child.

They are all gone now—the brother, the sister, and her idiot husband. The green sod has grown for years over their graves, and I tell their story in the full conviction that no heart will be wounded, and no delicacy hurt by a recital of facts which to me are full of interest.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY MRS. E. J. FAMES.

"So early wise?"

LADY fair! why linger'st thou?
Hear'st not? they call thee now :—
Thy father's park is filled to-day
With noble lords and ladies gay—
A princely band, with horn and spear,
Are out to hunt the fallow deer;
Put on thy graceful green array
And hie thee to the chase away,
Lord Guilford Dudley waits below,
Lady, close the book and go!

What! bending still above the page?
Doth it thy woman-thoughts engage?
Is it ancient Plato's classic lore
Thine eager eye is poring o'er?
Well may old Roger Ascham smile
To see thee sit amid that pile
Of musty tomes, and gravely ask
Which study next must be thy task.
Methinks he pierced futurity
When he bade thee scorn earth's vanity!

Lady fair! go forth to-night—
The royal halls are glittering bright,
Quick—don this gorgeous robe of state—
Northumberland will on thee wait.
Wreath the crown jewels on thy brow,
And gem with these thy neck of snow:
Now fasten down this diamond zone—
So—there thou 'rt ready, trembling one!
The festival is made for thee—
Come—join the queenly pageantry!

Oh, loveliest lady! turn not pale—
Why should thy lofty courage fail?
See England's proudest chivalrie
Wait at thy feet to bend the knee—
To raise thee to the Tudor's throne
Their duty, and their hearts thine own!
Even haughty Mary boweth low
And offereth thee her loyal vow—
Noble and prince thy claim have owned—
Lo! there thou standest crowned and throned.

The Tower!—a cell in yon gray tower
Is the price of Edward's fatal dowry!
A bloody doom is on thee cast—
The sentence for thy death hath passed!
Yea, death for one so young and fair—
Yet wearest thou no look of care:
Still on thy book thine eye is bent,
Bespeaking wisdom and content—
Wo! that on cold Ambition's shrine
Is sacrificed a mind like thine.

Come, lady, come! the muffled bell
Is tolling now thy husband's knell!
Another hour, and there will be
No earthly care for him or thee!
Go—all undimmed in thy beauty go—
With holy truth upon thy brow:
A lot of glittering wretchedness
Is well exchanged for Heaven's own bliss;
Thou 'st won the martyr's crown and wreath—
Joy to thee, peerless bride of Death!

THE YOUNG PAINTER.

A T A L E.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

AMONG the vast number of individuals continually visiting the regions of the old world, how few are prepared by an enlightened education and a cultivated taste, to appreciate its strong claims upon the admiration of the traveler. A love of the beautiful in nature, and a veneration for the ancient in art, may combine to give a glowing interest to each step that is taken upon the soil of older climes; but to minds that feel how much we owe to the early annals of those climes—how the accumulated treasures of historic lore have pointed out the quicksands of legislation—how experience has sounded its alarm from the rocks upon which nation after nation has struck and gone down; to minds that feel how time has traced upon the chart of the world's destiny a warning record for those that come after—the government and institutions, the splendor and the decay, the rise and the downfall of the countries over which they wander, cannot fail to awaken the deepest interest, and to imbue with the holiness of truth the associations that must continually arise. It is one thing to have read the history of a country—to have a knowledge of its successive kings, emperors, or rulers; to know the results of its convulsions and its battles; to be able to date the events that have crowned with glory or branded with ignominy its name—and it is another thing to have digested the information thus obtained; to have acquired a succinct view of the bearing of social and political institutions upon the genius of the people existing under them; and to have become acquainted with the predominant influences which conducted that country to its ascent, or hastened it to its decline. A noble structure is left for us to gaze upon; a relic of by-gone ages, full of rents and fissures, and bearing upon its time-worn towers the ivy of decay. It speaks to us of the course of empire, of the march of intellect, of the sway of mind, of the abuse of power, of the horrors of war, of the extinction of nations. It stands as a beacon to enlighten the world's rulers; to teach them that what has been shall be; and to display its warning torch for the Future in the history of the Past.

History is to the mental what Revelation is to the spiritual vision. The former clears away the darkness which rests upon our perceptions with regard to the well-being and destiny of nations; the latter dispels the cloud which hangs over the unevangelized world with regard to the well-being and des-

tiny of man. It does not require a moment's thought to be convinced, that he who visits classic ground with a mind conversant with and delighting in the glowing pages of ancient lore, will experience an enjoyment tenfold to that of him who finds all things new, and who, content with the attraction of novelty, neither knows nor cares to know of the mighty deeds that have cursed or consecrated its soil. True, there are sunny landscapes smiling for him, and works of art beautiful in their decay around him; but they cannot be to him as familiar things, for he had perchance never heard of their existence until he gazed upon them. The charm of association can beautify and hallow the most barren spot. What may it not do, then, when its golden hue is cast upon the monuments of former greatness—monuments crumbling to their fall, but speaking of a people, and of a grandeur, which centuries ago had passed away.

Thoughts like these were floating through the mind of a young traveler, as he gazed out of the window of the post chaise that was rapidly approaching the place of his destination. He was the eldest son of a wealthy English commoner, who, having traced in the early years of his child the bright promise of a noble intellect, had assiduously applied himself to its cultivation and improvement. A man of no inconsiderable literary attainment himself, he could fully appreciate the advantages of a highly finished education, and as the mind of his son daily developed its natural endowments, it became his delight and pride to direct that young mind in its pursuit of knowledge. As Arthur Melburn advanced toward manhood, the energies of his nature seemed concentrated upon the all-absorbing love of study; and in the classic writers of Greece and Rome, he found a never failing source of interest and of pleasure. A sojourn in those regions of former splendor had been from boyhood the brightest day-dream of his young spirit; and often had that spirit taken its airy flight among the scenes described by the matchless pens of Grecian and Roman historians. In the noble, heart-stirring legends of ancient Rome, he learned to feel a veneration for the clime and for the people which had been marked out for such exalted destinies; while in the shade of the academic grove he bent with profound admiration before the master-minds of philosophers and sages. Upon his return from the University of Cambridge, at the age of three-and-

twenty, he set out upon his long anticipated tour, well prepared to enjoy and to appreciate the beautiful in nature, the wonderful in art, and the mighty in mind.

Unlike the generality of earth's gifted ones, Arthur Melburn possessed a well balanced, well regulated judgment, with a discretion beyond his years. Yet, as every character must have its own tinge of imperfection, he possessed that chilling reserve of disposition which characterizes his nation, and was too prone to seek his enjoyment in himself, without due regard to the claims of those around him. This feeling, so apt to degenerate into confirmed selfishness, had frequently been the subject of earnest expostulation between the father and son; but not until Arthur Melburn had visited the gay *salons* of Paris, and the still gayer coteries of Vienna, was he aware how unpopular and repulsive such an *abroad* must be. The conviction thus forced upon him, soon wrought a change in the young Englishman's address; and although the "so far shalt thou come and no further" of old England still clung to him, yet he was in every respect the accomplished scholar, the courteous and polished man.

It was a bright and lovely day in October, such an one as gives elasticity to the frame, and tinges the cheek with a ruddier glow. The sun was declining in the heavens, and streaks of golden light fell upon the landscape, which met the traveler's eye as he reached the heights near Boccano, and looked for the first time upon the domes and towers of Rome. It is not easy to describe the varied associations that poured their tide of hallowed memories into his mind. He was not an enthusiast. He was one who felt deeply, although he felt calmly; yet an attentive observer might have marked a faint flush pass over his brow, while the veins of his temples swelled, and his eye dilated as he gazed.

A young Italian had been his companion on the route from Florence, and our traveler had become singularly interested in his new acquaintance. He was a native of Rome, possessing all the fire and passionate ardor of that clime, combined with a melancholy that seemed ill-suited to his years. He was slight, and of small stature, but with a countenance of intellectual beauty that could not be surpassed. The rich, glossy curls fell upon a brow as white as ivory; and the dark eye gleamed from beneath that brow as if it would pierce into your soul. But his cheek was very, very pale, and the chiselled lips had lost their ruby hue. He was evidently in declining health, and Arthur Melburn felt his heart warm toward the unknown but interesting companion of his journey.

"The air is chilly, too chilly I fear for you," said Melburn kindly; "let me draw up the window, or else change seats with me."

"Thank you," replied the young Italian, "the air does me good—it strengthens me; and see," he added, "we are nearly at our journey's end."

"I trust," returned Melburn with a smile, "that

the acquaintance so agreeably commenced between us may not be discontinued upon our arrival in Rome. I anticipate making a stay of many weeks there, and it will give me unfeigned satisfaction to renew our intercourse."

A crimson flush passed over the pallid cheek of the Italian as he warmly grasped Melburn's hand and said, "Yes, yes, I have felt my spirit yearn toward you with an unaccountable sympathy. I have loved but few, and fewer still have cared for me. Your's is a brighter and a happier destiny than mine. What have you to gain by knowing me? Yet I would gladly look upon you as a friend—indeed, indeed I would."

Melburn cordially pressed the feverish hand within his own; and giving his address to the Italian, asked for his in return.

"My name is Giovanni Rosa, and—"

The Englishman uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said, "You are not, then, entirely unknown to me. I have heard of you as the most promising of the young painters of Italy."

"Ah!" sighed the Italian, "to win immortality for the name of Giovanni Rosa would reconcile me to life, barren and blasted as it is."

"You are too young to speak thus despondingly of life, Signor Rosa; believe me, all have their peculiar trials, and with an honorable career before you, these trials should be met and overcome. We will talk of this hereafter."

The carriage stopped; Melburn alighted at the door of his hotel, and, after arranging an interview for the morrow, the two newly made friends separated.

It was a great disappointment to our young traveler to find, upon his arrival at Rome, that his uncle's family, which he had expected to meet there, had left but a week or two before. He was to have joined their party; but, owing to the miscarriage of his letters, they had proceeded on their journey, leaving information for him that they should soon retrace their steps, and probably pass the winter in Rome. After some deliberation, Melburn concluded that it was as well for him to remain and wait their return, although his heart beat more quickly as he thought of his long anticipated meeting with his beautiful cousin, Alice Templeton, whom he had not seen for more than a year. He had cherished a preference for her from early boyhood; but as they had met rarely, and then at long intervals, that preference had not yet acquired the strength of love. Yet there were pure, sweet memories connected with her; for in childhood he had often smoothed her golden curls as her little head lay upon his bosom, and in later years he had seen the mantling blush overspread her countenance, as he pressed the kiss of meeting or of parting upon her brow. But he was in Rome—this reconciled him to the delay; and as his mind wandered back again to its treasured lore, he felt that he trod the courts of a temple consecrated to dead empires,

and that the very dust beneath his feet was hallowed.

Accompanied by the enthusiastic Italian, with what exquisite satisfaction did he visit the ruined monuments of the ancient mistress of the world, the queen of nations! How time flew by, as from spot to spot he traced the steps of desolation and decay; and when memory reverted to the three hundred triumphs that had been celebrated within the walls of the seven-hilled city, he felt how hollow and frail a thing was the pageantry of earth. The empty sepulchres, the ruined temples, the mouldering arches, the tottering piles—these were but the scattered fragments of Rome's glory; the broken and tarnished jewels of her matchless crown.

It was on a mild, beautiful afternoon, about a month after his arrival, that Arthur Melburn sat alone in the studio of the young painter. They had made an engagement to visit the Coliseum together by moonlight; and Melburn, not finding him at home, concluded to wait for his return. As he looked upon the pictures which the glowing pencil of Rosa had traced upon the canvas, he saw how each bore the stamp of the wild beauty that characterized the mind of the painter. In his designs there was a dreamy mystery and gloom that seemed to cast a shadow upon the sunny tints; and made you feel as if storm and calm, hope and despair, were struggling for the mastery. One picture, a mere sketch, soon attracted the attention of Melburn. There was a wild torrent rushing over dark and pointed rocks. Upon one side of the stream was a towering oak whose leaves were still green and luxuriant, although it had been riven to its very centre by the thunderbolt; while its scorched and blackened trunk stood in strong contrast with the fresh verdure that surrounded it. Upon the stream, where all was calm, there floated a little bark, moored safely in its glassy haven, with a female figure reclining listlessly at its prow; while, driving on among the rocks and whirlpools, and hurrying to destruction, was another boat, in which knelt the figure of a man. His face was turned toward the serene and quiet haven, but he was not aware of the perils that surrounded him; for his gaze was riveted upon that vision of beauty, and the oar, fallen from his hand, had already been carried over the edge of the fearful torrent. Melburn was so intent contemplating the powerful effect produced by the lights and shades of the painter's pencil, that he did not notice his entrance until he stood with folded arms beside him.

"It is thus with life, is it not, Melburn?" murmured the soft, low tones of Giovanni. "A few sunny hours upon the glassy bosom of its stream, and then the threatening waves and foaming surges bear us wildly on. In the distance is some bright vision—the Egeria of our hearts—embodying all that youth, and hope, and love can sigh for. Alas! the unattained; how it woos and mocks, but to woo and mock again. We are but the sport of destiny;

and as that destiny grows dim and dark, fate looks on with a smile, and we are hurried into the still waters of oblivion."

Melburn turned his calm eye upon the excited countenance of the speaker. "Giovanni, life is indeed a troubled stream, and man is launched in a frail bark upon its waves; but the means to stem those waves, and to guide that bark, are given him, and if those means be cast aside, why call it destiny that hurries him to destruction? Your matchless picture has called up stern and solemn thoughts. Look at it, Giovanni; the oars are fallen overboard, the rudder is useless at the helm, the compass vibrates, but meets not the eye it was given to guide. Is the recklessness that suffers the vessel with its priceless freight to near the torrent's brink—is that recklessness destiny?"

Are we not what we are, Melburn, by an inevitable necessity? Can I change the course of events, which in themselves are fixed and unalterable? As soon may you gather up the burning fluid of the thunderbolt in your hand, as arrest or turn aside the decrees of fate."

"Look, Giovanni; since you have entered, the heavens are darkened by an approaching tempest. Yonder spire out-tops the surrounding buildings, and presents a mark for the lightning's unerring aim. But see! upon its point there is an iron rod, and that rod can preserve the magnificent structure from desolation. Would it be well to leave it unprotected, and call it destiny that would at some future day make it a heap of smouldering ruins?"

"No," replied the Italian despondingly; "but man, man is ever fulfilling his unalterable destiny."

"You are only a superficial disciple of the fatalists," answered Melburn, smiling; "for you have failed to cultivate the equanimity and indifference to fate which they teach. Believe me, dear Giovanni, man is not a puppet in the hands of fate. He is a rational, accountable being, destined for immortality; dependent, I admit, upon a wise overruling Providence for the allotment of good or evil in this life; but he may of his own free will abuse the good to his destruction, or make the evil profitable to his improvement. As the warm breeze of the south enervates the frame it blows upon, so would a life without trial rob manhood of the discipline that braces and nerves the soul to godlike strength. As each difficulty or disappointment comes upon us, we should strive to hear the voice that spoke to Constantine in his memorable vision, 'In this, overcome.'"

The Italian grasped the hand of Melburn; "Speak on," he murmured, "for your words fall in gentle tones upon my heart, and the slumbering memories of other years, when a mother's voice lulled me to repose, are crowding upon my soul. Speak on, for holier thoughts come at your bidding—thoughts of a being who was not always shrouded in blackness and tempest—thoughts long buried in the ashes of a consuming ambition and a hopeless love. Yet

there are moments, Melburn, when a 'still small voice' is heard above the storm of earthly passions, and the weary spirit yearns to catch the blessed accents as they fall; but the blast sweeps on, and the voice is drowned in the contending din."

"It is your misfortune, Giovanni, to possess the keen sensibilities, and the finely strung nerves of genius. You worship the beautiful, and you feel the slightest discord in the harmony of your emotions with an intensity unknown to mankind in general. You perceive quickly, you appreciate vividly, you love passionately. But the pearls of existence are strung upon a slender thread, and the anxious grasp that would secure, too often scatters them in the dust. You are a child of impulse, and the same fire that kindles the flame of ambition within your soul, is searing your spirit with its fervid glow. If the dew of heaven water the parched flower, it will bloom again; and the dew of a better, purer hope will revive the blossom of happiness in your heart, Giovanni."

"Never! never! the wilted flower may revive, but when the worm has been busy at the root, what then?"

"The broken spirit may lean upon Omnipotence, Giovanni. He who holds in his hands the destinies of worlds, and whose infinite mind originated the eternal mysteries of the universe, he supports the sparrow on the wing, and it falls not to the ground without his knowledge. Shall man, the most glorious of his works, the image of himself, the denizen of immortality, shall man pine under the weight of his earthly fetters, and find no ark of refuge? Forbid it, Heaven!"

A silence of some minutes ensued, and a burning drop fell upon Melburn's hand, which was clasped in that of the Italian.

The rain, which had been falling in torrents, ceased, the clouds cleared away, and the last rays of the setting sun streamed in bright effulgence as it sank to its repose. Slowly faded the gorgeous tints that had robed the sky in glory, and as the drapery of heaven darkened in its hue, here and there a faint star peeped out, and then the full-orbed moon shed her pure and mystic light upon the scene. At this moment, beneath the window where they sat, appeared a young Italian girl, who, after gazing for an instant upon the face of Giovanni, struck with a master-touch the guitar which she held, and poured forth, in a voice of exquisite melody, the following wild strain:—

Weep, weep for the cheek that has paled 'neath the kiss
Given by thee;

Weep, weep for the past, with its moments of bliss,
Once shared by me.

Weep, weep for the sinless, who cast her heart's pearl
On love's purest shrine;

Thine, thine was the altar upon which it lay—
The offering was mine.

Smile, smile for the transplanted flower that blooms—
It blooms not for thee;

There's death in the poisonous incense it breathes—
To thee and to me.

Weep, weep that the shroud, with its lily-white hue,
Must ere long be mine;
Aye, weep for the destiny, blighting and drear,
That made my heart thine.

The next moment she had disappeared, and Melburn turned to look at Giovanni. His head was bowed upon his hand, and he breathed quickly, as if overpowered by suppressed emotion. There was a long and heavy pause. "Melburn," said he at last, "have you ever loved?"

A stern, cold expression passed over the countenance of the young Englishman, which did not escape the quick eye of Rosa, and he resumed; "A portion of the veil has been lifted which hides from you the secret of my unhappiness. Despise me not, Melburn, when I tell you that I have ceased to love *her*. Why, why was I born to bring blight upon others as well as upon myself? Left an orphan at an early age, penniless and friendless, I have struggled thus far through life, just earning the bread that supports me. Burning with an ambition to excel in the godlike art I worship, I have drained but one or two scanty drops of fame for years of intense study. I have seen influence and patronage draw out of obscurity talent less deserving than mine, while I have been left to grovel in the dust of neglect and poverty. With bitterness of spirit I have tasted the injustice of the world, and its bought smiles have withered almost to the root the hopes that I dared to cherish. In the midst of my loneliness and sorrow there beamed a vision of comfort upon my soul; and the impassioned being, whose song just met your ear, wreathed a charm around my heart which I mistook for love. You of a colder clime know not the fearful fire that gives intensity to every emotion, and makes the life-blood rush with the impetuosity of a torrent. Conventional prejudices would make you judge harshly of the love that overpowers reason, propriety, and prudence; but Bianca was a child of nature, and in loving me, she cast all her heart's treasure into my arms. We were both poor—we could not marry; but she was to have been my wife. Fate threw in my way another from your own cold clime. Ah, the beautiful! how I worshiped it in her. We met at the Vatican, where she was copying a sketch by Rubens. A celebrated painter introduced me to her. She visited my pictures, and the meed of approval that fell from her lips sank into my soul. She was gentle, with all the winning gentleness of woman; but the chaste snow was not more cold. I gazed upon her beauty as we gaze upon a pure and distant star; and as each speaking lineament told of elevated desires, and proud aspirations, I bent in adoration at her shrine, and laid my offering there. We had met frequently; and although I feared that my love was hopeless, still I could not tear myself from the fascination of her presence. She saw, with a woman's quick perception, that I

loved her deeply; and she strove to destroy by coldness the illusion that might be fatal to my peace. I could not bear it; it was better to know the worst. We were left alone one evening, and with trembling lips and incoherent words, I strove to tell her of my love. She did not suffer me to proceed, but kindly took my hand in hers and said, 'Signor Rosa, from childhood my heart has been another's.' Darkness came over me, and the sable pall will never be drawn aside."

He paused for a moment, and then continued; "I would not, could not see Bianca. The romance of life was at an end. I shut myself up among the creations of my pencil, but they failed to awaken my spirit from its lethargy; and I find the energies of my soul withering daily, and my frame consuming with the fire that will not be quenched."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the sensitive Italian, and he hurried on. "I love you, Melburn; you would save me from myself, and you have made me feel that there is disinterested kindness in humanity. There have been times, my friend, when a whispering demon seemed urging me to rid myself of the load that oppressed me—it is but a drop of opiate—it is but the keen point of the dark blue steel—it is but the flash of a moment, and all will be over." Then there came thoughts of the dread loneliness and degradation of the grave—perhaps the judgment! and—"

"Giovanni," said Melburn solemnly, interrupting him, "brave not the Most High. Life is a precious deposit, and it is not for man to interfere with the will of Omnipotence. Suicide is the crime of a coward, perpetrated in moral darkness; it is a crime which leaves not a moment for repentance or for pardon, but ushers the blood-stained soul unshriven into the presence of its God."

A shudder passed over the frame of the Italian as he drew from his bosom a small poignard of exquisite workmanship; "Take it—take it, Melburn," he exclaimed, "you have saved me."

A lingering pressure of the hand was Melburn's only answer.

It was now too late for them to think of visiting the Coliseum—besides, their minds were not in a state to do so; and after making an appointment for the morrow, they separated.

When Melburn reached his room at the hotel, he was delighted to find letters from his relatives, who had just arrived in Naples from Sicily, announcing their intention of remaining there for some weeks, and begging him to join their party immediately. Nothing could have happened more opportunely; for, for some days past, he had been thinking seriously of setting out to overtake them wherever they might be. And then the image of Alice—how often did it mingle in his dreams, and haunt his waking hours.

The next day he spent with Giovanni Rosa in wandering among the ruins of Rome; and it was with sincere regret that the enthusiastic Italian heard

of the contemplated journey to Naples. "You will forget me, Melburn," he said sorrowfully; "the remembrance of me will be but as a passing shadow, while you will live within my heart. But you will return, will you not?"

"Yes, Giovanni—perhaps soon. At all events, I shall spend some time again in Rome before I bid adieu to beautiful Italy forever."

"I hope so," exclaimed Rosa, as he grasped Melburn's hand at parting; "I will remember your counsel—I will strive 'in this to overcome.'"

"Ay, Rosa, for my sake, and for your future fame, struggle on, it will not be in vain."

The Italian gazed at the receding form of the young Englishman until it disappeared; and then hurrying home, he rushed to his room and burst into tears.

It was on the evening of the second day after his departure from Rome that Arthur Melburn arrived in Naples. Travel-worn and covered with dust as he was, he sought instantly the *salon* where he expected to meet his relatives. No one was there but Alice; and as she rose hastily to meet him, he could scarcely believe that the beautiful being before him was the gay, romping cousin of earlier days. What the countenance had lost of ruddiness and glow, it had gained in the intellectual, I may almost say the spiritual expression that now characterized it. Eloquent thought had stamped a serene loveliness upon her brow, and feeling had robbed the cheek of its roses to impart a softer lustre to her eye. Arthur clasped her hands in his, gazed at her, hesitated, and then raised one fair hand to his lips. "Dear Alice," he said, and as those tones fell upon her ear, a crimson blush passed over her face, and then left it paler than before. And what were the feelings of Melburn? Ah, at such moments how memories throng upon the overpowered heart, concentrating in one glowing point the beautiful rays that have illumined life, and fastening as with a diamond rivet the slender links of love's frail chain. Frail? Ay, frail; unless the hallowed influences of years have given to it enduring strength, and then it must be a power almost super-human that can sever it.

How much there was to hear, how much to tell; and as each member of the family welcomed the new comer, how pleasant it was to feel almost at home again, though in a land of strangers. In the society of Alice, whose mind was capable of appreciating his superior attainments, Melburn visited all the places worthy of notice in and around Naples; and each day, as it verged to its decline, added some memorial of happiness to be garnered in their hearts. There was not a love blinded by passion, exaggerated in its impulses, and consuming to ashes while it burned; but it was the genial ray lent by Heaven to gladden with its pure light the darker pathways of this world. It was love such as an angel might have looked upon, without feeling that the spirit had been tinged by aught of earthly stain.

Week after week rolled on with a rapidity almost incredible, for time to the happy is winged with swifter pinions, and the winter had nearly passed away before they returned to Rome.

Melburn's first visit was to the studio of the young painter. His cheek was paler, and his frame more attenuated, but the expression of his countenance was less wild and haggard. In the endearing epithets of his sweet language he welcomed the traveler, and gazed upon him with a melancholy tenderness.

"Ah, Melburn," he said, after their first congratulations had been exchanged, "ah, Melburn, I began to fear that I should never look upon your face again. It would have grieved me to descend into the cold, dark grave without having once more heard the tones of sympathy and kindness. I have struggled to smother the contending passions within my breast; I have suffered; but I have been calm."

"You apply yourself too closely to your art, Giovanni; why not abandon it for a time, and seek renovated health in change of air, and change of scene?"

"I shall carry the same heart with me, Melburn; it is too late. I feel that I am dying—the withering blight of years has struck home. But let us not dwell upon that now. It does me good to see you once more; and to feel that I have one friend in the wide world."

"Yes, Giovanni," answered the young Englishman, "the bond of friendship has become strong between us, although but a few months ago we met as strangers. I know not what mysterious sympathy attracted us to each other, but I felt from the moment I saw you, as if there was a connecting link in our destinies. An impulse which I cannot define induced me to offer you the seat in my traveling carriage, as I was leaving Florence; and when we reached Rome, I could not think of parting from you as a stranger. I see with pain that your health is failing; dear Rosa, let me persuade you to accompany me next month to England. Circumscribed means need be no obstacle, for I have wealth enough to spare; nay, interrupt me not—he is not my friend who would refuse to receive so small an obligation at my hands. The journey might restore your waning strength, and after a residence of a few months there, you might return to your country with a renovated frame and a happier mind. Since I left you, Giovanni, I have become affianced to one whom I have long loved; and she will unite with me, I am sure, in striving to make you happy."

"I wish you joy, Melburn," exclaimed the Italian with much feeling; "God grant that she may be worthy of you. But, my friend, I cannot accept your kind offer. I would die here—here in the beautiful land that gave me birth; surrounded by the objects I have worshiped, and on the spot where I first met her. Here must be my grave; and perhaps at some future day she may revisit this sunny clime, and remember the heart that beat and broke for her."

Melburn saw that it was useless to contend for the present against the morbid melancholy which seemed to have settled upon the spirit of the painter, and he began to converse upon lighter themes. All proved powerless to win him from his gloomy abstraction; at length rousing himself as if from a dreamy reverie, he said, "Happiness is attained by some; you are happy, Melburn."

"Yes, Giovanni, I am happy; but I do not look for an unchequered path in this world. I know that cares, anxieties, and afflictions fall sooner or later to the lot of all; and I would be prepared to lose the blessings I enjoy by not loving them too well. A just balance in which to weigh the objects of fluctuating desire is necessary to our forming just views of their value; and will prevent our giving undue preponderance to those which are secondary or trivial in themselves. We are so apt to surround some wished-for boon, while unattained, with vague anticipations of delight, which the possession too often fails to realize."

"That is true, Melburn; but many a heart lives on hope that never enjoys fruition."

Melburn smiled as he answered, "In gazing upon the forbidden garden that crowns some lofty hill inaccessible to us, we may forget the fruits and flowers that are lying in profusion at our feet, untasted, unappreciated. Is it not so, Giovanni?"

"I mean the hopes that stand out in bold relief, wearing the hues of immortality; I mean the undying yearnings of the loving heart, the glorious aspirations of the godlike mind. Nothing short of fruition in these can satisfy a nature such as mine."

"Then, Giovanni, your hope must cast its anchor in the 'deep profound' of another world—it must seek its fruition in the Eternal. You may as well search for coral in the bowels of the earth, or for gold in the bosom of the sea, as to seek a resting-place for the immortal spirit in the regions of mortality. I am not a religionist—I am not the bigoted follower of any creed; but in the exalted aspirations of our nature, I recognize the immaterial principle that will hereafter assimilate us to God. It instills a perception of the beautiful, a yearning for the good, an appreciation of the true, that cannot be realized in this imperfect state of existence. Looking abroad upon the stupendous universe, I see every thing fulfilling its destined end. Surely, these heaven-born aspirations will not be quenched in the forgetfulness of the grave, but, disencumbered of their material elements, will find their completeness and felicity in the source from which they sprung. Would to God, my friend, that you could feel as deeply as I do, how infinitely the interests of our future destiny transcend those of our present state of being."

"I have reflected, Melburn, upon our frequent conversations, and I feel, that had my mind been trained as yours has been, I should not be the creature of wayward impulse that I am. My temperament is an unhappy one—a temperament that might induce insanity, should my life be spared."

But that life is fast ebbing to its close, and I am content to die. I have prayed that God may be merciful."

He paused, and threw back from his brow the rich, dark locks that had fallen over it; and assuming a tone of cheerfulness, he said, "Tell me of your bride, Melburn; you had not spoken to me of her."

Melburn smiled as he answered, "She is not an angel, Giovanni, but I think that there are few who can be compared to my sweet Alice."

"Alice! did you say?"

"Yes, Alice Templeton."

A change, a fearful change came over the face of the Italian. The crimson blood rushed to his brow, while his eyes glared with the furious passion of a demon. Rage, hate, despair, were all concentrated in the wild glance which he threw upon Melburn, as he advanced toward him; then the blood retreated to his heart, and left his cheek as white as marble. His breath came short and heavy; and he stood rooted to the spot like a thing of stone.

"For God's sake, Giovanni," exclaimed Melburn, "what is the matter? You appal—you terrify me."

The painter grasped his hand, and dragging him to an adjoining apartment, tore aside the snow-white veil that hung over a picture. Melburn looked upon the face of Alice—his Alice—the idolized love of the Italian. But it was Alice as an angel—for her beauty was so spiritualized, that the earthly seemed lost in the heavenly. Melburn hid his face in his hands for a moment; then stretching out his arms, the stricken child of destiny rushed into them, and sank insensible upon his bosom.

Hour after hour passed on, and still consciousness did not revive in that feeble frame. There was a

glimmering of life, nothing more; and as Melburn watched beside his couch, tears, more burning than any he had ever shed, fell upon the inanimate form on which he gazed. "Poor Rosa," he murmured, thou hast indeed been the sport of adverse circumstances. This, then, is the link of the mysterious chain that bound me to thee; our hearts drank at the same fountain, and became united in the same stream. Peace, peace to thy parting spirit. God receive thy weary soul."

The light of life never gleamed again. He lingered through another day. As the veil of night descended upon the world, the spirit of the unfortunate Italian took its flight to the shadowy far-off land.

It was midnight. Tapers were burning upon the coffin in which lay all that remained of Giovanni Rosa. Melburn, with two friends of the deceased, kept a sorrowful vigil beside the clay-cold form; and as the tedious hours crept on, the death-like silence became almost insupportable. At length a soft step was heard, and a female form in white glided noiselessly to the coffin's side. She lifted the crape that shrouded the face beneath, and gazed tearlessly upon the lineaments so beautiful in their repose; then kissing the cold brow, she replaced the snowy covering, and silently departed as she came.

The next morning they heard that Bianca was dead. She had taken poison.

In the Chisa di Santa Maria is a costly monument of marble, erected over the remains of the young painter by his English friend. Before they returned to England, Melburn and his betrothed visited the spot together, fulfilling the wish of the departed, "that she might stand beside his grave, and remember the heart that beat and broke for her."

SONNETS

ON RECEIVING A CROWN OF IVY FROM JOHN KEATS—BY LEIGH HUNT.

The sonnets below are on a blank leaf, in an edition of the early poems of John Keats "printed for C. & J. Ollier, 3 Welbeck street, London, 1817." The book was presented to me by my friend, the late George Keats, (brother of the poet,) who resided for many years prior to his death in this city. They are in the handwriting of Hunt, and are not contained in any edition of his poems which I have seen. You can readily ascertain whether they have appeared in print—if they have not, I think they may be acceptable to many of your readers, and therefore send them.

G. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

F. COSBY, Jr., Louisville, Ky.

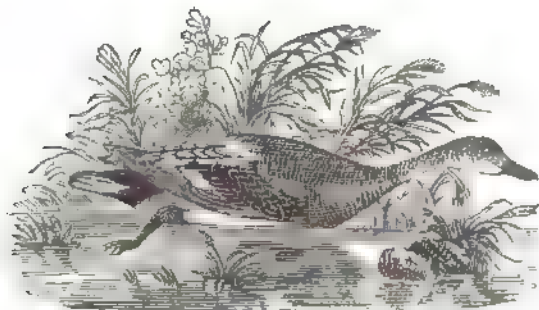
I.

A CROWN of ivy! I submit my head
To the young hand that gives it—young, 't is true,
But with a right, for 't is a poet's too.
How pleasant the leaves feel! and how they spread
With their broad angles, like a nodding shed
Over both eyes! and how complete and new,
As on my hand I lean, to feel them strew
My sense with freshness—Fancy's rustling bed!
Tress-tossing girls, with smell of flowers and grapes,
Come dancing by, and piping cheeks intent,
And thrown up cymbals, and Silvanus old
Lumpishly borne, and many trampling shapes,
And lastly, with his bright eyes on her bent,
Bacchus—whose bride has of his hand fast hold.

II.

It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be topped with leaves—to have a sense
Of honor—shaded thought—an influence
As from great Nature's fingers—and be twined
With her old, sacred, verdurous ivy-bind,
As though she hallowed with that sylvan fence
A head that bows to her benevolence,
Midst pomp of fancied trumpets in the wind.
'T is what's within us, crowned. And kind and great
Are all the conquering wishes it inspires,
Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,
Love of love's self, and ardor for a state
Of natural good befitting such desires,
Towns without gain, and haunted solitudes.

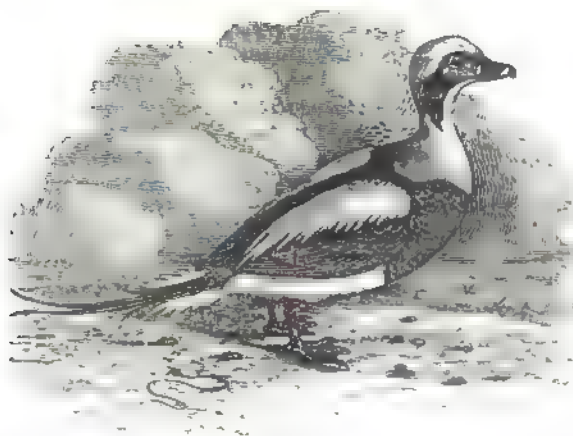
GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. IV.



THE GADWALL. (*Anas strepera*. WILSON.)

This beautiful duck is valuable on account of the excellence of its flesh, though its expertness as a diver renders it difficult to be shot. Its flight is very rapid, its note like that of the Mallard, but louder; it is fond of salines and ponds overgrown with reeds and rushes; feeds chiefly in the morning and evening. The Gadwall is still smaller than the Shoveller. The male bird is in length about nineteen inches, in breadth about thirty-three; the bill two inches long, flat, and of a black color; markings of the plumage exceedingly minute, giving it a sort of appearance as if it were marked with delicate stripe and enclosed in a net work. The crown is dusky brown, rest of the upper half of the neck

brownish white, both thickly speckled with black; lower part of the neck and breast dusky black, elegantly ornamented with large, concentric semicircles of white scapulars, waved with lines of white on a dusky ground; primaries ash; greater wing coverts black, and several of the lesser coverts, immediately above, chestnut red; speculum white, bordered below with black, forming three broad bands on the wing, of chestnut, black and white; belly dull white; rump and tail coverts black, glossed with green; tail tapering, pointed, of a pale brown ash, edged with white; flanks dull white, elegantly waved; tertials long, and of a pale brown; legs orange red.



THE LONG-TAILED DUCK. (*Harelda glacialis*.)

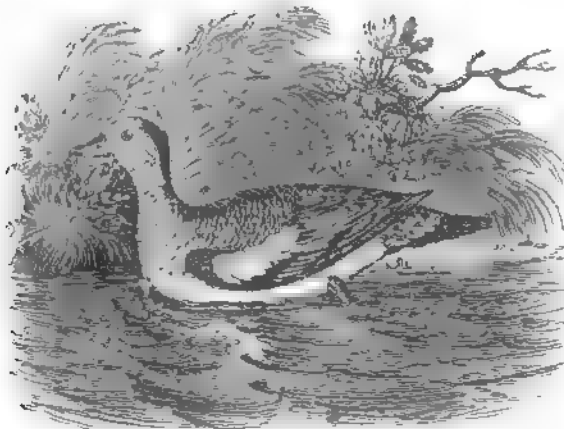
The sub-genus *Harelda* is in many respects analogous to the Pochard or Scaup duck; it is a diving duck, and makes its appearance at the same season, and, like the latter, it is common to the colder regions of the whole northern hemisphere. Unlike many others of the family of ducks, it does not en-

tirely quit its northern haunts in winter, but resides permanently in considerable numbers in the polar regions. Numerous flocks, however, spread themselves southward in the winter, from Greenland and Hudson's Bay as far as the coast of Carolina, and from Iceland and Spitzbergen over Lapland,

the Russian dominions, Sweden, Norway, and the northern parts of the British Isles in Europe. The bands which visit the Orkneys appear in October, and continue there till April. About sunset they are seen in large companies going to and returning from the bays in which they frequently pass the night, making a noise which, in frosty weather, may be heard at the distance of several miles. They are rather scarce in England, to which they resort only in very hard winters, and then in small straggling parties. They fly swiftly, but seldom to a very great distance, making a loud and singular cry. They are extremely expert divers, feeding almost exclusively on shell-fish. The female places her nest among the grass near the water, and, like the Eider duck, lines it with down from her own body. This lining is considered by Latham equally valuable with Eider down, but cannot be had in so great quantity. This duck is known along the shores of the Chesapeake and the coast of the Carolinas by the name of South-Southerly, from its singular cry somewhat resembling the sound of those words. On the coast of New Jersey it bears the appellation of Old Squaws or Old Wives. The northern Indians call it the Hah-hah-way, and it has elsewhere received the name of the Caccawee. We cannot devote the space necessary to a full description of the plumage of both sexes of this beautiful variety of ducks, though to the scientific sportsman it might be far from uninteresting. We will therefore merely glance at the plumage of the male, as given by Wilson, and pass on to notice another of the duck family, which like the one before us prefers the dangerous but productive ocean to the less turbulent inland waters. The mate of the

long-tailed duck is distinguished from her partner by wanting the lengthened tertials, and the two long pointed feathers of the tail, and also by her size and the rest of her plumage. The length of the male is twenty-two inches; extent thirty inches, bill black, crossed near the extremity by a band of orange; tongue downy; iris dark red; cheeks and frontlet dull dusky-drab, passing over the eye and joining a large patch of black on the side of the neck, which ends in dark brown, throat and rest of the neck white; crown tufted, and of a pale cream-color; lower part of the neck, breast, back and wings black; scapulars and tertials pale blueish-white, long and pointed, and falling gracefully over the wings; the white of the lower part of the neck spreads over the back an inch or two; the white of the belly spreads over the sides, and nearly meets at the rump; secondaries chestnut, forming a bar across the wing, primaries, rump and tail coverts, black; the tail consists of fourteen feathers, all remarkably pointed, the two middle ones nearly four inches longer than the others; these with the two adjoining ones are black, the rest white; legs and feet dusky slate.

The windpipe is very curiously formed; besides the labyrinth, which is nearly as large as the end of the thumb, it has an expansion, immediately above that, of double its usual diameter, which continues for an inch and a half; this is flattened on the side next the breast, with an oblong, window-like vacancy in it, crossed with five narrow bars, and covered with a thin transparent skin, like the panes of a window; another thin skin of the same kind is spread over the external side of the labyrinth, which is partly of a circular form.



AMERICAN WIDGEON. (*Anas Americana*. WILSON.)

Like many of the human race, the bird now before us contrives to make for himself an easy subsistence, by appropriating to himself the product of the exertions of others. He is a constant attendant upon the Canvas-Back, and is extremely fond of the tender

roots of the sea-cabbage on which the latter feeds. He does not dive for it himself, however, but watches the moment of the other's rising to seize and carry off the favorite morsel before the Canvas-Back has recovered from his immersion. The two species of

birds, therefore, live in a state of perpetual war, in which the Widgeon usually comes off best; for though beaten in a fair battle, he more than atones for his discomfiture by his ingenuity and opportune approaches. The Widgeons are said to be very plenty at St. Domingo, sometimes perch on trees, feed in company, and have a sentinel on the look-out. They feed little during the day, but come forth from their hiding places in the evening, when they may be traced by their cry. They are very frequently sold in the market of Baltimore, and their flesh is so excellent as to command a good price.

The Dusky Duck, (*Anas Obscura*, WILSON.) is generally known along the sea coast of New Jersey and the neighboring country by the name of the Black Duck, being the most common and numerous of those of its tribe which inhabit the salt marshes. They are extremely shy during the day, and rise in great numbers on the most distant report of a gun, dispersing in every direction. In calm weather they fly so high as to be beyond the reach of shot but they may be brought down, by a concealed gunner in great numbers, when the wind blows hard. They are large heavy-bodied ducks, and generally esteemed.

Another of the family of the ducks much esteemed as game, is the Blue-Winged Teal, (*Anas Discors*, WILSON.) a bird which ranges over the greater part of the American continent, breeding in the vicinity of the lakes of the St. Lawrence, and thence as far north as the Canadian fur countries, and migrating for food toward Massachusetts, in September, thence south to the muddy shores of the Delaware, and in the winter to the inundated rice-fields of the southern states. There great numbers are taken in traps, ingeniously contrived for the purpose. They feed chiefly on wild rice, in the north western lakes, and other aquatic plants. It is a shy and cautious

bird. Along the shores of the Delaware, they sit on the mud, close to the edge of the water, so crowded together that the gunners often kill great numbers at a single discharge. When a flock is discovered in this situation, the practiced sportsman runs his boat ashore at some distance from them, and getting out, pushes her before him over the slippery mud, concealing himself all the while behind her; by this method he can sometimes approach within twenty yards of a flock, among which he generally makes great slaughter. They fly rapidly, and when they alight, drop down suddenly like the Snipe or Woodcock, among the reeds or on the mud.

Nuttall describes the plumage of the Blue-Winged Teal with his usual accuracy, as follows: The length of the Blue-Winged Teal is about eighteen inches; the folded wing seven inches three lines; the bill above one inch seven and a half lines; the tarsus one inch two lines. In the male, the upper surface of the head and under tail coverts are brownish-black; a broad white crescent from the forehead to the chin, bordered all round with black; sides of the head and adjoining half of the neck bright lavender-purple; base of the neck above, back, tertiaries, and tail coverts, brownish and blackish-green. The fore parts, including the shorter scapulars, margined and marked with semi-ovate pale-brown bars; longer scapulars longitudinally striped with blackish-green, Berlin-blue, and pale brown. Lesser wing coverts pure pale blue; greater coverts white, their bases brown; speculum dark-green; primaries, their coverts and the tail, liver-brown; sides of the rump, longer under wing coverts, and axillary feathers pure white. The under plumage pale reddish-orange, glossed with chestnut on the breast, and thickly marked throughout with round blackish spots, which, on the breast and tips of the long flank feathers, change to bars; bill bluish-black; feet yellow.

"OH! THAT A LITTLE COT WERE MINE!"

BY ROBERT F. GREENLY.

Oh! that a little cot were mine,
Far down some gentle vale,
Where golden sunbeams ever shine,
And softly blows the gale.
No idle strife should break the spell
About its precincts thrown—
But peace and love should ever dwell
Within its shades, alone!

A streamlet should meander by
My humble cottage door,
Whose snow-white walls with many a vine
And shrub should be run o'er;
And there should be a little grot,
Half hidden from the view
By clust'ring leaves, and fragrant shrubs,
And flowers of every hue!

And, when the sun too brightly shone,
I'd seek its quiet shade,
To listen to the birds' lihe song—
The music of the glade.
Or when, at eve, the crystal moon
Streamed down o'er bed and bower,
I'd take my lute, and with a song
Beguile the passing hour.

With one beloved and cherished form
To share my heart's deep bliss,
I'd dwell contentedly, nor long
For greater happiness;
And when "Old Father Death" should come,
To summon us away,
Together we would droop, and die—
Like flowers at close of day!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 81.)

PART IV.

Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff
The Lesbian Sappho leaped from in a mist,
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,
Because the wax did not continue stiff;
And, had he minded what his father said,
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.
SANDS.

WE must now advance the time several days, and change the scene to a distant part of the ocean; within the tropics, indeed. The females had suffered slight attacks of sea-sickness, and recovered from them, and the brig was safe from all her pursuers. The manner of Spike's escape was simple enough, and without any necromancy. While the steamer, on the one hand, was standing away to the northward and eastward, in order to head him off, and the schooner was edging in with the island, in order to prevent his beating up to windward of it, within its shadows, the brig had run close round the northern margin of the land, and hauled up to leeward of the island, passing between it and the steamer. All this time, her movements were concealed from the schooner by the island itself, and from the steamer, by its shadow and dark back-ground, aided by the distance. By making short tacks, this expedient answered perfectly well, and, at the very moment when the two revenue vessels met, at midnight, about three leagues to leeward of Blok Island, the brigantine, Molly Swash, was just clearing its most weatherly point, on the larboard tack, and coming out exactly at the spot where the steamer was when first seen that afternoon. Spike stood to the westward, until he was certain of having the island fairly between him and his pursuers, when he went about, and filled away on his course; running out to sea again on an easy bowline. At sunrise the next day he was fifty miles to the southward and eastward of Montauk; the schooner was going into New London, her officers and people quite chop-fallen, and the steamer was paddling up Sound, her captain being fully persuaded the runaways had returned in the direction from which they had come, and might yet be picked up in that quarter.

The weather was light, just a week after the

events related in the close of the last chapter. By this time the brig had got within the influence of the trades, and, it being the intention of Spike to pass to the southward of Cuba, he had so far profited by the westerly winds, as to get well to the eastward of the Mona Passage, the strait through which he intended to shape his course on making the islands. Early on that morning Mrs. Budd had taken her seat on the trunk of the cabin, with a complacent air, and arranged her netting, some slight passages of gallantry, on the part of the captain, having induced her to propose netting him a purse. Biddy was going to and fro, in quest of silks and needles, her mistress having become slightly capricious in her tastes of late, and giving her, on all such occasions, at least a double allowance of occupation. As for Rose, she sat reading beneath the shade of the coach-house deck, while the handsome young mate was within three feet of her, working up his logarithms, but within the sanctuary of his own stateroom; the open door and window of which, however, gave him every facility he could desire to relieve his mathematics, by gazing at the sweet countenance of his charming neighbor. Jack Tier and Josh were both passing to and fro, as is the wont of stewards, between the camboose and the cabin, the breakfast table being just then in the course of preparation. In all other respects, always excepting the man at the wheel, who stood within a fathom of Rose, Spike had the quarter-deck to himself, and did not fail to pace its weather side with an air that denoted the master and owner. After exhibiting his sturdy, but short, person in this manner, to the admiring eyes of all beholders, for some time, the captain suddenly took a seat at the side of the relict, and dropped into the following discourse.

"The weather is moderate, Madam Budd; quite moderate," observed Spike, a sentimental turn coming over him at the moment. "What I call moderate and agreeable."

"So much the better for us; the ladies are fond of moderation, sir."

"Not in admiration, Madam Budd—ha! ha! ha!"

no, not in admiration. *Immoderation* is what they like when it comes to *that*. I'm a single man, but I know that the ladies like admiration—mind where you're sheering to," the captain said, interrupting himself a little fiercely, considering the nature of the subject, in consequence of Jack Tier's having trodden on his toe in passing—"or I'll teach you the navigation of the quarter-deck, Mr. Burgoo!"

"Moderation—moderation, my good captain," said the simpering relict. "As to admiration, I confess that it is agreeable to us ladies; more especially when it comes from gentlemen of sense, and intelligence, and experience."

Rose fidgetted, having heard every word that was said, and her face flushed; for she doubted not that Harry's ears were as good as her own. As for the man at the wheel, he turned the tobacco over in his mouth, hitched up his trousers, and appeared interested, though somewhat mystified—the conversation was what he would have termed "talking dictionary," and he had some curiosity to learn how the captain would work his way out of it. It is probable that Spike himself had some similar gleamings of the difficulties of his position, for he looked a little troubled, though still resolute. It was the first time he had ever lain yard-arm and yard-arm with a widow, and he had long entertained a fancy that such a situation was trying to the best of men.

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes," he said, "experience and sense carry weight with 'em, wherever they go. I'm glad to find that you entertain these just notions of us gentlemen, and make a difference between boys and them that's seen and known experience. For my part, I count youngsters under forty as so much lumber about decks, as to any comfort and calculations in keepin' a family, as a family *ought* to be kept."

Mrs. Budd looked interested, but she remained silent on hearing this remark, as became her sex.

"Every man ought to settle in life, some time or other, Madam Budd, accordin' to my notion, though no man ought to be in a boyish haste about it," continued the captain. "Now, in my own case, I've been so busy all my youth—not that I'm very old now, but I'm no boy—but all my younger days have been passed in trying to make things meet, in a way to put any lady who might take a fancy to me—"

"Oh! captain—that is *too* strong! The ladies do not take fancies for gentlemen, but the gentlemen take fancies for ladies!"

"Well, well, you know what I mean, Madam Budd, and so long as the parties understand each other, a word dropped, or a word put into a charter-party makes it neither stronger nor weaker. There's a time, howsoever, in every man's life, when he begins to think of settling down, and of considerin' himself as a sort of mooring-chain, for children and the likes of them to make fast to. Such is my natur', I will own; and ever since I've got to be intimate in your family, Madam Budd, that sentiment has

grown stronger and stronger in me, till it has got to be uppermost in all my ideas. Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, as a body might say."

Mrs. Budd now looked more than interested, for she looked a little confused, and Rose began to tremble for her aunt. It was evident that the parties most conspicuous in this scene were not at all conscious that they were overheard, the intensity of their attention being too much concentrated on what was passing to allow of any observation without their own narrow circle. What may be thought still more extraordinary, but what in truth was the most natural of all, each of the parties was so intently bent on his, or her, own train of thought, that neither in the least suspected any mistake.

"Grown with your growth, and strengthened with your strength," rejoined the relict, smiling kindly enough on the captain to have encouraged a much more modest man than he happened to be.

"Yes, Madam Budd—very just that remark; grown with my strength, and strengthened with my growth, as one might say; though I've not done much at growing for a good many years. Your late husband, Capt. Budd, often remarked how very early I got my growth, and rated me as an 'able bodied' hand, when most lads think it an honor to be placed among the 'or'naries.'"

The relict looked grave, and she wondered at any man's being so singular as to allude to a first husband, at the very moment he was thinking of offering himself for a second. As for herself, she had not uttered as many words in the last four years, as she had uttered in that very conversation, without making some allusion to her "poor dear Mr. Budd." The reader is not to do injustice to the captain's widow, however, by supposing for a moment that she was actually so weak as to feel any tenderness for a man like Spike, which would be doing a great wrong to both her taste and her judgment, as Rose well knew, even while most annoyed by the conversation she could not but overhear. All that influenced the good relict was that besetting weakness of her sex, which renders admiration so universally acceptable, and predisposes a female, as it might be, to listen to a suitor with indulgence and some little show of kindness, even when resolute to reject him. As for Rose, to own the truth, her aunt did not give her a thought, as yet, notwithstanding Spike was getting to be so sentimental.

"Yes, your late excellent and honorable consort, always said that I got my growth sooner than any youngster he ever fell in with," resumed the captain after a short pause; exciting fresh wonder in his companion that he *would* persist in lugging in the "dear departed" so very unseasonably. "I am a great admirer of all the Budd family, my good lady, and only wish my connection with it had never terminated; if terminated it can be called."

"It need not be terminated, Capt. Spike, so long as friendship exists in the human heart."

"Ay, so it is always with you ladies; when a man is bent on suthin' closer and more interestin' like, your 're for putting it off on friendship. Now friendship is good enough in its way, Madam Budd, but friendship is n't *love*."

"*Love!*" echoed the widow, fairly starting, though she looked down at her netting, and looked as confused as she knew how. "That is a very decided word, Capt. Spike, and should never be mentioned to a woman's ear lightly."

So the captain now appeared to think, too, for no sooner had he delivered himself of the important monosyllable, than he left the widow's side and began to pace the deck, as it might be to moderate his own ardor. As for Rose, she blushed, if her more practiced aunt did not, while Harry Mulford laughed heartily, taking good care, however, not to be heard. The man at the wheel turned the tobacco again, gave his trousers another hitch, and wondered anew whither the skipper was bound. But the drollest manifestation of surprise came from Josh, the steward, who was passing along the lee-side of the quarter-deck, with a teapot in his hand, when the energetic manner of the captain sent the words "friendship is n't *love*" to his ears. This induced him to stop for a single instant, and to cast a wondering glance behind him; after which he moved on toward the galley, mumbling as he went—"Lub! what *he* want of lub, or what lub want of *him*! Well, I do 'tink Capt. Spike bowse his jib out pretty 'arly dis mornin'."

Capt. Spike soon got over the effects of his effort, and the confusion of the relit did not last any material length of time. As the former had gone so far, however, he thought the present an occasion as good as another to bring matters to a crisis.

"Our sentiments sometimes get to be so strong, Madam Budd," resumed the lover, as he took his seat again on the trunk, "that they run away with us. Men is liable to be run away with as well as ladies. I once had a ship run away with me, and a pretty time we had of it. Did you ever hear of a ship's running away with her people, Madam Budd, just as your horse ran away with your buggy?"

"I suppose I must have heard of such things, sir, my education having been so maritime, though just at this moment I cannot recall an instance. When my horse ran away, the buggy was cap asided. Did your vessel cap-aside on the occasion you mention?"

"No, Madam Budd, no. The ship was off the wind at the time I mean, and vessels do not capsize when off the wind. I'll tell you how it happened. We was a scuddin' under a goose-wing foresail—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the relit eagerly. "I've often heard of that sail, which is small and used only in tempesta."

"Heavy weather, Madam Budd—only in heavy weather."

"It is amazing to me, captain, how you seamen manage to weigh the weather. I have often heard

of light weather and heavy weather, but never fairly understood the manner of weighing it."

"Why we *do* make out to ascertain the difference," replied the captain, a little puzzled for an answer, "and I suppose it must be by means of the barometer, which goes up and down like a pair of scales. But the time I mean we was a scuddin' under a goose-wing foresail—"

"A sail made of goose's wings, and a beautiful object it must be; like some of the caps and cloaks that come from the islands, which are all of feathers, and charming objects are they. I beg pardon—you had your goose's wings spread—"

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes; we was steering for a Mediterranean port, intending to clear a mole-head, when a sea took us under the larboard quarter, gave us such a sheer to-port as sent our cat-head ag'in a spile, and raked away the chain-plates of the top-mast back-stays, bringing down all the forrard hamper about our ears."

This description produced such a confusion in the mind of the widow that she was glad when it came to an end. As for the captain, fearful that the "goose's wings" might be touched upon again, he thought it wisest to attempt another flight on those of Cupid.

"As I was sayin', Madam Budd, friendship is n't *love*; no, not a bit of it! Friendship is a common sort of feelin', but love, as you must know by experience, Madam Budd, is an uncommon sort of feelin'."

"Fie, Capt. Spike, gentlemen should never allude to ladies knowing any thing about love. Ladies *respect*, and *admire*, and *esteem*, and have a *regard* for gentlemen; but it is almost too strong to talk about their love."

"Yes, Madam Budd, yes; I dare say it is so, and *ought* to be so; and I ask pardon for having said as much as I did. But my love for your niece is of so animated and lastin' a natur', that I scarce know what I did say."

"Capt. Spike, you amaze me! I declare I can hardly breathe for astonishment. My niece! Surely you do not mean Rosy!"

"Who else should I mean? My love for Miss Rose is so very decided and animated, I tell you, Madam Budd, that I will not answer for the consequences should you not consent to her marryin' me."

"I can scarce believe my ears! You, Stephen Spike, and an old friend of her uncle's, wishing to marry his niece."

"Just so, Madam Budd; that's it to a shavin'. The regard I have for the whole family is so great, that nothin' less than the hand of Miss Rose in marriage can what I call mitigate my feelin's."

Now the relit had not one spark of tenderness herself in behalf of Spike, while she did love Rose better than any human being, her own self excepted. But she had viewed all the sentiment of that morning, and all the fine speeches of the captain, very differ-

ently from what the present state of things told her she ought to have viewed them; and she felt the mortification natural to her situation. The captain was so much bent on the attainment of his own object, that he saw nothing else, and was even unconscious that his extraordinary and somewhat loud discourse had been overheard. Least of all did he suspect that his admiration had been mistaken, and that in what he called "courtin'" the niece, he had been all the while "courtin'" the aunt. But little apt as she was to discover any thing, Mrs. Budd had enough of her sex's discernment in a matter of this sort, to perceive that she had fallen into an awkward mistake, and enough of her sex's pride to resent it. Taking her work in her hand, she left her seat and descended to the cabin with quite as much dignity in her manner as it was in the power of one of her height and "build" to express. What is the most extraordinary, neither she nor Spike ever ascertained that their whole dialogue had been overheard. Spike continued to pace the quarter-deck for several minutes, scarce knowing what to think of the relict's manner, when his attention was suddenly drawn to other matters by the familiar cry of "sail-ho!"

This was positively the first vessel with which the Molly Swash had fallen in since she lost sight of two or three craft that had passed her in the distance, as she left the American coast. As usual, this cry brought all hands on deck, and Mulford out of his state-room.

It has been stated already that the brig was just beginning to feel the trades, and it might have been added, to see the mountains of San Domingo. The winds had been variable for the last day or two, and they still continued light, and disposed to be unsteady, ranging from north-east to south-east, with a preponderance in favor of the first point. At the cry of "sail-ho!" every body looked in the indicated direction, which was west, a little northerly, but for a long time without success. The cry had come from aloft, and Mulford went up as high as the fore-top before he got any glimpse of the stranger at all. He had slung a glass, and Spike was unusually anxious to know the result of his examination.

"Well, Mr. Mulford, what do you make of her?" he called out as soon as the mate announced that he saw the strange vessel.

"Wait a moment, sir, till I get a look—she's a long way off, and hardly visible."

"Well, sir, well?"

I can only see the heads of her topgallant-sails. She seems a ship steering to the southward, with as many kites flying as an Indiaman in the trades. She looks as if she were carrying royal stun'sails, sir."

"The devil she does! Such a chap must not only be in a hurry, but he must be strong handed to give himself all this trouble in such light and variable winds. Are his yards square?—Is he man-of-war-ish?"

"There's no telling, sir, at this distance; though

I rather think its stun'sails that I see. Go down and get your breakfast, and in half an hour I'll give a better account of him."

This was done, Mrs. Budd appearing at the table with great dignity in her manner. Although she had so naturally supposed that Spike's attentions had been intended for herself, she was rather mortified than hurt on discovering her mistake. Her appetite, consequently, was not impaired, though her stomach might have been said to be very full. The meal passed off without any scene, notwithstanding, and Spike soon re-appeared on deck, still masticating the last mouthful like a man in a hurry, and a good deal *à l'Américaine*. Mulford saw his arrival, and immediately leveled his glass again.

"Well, what news now, sir?" called out the captain. "You must have a better chance at him by this time, for I can see the chap from off the coach-house here."

"Ay, ay, sir; he's a bit nearer, certainly. I should say that craft is a ship under stun'sails, looking to the eastward of south, and that there are caps with gold bands on her quarter-deck."

"How low down can you see her?" demanded Spike in a voice of thunder.

So emphatic and remarkable was the captain's manner in putting this question, that the mate cast a look of surprise beneath him ere he answered it. A look with the glass succeeded, when the reply was given.

"Ay, ay, sir; there can be no mistake—it's a cruiser you may depend on it. I can see the heads of her topsails now, and they are so square and symmetrical, that gold bands are below beyond all doubt."

"Perhaps he's a Frenchman—Johnny Crapaud keeps cruisers in these seas as well as the rest on 'em."

"Johnny Crapaud's craft don't spread such arms, sir. The ship is either English or American; and he's heading for the Mona Passage as well as ourselves."

"Come down, sir, come down—there's work to be done as soon as you have breakfasted."

Mulford did come down, and he was soon seated at the table with both Josh and Jack Tier for attendants. The aunt and the niece were in their own cabin, a few yards distant, with the door open.

"What a fuss 'e cap'in make 'bout dat sail," grumbled Josh, who had been in the brig so long that he sometimes took liberties with even Spike himself. "What good he t'ink t'will do to measure him inch by inch? Bye'm by he get alongside, and den 'e ladies even can tell all about him."

"He nat'rally wishes to know who gets alongside," put in Tier, somewhat apologetically.

"What matter dat. All sort of folk get alongside of Molly Swash; and what good it do 'em. Yoh! yoh! yoh! I do remem'er sich times vid 'e ole hussy!"

"What old hussy do you mean?" demanded Jack

Tier a little fiercely, and in a way to draw Mulford's eyes from the profile of Rose's face to the visages of his two attendants.

"Come, come, gentlemen, if you please; recollect where you are," interrupted the mate authoritatively. "You are not now squabbling in your galley, but are in the cabin. What is it to you, Tier, if Josh does call the brig an old hussy; she is old, as we all know, and years are respectable; and as for her being a 'hussy,' that is a term of endearment sometimes. I've heard the captain himself call the Molly a 'hussy' fifty times, and he loves her as he does the apple of his eye."

This interference put an end to the gathering storm as a matter of course, and the two disputants shortly after passed on deck. No sooner was the coast clear than Rose stood in the door of her own cabin.

"Do you think the strange vessel is an American?" she asked eagerly.

"It is impossible to say—English or American I make no doubt. But why do you inquire?"

"Both my aunt and myself desire to quit the brig, and if the stranger should prove to be an American vessel of war, might not the occasion be favorable?"

"And what reason can you give for desiring to do so?"

"What signifies a reason," answered Rose with spirit. "Spike is not our master, and we can come and go as we may see fit."

"But a reason must be given to satisfy the commander of the vessel of war. Craft of that character are very particular about the passengers they receive; nor would it be altogether wise in two unprotected females to go on board a cruiser, unless in a case of the most obvious necessity."

"Will not what has passed this morning be thought a sufficient reason," added Rose, drawing nearer to the mate, and dropping her voice so as not to be heard by her aunt.

Mulford smiled as he gazed at the earnest but attractive countenance of his charming companion.

"And who could tell it, or *how* could it be told? Would the commander of a vessel of war incur the risk of receiving such a person as yourself on board his vessel, for the reason that the master of the craft she was in when he fell in with her desired to marry her?"

Rose appeared vexed, but she was at once made sensible that it was not quite as easy to change her vessel at sea, as to step into a strange door in a town. She drew slowly back into her own cabin silent and thoughtful; her aunt pursuing her netting the whole time with an air of dignified industry.

"Well, Mr. Mulford, well," called out Spike at the head of the cabin stairs, "what news from the coffee?"

"All ready, sir," answered the mate, exchanging significant glances with Rose. "I shall be up in a moment."

That moment soon came, and Mulford was ready for duty. While below, Spike had caused certain purchases to be got aloft, and the main-hatch was open and the men collected around it, in readiness to proceed with the work. Harry asked no questions, for the preparations told him what was about to be done, but passing below, he took charge of the duty there, while the captain superintended the part that was conducted on deck. In the course of the next hour eight twelve-pound carronades were sent up out of the hold, and mounted in as many of the ports which lined the bulwarks of the brigantine. The men seemed to be accustomed to the sort of work in which they were now engaged, and soon had their light batteries in order, and ready for service. In the meantime the two vessels kept on their respective courses, and by the time the guns were mounted, there was a sensible difference in their relative positions. The stranger had drawn so near the brigantine as to be very obvious from the latter's deck, while the brigantine had drawn so much nearer to the islands of San Domingo and Porto Rico, as to render the opening between them, the well known Mona Passage, distinctly visible.

Of all this Spike appeared to be fully aware, for he quitted the work several times before it was finished, in order to take a look at the stranger, and at the land. When the batteries were arranged, he and Mulford, each provided with a glass, gave a few minutes to a more deliberate examination of the first.

"That's the Mona ahead of us," said the captain; "of that there can be no question, and a very pretty land-fall you've made of it, Harry. I'll allow you to be as good a navigator as floats."

"Nevertheless, sir, you have not seen fit to let me know whither the brig is really bound this voyage."

"No matter for that, young man—no matter, as yet. All in good time. When I tell you to lay your course for the Mona, you can lay your course for the Mona; and, as soon as we are through the passage, I'll let you know what is wanted next—if that bloody chap, who is nearing us, will let me."

"And why should any vessel wish to molest us on our passage, Capt. Spike?"

"Why, sure enough! It's war-times, you know, and war-times always bring trouble to the trader—though it sometimes brings profit, too."

As Spike concluded, he gave his mate a knowing wink, which the other understood to mean that he expected himself some of the unusual profit to which he alluded. Mulford did not relish this secret communication, for the past had induced him to suspect the character of the trade in which his commander was accustomed to engage. Without making any sort of reply, or encouraging the confidence by even a smile, he leveled his glass at the stranger, as did Spike, the instant he ceased to grin.

"That's one of Uncle Sam's fellows!" exclaimed

the captain, dropping the glass. "I'd swear to the chap in any admiralty court on 'arth."

"'T is a vessel of war, out of all doubt," returned the mate, "and under a cloud of canvas. I can make out the heads of her courses now, and see that she is carrying hard, for a craft that is almost close-hauled."

"Ay, ay; no merchantman keeps his light stunsails set, as near the wind as that fellow's going. He's a big chap, too—a frigate, at least, by his canvas."

"I do not know, sir—they build such heavy corvettes nowadays, that I should rather take her for one of them. They tell me ships are now sent to sea which mount only two-and-twenty guns, but which measure quite a thousand tons."

"With thunderin' batteries, of course."

"With short thirty-twos and a few rapping sixty-eight Paixhans—or Columbiads, as they ought in justice to be called."

"And you think this chap likely to be a craft of that sort?"

"Nothing is more probable, sir. Government has several, and, since this war has commenced, it has been sending off cruiser after cruiser into the Gulf. The Mexicans dare not send a vessel of war to sea, which would be sending them to Norfolk, or New York, at once; but no one can say when they may begin to make a prey of our commerce."

"They have taken nothing as yet, Mr. Mulford, and, to tell you the truth, I'd much rather fall in with one of Don Montezuma's craft than one of Uncle Sam's."

"That is a singular taste, for an American, Capt. Spike, unless you think, now our guns are mounted, we can handle a Mexican," returned Mulford coldly. "At all events, it is some answer to those who ask 'What is the navy about?' that months of war have gone by, and not an American has been captured. Take away that navy, and the insurance offices in Wall street would tumble like a New York party-wall in a fire."

"Nevertheless, I'd rather take my chance, just now, with Don Montezuma than with Uncle Sam."

Mulford did not reply, though the earnest manner in which Spike expressed himself, helped to increase his distrust touching the nature of the voyage. With *him* the captain had no further conference, but it was different as respects the boatswain. That worthy was called aft, and for half an hour he and Spike were conversing apart, keeping their eyes fastened on the strange vessel most of the time.

It was noon before all uncertainty touching the character of the stranger ceased. By that time, however, both vessels were entering the Mona Passage; the brig well to windward, on the Porto Rico side; while the ship was so far to leeward as to be compelled to keep every thing close-hauled, in order to weather the island. The hull of the last could now be seen, and no doubt was entertained about her being a cruiser, and one of some size, too.

Spike thought she was a frigate; but Mulford still inclined to the opinion that she was one of the new ships; perhaps a real corvette, or with a light spar-deck over her batteries. Two or three of the new vessels were known to be thus fitted, and this might be one. At length all doubt on the subject ceased, the stranger setting an American ensign, and getting so near as to make it apparent that she had but a single line of guns. Still she was a large ship, and the manner that she ploughed through the brine, close-hauled as she was, extorted admiration even from Spike.

"We had better begin to shorten sail, Mr. Mulford," the captain at length most reluctantly remarked. "We might give the chap the slip, perhaps, by keeping close in under Porto Rico, but he would give us a long chase, and might drive us away to windward, when I wish to keep off between Cuba and Jamaica. He's a traveler; look, how he stands up to it under that cloud of canvas!"

Mulford was slow to commence on the studding-sails, and the cruiser was getting nearer and nearer. At length a gun was fired, and a heavy shot fell about two hundred yards short of the brig, and a little out of line with her. On this hint, Spike turned the hands up, and began to shorten sail. In ten minutes the Swash was under her topsail, mainsail and jib, with her light sails hanging in the gear, and all the steering canvas in. In ten minutes more the cruiser was so near as to admit of the faces of the three or four men whose heads were above the hammock-cloths being visible, when she too began to fold her wings. In went *her* royals, topgallant-sails, and various kites, as it might be by some common muscular agency; and up went her courses. Every thing was done at once. By this time she was crossing the brig's wake, looking exceedingly beautiful, with her topsails lifting, her light sails blowing out, and even her heavy courses fluttering in the breeze. There flew the glorious stars and stripes also; of brief existence, but full of recollections! The moment she had room her helm went up, her bows fell off, and down she came, on the weather quarter of the Swash, so near as to render a trumpet nearly useless.

On board the brig everybody was on deck; even the relict having forgotten her mortification in curiosity. On board the cruiser no one was visible, with the exception of a few men in each top, and a group of gold-banded caps on the poop. Among these officers stood the captain, a red-faced, middle-aged man, with the usual signs of his rank about him; and at his side was his lynx-eyed first lieutenant. The surgeon and purser were also there, though they stood a little apart from the more nautical dignitaries. The hail that followed came out of a trumpet that was thrust through the mizzen-rigging; the officer who used it taking his cue from the poop.

"What brig is that?" commenced the discourse.

"The Molly Swash, of New York, Stephen Spike, master."

"Where from, and whither bound?"

"From New York, and bound to Key West and a market."

A pause succeeded this answer, during which the officers on the poop of the cruiser held some discourse with him of the trumpet. During the interval the cruiser ranged fairly up abeam.

"You are well to windward of your port, sir," observed he of the trumpet significantly.

"I know it; but it's war-times, and I did n't know but there might be piccaroons hovering about the Havanna."

"The coast is clear, and our cruisers will keep it so. I see you have a battery, sir?"

"Ay, ay; some old guns that I've had aboard these ten years; they're useful, sometimes, in these seas."

"Very true. I'll range ahead of you, and as soon as you've room, I'll thank you to heave-to. I wish to send a boat on board you."

Spike was sullen enough on receiving this order, but there was no help for it. He was now in the jaws of the lion, and his wisest course was to submit to the penalties of his position with the best grace he could. The necessary orders were consequently given, and the brig no sooner got room than she came by the wind and backed her topsail. The cruiser went about, and, passing to windward, backed her main-topsail just forward of the Swash's beam. Then the latter lowered a boat, and sent it, with a lieutenant and a midshipman in its stern-sheets, on board the brigantine. As the cutter approached, Spike went to the gangway to receive the strangers.

Although there will be frequent occasion to mention this cruiser, the circumstances are of so recent occurrence, that we do not choose to give either her name, or that of any one belonging to her. We shall, consequently, tell the curious, who may be disposed to turn to their navy-lists and blue-books, that the search will be of no use, as all the names we shall use, in reference to this cruiser, will be fictitious. As much of the rest of our story as the reader please may be taken for gospel; but we tell him frankly, that we have thought it most expedient to adopt assumed names, in connection with this vessel and all her officers. There are good reasons for so doing; and, among others, is that of abstaining from arming a *clique* to calumniate her commander, (who, by the way, like another commander in the Gulf that might be named, and who has actually been exposed to the sort of *tracasserie* to which there is allusion, is one of the very ablest men in the service,) in order to put another in his place.

The officer who now came over the side of the Swash we shall call Wallace; he was the second lieutenant of the vessel of war. He was about thirty, and the midshipman who followed him was a well grown lad of nineteen. Both had a decided man-of-war look, and both looked a little curiously at the vessel that they had boarded.

"Your servant, sir," said Wallace, touching his

cap in reply to Spike's somewhat awkward bow. "Your brig is the Molly Swash, Stephen Spike, bound from New York to Key West and a market."

"You've got it all as straight, lieutenant, as if you was a readin' it from the log."

"The next thing, sir, is to know of what your cargo is composed?"

"Flour; eight hundred barrels of flour."

"Flour! Would you not do better to carry that to Liverpool? The Mississippi must be almost turned into paste by the quantity of flour it floats to market."

"Notwithstanding that, lieutenant, I know Uncle Sam's economy so well, as to believe I shall part with every barrel of my flour to his contractors, at a handsome profit."

"You read whig newspapers principally, I rather think, Mr. Spike," answered Wallace, in his cool, deliberate way, smiling, however, as he spoke.

We may just as well say here, that nature intended this gentleman for a second lieutenant, the very place he filled. He was a capital second lieutenant, while he would not have earned his rations as first. So well was he assured of this peculiarity in his moral composition, that he did not wish to be the first lieutenant of any thing in which he sailed. A respectable seaman, a well-read and intelligent man, a capital deck officer, or watch officer, he was too indolent to desire to be any thing more, and was as happy as the day was long, in the easy berth he filled. The first lieutenant had been his messmate as a midshipman, and ranked him but two on the list, in his present commission; but he did not envy him in the least. On the contrary, one of his greatest pleasures was to get "Working Willy," as he called his senior, over a glass of wine, or a tumbler of "hot stuff," and make him recount the labors of the day. On such occasions, Wallace never failed to compare the situation of "Working Willy" with his own gentlemanlike ease and independence. As second lieutenant, his rank raised him above most of the unpleasant duty of the ship, while it did not raise him high enough to plunge him into the never-ending labors of his senior. He delighted to call himself the "ship's gentleman," a *sobriquet* he well deserved, on more accounts than one.

"You read Whig newspapers principally, I rather think, Mr. Spike," answered the lieutenant, as has been just mentioned, "while we on board the Poughkeepsie indulge in looking over the columns of the Union, as well as over those of the Intelligencer, when by good luck we can lay our hands on a stray number."

"That ship, then, is called the Poughkeepsie, is she, sir?" inquired Spike.

"Such is her name, thanks to a most beneficent and sage provision of Congress, which has extended its parental care over the navy so far as to imagine that a man chosen by the people to exercise so many of the functions of a sovereign, is not fit to

name a ship. All our two and three deckers are to be called after states; the frigates after rivers; and the sloops after towns. Thus it is that our craft has the honor to be called the United States ship the "Poughkeepsie," instead of the "Arrow," or the "Wasp," or the "Curlew," or the "Petrel," as might otherwise have been the case. But the wisdom of Congress is manifest, for the plan teaches us sailors geography."

"Yes, sir, yes, one can pick up a bit of l'arnin' in that way cheap. The Poughkeepsie, Capt.—?"

"The United States' ship Poughkeepsie, 20, Capt. Adam Mull, at your service. But, Mr. Spike, you will allow me to look at your papers. It is a duty I like, for it can be performed quietly, and without any fuss."

Spike looked distrustfully at his new acquaintance, but went for his vessel's papers without any very apparent hesitation. Every thing was *en règle*, and Wallace soon got through with the clearance, manifest, &c. Indeed the cargo, on paper at least, was of the simplest and least complicated character, being composed of nothing but eight hundred barrels of flour.

"It all looks very well on paper, Mr. Spike," added the boarding officer. "With your permission, we will next see how it looks in sober reality. I perceive your main hatch is open, and I suppose it will be no difficult matter just to take a glance at your hold."

"Here is a ladder, sir, that will take us at once to the half-deck, for I have no proper 'twixt decks in this craft; she's too small for that sort of out-fit."

"No matter, she has a hold, I suppose, and that can contain cargo. Take me to it by the shortest road, Mr. Spike, for I am no great admirer of trouble."

Spike now led the way below, Wallace following, leaving the midshipman on deck, who had fallen into conversation with the relict and her pretty niece. The half-deck of the brigantine contained spare sails, provisions, and water, as usual, while quantities of old canvas lay scattered over the cargo; more especially in the wake of the hatches, of which there were two besides that which led from the quarter-deck.

"Flour to the number of eight hundred barrels," said Wallace, striking his foot against a barrel that lay within his reach. "The cargo is somewhat singular to come from New York, going to Key West, my dear Spike?"

"I suppose you know what sort of a place Key West is, sir; a bit of an island in which there is scarce so much as a potatoe grows."

"Ay, ay, sir; I know Key West very well, having been in and out a dozen times. All eatables are imported, turtle excepted. But flour can be brought down the Mississippi so much cheaper than it can be brought from New York."

"Have you any idee, lieutenant, what Uncle Sam's men are paying for it at *New Orleans*, just

to keep soul and bodies together among the so'gers?"

"That may be true, sir—quite true, I dare say, Mr. Spike. Have n't you a bit of a chair that a fellow can sit down on—this half-deck of your's is none of the most comfortable places to stand in. Thank you, sir—thank you with all my heart. What lots of old sails you have scattered about the hold, especially in the wake of the hatches."

"Why the craft being little more than in good ballast trim, I keep the hatches off to air her; and the spray might spit down upon the flour at odd times but for them 'ere sails."

"Ay, a prudent caution. So you think Uncle Sam's people will be after this flour as soon as they learn you have got it snug in at Key West?"

"What more likely, sir? You know how it is with our government—always wrong, whatever it does! and I can show you paragraphs in letters written from *New Orleans*, which tell us that Uncle Sam is paying 75 and 80 per cent. more for flour than any body else."

"He must be a flush old chap to be able to do that, Spike."

"Flush! I rather think he is. Do you know that he is spendin', accordin' to approved accounts, at this blessed moment, as much as half a million a day. I own a wish to be pickin' up some of the coppers while they are scattered about so plentifully."

"Half a million a day! why that is only at the rate of \$187,000,000 per annum; a mere trifle, Spike, that is scarce worth mentioning among us mariners."

"It's so in the newspapers, I can swear, lieutenant."

"Ay, ay, and the newspapers will swear to it, too, and they that gave the newspapers their cue. But no matter, our business is with this flour. Will you sell us a barrel or two for our mess? I heard the caterer say we should want flour in the course of a week or so."

Spike seemed embarrassed, though not to a degree to awaken suspicion in his companion.

"I never sold cargo at sea, long as I've sailed and owned a craft," he answered as if uncertain what to do. "If you'll pay the price I expect to get in the Gulf, and will take *ten* barrels, I don't know but we may make a trade on't. I shall only ask expected prices."

"Which will be?"

"Ten dollars a barrel. For one hundred silver dollars I will put into your boat ten barrels of the very best brand known in the western country."

"This is dealing rather more extensively than I anticipated, but we will reflect on it."

Wallace now indolently arose and ascended to the quarter-deck followed by Spike, who continued to press the flour on him, as if anxious to make money. But the lieutenant hesitated about paying a price as high as ten dollars, or to take a quantity as large as ten barrels.

"Our mess is no great matter after all," he said carelessly. "Four lieutenants, the purser, two doctors, the master, and a marine officer, and you get us all. Nine men could never eat ten barrels of flour, my dear Spike, you will see for yourself, with the quantity of excellent bread we carry. You forget the bread."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Wallace, since that is your name. But such flour as this of mine has not been seen in the Gulf this many a day. I ought in reason to ask twelve dollars for it, and insist on such a ship as your'n's taking twenty instead of the ten barrels."

"I thank you, sir, the ten will more than suffice; unless, indeed, the captain wants some for the cabin. How is it with your steerage messes, Mr. Archer—do you want any flour?"

"We draw a little from the ship, according to rule, sir, but we can't go as many puddings latterly as we could before we touched last at the Havanna," answered the laughing midshipman. "There is n't a fellow among us, sir, that could pay a shore-boat for landing him, should we go in again before the end of another month. I never knew such a place as Havanna. They say midshipmen's money melts there twice as soon as lieutenants' money."

"It's clear, then, you'll not take any of the ten. I am afraid after all, Mr. Spike, we cannot trade, unless you will consent to let me have two barrels. I'll venture on two at ten dollars, high as the price is."

"I should n't forgive myself in six months for making so bad a bargain, lieutenant, so we'll say no more about it if you please."

"Here is a lady that wishes to say a word to you, Mr. Wallace, before we go back to the ship, if you are at leisure to hear her, or *them*—for there are two of them," put in Archer.

At this moment Mrs. Budd was approaching with a dignified step, while Rose followed timidly a little in the rear. Wallace was a good deal surprised at this application, and Spike was quite as much provoked. As for Mulford, he watched the interview from a distance, a great deal more interested in its result than he cared to have known, more especially to his commanding officer. Its object was to get a passage in the vessel of war.

"You are an officer of that Uncle Sam vessel," commenced Mrs. Budd, who thought that she would so much the more command the respect and attention of her listener, by showing him early how familiar she was with even the slang dialect of the seas.

"I have the honor, ma'am, to belong to that Uncle Sam craft," answered Wallace gravely, though he bowed politely at the same time, looking intently at the beautiful girl in the back-ground as he so did.

"So I've been told, sir. She's a beautiful vessel, lieutenant, and is full jiggered I perceive."

For the first time in his life, or at least for the first time since his first cruise, Wallace wore a mystified look, being absolutely at a loss to imagine

what "full jiggered" could mean. He only looked therefore, for he did not answer.

"Mrs. Budd means that you've a full *rigged* craft," put in Spike, anxious to have a voice in the conference, "this vessel being only a *half-rigged* brig."

"Oh! ay; yes, yes—the lady is quite right. We are full jiggered from our dead-eyes to our eye-bolts."

"I thought as much, sir, from your ground hamper and top-tackles," added the relict smiling. "For my part there is nothing in nature that I so much admire as a full jiggered ship, with her canvas out of the bolt-ropes, and her clew-lines and clew-garnets braced sharp, and her yards all abroad."

"Yes, ma'am, it is just as you say, a very charming spectacle. Our baby was born full grown, and with all her hamper aloft just as you see her. Some persons refer vessels to art, but I think you are quite right in referring them to nature."

"Nothing *can* be more natural to me, lieutenant, than a fine ship standing on her canvas. It's an object to improve the heart and to soften the understanding."

"So I should think, ma'am," returned Wallace, a little quizzically, "judging from the effect on yourself."

This speech, unfortunately timed as it was, wrought a complete change in Rose's feelings, and she no longer wished to exchange the Swash for the Poughkeepsie. She saw that her aunt was laughed at in secret, and that was a circumstance that never failed to grate on every nerve in her system. She had been prepared to second and sustain the intended application—she was now determined to oppose it.

"Yes, sir," resumed the unconscious relict, "and to soften the understanding. Lieutenant, did you ever cross the Capricorn?"

"No less than six times; three going and three returning, you know."

"And did Neptune come on board you, and were you shaved?"

"Every thing was done *secundum artem*, ma'am. The razor was quite an example of what are called in poetry 'thoughts too deep for tears.'"

"That must have been delightful. As for me, I'm quite a devotee of Neptune's; but I'm losing time, for no doubt your ship is all ready to pull away and carry on sail—"

"Aunt, may I say a word to you before you go any further," put in Rose in her quiet but very controlling way.

The aunt complied, and Wallace, as soon as left alone, felt like a man who was released from a quick-sand, into which every effort to extricate himself only plunged him so much the deeper. At this moment the ship hailed, and the lieutenant took a hasty leave of Spike, motioned to the midshipman to precede him, and followed the latter into his boat. Spike saw his visitor off in person, tending the side and offering the man-ropes with his own hands.

For this civility Wallace thanked him, calling out as his boat pulled from the brig's side—"If we 'pull away,' accenting the "pull" in secret derision of the relic's mistake, "you can pull away; our filling the topsail being a sign for you to do the same."

"There you go, and joy go with you," muttered Spike, as he descended from the gangway. "A pretty kettle of fish would there have been cooked had I let him have his two barrels of flour."

The man-of-war's cutter was soon under the lee of the ship, where it discharged its freight, when it was immediately run up. During the whole time Wallace had been absent, Capt. Mull and his officers remained on the poop, principally occupied in examining and discussing the merits of the Swash. No sooner had their officer returned, however, than an order was given to fill away, it being supposed that the Poughkeepsie had no further concern with the brigantine. As for Wallace, he ascended to the poop and made the customary report.

"It's a queer cargo to be carrying to Key West from the Atlantic coast," observed the captain in a deliberating sort of manner, as if the circumstance excited suspicion; "Yet the Mexicans can hardly be in want of any such supplies."

"Did you see the flour, Wallace?" inquired the first lieutenant, who was well aware of his mess-mate's indolence.

"Yes, sir, and felt it too. The lower hold of the brig is full of flour, and of nothing else."

"Ware round, sir—ware round and pass athwart the brig's wake," interrupted the captain. "There's plenty of room now, and I wish to pass as near that craft as we can."

This manœuvre was executed. The sloop-of-war no sooner filled her maintop-sail than she drew ahead, leaving plenty of room for the brigantine to make sail on her course. Spike did not profit by this opening, however, but he sent several men aloft forward, where they appeared to be getting ready to send down the upper yards and the topgallant-mast. No sooner was the sloop-of-war's helm put up than that vessel passed close along the brigantine's weather side, and kept off across her stern on her course. As she did this the canvas was fluttering aboard her, in the process of making sail, and Mull held a short discourse with Spike.

"Is any thing the matter aloft?" demanded the man-of-war's man.

"Ay, ay; I've sprung my topgallant-mast, and think this a good occasion to get another up in it's place."

"Shall I lend you a carpenter or two, Mr. Spike?"

"Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee with all my heart; but we can do without them. It's an old stick, and it's high time a better stood where it does. Who knows but I may be chased and feel the want of reliable spars."

Captain Mull smiled and raised his cap in the way of an adieu, when the conversation ended, the Poughkeepsie sliding off rapidly with a free wind,

leaving the Swash nearly stationary. In ten minutes the two vessels were more than a mile apart; in twenty beyond the reach of shot.

Notwithstanding the natural and common-place manner in which this separation took place, there was much distrust on board each vessel, and a good deal of consummate management on the part of Spike. The latter knew that every foot the sloop-of-war went on her course, carried her just so far to leeward, placing his own brig, in-so-much, dead to windward of her. As the Swash's best point of sailing, relatively considered, was close hauled, this was giving to Spike a great security against any change of purpose on the part of the vessel of war. Although his people were aloft and actually sent down the topgallant-mast, it was only to send it up again, the spar being of admirable toughness, and as sound as the day it was cut.

"I don't think, Mr. Mulford," said the captain sarcastically, "that Uncle Sam's glasses are good enough to tell the difference in wood at two league's distance, so we'll trust to the old stick a little longer. Ay, ay, let 'em run off before it, we'll find another road by which to reach our port."

"The sloop-of-war is going round the south side of Cuba, Capt. Spike," answered the mate, "and I have understood you to say that you intended to go by the same passage."

"A body may change his mind, and no murder. Only consider, Harry, how common it is for folks to change their minds. I *did* intend to pass between Cuba and Jamaica, but I intend it no longer. Our run from Montauk has been uncommon short, and I've time enough to spare to go to the southward of Jamaica too, if the notion takes me."

"That would greatly prolong the passage, Capt. Spike—a week at least."

"What if it does—I've a week to spare; we're nine days afore our time."

"Our time for what, sir? Is there any particular time set for a vessel's going into Key West?"

"Don't be womanish and over curious, Mulford. I sail with sealed orders, and when we get well to windward of Jamaica, 't will be time enough to open them."

Spike was as good as his word. As soon as he thought the sloop-of-war was far enough to leeward, or when she was hull down, he filled away and made sail on the wind to get nearer to Porto Rico. Long ere it was dark he had lost sight of the sloop-of-war, when he altered his course to south, westerly, which was carrying him in the direction he named, or to windward of Jamaica.

While this artifice was being practiced on board the Molly Swash, the officers of the Poughkeepsie were not quite satisfied with their own mode of proceeding with the brigantine. The more they reasoned on the matter the more unlikely it seemed to them that Spike could be really carrying a cargo of flour from New York to Key West, in the expectation of disposing of it to the United States' con-

tractors, and the more out of the way did he seem to be in running through the Mona Passage.

"His true course should have been by the Hole in the Wall, and so down along the north side of Cuba, before the wind," observed the first lieutenant. "I wonder that never struck you, Wallace; you who so little like trouble."

"Certainly I knew it, but we lazy people like running off before the wind, and I did not know but such were Mr. Spike's tastes," answered the "ship's gentleman." "In my judgment, the reluctance he showed to letting us have any of his flour, is much the most suspicious circumstance in the whole affair."

These two speeches were made on the poop, in the presence of the captain, but in a sort of an aside that admitted of some of the ward-room familiarity exhibited. Capt. Mull was not supposed to hear what passed, though hear it he in fact did, as was seen by his own remarks, which immediately succeeded.

"I understood you to say, Mr. Wallace," observed the captain, a little drily, "that you *saw* the flour yourself?"

"I saw the flour-barrels, sir; and as regularly built were they as any barrels that ever were branded. But a flour-barrel *may* have contained something beside flour."

"Flour usually makes itself visible in the handling; were these barrels quite clean?"

"Far from it, sir. They showed flour on their staves, like any other cargo. After all, the man may have more sense than we give him credit for, and find a high market for his cargo."

Capt. Mull seemed to muse, which was a hint for his juniors not to continue the conversation, but rather to seem to muse, too. After a short pause, the captain quietly remarked—"Well, gentlemen, he will be coming down after us, I suppose, as soon as he gets his new topgallant-mast on-end, and then we can keep a bright look out for him. We shall cruise off Cape St. Antonio, for a day or two, and no doubt shall get another look at him. I should like to have one baking from his flour."

But Spike had no intention to give the Poughkeepsie the desired opportunity. As has been stated, he stood off to the southward on a wind, and completely doubled the eastern end of Jamaica, when he put his helm up, and went, with favoring wind and current, toward the northward and westward. The consequence was, that he did not fall in with the Poughkeepsie at all, which vessel was keeping a sharp look out for him in the neighborhood of Cape St. Antonio and the Isle of Pines, at the very moment he was running down the coast of Yucatan. Of all the large maritime countries of the world, Mexico, on the Atlantic, is that which is the most easily blockaded, by a superior naval power. By maintaining a proper force between Key West and the Havanna, and another squadron between Cape St. Antonio and Loggerhead Key, the whole

country, the Bay of Honduras excepted, is shut up, as it might be in a hand-box. It is true the Gulf would be left open to the Mexicans, were not squadrons kept nearer in; but, as for any thing getting out into the broad Atlantic, it would be next to hopeless. The distance to be watched between the Havanna and Key West is only about sixty miles, while that in the other direction is not much greater.

While the Swash was making the circuit of Jamaica, as described, her captain had little communication with his passengers. The misunderstanding with the relict embarrassed him as much as it embarrassed her; and he was quite willing to let time mitigate her resentment. Rose would be just as much in his power a fortnight hence as she was to-day. This cessation in the captain's attentions gave the females greater liberty, and they improved it, singularly enough as it seemed to Mulford, by cultivating a strange sort of intimacy with Jack Tier. The very day that succeeded the delicate conversation with Mrs. Budd, to a part of which Jack had been an auditor, the uncouth-looking steward's assistant was seen in close conference with the pretty Rose; the subject of their conversation being, apparently, of a most engrossing nature. From that hour, Jack got to be not only a confidant, but a favorite, to Mulford's great surprise. A less inviting subject for *étio-d-éties* and confidential dialogues, thought the young man, could not well exist; but so it was; woman's caprices are inexplicable; and not only Rose and her aunt, but even the capacious and somewhat distrustful Biddy, manifested on all occasions not only friendship, but kindness and consideration, for Jack.

"You quite put my nose out o' joint, you Jack Tier, with 'e lady," grumbled Josh, the steward *de jure*, if not now *de facto*, of the craft, "and I never see nuttin' like it! I s'pose you expect ten dollar, at least, from dem passenger, when we gets in. But I'd have you to know, Misser Jack, if you please, dat a steward be a steward, and he do n't like to hab trick played wid him, afore he own face."

"Poh! poh! Joshua," answered Jack good naturedly, "do n't distress yourself on a consait. In the first place, you've got no nose to be put out of joint; or, if you have really a nose, it has no joint. It's nat'ral for folks to like their own color, and the ladies prefer me, because I'm white."

"No so werry white as all dat, nudder," grumbled Josh. "I see great many whiter dan you. But, if dem lady like you so much as to gib you ten dollar, as I expects, when we gets in, I presumes you'll hand over half, or six dollar, of dat money to your superior officer, as is law in de case."

"Do you call six the half of ten, Joshua, my scholar, eh?"

"Well, den, seven, if you like dat better. I wants just half, and just half I means to get."

"And half you shall have, maty. I only wish you would just tell me where we shall be, when we gets in."

"How I know, white man? Dat belong to skipper, and better ask him. If he do n't gib you lick in de chop, p'rhaps he tell you."

As Jack Tier had no taste for "licks in the chops," he did not follow Josh's advice. But his agreeing to give half of the ten dollars to the steward kept peace in the cabins. He was even so scrupulous of his word, as to hand to Josh a half eagle that very day; money he had received from Rose; saying he would trust to Providence for his own half of the expected *douceur*. This concession placed Jack Tier on high grounds with his "superior officer," and from that time the former was left to do the whole of the customary service of the ladies' cabin.

As respects the vessel, nothing worthy of notice occurred until she had passed Loggerhead Key, and was fairly launched in the Gulf of Mexico. Then, indeed, Spike took a step that greatly surprised his mate. The latter was directed to bring all his instruments, charts, &c., and place them in the captain's state-room, where it was understood they were to remain until the brig got into port. Spike was but an indifferent navigator, while Mulford was one of a higher order than common. So much had the former been accustomed to rely on the latter, indeed, as they approached a strange coast, that he could not possibly have taken any step, that was not positively criminal, which would have given his mate more uneasiness than this.

At first, Mulford naturally enough suspected that Spike intended to push for some Mexican port, by thus blinding his eyes as to the position of the vessel. The direction steered, however, soon relieved the mate from this apprehension. From the eastern

extremity of Yucatan, the Mexican coast trends to the westward, and even to the south of west, for a long distance, whereas the course steered by Spike was north, easterly. This was diverging from the enemy's coast instead of approaching it, and the circumstance greatly relieved the apprehensions of Mulford.

Nor was the sequestration of the mate's instruments the only suspicious act of Spike. He caused the brig's paint to be entirely altered, and even went so far toward disguising her, as to make some changes aloft. All this was done as the vessel passed swiftly on her course, and every thing had been effected, apparently to the captain's satisfaction, when the cry of "land-ho!" was once more heard. The land proved to be a cluster of low, small islands, part coral, part sand, that might have been eight or ten in number, and the largest of which did not possess a surface of more than a very few acres. Many were the merest islets imaginable, and on one of the largest of the cluster rose a tall, gaunt light-house, having the customary dwelling of its keeper at its base. Nothing else was visible; the broad expanse of the blue waters of the Gulf excepted. All the land in sight would not probably have made one field of twenty acres in extent, and that seemed cut off from the rest of the world, by a broad barrier of water. It was a spot of such singular situation and accessories, that Mulford gazed at it with a burning desire to know where he was, as the brig steered through a channel between two of the islets, into a capacious and perfectly safe basin, formed by the group, and dropped her anchor in its centre.

[To be continued.]

MIDNIGHT MASSES. NO. I.

Ho, watchman on the housetop!

Ho, minister of night!

From thine enclouded turret

Canst tell us of the light?

O! heavy is the darkness—

In heaven there is no star;

Canst see the wings of morning

Rise fluttering afar?

"I see four winged angels

Far in the Orient;

They bear a golden curtain

Across the firmament;

A blue and golden curtain,

Of richest tapestry;

And the world grows bright beneath it—

Morn cometh from the sea.

"I see four other angels

Rise softly after them;

They bear a sable curtain,

Enwrought with many a gem;

With gems of gold and silver,

Of azure and of white;

And among them burneth Hesper—

Morn cometh and the night.

Ho, poet, from thy tower!

How goes the tide of life;

The battle is it ended,

Has ceased the olden strife?

Thick mists are in the valley;

They cloud my narrow sight;

Canst tell us of the gloaming,

The making up of night?

The battle rages fiercely,

More fiercely it shall rage;

The world is clouded darkly,

Then comes a darker age;

I see four angels rising,

A sable shroud they bear;

Which rolling gathers darkness—

Night cometh from his lair.

But I see a knight advancing

With bright mail on his breast;

His lance is long and shining,

And he bows each sable crest;

And in the hands of angels

White flags of peace are borne;

I see the glad Aurora—

Night cometh and the morn. ARTHUR ALLYN.

STARTING WRONG.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, Lucy, is that you? I was just wishing for you," exclaimed Emily Sutherland to her sister, Mrs. Coolidge. "We are busy discussing our dresses for the Fancy Ball. What character do you mean to take? Have you decided on your dress?"

"No, I have not, Emily."

"Well, it's high time to begin to think about it. Every milliner and matua-maker in town will be full of work soon. I told Madame Dudevant yesterday she must consider herself engaged to make my dress by the 22d. You had better bespeak her, too, or you will find yourself too late if you put it off."

"I shall wear something so simple it's not worth while having it made by her," replied Mrs. Coolidge. "I shall go as the 'White Lady,' or—"

"Not the 'White Lady,' for Heaven's sake," interrupted Emily, "that's so hackneyed. Every body who can muster an old book-muslin, and a few yards of tulle, goes as the 'White Lady.'"

"Well, a novice, or a Druid priestess," continued Mrs. Coolidge.

"That's just as bad," pursued her sister impatiently. "No, no, you and Tom must go in character together; you as Titania, and he as Bully Bottom. You are so light, and slight, and fair, you will look Titania very well; and Tom will make a grand Bully—so full of fun and humor. You would contrast beautifully. You must hang upon his arm, and 'stick musk roses in his sleek smooth head, and *pinch* his large, fair ears,' for it'll hardly do to 'kiss' them, and call him 'your gentle joy.' I am sure you could do that to the life."

Mrs. Coolidge smiled, for the idea caught her fancy; but then she looked graver as she said,

"But those would be expensive dresses, Emily. I merely meant to wear something that would entitle me to an entrance. If the invitations did not say '*costume de rigueur*,' I should not think of a fancy dress at all."

"Oh, what nonsense," said Emily. "The expense is not much; I am sure Tom would not mind it. I'll speak to him about it," she continued; for she had been so accustomed to hear her father scold at expense, that she concluded, of course, her sister's objections must now have reference to her husband, and that consequently if she spoke first to him, she was doing Lucy a great service.

"No, pray do n't put it in his head," said the young wife eagerly, "for I fear he would be so taken by the idea, he would not stop to count the cost."

"Well, then," said Emily, opening her eyes very wide, "why need you?"

"Because, Emily, as we are young people just beginning, I think we ought to—"

"To be patterns," said Emily. "Well and good, my dear, only do n't begin until after this ball, if you please."

"I do n't want to set up as a pattern," said Lucy, "but still I would not wish to do any thing extravagant."

"There's no great extravagance in these dresses, I am sure," replied Emily. "That's one reason I selected them for you and Tom; and then I thought you would like to go in character together. I really flattered myself I had hit sentiment and economy with one stone beautifully. But you make as long a face about it as if I had proposed King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba to you."

"What should Titania's dress be?" inquired Mrs. Coolidge thoughtfully.

"Oh, something very light. Tulle, trimmed with a little silver—nothing is cheaper than that, you know," answered Emily.

"As it is only for one night," pursued Lucy, "I would not feel authorized to go to much expense. If it were a dress that could ever be worn again—"

"You never can, or never ought at least, wear any tulle dress over twice; and therefore it does not make much difference about its being made in costume," said Emily carelessly. "Tom's dress, you know, is the simplest thing in the world. It's only a weaver's apron, &c. The ass's head he can easily have made; he'll get it for a trifle at any toy-store, I should think. Ah, there's Tom," cried Emily, as she saw her brother-in-law entering the hall. "Here, Mr. Coolidge, come here," she called. "Come in and persuade this perverse wife of yours into being reasonable. Here I've been ransacking my head for suitable characters for her and you for the Fancy Ball; and just as I had hit upon the very thing for both of you, and expecting your joint vote of thanks, and compliments for the brilliancy of my idea, she puts on a grave face, and makes all sorts of objections. Do n't you think she would make a pretty Titania, and you a beautiful, broad-shouldered Bully Bottom. "I'll tell you what, you shall not be lost to the world as Bully; if *she* won't be your Titania, I will, though I do n't think I will look the character very well, and beside—"

"Why Lucy," said her husband, "I do n't think you could possibly find any thing prettier; and really, Emily, I will give you my vote of thanks at once for my share of it. Bully always was a favorite of mine. You see I am more grateful than Lucy. However," continued he, turning to his wife, "If you do n't like

it, 'I am agreeable,' as country people say, to any thing you prefer."

"There's nothing else that I prefer," she replied, "only I thought the *Dame Blanche* would be more economical."

"I veto the *Dame Blanche*," cried Emily before Coolidge had time to speak. "It's just one of those things that are very pretty the first time; but it's as old and common now as possible. Besides, as you are a bride, Lucy, people will expect something from you; you always have dressed well as Lucy Sutherland—"

"I should be sorry if Lucy Coolidge appeared to less advantage now," said Coolidge, taking Emily's hint, and a little piqued by the insinuation. "I think, my dear, that would not be paying me much of a compliment," he added good-naturedly, for he was the best tempered person in the world. "Come, if you like the dress, make up your mind at once. And, Emily, as you are it seems grand costumer-general on the occasion, perhaps you will be so kind as to lend me your aid afterward. Will you go with me when I look for some *artiste* capable of executing Bully's head and ears?"

"With pleasure, as soon as I finish with your lady wife here. Now for Titania, Lucy."

"I have a white satin dress, Emily, that I think would do for the under petticoat," said Lucy.

"White satin," said Emily musingly. "No, that won't do—it should be silk. Besides you've worn your satin, and the first thing in these dresses, and indeed in every other, is that they should be fresh and clean."

"Certainly," said Mr. Coolidge. "I don't understand much of lady's dress, but that much I do. Nothing I hate so much as to see a woman in dirty finery; and pure fresh white is the prettiest thing she can wear. If you ladies dressed to please us gentlemen, you would never appear in any thing else. However, I don't mean to interfere in what you'll say, Emily, I don't understand; only, Lucy, whatever you do decide on, let it be fresh and clean."

"There Lucy, now I have your husband on my side, you have nothing to say," cried Emily. "And to be fresh and clean, things must be new. You men understand effect," she continued, turning to her brother-in-law, "though you are not much at details. And now let us be off to Madame Dudevant's; I want to see some costumes she was to have in this morning—and you can speak to her about your dress at the same time."

"And you think I must have Madame Dudevant," said Lucy inquiringly. "She is such an extortionate creature; I could get Henrietta in the house for a couple of days—"

"For pity's sake don't think of Henrietta, Lucy," said Emily; "there's no use in getting new materials if she is to spoil them. And what signifies a few dollars more or less in the making; for after all it's the fit and air of a dress that gives it all its effect. Dudevant asks rather more, perhaps, than others—

but really she is worth it. She is the only person in town who knows how to do any thing."

"That's true," said Lucy plaintively.

"What makes you sigh so, Lucy," said her husband smiling, "over Madame Dudevant's superiority?"

"Oh, that's just Lucy," said Emily laughing. "She always was so. She thinks any thing will do for her until it comes to the point, and then nothing but the best satisfies her. With all her scruples, she always ends where I begin. But then she has such a plaintive way of going to work, that she always thinks, and what is worse, you all agree with her, that she is so much more economical than I—"

"Now Emily," said Lucy expostulatingly, "I am sure I would be glad to go as the 'White Lady,' if you and Tom would let me."

"So you think, my dear—but I know how it would be; you would keep Henrietta for a week in the house botching up a dress, which, of course, would be a fright; and then, just at the last minute, you would come to the conclusion it would never do, and go off in a hurry to Dudevant's to order something decent—and so, besides your dress, you would have your failure to pay for."

Coolidge laughed outright at this picture of his wife's economy, and said,

"Well, Lucy, as we can't afford double expenses, I think you'll have to give up what Emily calls your 'failure.'"

"These 'failures' are mighty expensive things, let me tell you," said Emily seriously; "and I'll just give you this warning, Tom, your wife is very fond of them."

"Now, Emily, say no more," said Lucy entreatingly, "and I'll do any thing you want."

"Well, the carriage has been waiting this half hour," said her sister. "Do you come back to dinner," said she to her brother-in-law, "for I mean to keep Lucy to-day, and then we will settle this evening about Bully's head and ears, &c."

So they drove to Madame Dudevant's. Emily gave a rapid sketch of the character her sister was to take, which the Frenchwoman caught with a tact and quickness that would have been enough to make a slow, sober Englishwoman think she had been a reader of Shakspeare from her youth.

"Ah, I understand—something very light and pretty; two, tree tunics—a light broderie on each."

"Would not a little silver lace," said Mrs. Coolidge, looking anxious, "do, madame?"

"Silver lace?" said the Frenchwoman interrogatively. "What you call silver lace, madame? You like tinsel?" with a shrug of such ineffable contempt, that Lucy colored spite of herself.

"A light embroidery would be much handsomer, Lucy," said Emily. "I do n't like silver lace myself, it has a sort of livery look."

"Just so," said the queen of mantua-makers, now directing her remarks to Emily, "what you call vulgar. If madame will have tree tunics with a

delicat broderie, de sleeve de same, I have a young woman who work beautiful—"

Lucy looked distressed, and said, "I don't want to go to much expense, madame."

"Expense! oh no, madame, it so light it cost noting at all."

"You had better leave it to madame, Lucy," said Emily; "I see she understands what you want. She will make it pretty, and not too expensive. Madame," turning to the Frenchwoman, "Mrs. Coolidge is married, you know," she added smiling, "and has a husband to consult."

"Oh," said the graceful artists smiling, "when you husband see you look pretty, he tink noting of the cost."

"I do n't know that, madame," said Lucy laughing, unconsciously pleased at the flattery. "But you'll make it as reasonable as possible."

"Certain, madame; I make it as cheap as I can afford. You shall like your dress. And you, mademoiselle, will come to-morrow; I have some new costume."

The Fancy Ball, which had been the talk of the town for a month, went off brilliantly. Emily's dress was Madame Dudevant's *chef d'œuvre*, and the delicate Titania looked the creation of a poet. But Tom, as Bully Bottom, was glorious. The young husband and wife were conspicuous amid even that distinguished throng; and Lucy, proud of her husband's wit, entered with delight into the spirit of the whole; and he, as Madame Dudevant truly prophesied, when "he saw her look so pretty, thought nothing of the cost."

CHAPTER II.

"Tom, dear," said his wife one morning at breakfast, about the close of the first year of their marriage, "What do you mean to do about this house? I find that the rents on all this row have risen fifty dollars. I suppose our landlord will raise on us."

"Yes," replied her husband, knitting his brow with an anxious expression, "he told me so yesterday."

"The rent is already high enough," rejoined his wife, "for a house of this size, with none of the new improvements, too. Had we not better give it up?"

Coolidge looked annoyed, and said, "The moving would make up the difference of the rent."

"Yes, but then we might get a better house for the same money up town; and by taking a lease—"

"You can't take a house on lease," answered her husband quickly, "these landlords have one so in their power."

"But they will lease I know," pursued Lucy, "for Mrs. Saville told me yesterday that they had taken their house for three years. The one next door is to rent on the same terms, with baths on every story, and some new contrivance by which all the coal is taken up stairs by turning some crank, or something or other," continued Mrs. Coolidge with all the enthusiasm of a young housekeeper.

"Well, well," interrupted Tom with some impatience, "we could not take it if the whole work of the house was performed by machinery instead of servants; for, to tell you the truth, Lucy," he added gravely, "I am behind hand in the rent."

"Behind hand in the rent!" exclaimed Lucy aghast.

"Yes, but you need not look so horror struck, Lucy, it's only the last quarter. I should not like to leave, however, without having paid up every thing; so we must stay where we are for this year. Cranstoun is anxious we should, and so do n't trouble me about what is due; and upon the whole it is more convenient to pay fifty dollars more in the course of the year, than to move now."

Lucy looked very serious, and then said,

"I am perfectly willing to stay here, Tom, but I really think we pay Cranstoun enough now; it's unconscionable to ask more. Did you tell him about the new houses, and remind him that this has no baths?"

"No, my dear," replied Tom, "you can't expostulate with a man you owe. Next year we can do better, but for the present we must put up with it as it is."

"But to pay fifty dollars," pursued Lucy, in a dissatisfied tone, for she was thinking of fifty things on which she would prefer laying out fifty dollars.

"I must do the best I can, Lucy," replied her husband. "And now, I am sorry to say it, Lucy, but we must retrench in something—we do n't make the two ends meet this year."

"Do n't we?" said Lucy sadly, "that's very bad."

"Yes, so it is. But do n't look so doleful about it, Lucy, for Heaven's sake," said her husband; "it is not so bad after all—for though we are behind hand, it is not a great deal. We have only to cut off something else next year, and then all will come right again."

"Well," she said, trying to speak cheerfully, "where shall we begin. We can't do very well with a servant less. The cook, of course, we must have. The chambermaid does the washing. The man—we can get a waiter-girl instead of a man, if you are willing."

Coolidge hesitated, and said,

"That is only exchanging one servant for another; and I hate girl waiters. I never can order a woman; and then I must hire some one to clean my boots—and there's the putting in coal. The difference of wages soon makes itself up, you see, in these trifles that you want all the time. These sort of economies only make one uncomfortable, and save in the end little or nothing."

"That's true," she replied mournfully.

"We can give up the curtains for the back parlour," rejoined he.

"But they are ordered," replied Lucy.

"I know that," he continued, "but I dare say Lambert would take them off our hands."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lucy; "but then he will make you pay something if he does. They are cut

for our windows—and you always lose upon any thing they take back after it is cut.”

“I presume so; but that is not much.”

“Yes it is, considerable,” said Lucy, who, woman-like, clung to her curtains. “And it does seem a pity to pay for what one has not; particularly, too, when money is not over plenty.”

“True enough,” said Tom. “Well, we’ll see about it. I’ll see what Lambert says about it. If he is in no hurry to be paid, why, in the course of six months, I can settle it all.”

“Of course,” said Lucy, “he gives six months’ credit—that is what they all do. No one expects to be paid before six months.”

“Oh, if that’s so,” answered Tom, “the thing may as well rest as it is.”

“If that room were not so cold,” pursued Lucy, “I should not care so much about the curtains; but we really suffered for the want of them last winter.”

“At any rate, they are ordered,” said her husband, “and as you think Lambert won’t take them off our hands without making me pay something down—so there let it rest. I don’t feel inclined to pay for what we do n’t have, which is, as you say, provoking enough. In fact, I find it pretty tough to pay for what we do have, let alone what we do n’t.”

In truth, Coolidge found it more convenient to have some hundreds *charged*, than to pay a bonus down, small though it might be. So Lucy secured her curtains.

“But we must economize in something, you say,” continued Lucy. “I wish I knew where to begin,” she added, anxiously. “I don’t know what we can cut off.”

“We have not many superfluities, certainly,” rejoined her husband. However, we must retrench as much as we can. I do n’t know exactly in what—but as a general thing, Lucy. You must have an eye to saving all you can this winter; and next year I hope it won’t be necessary. So good morning, love—it is time I was off.” And Tom took his hat and left his wife, who sat ruminating with a very doleful face, just where he left her, until the cook came for her orders for dinner.

The Coolidges kept a good table, usually—for Tom was fond of bringing in a friend or two occasionally to dinner; but, full of her new economies, Lucy, instead of ordering as usual, asked the cook “if there was not cold lamb enough left of yesterday to make a stew;” and that, with some mashed potatoes, was all she ordered.

“And won’t I cook the pheasants that have just come in?” inquired the woman.

“No,” replied Lucy, who felt too poor to eat pheasants, “put them in the larder—it is so cold they will keep.”

“Will I fricassee or roast the chickens?” pursued the cook; “there are two pair in the larder.”

“No, the stew will be enough,” answered Mrs. Coolidge, and the cook left the room with a toss, wondering “what was in the wind now,” quite

puzzled by her mistress’ sad manner of ordering dinner, and sudden notion “of having nothing worth the cooking.” “I guess Mr. Coolidge won’t like stew,” thought the offended *chef de cuisine*, as she set to work chopping meat and vegetables.

She was right this time, at any rate—for Coolidge came home to dinner, bringing a friend with him.

As he took his seat at table, his consternation could not be concealed at the sight of the stew alone.

“Why Lucy, what’s the meaning of this?” said he, looking at his wife. “Did not the man bring home the marketing? I’ll speak to him to-morrow. It’s too bad.”

Lucy colored very much, and said,

“Yes, he came at the usual hour.”

“Well,” he said, looking as if he expected her to say something more.

She colored still more painfully as she said,

“I did not think you would be home to dinner—and—”

“Oh, I understand,” said her husband laughing, though embarrassed, “you did not happen to feel hungry when the cook came for orders, and so thought you did not want any dinner, and that I should stay down town. Well, Hastings,” turning to his friend, “as Mrs. Coolidge won’t give us any thing to eat, I’ll see we have something fit to drink. Here Joe,” turning to the man, “take this key and go into the wine cellar, and bring me one of those bottles with a card label—and see that you do n’t shake it coming up stairs. There,” he said, “Hastings, try that.”

“It’s exquisite,” returned his friend, “wine for an emperor.”

And so, what with the wine and the stew, Mr. Hastings seemed to make a very good dinner, though Lucy felt as if she would be glad to get under the table, and Tom did not feel much better.

“Now, Lucy, dearest,” said he, as the door closed upon their guest, “what did you mean by ordering such a dinner?”

Tears started in her eyes as she said,

“Oh, Tom, I did not know you meant to bring home any one with you; and as we were talking of economizing this morning, and as there was plenty of cold lamb left of yesterday—”

“I never was so mortified in my life,” rejoined her husband. “There’s no use, Lucy, in going to extremes. We may economize without going to such pitiful lengths as that. However, there’s no use in talking about it now. It’s over, and I gave Hasting’s wine that more than compensated for your dinner. It was some of my father’s best old Madeira. I’ve only a couple of dozen of it, but I felt I must give the poor devil something to make it up, or he would feel as if I had insulted him in bringing him home to a stew and potatoes! So, Lucy, even on the score of economy, your dinner did not answer its end. There’s no use in saving a pair of chickens, if one must give a bottle of five

dollar wine to make up for their absence. This, I think," he added laughing, "is what Emily would call one of your 'economical failures.'"

Coolidge was certainly as good-tempered a man as ever lived; but a bad dinner, when one has a friend, will try the best of husbands—and he was vexed, in spite of himself. However, he said no more; and Lucy resolved she never would put him to the test again, in that way at least.

"Feast or famine! hey Lucy?" he said the next day, as he took his place at table. "Roast chickens, stewed chickens, pheasants! Any removes," he continued, laughing as he looked at his wife.

"I did not mean to have all this cooked to day," said Lucy, apologizingly, "but a thaw has come on, and cook said the poultry would not keep any longer, as it had already been two days in the larder."

"Oh, I understand," replied her husband, "we must eat yesterday's dinner and to-day's too. That's it, is it? I wish Hastings dined with us to-day instead of yesterday, and then I might have kept my old wine that I grudge him."

"Ah Tom," said Lucy beseechingly.

He laughed, and said,

"Why, Lucy, we need not economize in the matter of mirth, need we?"

"Yes, when it is at my expense, Tom," she replied.

"Then you think me extravagant in that respect," he said. "Well, no matter, Lucy; if you are a young housekeeper, you are the dearest, sweetest-tempered little wife a man ever had. Only, love, when you order dinner, particularly a stew, just think of Mr. Hastings, will you? Let us economize in any thing but hospitality. There, now, I'll say no more about it, I promise. Moreover, I won't tell Emily—now am I not good?"

CHAPTER III.

"Lucy," said Emily, "we have taken our season tickets for the Opera near the centre of the house, Nos. 22, 24. Mr. Coolidge had better take yours joining ours, so that if he happens to be engaged, or do n't want to go, or any thing, you can go with us. At any rate, it will be pleasanter to be together."

"We are not going to take a season ticket," said Lucy,

"Why not?" inquired Emily. "It's cheaper, you know, than paying by the single ticket."

"There's no cheap way of going to the Opera," said Coolidge, rather rudely, as Emily thought.

"It costs something, certainly," she replied. "Every thing does. But I think it's quite as economical as any other amusement, and much more delightful. It's a great improvement, too, Lucy, to one's own music; and with your voice you ought to take every opportunity of hearing good music."

"Accomplished wives are somewhat expensive articles for a poor man," said Tom. "A taste for music costs no trifle in these days."

"Is a taste for yachting cheaper?" said Emily, looking at him as if she thought him a bear.

Tom colored at this, having just joined a yachting club, composed of some of the most expensive young men in town, and looked very angry, but said nothing—what could he?

However, if he was angry, so was Emily—and Lucy looked fairly frightened between the two. She turned the conversation as quickly as she could, and the subject dropped.

He said to her afterward,

"Lucy, if you would like to go the Opera, I'll take a season ticket for you with your family. When I want to go, I can buy a ticket at the door, as I do n't care about going every night."

"Oh, no, Tom, I do n't care about going at all; and you know I never wish to go without you."

He looked very much perplexed and worried.

"I can't bear to have you give up a pleasure you are so fond of," he pursued. "And then it seems so selfish. I wish to heavens I had not joined that confounded club. I'll give it up as soon as the year is out."

"Oh, I am sure, Tom," said his sweet wife, "you require relaxation and exercise. I think you've been a great deal better this summer in consequence of having joined the club."

Still he did not seem at ease. In fact, Emily's fling at his being able to gratify his own tastes while he found fault with Lucy's, nettled him. And, moreover, he was honest and generous enough to feel its truth. Besides, no man likes the insinuation of selfishness—if there is any truth in the charge, so much the worse. So, though it was inconvenient, Tom made a point of Lucy's having a season ticket—whether he took some money he had meant to appropriate to house expenses, I do n't know, but I should not be surprised; at any rate they were much behind hand this year.

They had a bill now at the grocer's—butcher's ditto—and "paid on account" what they did pay.

Fifty dollars more was added next year to the house-rent—and yet they did not move. Lucy looked embarrassed when she was asked "if they meant to remain," and "why they did not move up town?" and Tom was almost rude when similar inquiries were made of him. That, indeed, was not the unusual thing now that it had once been. Tom was growing cross. He was harassed and fretted, and often answered hastily where he had no right to do so; particularly to his sweet, pretty little wife, who, to do him justice, he did love with all his heart and soul—but that was no excuse for being cross to her, as he was sometimes, when she handed him a bill.

"Why, Lucy, what is this? Five dollars for ice! I've paid that bill before."

"No, dear, you have not."

"I gave you the money, I am sure. Do you take receipts? for if you do n't, they always send the bill a second time." No one but Tom would ever have

thought of any body's sending him a bill a *second* time. If they got paid once, they did very well. "And I can't afford to be paying bills two or three times over."

"Indeed, dear, I always take receipts—and this I know has not been paid. It has been sent in two or three times, but it has not been paid, I know. Here 's the baker's account just sent in," continued Lucy, who thought while she was in for a disagreeable subject, she might as well go through with it all.

"Twenty dollars for bread!" exclaimed he, eyeing the sum total; "why it must be a mistake."

"No," she said, "it is correct."

"Then, Lucy," said he, "there must be great waste somewhere; and," he added angrily, "I can't afford it. Twenty dollars for bread! It's enormous."

"It has been running a good while," said Lucy, meekly. "See, it begins in June."

"Well, well, no matter when it begins," said he, impatiently, "I can't pay it now, that's all."

The door opened just then, and Emily came in. Lucy was always glad to see her, doubly so now, as she interrupted a *little-d-d-d* that threatened to be unpleasant.

"I have come, Lucy," she said, "to ask you to go and look at bonnets. The French importations open to-day. Mamma will join us presently."

"It seems to me," said Tom, somewhat rudely, "that you women spend all your time running round after finery."

Emily looked at him for a minute as if she had a great mind to retort, but Lucy quickly interposed with,

"If you want the benefit of my taste to aid you in selecting for yourself, Emily, I am ready to go. I don't mean to get any thing for myself. I don't want a hat."

"You may not mean to get one," said Emily, "but that you want one is certain. Yours is shabby enough in all conscience."

"It will do well enough for the present," said Lucy in a dejected tone.

"You can't wear a summer bonnet all winter, Lucy; and if you are going to get one at all, you might as well get it now, and have the comfort of it."

Tom looked cross, however; and though what Emily said was true, Lucy did not feel as if she ought to indulge herself in even getting what she must have while he was out of temper. It was wonderful how much richer she felt when he was in a good humor.

Mrs. Sutherland now joined her daughters, and after a little while said,

"Oh, Emily, I have just come from Dudevant's. The hats do n't open to day. She was going to send you word. It was a mistake of the printer's. Tomorrow is the day."

"Then I will call for you to-morrow, Lucy," said Emily. "And now, as it is late, we may as well go, mamma."

"How cross Coolidge grows," said Emily, as they drove off.

"Is any thing the matter, do you think," inquired Mrs. Sutherland anxiously.

"No," replied Emily, "nothing that I could see."

The next morning, as Emily called at an early hour at her sister's, as by appointment, Coolidge, who had not yet gone out, looked up and said pleasantly,

"Hats the order of the day, hey, Emily?"

And as Lucy rose hastily from the breakfast table and tied on hers, he added,

"That does look shabby enough, Lucy. Do get a white bonnet this time. I do like to see a woman in a white hat."

"They soil too soon," replied his wife, "and beside are only fit for full dress."

"Well," he replied, "can't you have another for common wear?"

Tom had got some money, that was clear. The very atmosphere of the house seemed changed since yesterday. The sunshine was to be taken advantage of however, and Lucy went up to him and said something to him in a low voice, to which he answered,

"I can't this morning. Tell her to send it up."

Emily had heard this often enough to understand what it meant. The hat was to be charged, that was evident. However, as it was to be bought, that was all she cared about. The rest only concerned Tom and Madame Dudevant.

These fits of liberality and good humor, however, were becoming rare. Coolidge was certainly growing cross. His naturally fine, generous temper was becoming clouded by his embarrassments. When a man is harassed he is apt to forget himself, even toward those he loves best. And he did love his little wife dearly, notwithstanding that he frequently spoke almost harshly to her. And this again acted upon her poor thing. She was becoming nervous and timid, and sorry are we to add—fretful.

"Do keep quiet, Harry," she would say to her eldest child, a fine spirited boy, in the tone of a person who had the toothache. "You are enough to set one distracted with your noise. Now put your blocks away and sit down and read."

But Harry, being in the midst of a high game of fun with his little sister, did not want to throw down the castle he was building, would say,

"Oh, mamma, pray let me finish. I don't want to read. I won't do any harm."

"How troublesome you are, Harry. Do as I bid you. And, Fanny, do you go up into the nursery. You make too much noise here, both of you. Go, nurse wants you up stairs."

And so the poor children's pleasures were often cut short, because mamma had a bill preying upon her mind, that made the sound of mirth absolutely painful to her.

And yet Coolidge was doing a good business.

His profits were quite equal perhaps to his expenses, if he could only have paid as he went along. But as it was, he was working against tide all the time. He was forever paying back accounts, while the present ones went rolling up, inferior articles at high prices, at a fearful rate.

"Poverty begets poverty, that's certain. And then it brings such a train of evils—big and little—and the smaller ones are worse to bear than the great. A man who has his pocket always drained of change is not a pleasant companion, at least not to his wife. Let him be ever so affectionate he will be unreasonable.

"Three shillings! What do you want three shillings for, Lucy?" he would say as impatiently sometimes as if she had asked for a hundred dollars.

"For the girl who has been sewing here to-day, dear."

"It seems to me that girl is sewing here forever. It's three shillings here and three shillings there all the time," he would say pettishly.

"Shall you want me next week, Mrs. Coolidge," asked the girl, as she was paid.

"No," she replied in a melancholy tone; "no, I will finish the rest of the work myself."

Then perhaps feeling good-humored, he would say affectionately,

"Do, Lucy, put that eternal work-basket aside. I hate to see you stitching away so the whole time."

"I must finish these things for the children," she replied.

"Oh, it's no matter for the children. You look fagged to death, dear. Send for that girl. Indeed I'd rather give fifty dollars than see you wear yourself out as you do."

Now, if Coolidge would only have given the fifty, or twenty, or even ten dollars, instead of talking about it, it would have saved his poor wife many a side-ache, and back-ache, and heart-ache to boot, for she almost stitched her soul out to save five dollars. But there was nothing she would not rather do than ask for money. It was bad enough to be obliged to hand the necessary house-bills. As to her own milliner's and mantua-makers accounts! the mental agony she went through for them would have been almost ludicrous, so disproportioned was the amount of suffering to the amount charged, had it not been so sincere.

"Catch me going to Lucy's again to spend an evening," said one of her younger sisters to Emily, now the rich and gay Mrs. Woodberry.

"Why? How was it—what was the matter?" asked Emily.

"I am sure I do not know—nothing that I could see. But you would have supposed there was a corpse in the house, certainly. There was but one light, and that shaded, on the table where Lucy and the children sat—she sewing, they studying. And if the poor little souls spoke loud, or laughed, Lucy hushed them at once, and with such reproachful looks, as if they had done something very naughty,

and were shockingly unfeeling. And Mr. Coolidge scarcely raised his eyes from his paper, but to say something cross two or three times during the course of the evening. And poor Lucy sat stitching away, looking the image of grief and despair. If both the children had been up stairs dying of scarlet fever, she could not have looked worse. I asked her what was the matter, and she replied, 'Nothing.' But, really, if people look so about 'nothing,' they deserve to have 'something' to look miserable about."

"I suppose it was some bill or other—the old story," replied Mrs. Woodberry. "Lucy is so silly to let Coolidge be so cross about things that are no more her fault than his. If she had only fired up in the beginning, and told him, as I should have done, when he scolded about the butcher and baker, &c., 'That he eat five times as much bread as I did; and as to meat, I did not care if I did not eat a morsel from one week's end to another,' and followed it up by ordering no dinner, I think she might have taught him better manners. Men are so detestable," she continued, with vexation, "one would think it was not enough to be poor, but they must add to the charm by being cross."

"Then you think poverty a great evil," said Susan with sorrowful earnestness—for there was a certain young lawyer she thought very captivating.

"An evil—to be sure it is," replied Mrs. Woodberry, who, being very rich and expensive, thought there was no living without money, and plenty of it, too. "Just look at Lucy—did you ever see such a poor, forlorn, faded, fretful looking thing as she has become. You do n't remember her, Susan, when she married. You would scarcely believe what a sweet, fresh, pretty young creature she was. And now look at her! She looks as if she might have gone in the wash with those poor old faded calicoes of hers, that have been rubbed and pounded till there's scarce a shade of color in them. And Coolidge, too—what a pleasant, merry, joyous tempered fellow he was. I never shall forget them the first time they appeared in society after their marriage. It was at a Fancy Ball. She went as Titania, he as Bully Bottom. They were the admiration and life of the room. One would not have thought, to have seen them then, how they would look fifteen years later."

"Well," said old Mrs. Rutledge, an aunt of the Sutherlands, joining in the conversation for the first time, "there I don't agree with you, Emily. It was just the beginning that might have foretold the ending."

"How so?" said both sisters, looking up at once.

"They have lived too fast. Poverty, my dear Susan, is an evil, nay, a curse, or not, just as people choose to make it. Be prudent, live within your means, and small though they may be, there will always be enough for happiness."

Susan, whose feelings were deeply interested in this question, said,

"But, aunt, do you think it is Lucy's fault that her husband is cross and poor?"

"Not entirely, my dear. A man should govern

himself, and his own destiny. But still, I think a prudent, *firm* wife, a fine balance-wheel. Lucy did not use her influence rightly. She never seemed to know the power she had in her hands. She rather encouraged her husband's extravagance; and it has

been *lost* that has been the ruin of their happiness. Had they begun differently, it would have ended differently. God only knows, now, poor things, where they will wind up."

The error was, they started wrong.

I'VE BEEN UPON THE BRINY DEEP.

A NEW SONG

COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

WEST PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL CLUB,

BY CHARLES E. CATHRALL.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the Year 1846, by J. G. Osbourne, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Penn'a.

PLAYFUL.



love - li - er the var - ied scene, The hill, the lake, the tree, When bath'd in light of

mid - night's Queen, The land, the land for me, - - - - The land, the land for

me, - - - - The land, the land - - - - for me. - - - -

The glis'ning wave I've glided o'er,
When so gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees.
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on ev'ry hill,
The land, the land for me.

The glis'ning wave I've glided o'er,
When so gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
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The land, the land for me.

THE PRESENT ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS' HAMLET.

We have often taken occasion to express our opinion on the present romantic school of French literature, as opposed to what may be designated as the classical literature of that country. We think that the French have succeeded better in their old vocation than in their new one, and that with all their vivacity and sprightliness they are not a very romantic people. The romantic school of France is not of national growth; but has been transferred from England and Germany, both in prose and poetry. There is nothing in the character of the French that is romantic; their imagination resembling much more that of the Greeks and Romans, and their love of glory being much more classical than that of any modern nation. To an Englishman, an American, or a German, French stage logic appears absolutely destitute of interest or meaning, but to a Frenchman it is eminently full of truth and significance, though the subjects are, with but few exceptions, taken from ancient history. Racine's Achilles and Agamemnon are true Frenchmen, and his Alexander much more resembles Louis XIV., Conde, Turenne, or Napoleon, than Shakespeare's Brutus resembles Charles Fox, or his Julius Cæsar, Oliver Cromwell. The English and the German poets depict men; the French only Frenchmen, though the hero of the play be a Roman or a Greek; and hence their old literature, as we may now call it, is eminently national. There is no incoherence in Achilles calling Iphigenia "Madame," nor in her calling him "Monsieur;" for if Achilles and Iphigenia had spoken French to each other, as they are obliged to do on the French stage, they could not, without a gross breach of politeness, have used any other title in addressing each other. It is sufficiently classical that Achilles should call Iphigenia "Madame," considering that she was but betrothed to him. In modern language she would have been called "*Madoiselle*."

Those who imagine the language of Racine and Voltaire unnatural and forced, need but acquaint themselves with the French people, and they will soon perceive that even the French people of the present day think, feel and act through the Greek idiom, and in conformity with their classic models. Not the Greeks in the Morea, or in Syria, who are nothing but Turks and Jews and Frank rabble, without a country, and without national associations, but the *Parisians* are the true representatives of the Greeks among the moderns.

Even in common life, in their harangues in the Chambers, in the pleadings of their lawyers, the charges of their judges, and, to a certain extent, even in their periodical writings, the French are admirably classical, even at the expense of cogent reasoning; that is, they are modern Greeks and Romans, and resemble them also in their national character. We have, of course, no reference to the Spartans; but to the Athenians the French bear a goodly resemblance, and, as far as that goes, they are decidedly agreeable—though Heathens in more than one sense of the word. No modern people are as much alive to wit, sarcasm and epigrammatic conversation as the *Parisians*—and there is no other mob in Europe as much capable of relishing a joke, or a witticism, or of being inspired by a happy impromptu as the *comité* of the French metropolis. With all its fierce and ungovernable passions, it is capable

of noble and generous emotions, and of practicing, at least for a time, a degree of self-denial which is bordering on the classical. No modern people lives as much in public as the French, or is as much dependent on popular applause—none is so keenly alive to national renown, none so fond of pleasure, of dramatic amusements, of the arts. Louis Philippe thought his throne and his dynasty less in danger from the opposition press, than from the genius of caricaturists. The spirit of the latter the people seized in an instant, and the passions excited by them were truly ungovernable. Hence the public sale of caricatures was one of the first things interdicted by the September laws.

With the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, the French romantic school of literature was ushered into existence; the three Coriphaes of which were De Lavigne, De Lamartine, and Chateaubriand. Schiller, Young, and Milton, seemed to have been their models; but the modern prose writers soon followed the lyric poets in their imitations of the romantic schools of England and Germany; and we have since had French pupils of Fielding, Smollet, Hoffmann, and Jean Paul Richter. Eugene Sue at first imitated Fennimore Cooper; but he soon gave into the "tendency novels," on the Miss Martineau style of treating political and domestic economy. But his great genius, and the rich resources of his imagination, soon made him shoot by his dull originals, and he has since grappled successfully with religion, morals, and politics; in all which combats he may be said to have come out victorious; for he has nearly, if not altogether, *annihilated* his antagonists.

The Feuilleton literature which has grown in proportion to the decline of essays and memoirs, has opened a new field to the romantic pens of France, and has made that style of writing popular with the masses. Since then the abuse of it has passed all bounds; half a dozen writers have absorbed the *Feuilletons* of all the large sheets published in the capital—so that talents less known and appreciated must content themselves with some feudal tenure under one of these literary lords; for it must not be imagined that writers like Sue, Alexandre Dumas, Soulié, &c., do their own works, or are put to the necessity of even inventing the incidents of their stories. All this is done for them by their literary vassals, who work for five francs a day, while their masters, who occasionally correct the phraseology of some chapter, but whose principal business it is, when matters come to a crisis, to furnish the *dénouement* and the conclusion, to which they put their *name*, receive hundreds of thousands for their contributions.

But what the feudal writers of the romantic school of France have not attempted till lately was to imitate Shakespeare on the stage. Hitherto the modern dramas of Victor Hugo were more in the melo-dramatic line, and as such admirably adapted to the taste of the frequenters of the *theatre de la Porte St. Martin*. But Victor Hugo was a brave man, and with the popularity acquired among the masses, soon forced his way to the French academy, as Lucien Bonaparte, at the head of his grenadiers, forced the legislative assembly of the republic to close its sessions. He got in and seated himself, and has since had strength enough to draw some of his best friends after him, notwithstanding all the opposition of the classic *Molé*, who has even pronounced a discourse against Alfred de Vigny.

Alexandre Dumas, the Créol of the Isle of Bourbon (the French use the term *Créol* as a sort of embellishment to a Mulatto) is the greatest literary factotum of France now living. He imitates every thing—history, comedy, tragedy, novels, and romance, and will with great difficulty be kept from “the forty” *qui en savent comme quatre*.* His Monte Christo is an imitation of “The Wandering Jew;” his Age of Louis XIV. and XV., an important commentary on Voltaire; but his *chef d'œuvre* we have now before us;—it is nothing less than a new version of SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET!

The present Feuilleton literature of France is, properly speaking, the commercial or shop-keeper literature of the day, in which a few thoughts abstracted from some greater works are carefully spun out and disposed of at retail prices; or, to use a still better figure, a *ragout* with all sorts of spices, but made from a piece of meat which has served to appease the appetite of hundreds. There is a perfect dearth of ideas in all of them, and a morbid desire for ornament. The form is everywhere more valuable than the substance—the elegance of style superior to the naked thought. It is the process of the gold-beater, who, with a single grain of that precious metal, covers the backs of a whole library.

The taste for Shakespeare is, in France, of recent origin. Since the performance of Macready on the French boards, Parisian audiences have become acquainted with ghosts, witches, and the whole laboratory of philosophical superstition in which the British bard surpassed all others, ancient and modern. Still Shakespeare remained unintelligible or unpalatable to many, notwithstanding the learned reviews of the *Revue de deux Mondes*, and the *Revue de Paris*, both of which strove to show that though in point of abstract genius Shakespeare may have possessed more than Racine, Voltaire, and Corneille put together, still he lacked that scenic arrangement, and that peculiar close connection between cause and effect which distinguishes the dramatic works of France. “Shakespeare's Hamlet is a philosophical dissertation,” said a French writer, “in a dramatic form.” “There is no reason for Hamlet's madness”—“none in the world for Ophelia's ravings, who ought to spurn the taunts and insults of her coward lover,” &c.

All these criticisms have moved Alexandre Dumas to try his hand at the work, and to correct the logic and dramatic arrangement of “the British savage, who occasionally found a pearl on a dunghill.” The work of the French Creole is admirable of its kind; but equally “unintelligible” in regard to the scenic arrangements. Hamlet is as much a coward in the French play as he is in the English, only a little less philosophical; and instead of Laertes and the king being killed, the queen poisoned, and what not, the ghost takes charge of eternal justice and finishes them off himself. Why he does not do so, in the first act, immediately after his appearance, is an enigma; but as that would have saved the remaining four acts—which would not have answered the views of Alexandre Dumas—it was necessary that Hamlet—the only character who survives in the French play—should do some courting, and

the queen and king some talking and feasting, all according to the rules of the French drama. We cannot refrain, by way of a rich treat, from giving the readers of the magazine the closing scene of Dumas's play. It will speak for itself, and save us the necessity of further comment.

Hamlet, the Ghost, the King, Laertes, Gertrude, Courtiers.

Hamlet. L'ombre! l'ombre!

Viens voir les meurtriers mourir, fantôme sombre!

King. (Under Hamlet's hand.) A l'aide!

Hamlet. (To the Courtiers on a sign of the Ghost.)

Laissez-nous.

(Hesitation among the Courtiers.)

Il n'en ferait pas deux! Le feu roi, n'est ce pas?

Roi de votre existence et de votre agonie?

Il sied qu'entre nous cinq la pitié soit finie.

Sortez-tous! (All intimidated slowly leave the stage.)

A présent, vous trois, le voyez-vous?

Laertes. Dieu puissant! Le roi mort!

King. Mon père!

Gertrude. Mon époux!

Laertes. Grâce!

Ghost. Oui ton sang, trop prompt s'entraîne vers l'abîme

Laërte, et le seigneur t'a puni pour ton crime;

Mais, tu le trouveras; car il sonde les cœurs

Moins secrets là-haut. Laërte prie and meurs.

(Laertes dies.)

Gertrude. Pitié! Pitié!

Ghost. Tu faisois était ton amour même

Pauvre femme! et Jean vous aime quand on aime

Va, ton cœur a lavé ta honte avec tes pleurs;

Reine ici, reine au ciel, Gertrude espère et meurs.

(Gertrude dies.)

King. Pardon!

Ghost. Pas de pardon! va meurtrier infâme

Va; pour ton crime affreux, dans leur cercle de flamme

Salut et les enfers n'ont pas trop de douleur;

Va, traître incestueux, va désespère et meurs!

(King dies.)

Hamlet. Et moi, vais-je rester triste orphelin sur terre,

Et respirer, cet air imprégné de misère?

Tragédien choisis pour le courroux de Dieu

Si j'ai mal pris mon rôle, et mal saisi mon jeu

Si, tremblant de mon œuvre, et lassé sans combattre

Pour un que tu voulais j'en ai fait mourir quatre,

Oh! parle, est-ce que Dieu ne pardonnera pas:

Père, et quel châiment m'attend donc?

Ghost. Tu vivras!

One can see that Dumas snatches a grace beyond the reach of the usual drama. The ghost acts the part of the Lord's messenger, and pronounces sentence on each culprit. The queen is “a woman here,” and “an angel there;” because she loved much—the king is too well served in going to the devil, Laertes dies with some hope of salvation; but Hamlet lives to repent of his sins; having by his cowardice killed four persons instead of one! This is French stage logic. As to the language it is the most trite and commonplace, that one can hear in front of the theatre from the hackmen; and the tragic muse is certainly not that one of the hallowed nine which particularly favors the author of MONTE CRISTO. T. J. G.

THE GLEANER.

She stands, as radiant as the morn
When rosy splendors fill the air;
Her white arms hold the golden corn,
Itself less glowing than her hair.

She stands, a simple peasant girl,
Yet lovelier than the proudest queen;
For wreathing smile and glossy curl
More potent are than jeweled sheen. T. J. G.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Christine, and Other Poems. By Thomas Buchanan Read.
Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a volume to make "the cold reviewer's rhyme-freezing face," melt into smiles. It is the production of a young painter, who has already won an honorable reputation as an artist. Several of the poems have been printed in various periodicals, and in that form attracted considerable attention: but the majority, we believe, are now published for the first time. They evince refinement of thought and sentiment, richness and warmth of fancy, and singular delicacy and strength in the use of language. Perhaps the finest characteristic of their diction is the feeling they display of the harmony of sound and color, in the expression of thought and emotion. The music of the verse corresponds to the imagery which flushes through it, and thus the figures which the poet's prolific fancy conjures up, are all endowed with life and motion—or rather seem to make the harmony in which they move. His thoughts and sentiment give continual evidence of being born in music. This is a test which few rhymes will bear, and of itself proves the possession of the true poetic feeling. The poetry of Mr. Read is essentially musical thought.

Among the excellent pieces contained in this volume, we would call the attention of our readers to the dreamy beauty of *Christine* and the *Bride of Dottenburg*—the elevated feeling which animates the dilating imaginations of the sonnet "To the Master Bards"—the mystical charm of *The Winnower*, *Inez*, *Arise*, *The Twins*, the *Windy Night*—and the pensive beauty and sweetness of *A Leaf From the Past* and *Sunlight on the Threshold*. Throughout the volume is manifested an imagination to discern and express the poetical aspects of things. We hope that a collection of poems so rich in thought and feeling, and richer still in promise, will have the extended circulation it merits.

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

From the numbers already published of this new novel by Dickens, we think it promises to be one of the most entertaining of his works. With some drawback on the excellence of the characterization, arising from his desire to produce startling comic effects, the characteristics of the work are the same as those displayed in the others, and they are as good. Mr. Dombey is overcharged in the delineation almost to caricature, but he still vividly suggests the character intended to be hit. The class to which he belongs richly deserves satire, as pomposity is as habitual a vice in a large number of Englishmen as the hypocrisy of Pecksniff. Miss Tox promises to be as interesting as Miss Miggs, in "*Barnaby Rudge*." Mrs. Chick, will give room for much satire on the obvious hypocrisies of character. Polly Richards is a grand portrait, overflowing with humanity, and true to the first principles of the heart. Miss Nipper is a good specimen of the snappish domestic, proudly vulgar and insolently low. Florence, the heroine, is an exquisite creation, not yet fully developed, but as promising almost as Little Nell. Walter is capital, and will go directly to the heart of all boys of spirit. The other characters are of various degrees of merit and originality, but all add something to the interest of the work.

The peculiar humor of Dickens, or his power of blending

satire wit, fancy and humor together, is very prominent in "*Dombey and Son*." His pathos is no less observable. The felicities of expression scattered over the narrative, would alone reward its patient perusal. The style of Dickens is worthy of study for its beautiful and sparkling peculiarities. It is one of the most original in English literature, and is the exact measure of his genius. His qualities as a novelist cannot be disconnected from his style. A criticism of his diction involves a statement of all his powers and peculiarities, for they interpenetrate it, and give it all its life and character.

Nell Gwynne: or the Court of the Stuarts. An Historical Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth: Philada. Carey & Hart.

Ainsworth is well known as the most prominent of the English novelists of intrigue, rascality, and horror. In the present work he has a fine subject for his peculiar powers—the delineation of the court of Charles II.—a good-natured rascal, who bartered away the interests and honor of England for money and mistresses, and who was surrounded by companions worthy of himself. Nell Gwynne was one of the least vixenish of his mistresses, and she is the heroine of Mr. Ainsworth's novel. The opening scene of the book is appropriately laid in "*The Devil's Alley*;" and through this alley most of the characters go. Mr. Ainsworth himself has been journeying through it ever since he commenced his career as a romancer; and he has been the humble means of leading others in the same path.

Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. By Isaac Walton. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts. 12mo.

It is singular that this should be the first American edition of so celebrated a work. Isaac Walton has always been a favorite with readers, and his "*Lives*" have held a prominent place among choice books. The most extravagant admiration has been expressed for them by men of the finest genius. Wordsworth says, in not the least beautiful of his sonnets, that

—"The feather whence the pen

Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,

Dropt from an angel's wing."

We never knew a case where the book was read without giving delight. Indeed it nestles close to the heart. There is a quaint, cunning, quiet beauty to it, which wins upon the mind, and gently forces assent to its excellence. Such a book is balm to a sensitive and irritable spirit. It is read with some such feeling as might be excited by a benediction from Chaucer's good parson. Every one who desires to "possess himself in much quietness," whose brain has been fretted and stung by the morbid creations of the Satanic school of letters, should devote his days and nights to Isaac Walton, as Johnson advised the style-monger to devote himself to Addison. The sweet serenity which breathes through the whole book, joined to the sly quaint beauty of the expression, cannot fail to charm every mind not wholly debauched by the "storm-and-pressure" style now in vogue. The men to whom the book relates, are among the saints of English literature; men who combined great learning and greater intellect, with sweetness of disposition and repose of manner. We can hardly conceive of a reader rising from the perusal of these "*Lives*" without having some of their many amenities infused into his heart.





61, Boulevard St. Martin, PARIS



61, Boulevard St. Martin, PARIS
*Tricotés de M^{me} Marins, 1^{er} des Petits Champs, 82 — Coiffures de Normandin, passage Choiseul, 49.
 Tricotés de Sillard, 1^{er} de Choiseul, 2 bis — Fleurs de M^{me} Erlman, 1^{er} de Minors, 2.
 Mouchoirs de L. Chapron & Dubois, 1^{er} de la Paix — Cravates de Vagnieu-Dupré, 1^{er} de la Paix, 49.
 Graham's Magazine*



LE FOLLET

61, Boulevard S^t Martin PARIS

Robes de M^{me} Marcus, 1 M^{me} des Petits Champs, 82 — C'offres de Normandie, passage Choiseul, 19.

Robes de Richard & de Choiseul 2 bis — Robes de M^{me} Gilman, 5 de Monars 2

Manches de L. Chagron & Dubois, 3 de la Tour — C'offres de Vaugueux-Dupré 1 de la Tour, 19.

Graham's Magazine





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not particularly informed, and at length found some words which spoke to his condition in the German language, and set himself earnestly to unravel that mystery—with what success many readers know.

After his marriage he "resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and for a year or two at Craigen-

author's respects
them; in late months, with many manuscripts in an old English hand, and innumerable pamphlets, from the public libraries, relating to the Cromwellian period; now, perhaps, looking out into the street on brick and pavement, for a change, and now upon some rod of grass ground in the rear; or, perchance,

[The main body of the document contains several paragraphs of text that are extremely faint and illegible due to heavy noise and poor scan quality. The text appears to be organized into multiple sections, but the specific content cannot be discerned.]

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WORKS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

THOMAS CARLYLE is a Scotchman, born about fifty years ago, "at Ecclefechan, Annandale," according to one authority. "His parents 'good farmer people,' his father an elder in the Secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to 'nail a subject to the wall.' " We also hear of his "excellent mother," still alive, and of "her fine old covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones." He seems to have gone to school at Annan, on the shore of the Solway Frith, and there, as he himself writes, "heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical, a whole Wonderland of Knowledge," from Edward Irving, then a young man "fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, &c."—"come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his." From this place, they say, you can look over into Wordsworth's country. Here first he may have become acquainted with Nature, with woods, such as are there, and rivers and brooks, some of whose names we have heard, and the last lapses of Atlantic billows. He got some of his education, too, more or less liberal, out of the University of Edinburgh, where, according to the same authority, he had to "support himself," partly by "private tuition, translations for the booksellers, &c.," and afterward, as we are glad to hear, "taught an academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching in Kirkaldy," the usual middle passage of a literary life. He was destined for the church, but not by the powers that rule man's life; made his literary début in Fraser's Magazine, long ago; read here and there in English and French, with more or less profit, we may suppose, such of us at least as are not particularly informed, and at length found some words which spoke to his condition in the German language, and set himself earnestly to unravel that mystery—with what success many readers know.

After his marriage he "resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and for a year or two at Craigen-

puttock, a wild and solitary farm-house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire," at which last place, amid barren heather hills, he was visited by our countryman Emerson. With Emerson he still corresponds. He was early intimate with Edward Irving, and continued to be his friend until the latter's death. Concerning this "freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul," and Carlyle's relation to him, those whom it concerns will do well to consult a notice of his death in Fraser's Magazine for 1835, reprinted in the Miscellanies. He also corresponded with Goethe. Latterly, we hear, the poet Stirling was his only intimate acquaintance in England.

He has spent the last quarter of his life in London, writing books; has the fame, as all readers know, of having made England acquainted with Germany, in late years, and done much else that is novel and remarkable in literature. He especially is the literary man of those parts. You may imagine him living in altogether a retired and simple way, with small family, in a quiet part of London, called Chelsea, a little out of the din of commerce, in "Cheyne Row," there, not far from the "Chelsea Hospital." "A little past this, and an old ivy-clad church, with its buried generations lying around it," writes one traveler, "you come to an antique street running at right angles with the Thames, and, a few steps from the river, you find Carlyle's name on the door."

"A Scotch lass ushers you into the second story front chamber, which is the spacious workshop of the world maker." Here he sits a long time together, with many books and papers about him; many new books, we have been told, on the upper shelves, uncut, with the "author's respects" in them; in late months, with many manuscripts in an old English hand, and innumerable pamphlets, from the public libraries, relating to the Cromwellian period; now, perhaps, looking out into the street on brick and pavement, for a change, and now upon some rod of grass ground in the rear; or, perchance,

he steps over to the British Museum, and makes that his studio for the time. This is the fore part of the day; that is the way with literary men commonly; and then in the afternoon, we presume, he takes a short run of a mile or so through the suburbs out into the country; we think he would run that way, though so short a trip might not take him to very sylvan or rustic places. In the meanwhile, people are calling to see him, from various quarters, very few worthy of being seen by him, "distinguished travelers from America," not a few, to all and sundry of whom he gives freely of his yet unwritten rich and flashing soliloquy, in exchange for whatever they may have to offer; speaking his English, as they say, with a "broad Scotch accent," talking, to their astonishment and to ours, very much as he writes, a sort of Carlylese, his discourse "coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long, deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter."

He goes to Scotland sometimes to visit his native heath-clad hills, having some interest still in the earth there; such names as Craigenputtock and Ecclefechan, which we have already quoted, stand for habitable places there to him; or he rides to the seacoast of England in his vacations, upon his horse Yankee, bought by the sale of his books here, as we have been told.

How, after all, he gets his living; what proportion of his daily bread he earns by day-labor or job-work with his pen, what he inherits, what steals—questions whose answers are so significant, and not to be omitted in his biography—we, alas! are unable to answer here. It may be worth the while to state that he is not a Reformer, in our sense of the term, eats, drinks, and sleeps, thinks and believes, professes and practices, not according to the New England standard, nor to the Old English wholly. Nevertheless, we are told that he is a sort of lion in certain quarters there, "an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions," and "listened to as an oracle," "smoking his perpetual pipe."

A rather tall, gaunt figure, with intent face, dark hair and complexion, and the air of a student; not altogether well in body, from sitting too long in his workhouse, he, born in the border country and descended from moss-troopers, it may be. We have seen several pictures of him here; one, a full length portrait, with hat and overall, if it did not tell us much, told the fewest lies; another, we remember, was well said to have "too combed a look;" one other also we have seen in which we discern some features of the man we are thinking of; but the only ones worth remembering, after all, are those which he has unconsciously drawn of himself.

When we remember how these volumes came over to us, with their encouragement and provocation from mouth to mouth, and what commotion they created in many private breasts, we wonder that the country did not ring, from shore to shore, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with its greeting;

and the Boons and Crockets of the West make haste to hail him, whose wide humanity embraces them too. Of all that the packets have brought over to us, has there been any richer cargo than this? What else has been English news for so long a season? What else, of late years, has been England to us—to us who read books, we mean? Unless we remembered it as the scene where the age of Wordsworth was spending itself, and a few younger muses were trying their wings, and from time to time, as the residence of Landon; Carlyle alone, since the death of Coleridge, has kept the promise of England. It is the best apology for all the bustle and the sin of commerce, that it has made us acquainted with the thoughts of this man. Commerce would not concern us much if it were not for such results as this. New England owes him a debt which she will be slow to recognize. His earlier essays reached us at a time when Coleridge's were the only recent words which had made any notable impression so far, and they found a field unoccupied by him, before yet any words of moment had been uttered in our midst. He had this advantage, too, in a teacher, that he stood near to his pupils; and he has no doubt afforded reasonable encouragement and sympathy to many an independent but solitary thinker. Through him, as usher, we have been latterly, in a great measure, made acquainted with what philosophy and criticism the nineteenth century had to offer—admitted, so to speak, to the privileges of the century; and what he may yet have to say, is still expected here with more interest than any thing else from that quarter.

It is remarkable, but on the whole, perhaps, not to be lamented, that the world is so unkind to a new book. Any distinguished traveler who comes to our shores, is likely to get more dinners and speeches of welcome than he can well dispose of, but the best books, if noticed at all, meet with coldness and suspicion, or, what is worse, gratuitous, off-hand criticism. It is plain that the reviewers, both here and abroad, do not know how to dispose of this man. They approach him too easily, as if he were one of the men of letters about town, who grace Mr. Somebody's administration, merely; but he already belongs to literature, and depends neither on the favor of reviewers, nor the honesty of booksellers, nor the pleasure of readers for his success. He has more to impart than to receive from his generation. He is another such a strong and finished workman in his craft as Samuel Johnson was, and like him, makes the literary class respectable. As few are yet out of their apprenticeship, or even if they learn to be able writers, are at the same time able and valuable thinkers. The aged and critical eyes, especially, is incapacitated to appreciate the works of this author. To such their meaning is impalpable and evanescent, and they seem to abound only in obstinate mannerisms, Germanisms, and whimsical ravings of all kinds, with now and then an unaccountably true and

sensible remark. On the strength of this last, Carlyle is admitted to have what is called genius. We hardly know an old man to whom these volumes are not hopelessly sealed. The language, they say, is foolishness and a stumbling-block to them; but to many a clear-headed boy, they are plainest English, and despatched with such hasty relish as his bread and milk. The fathers wonder how it is that the children take to this diet so readily, and digest it with so little difficulty. They shake their heads with mistrust at their free and easy delight, and remark that "Mr. Carlyle is a very learned man;" for they, too, not to be out of fashion, have got grammar and dictionary, if the truth were known, and with the best faith cudgelled their brains to get a little way into the jungle, and they could not but confess, as often as they found the clue, that it was as intricate as Blackstone to follow, if you read it honestly. But merely reading, even with the best intentions, is not enough, you must almost have written these books yourself. Only he who has had the good fortune to read them in the nick of time, in the most perceptive and recipient season of life, can give any adequate account of them.

Many have tasted of this well with an odd suspicion, as if it were some fountain Arethuse which had flowed under the sea from Germany, as if the materials of his books had lain in some garret there, in danger of being appropriated for waste paper. Over what German ocean, from what Hercynian forest, he has been imported, piece-meal, into England, or whether he has now all arrived, we are not informed. This article is not invoiced in Hamburg, nor in London. Perhaps it was contraband. However, we suspect that this sort of goods cannot be imported in this way. No matter how skillful the stevedore, all things being got into sailing trim, wait for a Sunday, and aft wind, and then weigh anchor, and run up the main-sheet—straightway what of transcendent and permanent value is there resists the aft wind, and will doggedly stay behind that Sunday—it does not travel Sundays; while biscuit and pork make headway, and sailors cry heave-yo! it must part company, if it open a seam. It is not quite safe to send out a venture in this kind, unless yourself go supercargo. Where a man goes, there he lies; but the slightest virtue is immovable—it is real estate, not personal; who would keep it, must consent to be bought and sold with it.

However, we need not dwell on this charge of a German extraction, it being generally admitted, by this time, that Carlyle is English, and an inhabitant of London. He has the English for his mother tongue, though with a Scotch accent, or never so many accents, and thoughts also, which are the legitimate growth of native soil, to utter therewith. His style is eminently colloquial—and no wonder it is strange to meet with in a book. It is not literary or classical; it has not the music of poetry, nor the pomp of philosophy, but the rhythms and cadences

of conversation endlessly repeated. It resounds with emphatic, natural, lively, stirring tones, muttering, rattling, exploding, like shells and shot, and with like execution. So far as it is a merit in composition, that the written answer to the spoken word, and the spoken word to a fresh and pertinent thought in the mind, as well as to the half thoughts, the tumultuary misgivings and expectancies, this author is, perhaps, not to be matched in literature. In the streets men laugh and cry, but in books, never; they "whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob" only. One would think that all books of late, had adopted the falling inflexion. "A mother, if she wishes to sing her child to sleep," say the musical men, "will always adopt the falling inflexion." Would they but choose the rising inflexion, and wake the child up for once.

He is no mystic either, more than Newton or Arkwright, or Davy—and tolerates none. Not one obscure line, or half line, did he ever write. His meaning lies plain as the daylight, and he who runs may read; indeed, only he who runs *can* read, and keep up with the meaning. It has the distinctness of picture in his mind, he tells us only what he sees printed in largest English type upon the face of things. He utters substantial English thoughts in plainest English dialects; for it must be confessed, he speaks more than one of these. All the shires of England, and all the shires of Europe, are laid under contribution to his genius; for to be English does not mean to be exclusive and narrow, and adapt one's self to the apprehension of his nearest neighbor only. And yet no writer is more thoroughly Saxon. In the translation of those fragments of Saxon poetry, we have met with the same rhythm that occurs so often in his poem on the French Revolution. And if you would know where many of those obnoxious Carlyleisms and Germanisms came from, read the best of Milton's prose, read those speeches of Cromwell which he has brought to light, or go and listen once more to your mother's tongue. So much for his German extraction.

Indeed, for fluency and skill in the use of the English tongue, he is a master unrivaled. His felicity and power of expression surpass even any of his special merits as a historian and critic. Therein his experience has not failed him, but furnished him with such a store of winged, aye, and legged words, as only a London life, perchance, could give account of; we had not understood the wealth of the language before. Nature is ransacked, and all the resorts and purlieus of humanity are taxed, to furnish the fittest symbol for his thought. He does not go to the dictionary, the word-book, but to the word-manufactory itself, and has made endless work for the lexicographers—yes, he has that same English for his mother-tongue, that you have, but with him it is no dumb, muttering, mumbling faculty, concealing the thoughts, but a keen, unwearied, resistless weapon. He has such command of it as neither you nor I have; and it would

be well for any who have a lost horse to advertise, or a town-meeting warrant, or a sermon, or a letter to write, to study this universal letter-writer, for he knows more than the grammar or the dictionary.

The style is worth attending to, as one of the most important features of the man which we at this distance can discern. It is for once quite equal to the matter. It can carry all its load, and never breaks down nor staggers. His books are solid and workmanlike, as all that England does; and they are graceful and readable also. They tell of huge labor done, well done, and all the rubbish swept away, like the bright cutlery which glitters in shop-windows, while the coke and ashes, the turnings, filings, dust, and borings, lie far away at Birmingham, unheard of. He is a masterly clerk, scribe, reporter, and writer. He can reduce to writing most things—gestures, winks, nods, significant looks, patois, brogue, accent, pantomime, and how much that had passed for silence before, does he represent by written words. The countryman who puzzled the city lawyer, requiring him to write, among other things, his call to his horses, would hardly have puzzled him; he would have found a word for it, all right and classical, that would have started his team for him. Consider the ceaseless tide of speech forever flowing in countless cellars, garrets, *parlors*: that of the French, says Carlyle, “only ebbs toward the short hours of night,” and what a drop in the bucket is the printed word. Feeling, thought, speech, writing, and we might add, poetry, inspiration—for so the circle is completed; how they gradually dwindle at length, passing through successive colanders, into your history and classics, from the roar of the ocean, the murmur of the forest, to the squeak of a mouse; so much only parsed and spelt out, and punctuated, at last. The few who can talk like a book, they only get reported commonly. But this writer reports a new “*Lieferung*.”

One wonders how so much, after all, was expressed in the old way, so much here depends upon the emphasis, tone, pronunciation, style, and spirit of the reading. No writer uses so profusely all the aids to intelligibility which the printer's art affords. You wonder how others had contrived to write so many pages without emphatic or italicised words, they are so expressive, so natural, so indispensable here, as if none had ever used the demonstrative pronouns demonstratively before. In another's sentences the thought, though it may be immortal, is, as it were, embalmed, and does not *strike* you, but here it is so freshly living, even the body of it, not having passed through the ordeal of death, that it stirs in the very extremities, and the smallest particles and pronouns are all alive with it. It is not simple dictionary *it*, yours or mine, but *IT*. The words did not come at the command of grammar, but of a tyrannous, inexorable meaning; not like standing soldiers, by vote of parliament, but any able-bodied countryman pressed into the service, for “sire, it is not a revolt, it is a revolution.”

We have never heard him speak, but we should say that Carlyle was a rare talker. He has broken the ice, and streams freely forth like a spring torrent. He does not trace back the stream of his thought, silently adventurous, up to its fountain-head, but is borne away with it, as it rushes through his brain like a torrent to overwhelm and fertilize. He holds a talk with you. His audience is such a tumultuous mob of thirty thousand, as assembled at the University of Paris, before printing was invented. Philosophy, on the other hand, does not talk, but write, or, when it comes personally before an audience, lecture or read; and therefore it must be read to-morrow, or a thousand years hence. But the talker must naturally be attended to at once; he does not talk on without an audience; the winds do not long bear the sound of his voice. Think of Carlyle reading his French Revolution to any audience. One might say it was never written, but spoken; and thereafter reported and printed, that those not within sound of his voice might know something about it. Some men read to you something which they have written, in a dead *language*, of course, but it may be in a living *letter*, in a Syriac, or Roman, or Runic character. Men must *speak* English who can *write* Sanscrit; and they must *speak* a modern language who write, perchance, an ancient and universal one. We do not live in those days when the learned used a learned language. There is no writing of Latin with Carlyle, but as Chaucer, with all reverence to Homer, and Virgil, and Messieurs the Normans, sung his poetry in the homely Saxon tongue; and Locke has at least the merit of having done philosophy into English—so Carlyle has done a different philosophy still further into English, and thrown open the doors of literature and criticism to the populace.

Such a style—so diversified and variegated! It is like the face of a country; it is like a New England landscape, with farm-houses and villages, and cultivated spots, and belts of forests and blueberry-swamps round about it, with the fragrance of shad-blossoms and violets on certain winds. And as for the reading of it, it is novel enough to the reader who has used only the diligence, and old-line mail-coach. It is like traveling, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a gig tandem; sometimes in a full coach, over highways, mended and unmended, for which you will prosecute the town; on level roads, through French departments, by Simplon roads over the Alps, and now and then he hauls up for a relay, and yokes in an unbroken colt of a Pegasus for a leader, driving off by cart-paths, and across lots, by corduroy roads and gridiron bridges; and where the bridges are gone, not even a string-piece left, and the reader has to set his breast and swim. You have got an expert driver this time, who has driven ten thousand miles, and was never known to upset; can drive six in hand on the edge of a precipice, and touch the leaders anywhere with his snapper.

With wonderful art he grinds into paint for his

picture all his moods and experiences, so that all his forces may be brought to the encounter. Apparently writing without a particular design or responsibility, setting down his soliloquies from time to time, taking advantage of all his humors, when at length the hour comes to declare himself, he puts down in plain English, without quotation marks, what he, Thomas Carlyle, is ready to defend in the face of the world, and fathers the rest, often quite as defensible, only more modest, or plain spoken, or insinuating, upon "Sauerteig," or some other gentleman long employed on the subject. Rolling his subject how many ways in his mind, he meets it now face to face, wrestling with it at arm's length, and striving to get it down, or throws it over his head; and if that will not do, or whether it will do or not, tries the back-stitch and side-hug with it, and downs it again—scalps it, draws and quarters it, hangs it in chains, and leaves it to the winds and dogs. With his brows knit, his mind made up, his will resolved and resistless, he advances, crashing his way through the host of weak, half-formed, *dilettante* opinions, honest and dishonest ways of thinking, with their standards raised, sentimentalities and conjectures, and tramples them all into dust. See how he prevails; you don't even hear the groans of the wounded and dying. Certainly it is not so well worth the while to look through any man's eyes at history, for the time, as through his; and his way of looking at things is fastest getting adopted by his generation.

It is not in man to determine what his style shall be. He might as well determine what his thoughts shall be. We would not have had him write always as in the chapter on Burns, and the Life of Schiller, and elsewhere. No; his thoughts were ever irregular and impetuous. Perhaps as he grows older and writes more he acquires a truer expression; it is in some respects manlier, freer, struggling up to a level with its fountain-head. We think it is the richest prose style we know of.

Who cares what a man's style is, so it is intelligible—as intelligible as his thought. Literally and really, the style is no more than the *stylus*, the pen he writes with—and it is not worth scraping and polishing, and gilding, unless it will write his thoughts the better for it. It is something for use, and not to look at. The question for us is not whether Pope had a fine style, wrote with a peacock's feather, but whether he uttered useful thoughts. Translate a book a dozen times from one language to another, and what becomes of its style? Most books would be worn out and disappear in this ordeal. The pen which wrote it is soon destroyed, but the poem survives. We believe that Carlyle has, after all, more readers, and is better known to-day for this very originality of style, and that posterity will have reason to thank him for emancipating the language, in some measure, from the fetters which a merely conservative, aimless, and pedantic literary class had imposed upon it, and

setting an example of greater freedom and naturalness. No man's thoughts are new, but the style of their expression is the never failing novelty which cheers and refreshes men. If we were to answer the question, whether the mass of men, as we know them, talk as the standard authors and reviewers write, or rather as this man writes, we should say that he alone begins to write their language at all, and that the former is, for the most part, the mere effigies of a language, not the best method of concealing one's thoughts even, but frequently a method of doing without thoughts at all.

In his graphic description of Richter's style, Carlyle describes his own pretty nearly; and no doubt he first got his own tongue loosened at that fountain, and was inspired by it to equal freedom and originality. "The language," as he says of Richter, "groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things, human and divine, flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation; circling in complex eddies, chafing and gurgling, now this way, now that;" but in Carlyle, "the proper current" never "sinks out of sight amid the boundless uproar." Again: "His very language is Titanian—deep, strong, tumultuous, shining with a thousand hues, fused from a thousand elements, and winding in labyrinthic mazes."

In short, if it is desirable that a man be eloquent, that he talk much, and address himself to his own age mainly, then this is not a bad style of doing it. But if it is desired rather that he pioneer into unexplored regions of thought, and speaks to silent centuries to come, then, indeed, we could wish that he had cultivated the style of Goethe more, that of Richter less; not that Goethe's is the kind of utterance most to be prized by mankind, but it will serve for a model of the best that can be successfully cultivated.

But for style, and fine writing, and Augustan ages—that is but a poor style, and vulgar writing, and a degenerate age, which allows us to remember these things. This man has something to communicate. Carlyle's are not, in the common sense, works of art in their origin and aim; and yet, perhaps, no living English writer evinces an equal literary talent. They are such works of art only as the plough, and corn-mill, and steam-engine—not as pictures and statues. Others speak with greater emphasis to scholars, as such, but none so earnestly and effectually to all who can read. Others give their advice, he gives his sympathy also. It is no small praise that he does not take upon himself the airs, has none of the whims, none of the pride, the nice vulgarities, the starched, impoverished isolation, and cold glitter of the spoiled children of genius. He does not need to husband his pearl, but excels by a greater humanity and sincerity.

He is singularly serious and untrivial. We are every where impressed by the rugged, unwearied, and rich sincerity of the man. We are sure that he

never sacrificed one jot of his honest thought to art or whim, but to utter himself in the most direct and effectual way, that is the endeavor. These are merits which will wear well. When time has worn deeper into the substance of these books, this grain will appear. No such sermons have come to us here out of England, in late years, as those of this preacher; sermons to kings, and sermons to peasants, and sermons to all intermediate classes. It is in vain that John Bull, or any of his cousins, turns a deaf ear, and pretends not to hear them, nature will not soon be weary of repeating them. There are words less obviously true, more for the ages to hear, perhaps, but none so impossible for this age not to hear. What a cutting cimeter was that "past and present," going through heaps of silken stuffs, and glybly through the necks of men, too, without their knowing it, leaving no trace. He has the earnestness of a prophet. In an age of pedantry and dilettantism, he has no grain of these in his composition. There is no where else, surely, in recent readable English, or other books, such direct and effectual teaching, reproving, encouraging, stimulating, earnestly, vehemently, almost like Mahomet, like Luther; not looking behind him to see how his *Opera Omnia* will look, but forward to other work to be done. His writings are a gospel to the young of this generation; they will hear his manly, brotherly speech with responsive joy, and press forward to older or newer gospels.

We should omit a main attraction in these books, if we said nothing of their humor. Of this indispensable pledge of sanity, without some leaven, of which the abstruse thinker may justly be suspected of mysticism, fanaticism, or insanity, there is a superabundance in Carlyle. Especially the transcendental philosophy needs the leaven of humor to render it light and digestible. In his later and longer works it is an unflinching accompaniment, reverberating through pages and chapters, long sustained without effort. The very punctuation, the italics, the quotation marks, the blank spaces and dashes, and the capitals, each and all are pressed into its service.

Every man, of course, has his fane, from which even the most innocent conscious humor is excluded; but in proportion as the writer's position is high above his fellows, the range of his humor is extended. To the thinker, all the institutions of men, as all imperfection, viewed from the point of equanimity, are legitimate subjects of humor. Whatever is not necessary, no matter how sad or personal, or universal a grievance, is, indeed, a jest more or less sublime.

Carlyle's humor is vigorous and Titanic, and has more sense in it than the sober philosophy of many another. It is not to be disposed of by laughter and smiles merely; it gets to be too serious for that—only they may laugh who are not hit by it. For those who love a merry jest, this is a strange kind of fun—rather too practical joking, if they

understand it. The pleasant humor which the public loves, is but the innocent pranks of the ball-room, harmless flow of animal spirits, the light plushy pressure of dandy pumps, in comparison. But when an elephant takes to treading on your corns, why then you are lucky if you sit high, or wear cowhide. His humor is always subordinate to a serious purpose, though often the real charm for the reader, is not so much in the essential progress and final upshot of the chapter, as in this indirect side-light illustration of every hue. He sketches first with strong, practical English pencil, the essential features in outline, black on white, more faithfully than Dryasdust would have done, telling us wisely whom and what to mark, to save time, and then with brush of camel's hair, or sometimes with more expeditious awab, he lays on the bright and fast colors of his humor everywhere. One piece of solid work, be it known, we have determined to do, about which let there be no jesting, but all things else under the heavens, to the right and left of that, are for the time fair game. To us this humor is not wearisome, as almost every other is. Rabelais, for instance, is intolerable; one chapter is better than a volume—it may be sport to him, but it is death to us. A mere humorist, indeed, is a most unhappy man; and his readers are most unhappy also.

Humor is not so distinct a quality as for the purposes of criticism, it is commonly regarded, but allied to every, even the divinest faculty. The familiar and cheerful conversation about every hearth-side, if it be analyzed, will be found to be sweetened by this principle. There is not only a never-failing, pleasant, and earnest humor kept up there, embracing the domestic affairs, the dinner, and the scolding, but there is also a constant run upon the neighbors, and upon church and state, and to cherish and maintain this, in a great measure, the fire is kept burning, and the dinner provided. There will be neighbors, parties to a very genuine, even romantic friendship, whose whole audible salutation and intercourse, abstaining from the usual cordial expressions, grasping of hands, or affectionate farewells, consists in the mutual play and interchange of a genial and healthy humor, which excepts nothing, not even themselves, in its lawless range. The child plays continually, if you will let it, and all its life is a sort of practical humor of a very pure kind, often of so fine and ethereal a nature, that its parents, its uncles and cousins, can in no wise participate in it, but must stand aloof in silent admiration, and reverence even. The more quiet the more profound it is. Even nature is observed to have her playful moods or aspects, of which man seems sometimes to be the sport.

But, after all, we could sometimes dispense with the humor, though unquestionably incorporated in the blood, if it were replaced by this author's gravity. We should not apply to himself, without qualification, his remarks on the humor of Richter. With more repose in his inmost being, his humor would.

become more thoroughly genial and placid. Humor is apt to imply but a half satisfaction at best. In his pleasantest and most genial hour, man smiles but as the globe smiles, and the works of nature. The fruits *dry* ripe, and much as we relish some of them, in their green and pulpy state, we lay up for our winter store, not out of these, but the rustling autumnal harvests. Though we never weary of this vivacious wit, while we are perusing its work, yet when we remember it from afar, we sometimes feel balked and disappointed, missing the security, the simplicity, and frankness, even the occasional magnanimity of acknowledged dullness and bungling. This never-failing success and brilliant talent become a reproach. To the most practical reader the humor is certainly too obvious and constant a quality. When we are to have dealings with a man, we prize the good faith and valor of soberness and gravity. There is always a more impressive statement than consists with these victorious comparisons. Besides, humor does not wear well. It is commonly enough said, that a joke will not bear repeating. The deepest humor will not keep. Humors do not circulate but stagnate, or circulate partially. In the oldest literature, in the Hebrew, the Hindoo, the Persian, the Chinese, it is rarely humor, even the most divine, which still survives, but the most sober and private, painful or joyous thoughts, maxims of duty, to which the life of all men may be referred. After time has sifted the literature of a people, there is left only their *SCRIPTURE*, for that is *WRITING*, *par excellence*. This is as true of the poets, as of the philosophers and moralists by profession; for what subsides in any of these is the moral only, to re-appear as dry land at some remote epoch.

We confess that Carlyle's humor is rich, deep, and variegated, in direct communication with the back bone and risible muscles of the globe—and there is nothing like it; but much as we relish this jovial, this rapid and detergeous way of conveying one's views and impressions, when we would not converse but meditate, we pray for a man's diamond edition of his thought, without the colored illuminations in the margin—the fishes and dragons, and unicorns, the red or the blue ink, but its initial letter in distinct skeleton type, and the whole so clipped and condensed down to the very essence of it, that time will have little to do. We know not but we shall immigrate soon, and would fain take with us all the treasures of the east, and all kinds of *dry*, portable soups, in small tin canisters, which contain whole herds of English beeves, boiled down, will be acceptable.

The difference between this flashing, fitful writing and pure philosophy, is the difference between flame and light. The flame, indeed, yields light, but when we are so near as to observe the flame, we are apt to be incommoded by the heat and smoke. But the sun, that old Platonist, is set so far off in the heavens, that only a genial summer-

heat and ineffable day-light can reach us. But many a time, we confess, in wintery weather, we have been glad to forsake the sun-light, and warm us by these Promethean flames.

Carlyle must undoubtedly plead guilty to the charge of mannerism. He not only has his vein, but his peculiar manner of working it. He has a style which can be imitated, and sometimes is an imitator of himself. Every man, though born and bred in the metropolis of the world, will still have some provincialism adhering to him; but in proportion as his aim is simple and earnest, he approaches at once the most ancient and the most modern men. There is no mannerism in the Scriptures. The style of proverbs, and indeed of all *maxims*, whether measured by sentences or by chapters, if they may be said to have any style, is one, and as the expression of one voice, merely an account of the matter by the latest witness. It is one advantage enjoyed by men of science, that they use only formulas which are universal. The common language and the common sense of mankind, it is most uncommon to meet with in the individual. Yet liberty of thought and speech is only liberty to think the universal thought, and speak the universal language of men, instead of being enslaved to a particular mode. Of this universal speech there is very little. It is equable and sure; from a depth within man which is beyond education and prejudice.

Certainly, no critic has anywhere said what is more to the purpose, than this which Carlyle's own writings furnish, which we quote, as well for its intrinsic merit as for its pertinence here. "It is true," says he, thinking of Richter, "the beaten paths of literature lead the safest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble or peculiar for working by prescribed laws; Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and in Richter's own age, Goethe, how little did they innovate on the given forms of composition, how much in the spirit they breathed into them! All this is true; and Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion." And again, in the chapter on Goethe, "We read Goethe for years before we come to see wherein the distinguishing peculiarity of his understanding, of his disposition, even of his way of writing, consists! It seems quite a simple style, [that of his?] remarkable chiefly for its calmness, its perspicuity, in short, its commonness; and yet it is the most uncommon of all styles." And this, too, translated for us by the same pen from Schiller, which we will apply not merely to the outward form of his works, but to their inner form and substance. He is speaking of the artist. "Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let

him return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to delight it by his presence, but, dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. The matter of his works he will take from the present, but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging unity of his own nature."

But enough of this. Our complaint is already out of all proportion to our discontent.

Carlyle's works, it is true, have not the stereotyped success which we call classic. They are a rich but inexpensive entertainment, at which we are not concerned lest the host has strained or impoverished himself to feed his guests. It is not the most lasting word, nor the loftiest wisdom, but rather the word which comes last. For his genius it was reserved to give expression to the thoughts which were throbbing in a million breasts. He has plucked the ripest fruit in the public garden; but this fruit already least concerned the tree that bore it, which was rather perfecting the bud at the foot of the leaf stalk. His works are not to be studied,

but read with a swift satisfaction. Their flavor and gust is like what poets tell of the froth of wine, which can only be tasted once and hastily. On a review we can never find the pages we had read. The first impression is the truest and the deepest, and there is no reprint, no *double entendre*, so to speak, for the alert reader. Yet they are in some degree true natural products in this respect. All things are but once, and never repeated. The first faint blushes of the morning, gilding the mountain tops, the pale phosphor and saffron-colored clouds do verily transport us to the morning of creation; but what avails it to travel eastward, or look again there an hour hence? We should be as far in the day ourselves, mounting toward our meridian. These works were designed for such complete success that they serve but for a single occasion. It is the luxury of art, when its own instrument is manufactured for each particular and present use. The knife which slices the bread of Jove ceases to be a knife when this service is rendered.

[Conclusion in our next.]

SONG.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THESE prairies glow with flowers,
These groves are tall and fair;
The mocking-bird with music fills
The fragrant morning air.
And yet I pine to see
My native hill once more,
And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp
Beside its cottage door.

And he for whom I left
My native hill and brook,
Alas! I sometimes think I trace
A coldness in his look.
If I have lost his love,
I know my heart will break;
And haply they I left for him
Will sorrow for my sake.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. CORNELIA DA PONTE.

WHEN slumber seals those heavenly eyes,
And dreams of rapture round thee glow,
When angels watch, for angels love
To guard the pure from ills below,
Mine in that hour must keep the watch
Alone upon the midnight sea,
As winds and waves with hated speed
Bear me away from home and thee.

Yes, mine shall fix their silent gaze,
Nor shrink if danger hover near;
This hand that trembles now in thine,
Must grasp the sword without a fear;
And for the music of thy voice,
The stormy wave with shout of men,
For whispers soft, words stern and cold
Must be the sounds that hail me then.

The hour has come, fresh blows the gale,
Our ship moves down yon tide afar,
Away, away beyond that tide
Thy image follows as a star;
Farewell to thee, farewell to all,
My native land and skies above;
O who will greet the wanderer now
With soothing words or smiles of love?

Remember me, 't is all I ask,
When others gaze, when others sigh,
When others plead with bending knee,
And drink the beauty of thine eye,
Remember then, for e'en in dreams,
Though bright they come, this heart shall weep,
My thirsting spirit vainly seek
Thy image on the lonely deep.

LAW AND LOVE.

OR GAINING A CASE.

BY ISHABOD JONES.

"So, Oliver, you have a case with which to commence your career at the bar?"

"Yes, thanks to Uncle Scott, I have."

"And will you allow me to ask what it is?"

"Well, to tell you that, I must first know myself. I believe it to be in relation to a contested will, but as to the particulars you are as wise as I."

"A will case, eh! I have heard old lawyers say they were the best of cases, as far as fee is concerned."

"To-morrow I am to have an interview with my client. My uncle gave such a glowing description of her that he has quite raised my curiosity."

"A lady for a client! why that's better yet. By the bye, Oliver, you seem somewhat indifferent to the divine sex; and yet you have a warm heart."

"For friendship, James, but how can I think of love, the owner of the six chairs, book-case and table you see, and nothing but my profession to rely on for the future. Love never flourishes in so stern a climate."

"We have the best authority for knowing that it lives through the fiercest tempest, as well as under the beautiful skies of Italy. What do you think, Oliver, of a rich wife?"

"I think such advice comes very badly from you. Let me ask in turn why you are about to connect yourself with a penniless girl, when you might win the greatest fortune in town."

This question came to the point, but it received no other answer than a light laugh as the young man turned on his heel to go.

"Well, Oliver, I wish you great success in the cause of this lovely client. Good day," said he, in the gleeful tone of a heart free from care. And, indeed, if this could be the condition of any mortal in this care-worn world, it was that of James Ashly. Thus far in life his path had been strewn with flowers, and in the horizon of the future no clouds were visible. The son of an opulent merchant, endowed by nature with a good mind, and possessing in a rare degree that animation only to be acquired by intercourse with gay society, he was an unusual favorite with those in whose company he mingled, especially the fairer portion, whose gentle hearts are ever gracious, to that easy air and manner, too much neglected by their fancied lords and superiors. But he joined with these superficial graces of address, a cultivated intellect, stored with much useful information, which are so seldom

united as to be deemed inconsistent, if not antagonistical. By the latter he retained all the good will and esteem which by the former he gained.

In his extensive acquaintance no friend was more valued than Oliver Barton, a young lawyer, in whose office the above conversation occurred, and whose fortune consisted of little more than a well-furnished mind and generous heart—a kind of wealth little appreciated in this matter-of-fact world. He had been educated by a maternal uncle, who rejoiced in the name of Scott, and having made choice of the legal profession, was fitted in due course for the bar. In the maiden speech he delivered, shortly after his admission, he gave promise of future eminence and distinction. Unlike his friend, he was reserved and somewhat diffident, but his intrinsic worth and handsome form won favor and respect by less striking, but equally certain means. It was only when well known that those nice shades of merit, which so permanently recommend their possessor, could be discovered in his character. His prominent forehead and rather heavy brow gave a slight shade of melancholy to his countenance, but their intellectual expression, increased by the steady light of a dark eye, commanded admiration. When he smiled a row of glistening teeth revealed themselves, and his features were lit up with a life and joy rendered more striking by their usual thoughtful repose.

CHAPTER II.

The next day Oliver Barton proceeded to his office at an earlier hour than usual; so early indeed that most of those adjoining were still closed. Being of a meditative turn of mind, and even inclined to castle-building, this era of his life afforded much subject for thought. "If I succeed," thought he, "it will be the commencement of an extensive practice." Forthwith, upon this contingency, he proceeded to erect a magnificent superstructure in the air, which was finally blown away by it occurring to him that he might *not* succeed. Unwilling to contemplate this side of the picture, and remembering his client was a lady, he took from the table before him "Chesterfield's Letters," in hopes of finding something there both useful and entertaining.

Notwithstanding the agreeable wit and advice of his lordship, the hours passed heavily. At last in came Uncle Scott, a little, genteel-looking person, in tight pantaloons and well-brushed coat, carrying

his ivory-headed cane under his arm. He looked the very personification of a precise old bachelor, who had lived in the great world and grown wise by experience.

"Here I am, according to appointment," said he, pulling a showy watch from its fob, "just half past twelve, and we are to be at Miss Medford's at one."

"I'm ready, uncle," returned Oliver, after having changed his coat and settled his hat before the glass with extra attention. Mr. Scott, like most old bachelors, was very punctual in fulfilling engagements.

"You told me, I believe, that Miss Medford was an orphan?" said Oliver, when they had reached the street.

"Yes, poor thing," answered Mr. Scott, "she lost her mother while still an infant, and it has now been ten years since her father, Charles Medford, died. He was a generous, noble-hearted fellow, but too much given to fine company and expense. I recollect him well, for we were young men together, and dashed about in the same gay society. He married a beautiful woman for love," and Uncle Scott sighed, "with her face for her fortune, and as his own amounted to little more, the match was any thing but happy. To be deprived of the only parent she had ever known nearly broke Clara's heart, and she wept long and bitterly. So touching was her grief it affected the heart of her uncle, John Medford, who, as he was a bachelor, adopted her, and resolved to cherish her as his own. He was one of the most singular men I have ever known. Withered and forbidding in appearance, crabbed in temper, and particular about money matters even to parsimony, he was no attractive object to so tender a flower as Clara. But, by her childish love and attention, she insinuated herself into his unkindly heart, and soothed the many cares of the declining years of his life—so that even he blessed her. At his death the principal amount of his property was bequeathed to her, but with this singular provision, that if she marry within ten years it was to go to some distant relative. Among the many whims of the old man, he particularly hated a branch of his family, the children of a disobedient sister. These are now endeavoring to prove the illegality of the will in question, as they are entirely cut off by it from all share in his estate; but you shall hear more of the circumstances from her own lips."

They were now at their destination, and in a few moments found themselves seated in a spacious and richly furnished parlor, containing many indications of female taste and attention. On the centre-table lay a small bouquet of beautiful flowers, blushing with the freshness of the field, but which, on a closer inspection, were found to be artificial, doubtless moulded under the delicate fingers of the presiding fairy. A number of beautifully shaded landscape sketches next attracted Oliver's attention, and as he turned from one to another he would

have forgotten the dry subject on which he came, but for the promptings of Mr. Scott.

They had not waited long before Clara Medford entered. If Oliver had been affected by her story he was still more touched with her winning grace and beauty, enhanced rather than obscured by the deep mourning in which she was dressed. She was somewhat pale, but he would have found no difficulty in accounting for this in her late affliction, had not the sweet expression of her hazel eye more than atoned for it. Her mien was so easy and unaffected that Oliver, who had dreaded the awkward formality of so embarrassing an interview, felt at once perfectly selfpossessed. There was something serene and even childlike in her countenance, which was extremely interesting, and she seemed polite, rather because it was natural to her, than in obedience to the requirements of custom.

We leave them to converse over the business of the suit, of which the reader already knows sufficient for the purposes of our narrative.

CHAPTER III.

Some weeks after the scene of our last chapter, Clara Medford was sitting where the young attorney had first seen her. Jane Preston, an intimate friend, who had called to pay a morning visit, sat by her side on the sofa with bonnet and shawl still on.

"Well, Clara," said she, changing their conversation, "you are now secured in the possession of this house and all your uncle's property; my, what wealth! I'm sure I wish it may yield you all the happiness you desire."

"Thank you, Jane, for your kind wishes," answered Clara mildly, "but I have thought that wealth seldom confers as much real happiness as it brings additional care and anxiety."

"But your care, unlike that of others, ends for the best."

"True, I have no disappointment to complain of," said Clara, "but my success is only a negative pleasure, after all."

"I am sure I should think it a very positive one," returned Miss Preston, as she rose to go. Clara pressed her to stay longer, but, pleading an engagement, she proceeded to the door.

"But, Clara," said she, continuing their conversation on the steps, "do tell me who young Lawyer Barton is?"

"I know little more of him than that he is very talented in his profession," replied Clara, slightly blushing, more at the manner in which it was asked than at the question itself.

"I have heard he was very retired, and went but little into company," continued Jane, giving information when she found none was to be obtained. "But every one agrees that he has conducted your late suit with great ability, for which, I suppose, you are very grateful," said she, with an arch side glance at her companion.

"I am, sincerely so," returned Clara seriously, but

with a rapid change of countenance she added, "Oh! Jane, I almost forgot to ask you whether you have yet appointed a day to gratify your sighing swain?"

"Oh!" exclaimed she, blushing crimson in turn, "I'll tell you when we've more time, for it's a long story. Good-by, Clara, don't be too grateful to the handsome Mr. Barton," and with a ringing, joyous laugh, she tripped lightly down the marble steps.

"Good-by," returned Clara, gazing after her retreating form, and almost envying her the happy spirit with which she was animated.

At the time the above conversation occurred, Oliver Barton was meditating on his encouraging success in the late trial, alone in the office where twice before we have seen him. There was a more than usual melancholy in the expression of his countenance. His head rested on his hand, and at intervals he would heave an involuntary sigh, as though his thoughts were of no agreeable nature. One would have concluded that some great misfortune, rather than triumphant success, had befallen him. At length he was roused from his reverie by the sound of rapid footsteps in the entry, and in another moment James Ashly had entered.

"Well, Oliver," said he, "so you exerted your eloquence to some purpose. I knew when I saw your eye that you intended carrying all before you. But," continued he, observing the dejected mood of his friend, "what is the matter—have you heard of the death of any near relative?"

"No," answered Oliver, "I ought, I know, to be very happy."

"You have cause to be so, certainly; then what has made you look like a man contemplating suicide?"

"Sit down, James," said Oliver, in a calm tone, and composing himself as with an effort, "and I will tell you the cause; I confide in your friendship, because I know its sincerity. The truth is, my sentiments toward Miss Medford are not those of mere admiration, they are warmer; I feel that I love her," and starting from his chair, he strode rapidly across the room.

"And, Oliver," urged James, when the first surprise of so unexpected an announcement was over, "is it cause of grief to love a girl so amiable and beautiful as Miss Medford? You are already esteemed by her, and time may incline her heart to a more tender sentiment. There is but one short step between friendship and love. This suit is now so happily terminated—"

"You have named the most embittering reflection of all," said Oliver, stopping before him and speaking earnestly; "by that decision the validity of a will is established, which deprives her of the right to dispose of her hand. By its mandate she must resign all; and what could I offer to compensate her for the sacrifice? The homage of my heart, and the devotion of my life, are worthless trifles. I knew,

while striving to establish her rights, that if successful I sealed my own unhappiness, and forever cut off all hope of calling her mine. I even debated with myself whether I might not lose the case by mismanagement, and then win the heart of the trusting, beautiful Clara. It was a great conflict for a single moment, but the temptation yielded to a sense of honor and justice. Her cause triumphed; and at least I have the melancholy satisfaction left of knowing that I served the one I love."

Oliver spoke with the eloquence of despair, and his friend listened, engrossed in astonishment and admiration.

"I can appreciate the feelings which so trying a situation prompts, but," added he, the naturally sanguine disposition of his mind prevailing over its first gloomy sensations, "trust to time for a happy termination; for although your way is now overhung with clouds, as you advance into the future, it will become brighter, and a glorious store of happiness will be opened to your view."

"Your words bid me hope," answered Oliver, "but I fear while you utter them your heart misgives you. No, no, James—I see no room for hope, nothing to brighten my path with a solitary ray of comfort. I must try to banish her image from my heart, and think of her only in connexion with every thing lovely and perfect, never as my first and only love. I can but make the effort, though I believe it will fail."

James was sensible of all the deep despair and silently corroding influence of "hope deferred;" its dreams and disappointments; its moments of bright anticipation succeeded by still darker views of the stern reality; its overwhelming anguish, and its rush of mad gayety more dreadful than tears. He knew, too, the depth of passionate feeling of which Oliver's heart was capable, and shuddered as he thought that the soul of one so generous and noble would be made the prey of that slow and deadly poison, hopeless love. But by an effort he suppressed the rising emotions of his breast, and continued to urge the possibility of the future removing the obstacles which now appeared so formidable.

"It is not to be expected," said he, "nay, it is impossible, that one so young and beautiful should remain single, in mere obedience to the foolish whim of an uncle, no longer living. If her heart become engaged, she will soon resign the gold, which is but a useless burthen, and some one less scrupulous will possess the hand that might be your own. Besides, will she not appreciate the struggle you have endured, and the sacrifice of self in your conduct? And these aided by the gratitude she already feels, are sufficient to win the heart of any maiden."

But the view thus presented, skillfully colored by the hand of friendship, could not change the determination he had expressed.

"It was I," said Oliver, "who undertook the case, and succeeded in securing to her the full benefit of her uncle's will; knowing, then, its provisions,

would it not be inconsistent, even fraudulent, in me to attempt to defeat it now?"

To this James could oppose nothing, for he felt the delicacy of his friend's situation; he knew how deep was the suffering excited by that absorbing passion of the soul when struggling with adversity or oppression, and his own heart swelled with a generous sympathy, as he grasped the hand of his friend on parting.

CHAPTER IV.

Again we take a leap over a period of time which, to those in the enjoyment of a life of pleasure and excitement, appears short, but to the sufferer on a bed of sickness, or the condemned felon, is an age. They, in whom we are more immediately interested, thought it either brief or tedious, as it brought good or ill fortune. James Ashly, though deeply concerned in the distress of his friend, was enabled by the elasticity of his spirits to preserve that sprightly air, which had in a manner become habitual. But he had much real cause for joy. The girl who had long reigned mistress of his heart, had consented to become a bride, and appointed a day for the wedding. As for Oliver Barton, a heavy cloud rested on his brow, denoting deep-seated grief. In vain his friend tried to entertain him, and draw his mind from the melancholy subject on which it continually brooded; in vain Oliver himself endeavored to carry out his resolution, and banish all thought of Clara Medford from his mind; the effort only proved the strength of his affection. But it was not weakness; he could have trusted himself in her society, conversed with, worshiped her, and yet keep the secret buried in his breast.

"Oliver," said uncle Scott one day, bustling into his nephew's office, with a huge book under his arm, which looked as though it might have been bound near the beginning of the seventeenth century, "here is an old relic of your family, which I think you have never seen—no less than the family Bible, containing a record of the births, marriages, and deaths, of the ancestors in whose connexion you have just reason to be proud."

This was delivered with all the importance of one communicating a valuable secret, never doubting that Oliver would feel as lively an interest as himself.

"It is, in fact," continued he, "a complete history of the house for several generations back. The character of the writer is shown in the chirography much better than in many a prosy biography."

Oliver expressed much more interest in the "old relic" than he really felt, from a desire to please an indulgent uncle by humoring his whims.

"Your father," continued Mr. Scott, spreading the old volume before him, and looking intently on it, "you will observe, was an only son, with two sisters, Mary and Catharine Blake. The former died early; here is the record in his own hand." Oliver gazed

on with awakened attention. "The latter married Charles Blake."

"Her name, then, was Catharine Blake," said Oliver, earnestly.

"Yes," answered Mr. Scott, "it was; my recollection serves me to recall an incident in relation to her marriage. It was this; John Medford loved her devotedly, but she could never return his affection, and finally bestowed her hand on Charles Blake, who had nothing but spotless worth and intelligence to recommend him. She left no children, and is long since dead; but Medford, who always cherished an affection for her, could never be persuaded of the truth of the report."

This account was heard by Oliver with breathless attention, and as he examined the venerable record, a glow of intense joy lit up his face. Observing this, Mr. Scott proceeded further back into the annals of the Bartons, and expiated on the events and eras with critical exactness. But the mind of his nephew was engrossed by what he had already learned, and he scarcely heard the list of marriages, and intermarriages, deaths, and births, which his uncle recounted with painful minuteness.

At length he was alone.

"A ray of hope," exclaimed he, "has already dawned, destined probably to shed a propitious light on my path. James was right; the future may yet have a store of happiness provided for me, too great even to contemplate."

A goodly company was assembled in the lofty parlors of Miss Medford's residence. The young, the gay, the serious, the frivolous, were there in indiscriminate profusion; some chatting familiarly on the luxurious sofas and lounges, others walking or standing beneath the chandelier, and not a few engaged in unseen, as they thought, flirtations in the corners. The young and the old of both sexes seemed to enjoy the scene with a peculiar relish. The flowers sparkled in their vases, under the rich light of the numerous lamps; the jewels glistened, their owners smiled, and all was gay, happy, and inspiring.

Among that numerous and fashionable company, James Ashly was the most joyful of the joyous, the happiest of the happy. His heart had secured the prize for which it had so long contended—its constant love had been crowned with success; and in the sweet being leaning on his arm, he felt he possessed such a treasure as the world could not equal. After a prolonged courtship, Jane Preston became his bride—and they were now the admired of all admirers. The small figure and benevolent countenance of Mr. Scott were not less conspicuous in the crowd of happy faces which thronged the apartments, whose walls had never witnessed so animated a scene.

But there was one individual who seemed to have no connexion with any one present. He sat by himself, and took no part in the conversation of

either the young or old. His countenance bore deep traces of habitual care and discontent, which, with the wrinkles of age, gave it a sour and forbidding aspect. Dressed in a blue coat, which might have fitted him when it was made, but now hung loosely about his form; straight-collared vest, too long and too loose; and pantaloons of the greatest redundancy of cloth—he appeared to no advantage, nor did he seem to care. A nervous uneasiness pervaded his frame, as though contemplating something beyond the mere pleasure of being present. Sometimes his attention was attracted by a witty remark, or joyful laugh, but he would turn away his head, and smile dismally, as though he envied the happy heart from which it echoed. The name of this person was Sanford. He had been engaged in business with the deceased Mr. Medford, and was in every respect a congenial spirit. At his death, Sanford was left executor, and entrusted with the administration of the will.

The occasion which brought together this various company, and gave it so lively a tone, was no less than the marriage of the modest and charming Clara Medford to the handsome and talented Oliver Barton.

The hour approached when the knot was to be tied, and the grave minister, in his robes, was already present. A bustle was suddenly perceptible through

the rooms as the youthful couple entered, the bride blushing to the borders of her dress, and the groom, it must be confessed, paler than usual. The ceremony began with that embarrassment always attending such occasions; and many a heart palpitated with mingled emotions of joy and terror under the solemn and impressive voice of the clergyman. The earnest appeal was made for those who knew of any impediment "to speak now, or ever after hold their peace."

"This lady," said Sanford, in the pause that followed, with the astonished eyes of every one fixed on him, "this lady, by the present act, forfeits, according to her uncle's will, all title to his wealth, which is to go to one Catharine Blake, or her heirs, if she be not living. I thought it proper to make this declaration, as the legal executor of the deceased Mr. Medford. The ceremony may now proceed."

"And, sir," said Oliver Barton, "the only surviving heir of Catharine Blake you will recognize in me."

A whisper of delight ran through the rooms at this unexpected *dénouement*; the service proceeded, and in a few moments, tears, kisses, and confusion announced the silken bands of matrimony had firmly united two as pure, confiding hearts as ever throbbed in human breast.

And thus the case was doubly gained.

MY AUNT FABBINS'S OLD GARRET.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I HAVE often wondered whether there ever was in our whole blessed United States, such a queer place as my Aunt Fabbins's garret. In all my migrations from city to city, from house to house, from room to room, where I was the guest of people who were quite differently constituted by nature and education from my good aunt, I have thought to myself, as I observed somewhat of the family economy in these various hospitable abodes, that there could not possibly be in a single one of them a room whose internal arrangement or disarrangement bore the faintest resemblance to that queer old garret at my Aunt Fabbins's. Oh, it was the queerest of all queer places that the sun ever peeped into or did not peep into. Language utterly fails to tell how queer it was. I have sometimes thought I would seriously sit down and describe it at length; that I would take an inventory of all the queer things it contained, one by one, with scientific patience and accuracy, and give to the herein unenlightened world the results of my researches and labors, in the shape of an article for some antiquarian society, or, perhaps, some national academy of arts and sciences. Catacombs and tombs, and Egyptian pyramids, have been thrown open to the gaze of mankind, and the dim religious light of old cloisters and cathedrals

has been invaded by the prying spirit of utilitarian curiosity and reform; and that which was hidden and mysterious, hath been everywhere brought into the atmosphere of vulgar daylight, and Penny Magazines, and Lyceum Lectures—and science every where is laying his cold clutch upon the shrinking form of poetic truth; then why should not the secrets of my Aunt Fabbins's queer old musty fusty garret be disclosed, and the world be one little wrinkle the wiser?

Now I do not propose to treat this old garret and its contents scientifically or chronologically—perhaps I shall treat it hardly reverentially; and though there was many a monument therein of past years, and many a hieroglyphic of deep significance were the key only known, yet I shall modestly decline entering the lists with Champollion or Mr. Gliddon. Other spirits more peculiarly gifted with powers of investigation than myself, may, at some future time, visit my aunt's house, and if they should be favored by chance, or by friendship, to enter that dim upper receptacle of the shadows of the past, they may more fully explore a field which I have scarcely had the courage or patience to do with completeness and accuracy.

But before I enlighten my readers upon the sub-

ject of this old garret and its arcana, it will be necessary for me to give a glance at one feature in the domestic economy of my Aunt and Uncle Fabbins.

A worthier and more warm-hearted old couple never lived. For forty years they had shared the joys and sorrows of life together; they had known many trials, but these had only bound them more closely to each other, and to Heaven. They had married early, and brought up a large family, like good parents and good Christians as they were. In the earlier period of their wedded state, they had both, through habit and necessity, managed all their domestic affairs with the strictest economy. They were perfect patterns of housekeeping and management to their neighbors. With the extravagant Southerners, among whom they lived (for my uncle and aunt emigrated from the land of steady habits, old Massachusetts, soon after their marriage, into a more southern latitude, for the same reasons, I suppose, which carry so many of our young couples, nowadays, off to the west;) among these Southerners, I say, my Uncle and Aunt Fabbins were absolute wonders, so different were their habits from those about them. There was no end, no bound to the wonder of these people. They could not comprehend how, with their limited income, they contrived to live so snugly and genteelly. The richest families among them could not keep their household arrangements from going "out in the elbows." In the winter time they never could keep their parlors warm, or their doors shut. Their windows *would* rattle; the wind *would* blow in, bringing influenza and consumption on its wings; they *could* not keep their closets supplied with medicines, or even always with the necessary eatables of life, but were somehow or other obliged to borrow of the Fabbins's. And in summer, they would leave their windows open to every rain, or their chimneys would tumble down, or their garden-tools would get lost or broken, or their children catch the ague and fever, from running about in puddles, or eating green fruit; and then the whole family establishment and family counsel and assistance of the Fabbins's were taxed for the ill-management of these extravagant and improvident neighbors. If a pump-handle were loose, or needed oiling, no one could put it to rights like Uncle Fabbins. If a wheelbarrow or rake were broken, they invariably borrowed of neighbor Fabbins. If a baby had the croup, the whole family came in a committee of the whole to wait on the Fabbins's; Uncle Fabbins must prescribe the physic, and weigh it out, and Aunt Fabbins must leave her sewing, or her pickling, or her ironing, and run in to put the child into a warm bath. If a neighboring housewife wanted a quart of meal, or a loaf of bread, or a pound of butter, she would not scruple to send at all hours of the day, or night to draw upon Mrs. Fabbins's exhaustless store-house. Everybody knew just where to go when any sudden want or emergency overtook them. I remember hearing of a man who sent out his servant to one

of his neighbors' houses, when a thunder storm was coming up, to give his master's compliments, and "please would n't he lend him his *lightning-rod* for a little while." I have never heard that my uncle's neighbors ever went quite so far in their neighborly feelings as this, but I do remember hearing my aunt relate one circumstance nearly as amusing as this. A storm was coming up, and all the windows and doors were closed—not a sign of any living creature was seen abroad, save a few lazy cows, who began to think it best to retire to their apartments in their respective cow-yards. The sky was growing darker and darker; the wind swept by over trees and dusty roads in fearful gusts; a few large rain-drops were beginning to fall, and one or two vivid flashes of lightning had cleft the dark clouds, followed by tremendous claps of thunder; when a small boy was seen running violently toward my uncle's house—a loud knocking was heard—the summons was answered—and the embassy was not exactly to borrow a lightning-rod, for there were none in those days, I believe, but, "mother says, please lend her"—"What, child, is anybody dying?" "No, marm, but mother says, please lend her—a *nutmeg*!"

"*Parturiunt Montes*!" I said to myself, when I heard it, (it was in my college days, when I was fond of Latin quotations,) *et nascitur ridiculus mus*."

This is not altogether a digression from my subject. I will come to the garret presently, after I have patiently conducted my readers up the preliminary steps. We must always begin at the bottom of the stairs before we can get to the top; that old garret may be called the flower, *run to seed*, of all this beautiful economy in the household affairs of the Fabbins's.

It was, indeed, a beautiful system of economy. The Fabbins's homestead was a little world in itself of ways and means—a microcosm, where, for years, every thing that was needed stood at hand ready for use, and every thing had its place. You could not lay your hand upon the merest bit of broken crockery, or rusty nail, or weather-stained shingle, or fragment of tangled twine, but it came into service, sooner or later, in some part of the establishment—at least so my aunt always affirmed. Honor to these good old folks for their principles and their practice. If the world—if society at large—if government could but take a lesson from these humble lights of their little circle, how much poverty, and crime, and misery, would be avoided, which now runs riot over the world.

But, alas! there is an old adage which will come sneaking into the corner of my brain, as I continue to trace my way up toward the old garret—some cynic philosopher must have given it birth; "too much of a good thing is good for nothing." Rather harsh, friend philosopher, but the rough shell may be found to contain a kernel of truth.

And here I am much disposed to fall into some deep reflections, and give utterance to some very

profound remarks, and even go into some winding digressions about the philosophy of ultraism, and show how there is no one truth, or good principle, which, if emphasized too strongly and exclusively, may not result in a falsity and an evil. Virtue may become vice, truth error, if we persist in riding our favorite hobby forever in the same way, and on the same road. Let us not dwell forever in the parts and particles of good, but in the whole. Let us not breathe the gasses, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid, but *air*.

Having taken my patient reader this long step upward, we come to a landing and a breathing place on the stairs. Let us have a little more patience yet, and we shall finally come to the garret. I already, in fancy, begin to inhale its musty fragrance.

Acting uniformly on this principle of throwing away or destroying nothing that might, at some future time, be turned to account in some of the departments of the household economy, my good uncle and aunt had gradually accumulated around them a little of every thing that was ever known or thought of in the memorandum-book of a housekeeper. It so happened that they had gone through several removals from one house to another, in their forty years of housekeeping, (they always had an aversion to boardings,) and all their effects from the greatest to the least, from looking-glasses and bedsteads down to broken saucers and barrel-hoops, were always taken along with them. Not a scrap of any kind, were it nothing more than an old newspaper, or a dozen of old broken corks, was ever suffered to be thrown away.

"Mother," said my aunt's youngest daughter, *Jemima*, once, on the eve of one of their removals, "I shall throw away these old bits of rusty iron—they cannot possibly be of any use to us; they have been lying in this corner for years, and the spiders have made a grand nest among them."

"You shan't throw them away, child!" said my aunt, "they'll all come into use. Waste not, want not, my dear. When you live to be as old as I am, you will be cured of these extravagant whims."

"But, mother, what use can possibly be made of them?" said *Jemima*.

"Use enough, my dear," said my aunt. "Stop up rat holes, made into hinges—plenty of use for them; at any rate the blacksmith will buy them—any thing rather than throw them away."

"But, mother, these bits of broken window-glass, and these old cracked cups, and that worn-out old coffee-mill, without a tooth in its head, and—"

"You shan't throw them away, child, I tell you—I shall find some use for them if you do n't."

"But, mother, those old boots of Frank's, that are all out at the toes, and down at the heels, and no soles to them, and all mouldy and green—"

"I tell you, child, you sha n't." Just then in bustled Uncle Fabbins, with three barrel-staves under one arm, on which hung a basket of old, dry blacking

bottles, and extending the other at full length, at the extremity of which appeared four worn-out, dirty tooth-brushes, of various patterns and ages.

"See here," he exclaimed, "I guess this is some of your doings, *Jemima*—when will you learn to be economical. Here I found all these lying on the ground, where, to all appearance, they had been thrown from the windows. Waste not, want not, my child. Why can't you take a lesson of good housekeeping from your mother."

"But, father," said *Jemima*, hardly restraining her mirth, "what on earth can you do with those old tooth-brushes?"

"Do with them?—clean your lamps with them—rub your brasses—keep a great many of your things bright and clean. Do with them? I think I could find use enough for them."

And with that he carefully wrapped up the much abused instruments of cleanliness in a piece of brown paper, which he carefully drew from his pocket, and as carefully unfolded, and placed them in a corner of his basket, along with the quondam receptacles of *Day* and *Martin*.

And thus it went on for years—this gradual accumulation; and as the sons and daughters grew up into more independence of thought and habit, it became not unfrequently, especially at the spring or fall house-cleaning, a bone—no, not exactly a bone, but a sort of ossification of contention between parents and offspring. But the old folks had their way, and by following out steadfastly their principles of economy, even inoculated the younger branches of the family tree to some extent with their peculiarities in this respect.

As long ago as my first acquaintance in my Aunt Fabbins's family, I remember these heaps and accretions of useless rubbish. I remember how they excited my boyish curiosity and imagination. Visions of dark closets pile the very ceiling with all the nameless odds and ends in the annals of house-keeping, are even now hovering before me. There were strata and substrata—primary, secondary, and tertiary formations. There were shelves, and boxes, and old chests, and barrels of things which seemed as if they never had a name, much less a use—things that seemed as if they must have dropped out of the moon, or might have once belonged to some inhabitant of the planet *Saturn*, who had come to take lodgings on our earth, and had forgotten to take away all his old traps. Every closet, nook and corner of the house was filled with these antique remnants. For years the process of accumulation had gone on, silently, and almost invisibly, like the formation of stalactites in a cave. And whenever it became absolutely necessary that a portion of the rubbish should be removed—do not for a moment suppose that it was thrown into the street, or sold at auction, or even given to the poor, (although my Aunt Fabbins was charity herself to all who were in want,) but every thing was taken from below stairs, and transferred to the garret. This was the

great receptacle of all fragments—this was the final resting-place—the charnel-house, or say rather kingdom of the dead, where the ghosts of the departed dumb servants of the household at last congregated in peaceful and undisturbed repose. And now we have reached this dim land of shadows at length, not as the ancients did, by descending, but by ascending—to the very top of the house, we may draw forth our key and unlock the sacred door, and enter, reverently if we can—we have reached

MY AUNT FABBINS'S GARRET.

But, ah! how can I describe it, when I have no other light but memory to enable me to grope through it? Yet will I endeavor, as well as I can, to throw a little light upon this dark, silent abode of mysteries.

We open the door, then. A strong odor,—compounded of various ingredients, the chief of which seem to be salt fish, bacon, grease, dried herbs and old leather,—assails our olfactories;—"A most ancient and fish-like smell, a sort of, not the newest, poorjohn." We enter a dark apartment, with a low ceiling, the greater part of it sloping with the roof, and very much stained by the rains which have leaked through. A dim light beams through a single window, the panes of which are very dusty and cracked. We will seat ourselves on a couple of old candle-boxes, and commence our inventory of the contents in all due form, as well as the light of memory and the dim window-glass will permit.

Item. A pair of old buckskin breeches hanging on the wall, which once adorned the legs of my Uncle Fabbins himself, some forty-five years ago. Alas! where are the buff waistcoat, the sky-blue coat, the buckled-shoes, the three-cornered hat, and the long cane that used to accompany this affecting relic of the past? And could Echo speak, in an apartment so crowded as this, she would answer, as she does to the poets—where?

Item, secondly. An old sword—also hanging against the wall. We will take it down—we will draw it from its rusty scabbard. What! can that be blood upon its blade? Ah, no! nothing but spots of rust—and the blade is duller than my uncle's dullest hoe. It was never sharpened for the battle—it is guiltless of ever shedding a drop of blood—it never was used but in piping times of peace, by my uncle's eldest son Ebenezer, when he belonged to a company of cavalry. It will never again see a training day—it will remain in its corner till my uncle and aunt's effects descend to their children.

Item, thirdly. A barrel of old business letters, receipted bills, leaves torn out of Latin grammars and books of arithmetic; old newspapers, that were fresh once—in the days of the Revolution—but are now so stale and fusty that the very rats turn from them with disgust. "All this old paper will come into use, yet," says my Aunt Fabbins.

Item, fourthly. But I see plainly that at this rate we shall never get through—we must take the gar-

ret *en masse*, and present a rough sketch of the whole.

Picture, then, to yourself a medley somewhat like what follows; to wit: old broken bedsteads, and worn-out sacking; a battered warming-pan; a copper kettle, with a great hole in the bottom; a quantity of old bottles and phials, pots of paint dried up as hard as granite, old stumps of paint brushes, shreds of canvas, broken casts and an easel, once the property of a poor painter who once was a boarder in my uncle's house; pine-boards and scraps of mahogany furniture, of every shape and size—old rags—old mouldy boots and shoes—old picture-frames; bits of window-glass and looking-glass; old rusty keys, old coffee-mills—and great iron wheels that seem as incomprehensible as those of Ezekiel; old greasy boxes, with something old and mysterious in every one of them—battered old trunks, without tops to them; quantities of empty bottles, and one or two forsaken demijohns, (my uncle and aunt have joined the Temperance Society;) great heaps of rusty iron—saws without handles or teeth; locks without keys or springs; scraps of bell-wire; bells without tongues; doll-babies without heads or legs; broken-down chairs and tables; knives and forks without handles, broken pitchers, bags of dried sage, antiquated andirons, fire-shovels, tongs, fenders and battered fire-boards, and—but I can remember no more—the rest the reader may fill out *ad libitum*. My recording muse halts, and hastens out to take a whiff of fresh air, and refresh her soul with something green and living—something that belongs to the present rather than to the past. We will leave this museum of antiquities, though we have not half described it, and transport ourselves to my aunt's snug little breakfast parlor, on the first floor. Time—about a year ago, one fine spring morning, after breakfast. Present—Aunt Fabbins, Uncle Fabbins, the five Miss Fabbinses, and the three Mr. Fabbinses, my cousins, myself and the cat. The ladies were washing up the breakfast things and putting the room in order, my uncle was reading the paper, and the three sons and myself—contemplating the rest of the party; when the following conversation arose.

"I wish," said Jemima, partly to herself, and partly that her father and mother might hear—"I wish, upon my soul, that something would happen which would clear this house of some of its rubbish. I can't find room for these books on the shelf, for the old newspapers have taken complete possession. I am obliged to convert the top of my piano into a book-shelf—and I don't think I shall submit to it. There is no room for half the things that are in the house. I have half a mind, I declare, to turn some of these piles of trash into the street."

"Those are just my sentiments, Jemima," said doctor Peter, the youngest son—"I'll help you, Jemima—just go ahead, and I'll second you. The fact is, I've long been of the opinion that the whole house, from top to bottom, needs a thorough treat-

ment. It is as full as a boa constrictor that has swallowed a calf—it will tumble down with its own weight, one of these days, and die of repletion. It needs blood-letting. Confound me, if I can find an inch of room for my chemical experiments.

"Yes," said Susan, "and all my beautiful plants I am obliged to keep out of doors, exposed to the night frosts, to make room for that old desk of father's, which is filled with empty ink-bottles and pamphlets and sermons half a century old, that nobody, not even he, ever thinks of reading. It would be such a nice little corner for my flowers."

"In my opinion," said Frank, "I really think a fire would do the house good."

"What!" said my aunt, in a tone of horror.

"I mean," said Frank, "if the old house caught fire, and burned—a little—I don't mean much—but just a little, it would greatly purify us. We should have room to breathe—and I should have room for my gun and dogs and fishing-tackle. I really should laugh to see the old garret go."

"My child," said my aunt, solemnly, "you speak like a fool. When you get to be as old as your father and mother, you will alter your tone. Will my children *ever* learn economy?"

My uncle here looked up over his spectacles, solemnly at Frank, and approvingly at his wife, but said nothing, and went on reading the paper.

The rest of my cousins said little, and rather took sides with their parents. The fact was, they were growing old and conservative.

Ebenezer thought the house was very well as it was; and he for one did not wish to see any thing cleared out—unless, indeed, it were in some places, where he needed a closet or two for his bugs and butterflies and geological specimens.

But my good aunt still persisted in maintaining that there was nothing in the whole house that could be spared, and that sooner or later every thing would come into use.

Such little altercations as this not unfrequently arose in the Fabbins family circle; but I have not

yet heard that they have resulted in any change or reform in the administration of the internal affairs.

O, Spirit of Conservatism! I have seen thee in the first green buds of thy spring time and thy youth, when thou wast a necessary and wholesome plant, in commonwealths as in families;—I have beheld thee again bursting into bloom, when thou wast still a beautiful and fragrant flower, smiling serenely and lovingly in thy green shady nooks, a blessing and a protecting angel, when the weeds of fanaticism and anarchy would spread a poisonous blight over the fairest and most venerable things of life;—but again, and too often, have I seen thee, when thy blossoms have shriveled up and fallen to the earth, and thy stalk was flowerless and leafless, and covered with nothing but dry seed-dust, with bugs and with cobwebs—keeping thy place in the garden merely because thou wast *once* beautiful, but now an unsightly cumberer of the ground, a brother to the meanest weeds and stubble of the field!

But such high-flown conceits as this I have just uttered, never entered the brains of my Uncle and Aunt Fabbins, and least of all would they see that it had any thing whatever to do with their house and its arrangements. But, good reader, if thou wilt look into it, thou mayest find a deeper significance in this family picture than at first meets the eye. The most homely and common things often cover a moral which is grounded in the very heart of universal and primal truth. If thou readest not merely to laugh, but to think, this little sketch may guide thee into the light of spiritual facts of infinite value; may teach thee the great lesson which in our age all must learn—to separate the spirit from the letter, the substance from the form—and to see that the best principle, carried to extremes and pursued with exclusive rigor, will, in its latter end, so differ from its beginning, that men will say, "I know it not; this is not the friend of my youth." And if a straw like this I throw into the stream, may show thee how the current sets, I shall have done something more beside the attempt to amuse thee.

A PRAYER.

BY J. B.

Thou source of wisdom and of power,
Thou God supreme, who from thy throne,
On mankind dost thy blessings shower,
Knowing all things, thyself unknown;
Content to show thy heavenly care,
(Oh bold presumption let me shun,)
And be this still my only prayer,
Thy will be done.

I feel I'm weak, I know I'm blind,
And evil prone to ask for good,
Enlighten thou my darkened mind,
My faith in thee be still renewed;

Teach me, just God, to trust in thee,
(Oh bold presumption let me shun,)
A mortal's prayer should only be
Thy will be done.

Thou wilt not change thy just decrees,
Always, eternal God, the same,
If with thy will my prayer agrees,
I need not then implore thy name;
But should my heart with folly pray,
(O bold presumption let me shun,)
Kind Father teach my soul to say
Thy will be done.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. V.



CANVAS-BACKED DUCK. (*Anas Valisineria*.)

According to Richardson, this bird breeds in all parts of the remote fur countries, from the 50th parallel to their most northern limits, associating much at this time with the ordinary tribe of ducks. It arrives in the United States, from the north, about the middle of October. The greater number of them congregate about the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and the Susquehanna, Patapsco, Potomac, and James rivers. Some of them descend only to the Hudson and the Delaware, while others are found in the sounds and bays of North Carolina, and in most of the southern waters to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. They feed upon a plant said to be a species of *valisineria*, which grows on fresh-water shoals of from seven to nine feet, in long, narrow, grass-like blades, four or five feet in length; the root white, somewhat resembling small celery. Wherever there is an abundance of this plant the Canvas-backs resort, either to make an occasional visit, or to take up their regular residence for the winter. The great abundance of this food in the waters of the Chesapeake, make those killed in that region to be most esteemed by epicures, possessing as they do, in a super-eminent degree, the rich, juicy tenderness of flesh, and delicacy of flavor which places the Canvas-back at the head of the whole family of ducks.

Wilson, who is quite enthusiastic in his account of this species of duck, describes its size and plumage as follows: The Canvas-back is two feet long, and three feet in extent, and when in good order, weighs three pounds; the bill is large, rising high in the head, three inches in length, and one inch and three-eighths thick at the base, of a glossy-black; eye very small; irides, dark-red; cheeks, and

forepart of the head, blackish-brown; rest of the head, and greater part of the neck, bright, glossy, reddish-chestnut, ending in a broad space of black, that covers the upper part of the breast, and spreads around to the back; back, scapulars, and tertials, white, faintly marked with an infinite number of transversely waving lines or points, as if done with a pencil, whole lower parts of the breast, also the belly, white, slightly penciled in the same manner, scarcely perceptible on the breast, pretty thick toward the vent; wing coverts, grey, with numerous specks of blackish; primaries and secondaries, pale slate, two or three of the latter of which, nearest the body, are finely edged with a deep, velvety-black, the former dusky at the tips; tail very short, pointed, consisting of fourteen feathers, of a hoary-brown; vent and tail coverts, black; lining of the wing, white; legs and feet, very pale ash, the latter three inches in width, a circumstance which partly accounts for its great powers of swimming. The female is somewhat less than the male, and weighs two pounds and three-quarters; the crown is blackish-brown; cheeks and throat of a pale drab; neck, dull brown; breast, as far as the black extends in the male, dull brown, skirted in places with pale drab; beak, dusky white, crossed with fine waving lines; belly, of the same dull white, penciled like the back; wings, feet, and bill, as in the male; tail coverts, dusky; vent, white, waved with brown. The windpipe of the male has a large, flattish, concave labyrinth, the ridge of which is covered with a thin transparent membrane, where the trachea enters this it is very narrow, but immediately above swells to three times that diameter.

Considerable skill is required to enable the sports-

man to get within gun-shot of his favorite game. Not only are they extremely shy, but they possess such speed and agility in swimming and diving, as to render pursuit hopeless, when they are only wing-tipped by a shot. One of the most common ways of bringing them to within the range of a gun is by *tolling*. The gunner having affixed a red handkerchief, or other attractive object, to the back of a well trained dog, secrets himself on the bank, and the dog plays backward and forward on the margin of the stream. Impelled by curiosity, the ducks approach the shore, and the gunner shoots at them on the water, and as they rise. In very cold weather it is customary to make holes in the ice, directly above their favorite grass, and within gunshot of a hut, or place of concealment for the hunter, on the bank. Distressed by want of food, the game congregates about these openings, and falls a prey to its enemy.

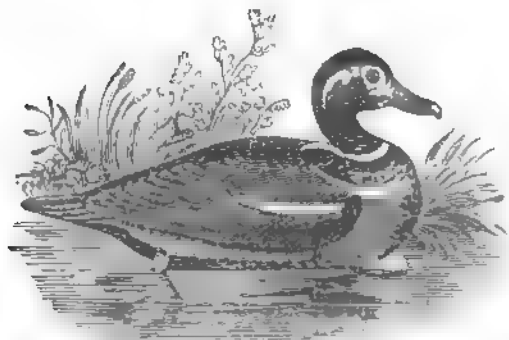
The most effectual way of bagging the Canvas-back, however, is by shooting it at night. The position of a flock having been previously marked, the sportsman takes to his skiff by moonlight, and by taking advantage of the shadow of the woody bank or cliff, paddles silently to within fifteen or twenty yards of a flock of a thousand, among whom he makes great slaughter. Killing them by night, however, soon causes them to abandon the place where they have been thus shot at. By continuing the bait for several days in succession, they may be decoyed to particular places, by seeds and grain, especially wheat.

In connection with the Canvas-back, we may notice the Pochard, or Red-Headed Duck, his near relative, and constant associate. Feeding upon the same kind of food, they become almost equal in size and flavor to the Canvas-back, and are, in fact, very frequently sold and eaten for the same. The sportsman, of course, cannot be deceived as to the real Canvas-back, yet it may not be superfluous to describe the plumage of the Pochard, that others may be enabled to detect this imposition.

The Red-head is twenty inches in length, and two feet six inches in extent; bill, dark slate, sometimes black, two inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch thick at the base, furnished with a large, broad nail at the extremity; irides, flame coloured; plumage of the head, long, velvety, and inflated, running high above the base of the bill; head, and about two inches of the neck, deep, glossy, reddish-chestnut; rest of the neck, and upper part of the breast, black, spreading round to the back; belly, white, becoming dusky toward the vent by closely marked, undulating lines of black; back and scapulars, bluish-white, rendered gray by numerous transverse, waving lines of black; lesser wing-coverts, brownish-ash; wing quills, very pale slate, dusky at the tips; lower part of the back and sides, under the wings, brownish black, crossed with regular zigzag lines of whitish; vent, rump, tail, and tail-coverts, black; legs and feet, dark ash.

Among epicures, the Pochard is ranked next to the Canvas-back. It is sometimes met with in the waters of North and South Carolina, and also in Jersey and New York, but always in fresh water, near the sea; in the waters of the Chesapeake it is most numerous. It is abundant in Russia, in Denmark, in the north of Germany, in England, Holland, France, and Italy. Their walk is awkward and difficult; their cry resembles the hollow hiss of a serpent; and their flight different, and more rapid, than that of the common wild duck; and the noise of their wings is different. In the London markets these ducks are sold under the name of Dun birds, and are deservedly esteemed. In England they are principally taken in decoys after the following manner. A pond is prepared for the Pochards, as well as for the others, and a situation is chosen which shall possess, in the most eminent degree, the three attractions of cover, quietness, and proximity to the feeding-ground. It is technically called a *sight-pond*, because the birds are captured when they are first on the wing; and the nets by which this is effected, are so placed as that they may act to windward of the birds—as ducks always fly to windward when they take the wing. The net is kept ready extended on the tops of the reeds, or other cover, upon poles, which, by means of a counterpoise at the bottom, can be easily erected, upon withdrawing the pins by which they are held down; when this is done, the poles rise and elevate the net to the height of about thirty feet; and this takes place just as the birds are alarmed and made to take the wing. They strike against the net, are thrown off their balance, and are thrown on the ground, which, all under the net, is formed into little pens or traps, into which the birds fall, and are unable again to take the wing. The numbers caught in this way, at one skillful application of the net, are often perfectly astonishing; and they tumble into the pens, one over the other, till the lower ones are killed, and sometimes pressed nearly flat with the burden of their companions. It is mentioned that, on some parts of the Essex coast, a wagon load of Pochards has been taken at one drop of the net.

The market of Philadelphia is very plentifully supplied both with Canvas-backs and Red-heads during the latter part of autumn and the winter. The price of the former varies from a dollar and a quarter per brace to three dollars. The latter seldom bring more than one dollar. All the hotels of note treat their guests frequently to Canvas-backs during the season; and private parties, where luxury is specially consulted, generally have the entertainment graced by a course of this highly valued game. European epicures have long envied the Americans the possession of this splendid bird; but lately the rapid intercourse by steamers between this country has enabled the *bon vivant* of London and Paris to enjoy the envied American luxury at home. Queen Victoria, we are informed, has tasted Canvas-backs at her own board.

HARLEQUIN DUCK. (*Clangula Histrionica*.)

THE sub-genus, *Clangula*, embraces several species of ducks, small in size, but very active. They are found most abundantly in the northern parts of our continent, only appearing in the Middle States of the Union when they are driven from their habitations by the ice. The general characters of the sub-genus present a short and narrow bill; the feathers on the scapulars produced, pointed and apart from each other; the third quills passing over the primaries in the closed wing.

The first species which presents itself to our notice is the common Golden Eye, known to many of our gunners by the name of the Brass-Eyed Whistlers. The latter name it derives from the noisy whistling of its short wings, as it rises when flushed. It does not appear to possess any audible voice, and never utters a cry, or a quack, when disturbed. Easy of approach, they are nevertheless exceedingly difficult to kill, as they dive with such dexterity at the flash of a gun, or the twang of a bow, as to set at defiance the Aborigines, who have ascribed to them supernatural powers, and named them the Conjuring, or Spirit Duck. The Golden Eye has been the subject of much diversity of opinion among naturalists, and we therefore the more readily give place to Wilson's accurate description of his plumage. The Golden Eye is nineteen inches long, and twenty-nine inches in extent, and weighs, on an average, about two pounds; the bill is black, short, rising considerably up in the forehead; the plumage of the head, and part of the neck, is somewhat humid, and of a dark green, with violet reflections, marked near the corner of the mouth with an oval spot of white; the irides are golden-yellow; rest of the neck, breast, and whole lower parts, white, except the flanks, which are dusky; back and wings, black; over the latter, a broad bed of white extends from the middle of the lesser coverts to the extremity of the secondaries, the exterior scapulars are also white; tail, hoary brown; tail-coverts, black; legs and toes, reddish-orange, webs very large, and of a dark purplish-brown; hind toe, and exterior edge of the inner one, broadly flamed; sides of the bill, obliquely dentated; tongue covered above with a fine, thick, velvety down, of a whitish color. The full plumaged female is seventeen inches in length, and twenty

seven inches in extent; bill, brown, orange near the tip; head, and part of the neck, brown, or very dark drab, bounded below by a ring of white, below that the neck is ash, tipped with white; rest of the lower part, white; wings dusky, six of the secondaries and their greater coverts, pure white, except the tips of the last, which are touched with dusky spots; rest of the wing coverts sinereous, mixed with whitish; back and scapulars, dusky, tipped with brown; feet, dull orange, across the vent a band of sinereous; tongue, covered with the same velvety down as the male. The young birds of the first season very much resemble the females, but may generally be distinguished by the white spot, or at least its rudiments, which marks the corner of the mouth, yet in some cases even this is variable, both old and young male birds occasionally wanting the spot.

Its flesh is well flavored, and it is equally common, in the winter season, in all the coasts of the United States. It is essentially a water bird, and walks with extreme difficulty. The birds known in the Carolinas by the name of Dippers, and in Pennsylvania and New Jersey by the appellation of Butter Box, belong to the *Clangula*, and are known by the specific name of Spirit Ducks, which they have acquired by successful evasions of the bullet and the arrow. They are even more difficult to bag than the Golden Eye, for when wounded with shot, they conceal themselves with great art beneath the water, remaining submerged to the bill until they fall into the jaws of a hungry pike, or are abandoned by the disappointed sportsman.

Of all the *Clangulas*, however, the most rare and most valued is the beautiful species whose representation we have given above. It is not unfrequently found off the coasts of New England, where the elegant crescents and circles of white which ornament its neck and breast have gained for it the proud title of The Lord, and, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, the Painted Duck. It swims and dives well, has a whistling note, flies swift and to a great height, but always takes to the water on the report of a gun, as its most secure and natural element. Its flesh is extremely good, far superior as game, to the Wild Duck,

SINGLETON SNIPPE.

WHO MARRIED FOR A LIVING.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.



"Used to be—"

We have, as a general rule, an aversion to this species of qualifying phraseology, in which so many are prone to indulge. It seems to argue a disposition like to that of Iago, who "was nothing if not critical," and it indicates a tendency to spy out flaws and to look after defect—a disposition and a tendency at war, we think, with that rational scheme of happiness which derives its comfort from the reflection of the sunny side of things. "It was"—"she has been"—"he used to be"—and so forth, as if all merit were a reminiscence—if not past, at least passing away. Is that a pleasure? Would it not be quite as well to applaud the present aspect, and to be satisfied with the existing circumstance, instead of murmuring over the fact that once it was brighter?

But yet there is a difference—

Yes—decidedly—the matter here is beyond the possibility of a dispute.

There is a difference—lamentable enough you may term it, between the Singleton Snippe that was, and the Singleton Snippe that is.

The Singleton Snippe that was, is not now an existence; and the probabilities are that he never will be again. Nothing is stable in this world but instability; and the livery-stable of to-day is con-

verted into something else on the morrow, never more to be a stable, unstable stable. And so with men as well as with horses—for this perpetual revolution of human affairs goeth not backwards, except when the rope breaks on an inclined plane, making it a down-hill sort of a business. Snippe is on the down-hill—rather.

The Singleton Snippe that is, stands picturesquely and pictorially before you—patiently, as it were, and on a monument.

And now, was there ever—we ask the question of those who remember Snippe in his primitive and natural state—was there ever a merrier fellow than the said Singleton Snippe, in the original, if we may term it so—before the said Singleton was translated into his present condition, and became tamed down from his erratic, independent eccentricities to the patient tolerance of the band-box and the bundle? Who, thus remembering and thus contrasting Singleton Snippe as he was, with the Singleton Snippe as he is now portrayed, could possibly believe that there are processes in life—chemistries and alchemies—which could bring the man of to-day so diametrically opposite to the same man of yesterday; and cause the Singleton Snippe of the past to differ with such strangeness from the Singleton Snippe of the current era? Two Snippes, as plain as may be; but legally and responsibly the same Snippe. There was Snippe the bold—Snippe the reckless—Snippe the gay and hilarious—scoffing, joking, jeering Snippe—Snippe that was always on hand for mischief or for fun—Snippe, with the cigar in his mouth, or the champagne glass in his grasp—yes, that very Snippe whom you have so often heard in the street, disturbing slumber by the loud and musical avowal of his deliberate determination not to "go home till morning," as if it would, barring the advantage of the daylight, be any easier to him then, and whose existence was ever a scene of uproar and jollity, except in the repentant intervals of headache and exhaustion. And then, besides his ornamental purposes, he was such a useful member of society, this Singleton Snippe, in the consumption of the good things of this life at the restaurants and in the oyster saloons.

Was not that a Snippe—something like a Snippe?

But, alas for Snippe, the last representative of the illustrious firm of "Tom & Jerry." Who is there now—now that Snippe is withdrawn as a partner from the establishment—to maintain the credit of the house? Snippe is snubbed—snubbed is Snippe. Well, well, well—let the watchmen—sweet voices

of the night—rejoice in their boxes, if they will, over their pine kindlings, and their hot sheet-iron stoves—rejoice in their cosy slumbers, that the original Snippe no longer molests their ancient, solitary reign, by uncouth noises, preliminary, symphonious, and symptomatic to a row. And let the cabmen—want a cab, sir?—be merry, too, with rein in hand, or reclining against the friendly wall, that they are no more to be victimized by the practical jocularities of the school of Singleton Snippe. What relish have they for the gracefulness of existence—its little playful embellishments, that bead and dimple the dull surface of the pond into the varieties of playful fantasy.

Such as these would describe a boy of the superlative order of merit, as “one that goes straight home and never stops to play on the road;” and we all know that Singleton Snippe never went straight home in the whole course of his experience.

Home!

Home, it should be understood, so much vaunted by the poets, and so greatly delighted in by the antipodes to Snippe, is regarded in quite a different light—humdrummish—by the disciples of Snippeism. Home, according to them, is not so much a spot to retire to, as a place to escape from—a centre of rendezvous, no doubt, with the washerwoman, the bootblack, and other indispensable people of that sort. Snippe's new clothes were always sent home; and long bills, provocative of long faces, were apt to follow them with the certainty of cause and effect. But to stay at home himself—what—Snippe?—He stay at home? He was called for occasionally at that point—his breakfast was taken there, when any degree of appetite remained from the preceding night; and a note would eventually reach its destination if left for him there. But it required a very unusual conjunction of circumstances to find Singleton Snippe at home more frequently than could be helped. Home, in Snippe's estimation, was the embodiment of a yawn—he never heard of it without the most extended of gapes. He could not speak of it without opening his mouth to the extent of its volume; and Snippe's mouth is not a diamond edition, but rather an octavo, if not rising to the dignity of a quarto, at least when he is drinking. “Home!” said he; “home's a bore. What fun is there at home, except dozing over the fire, or snoring on a sofa?”

Home, indeed!—Talk to Snippe about staying at home, if you would risk a home-icide. To be sure, when too ill to run about, Singleton Snippe remained unwillingly at home, as if it were a hospital; and he staid at home once for the space of an evening, merely to try the experiment, when he was in health; but before he went to bed, Snippe had thoughts of sending for the Coroner, to sit upon his body, but changed his mind and brewed a jorum of punch, which, after he had shod the cat with walnut shells, somewhat reconciled him to the monotone of domestic enjoyment. But Snippe never stayed

at home again, not he. Home is where the heart is; and Snippe's heart was a traveler—a locomotive heart, perambulating; and it had no tendencies toward circumscription and confine. That put him out of heart altogether.

Wherever any thing was going on—“a fight or a foot-race,” according to popular phraseology, which thus distinguishes the desirable in the shape of spectacular entertainment—there was Snippe, with his hat set knowingly on one side, to indicate that if others felt out of their element on the occasion, he, Snippe, was perfectly at home under all circumstances—the more at home, the more singular the occasion, and the more strange the circumstance; and his hat was the more knowingly set on to indicate the extent of his superiority to vulgar prejudices. It was the hat of a practical philosopher—of a thorough bred man of the world, who could extract sport from any thing, and who did not care, so that the occurrence afforded excitement, whether other people thought it reprehensible or not. Yes, yes—there is much in a hat—talk of your physiognomy and your phrenology—what are they as indications of character, feeling, and disposition, compared to the “set” of one's beaver? Look at courage, will you, with its hat drawn resolutely down upon its determined brow. Dare you dispute the way with such a hat as that? The meek one and the lowly, with his hat placed timidly on the back of his head, does not every bully practice imposition there? Hats turned up behind, indicate a scornful indifference to public opinion in all its phases—say what you will, who cares? While the hat turned up before, has in it a generous confidence, free from suspicion of contempt. Nay, more—when science has made a further progress, why should not the expression of the hat afford knowledge of the passing mood of mind in its wearer, the hat shifting and changing in position as the brain beneath forms new combinations of thought? Let the shop-boy answer; does he not discover at a glance, from the style in which his master wears his hat at the moment, whether he, the subordinate, is to be greeted with scoldings and reproaches, or with commendations and applause? Does not the hat paternal forbode the sunshine or the storm; and as the pedagogue approaches school, where is the trembling truant who does not discern “the morn's disaster” from the cocking of that awful hat? There cannot be a doubt of it. The science of the hat yet remains to be developed; and deep down in the realms of ignorance are they who have not reflected yet upon the clue afforded by the hat to what is passing in the soul of him who wears it.

Thus, you could distinguish Singleton Snippe's hat at a horse-race, at a riot, or at a fire—equally delighted was that hat at every species of uproar—in the street—the lobby—the bar-room, or wherever else that hat could spy out “fun,” the great staple of its existence, with this advantage, that it had an instinct of peril, and could extricate itself from

danger without the slightest ruffling of its fur. Snippe was wise—Snippe preferred that all detriments should fall to the share of others, while the joke remained with him.

But at last, a change reached even unto the hat of Snippe—change comes to all; a change, singularly enough, that took all other change from the pockets of Snippe. He was obliged to discover that the mere entertainments of life are not a commodity to live upon, and that however pleasant it may be to amuse one's self, the profits therefrom accruing, do not furnish continued means of delectation and delight. Snippe neglected his business, and consequently, his business, with a perversity peculiar to business, neglected Snippe—so that Snippe and Snippe's business had a falling out.

"This will never do," declared Snippe, after deep reflection on the subject of ways and means—"never do in the world."

But yet it did do—did do for Singleton Snippe, and effectually broke him up in the mercantile way, which involved all other ways; and so Mr. Snippe resolved to make the most available market that presented itself for the retrieval of past error. Snippe resolved to marry—advantageously, of course. Snippe was not poetical—he had no vein of romance in his constitution; he could live very well by himself, if he only had the means for that purpose; but not having the means, unfortunate Snippe, he determined to live by somebody else, living of some sort being a matter of necessity in Snippe's estimation, though no other person could discover what necessity there was for the living of Snippe. The world might revolve without a Snippe; and affairs generally would work smoothly enough, even if he were not present. Snippe labored under a delusion.

But still—not having much of philosophy in his composition to enable him to discover that, so far as the general economy of the universe is concerned, it was no matter whether Singleton Snippe obtained a living or not; and lacking the desire, if not also the ability, to work out that living by his own energies of head and hands, Snippe, according to his own theory, having too much of proper pride and of commendable self-respect to engage in toil, though some of the unenlightened gave it the less respectful designation of laziness, which, perhaps, is a nearer relative to the pride of the Snippes than is generally supposed—Snippe, as already intimated, made up his mind to marry as aforesaid—upon the mercantile principle—bartering Snippe as a valuable commodity, (without regard to the penal enactments against obtaining goods on false pretences) for a certain share of boarding and lodging, and of the other appliances required for the outfit and the sustenance of a gentleman of wit and leisure about town—Snippe offered to the highest bidder—Snippe put up, and Snippe knocked down—going—gone!

Now although there are many who would not have had Singleton Snippe about the premises, even

as a gift, and would have rejected him had he been offered as a Christmas-box, yet there was a rich widow, having the experience of three or four husbands, who did not hesitate on the experiment of endeavoring to fashion our Snippe into the shape and form of a good and an available husband. Mrs. Dawkins was fully aware of the nature of his past life, and of the peculiarities of his present position. She likewise formed a shrewd guess as to the reasons which impelled him to seek her well-filled hand, and to sigh after her plethoric purse—Snippe in search of a living; but confident in her own skill—justly confident, as was proved by the result—to reduce the most rebellious into a proper state of submissiveness and docility, she yielded her blushing assent to become the blooming bride of Singleton Snippe, and to undertake the government of that insubordinate province, the state of man.

"I shall marry Mrs. Dawkins," thought Snippe; but, alas! how mistakenly; "I shall marry her," repeated he, "and, for a week or two, I'll be as quiet as a lamb, sitting there by the fire a twiddling of my thumbs, and saying all sorts of sweet things about 'love,' and 'ducky,' and so forth. But as soon after that as possible, when I've found out how to get at the cash, then Mrs. Dawkins may make up her mind to be astonished a little. That dining-room of hers will do nice for suppers and card parties, and punch and cigars—we'll have roaring times in that room, mind I tell you we will. I'll have four dogs in the yard—two pinters, a poodle, and a setter; and they shall come into the parlor to sleep on the rug, and to hunt the cat whenever they want to. A couple of horses besides—I can't do without horses—a fast trotter, for fun, and a pacer, for exercise; and a great many more things, which I can't remember now. But Mrs. Dawkins has a deal to learn, I can tell her. There's nothing humdrum about Singleton Snippe; and if she did hearken my illustrious predecessors, she has got to find the difference in my case."

So Snippe emphasized his hat plump upon his brow, and looked like the individual, not Franklin, that defied the lightning.

"And I shall marry Singleton Snippe," also soliloquized Mrs. Dawkins, "who is described to me as one of the wildest of colts, and as being only in pursuit of my money. Well, I'm not afraid. A husband is a very convenient article to have about the house—to run errands, to call the coach, to quarrel with work-people, and to accompany me on my visits. Everybody ought to have a husband to complete the furniture; and as for his being a wild colt, as Mrs. Brummagem says, I should like to see the husband of mine who will venture to be disobedient to my will when he has to come to me for every thing he wants. I'll teach Mr. Singleton Snippe to know his place in less than a week, or else Mr. Singleton Snippe is a very different person from the generality of men."

Thus Singleton Snippe and Mrs. Dorothea Daw-

kins became one, on the programme above specified; and thus Mr. Singleton Snippe, whose last dollar was exhausted in the marriage fee, was enabled to obtain a living. Poor Snippe!

Glance, with tear in eye, if tears you have, at the portrait of the parties now first laid before the public—note it in your books, how sadly Singleton Snippe is metamorphosed from the untamed aspect that formerly distinguished him in the walks of men, and tell us whether Driesbach, Van Amburg, or Carter, ever effected a revolution so great as we find here presented. Observe the bandbox, and regard the umbrell—see—above all—see how curiously and how securely Singleton Snippe's hand is enfolded in that of Mrs. Singleton Snippe, that she may be sure of him, and that he may not slip from her side, and relapse into former habits—"safe bind, safe find," is the matrimonial motto of Mrs. Singleton Snippe. Moreover, in vindication of our favorite theory of the expression of the beaver, mark ye the drooping aspect of Snippe's chapeau, as if it had been placed there by Mrs. Snippe herself, to suit her own fancy, and to avoid the daring look of bachelor, which is her especial detestation.

Snippe is subdued—a child might safely play with him.

And now, curious psychologist and careful commentator on the world, would ye learn how results apparently so miraculous, were effected and brought about? Read, then, and be wiser.

Snippe has his living, for he is living yet, though he scarcely calls it living—but Mrs. Snippe firmly holds the key of the strong-box, and thus grasps the reins of authority. The Snippes are tamed as lions are—by the mollifying and reducing result of the system of short allowances. Wonderful are the effects thereof, triumphant over Snippes—no suppers, no cards, no punches, and no cigars. The dogs retreated before judicious applications of the broom-handle; and it was found a matter of impossibility to trot those horses up—the arm of cavalry formed no branch in the services of Singleton Snippe.

Foiled at other points, Mr. Snippe thought that he might at least be able to disport himself in the old routine, and to roam abroad with full pockets in the vivacious field of former exploit; and he endeavored one evening silently to reach his hat and coat, and to glide away.

"Hey, hey!—what's that?—where, allow me to ask, are you going at this time of night, Mr. Snippe?" cried his lady in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out," responded Snippe, with a heart-broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed!—where 's out, I'd like to know?—where 's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fireside?"

"Out is nowhere's in particular, but everywhere's in general, to see what's going on. Everybody goes out, Mrs. Snippe, after tea, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, everybody don't—do I go out, Mr. Snippe, without being able to say where I am

going to? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic, and smoke, and drink, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. But you're not going out. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there, quietly, like a sober, respectable man."

And so, Mr. Snippe's hat—wonder not at its dejection—was securely placed every evening under Mrs. Snippe's most watchful eye; and Mr. Snippe, after a few unavailing efforts to the contrary, was compelled to yield the point, to stay quietly at home, his peculiar detestation, and to nurse the lap-dog, and to cherish the cat, instead of bringing poodle and setter into the drawing-room to disconcert the feline favorite.

"I want a little money, Mrs. Snippe, if you please—some change."

"And, pray, allow me to ask what you want it for, Mr. Snippe?"

"To pay for things, my dear."

"Mr. Snippe, I tell you once for all, I'm not going to nurture you in your extravagance, I'm not. Money, indeed!—don't I give you all you wish to eat, and all you want to wear? Let your bills be sent to me, Mr. Snippe, and I'll save you all trouble on that score. What use have you for money? No, no—husbands are always extravagant, and should never be trusted with money. My money, Mr. Snippe—mine—jingling in your pockets, would only tempt you to your old follies, and lead you again to your worthless companions. I know well that husbands with money are never to be trusted out of one's sight—never. I'll take better care of you than that, Mr. Snippe, I will."

If Singleton Snippe ever did escape, he was forthwith brought to the confessional, to give a full and faithful account of all that had occurred during his absence—where he had been—whom he had seen—what he had done, and every thing that had been said, eliciting remarks thereon, critical and hypercritical, from his careful guardian; and so also, when a little cash did come into his possession, he was compelled to produce it, and to account for every deficient cent.

No wonder, then, that Singleton Snippe underwent

"A sea change,
Into something quaint and strange."

He married for a living, but while he lives, he is never sure whether it is himself or not, so different is the Singleton Snippe that is, from the Singleton Snippe that was.

If you would see and appreciate differences in this respect, it would not be amiss to call upon the Snippes, and to observe with what a subdued tranquilized expression, the once dashing, daring Snippe now sits with his feet tucked under his chair, to occupy as little room as possible, speaking only when he is spoken to, and confining his remarks to "Yes, Ma'm," and "No, Ma'm." Mrs. Snippe has "conquered a peace."

THE OATH OF MARION.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

(Concluded from page 99.)

CHAPTER VII.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Song of Marion's Men.

It was several days after the events of the last chapter, and the scene was one of wild and woodland beauty. Huge cypresses rose on every hand, festooned with parasite plants; broad glades opened here and there in all directions; and vast arcades stretched off in the distance, groined and vaulted like a Gothic minster. It was just such a spot as Robin Hood might have chosen in old Sherwood. Here were gnarled monarchs of the forest which had braved the lightnings and the storms of a thousand years: here were natural bowers, formed by the interlacing branches of the trees, such as fair Rosamond might have been sheltered in: here were vines, drooping from the huge branches, like curtains, or hanging in festoons across the way, like the draped banners of a mighty host. The whole scene was full of picturesque beauty. And the effect was heightened by fires, which, glimmering here and there between the trees, cast wild and flickering shades along the sward, and gave the prospect the air of an enchanted forest. Fragrant plants filled the evening atmosphere with delicious perfume—the laurel, the shrub, and, more exquisite than all, the sweet-scented jessamine.

This, as the reader may have imagined, was Marion's celebrated camp at Snow Island. It was a piece of high river swamp, nearly altogether enclosed by water, and defended by its natural position from surprise and siege alike. Here, after his famous expeditions, he was accustomed to retire and recruit his men, exhausted by the long and rapid marches, often sixty miles a day, which they had been called on to endure. Perhaps the great secret of this renowned partisan's success, next to his indomitable courage, which reminds us of that of a knight of chivalry, was the care which he took to give his followers sufficient rest between his enterprises. His maxim was to lie low and feed high until the hour came to strike; but then his motions were as rapid, and the blow he struck as decisive as the thunderbolt.

The present occasion was one of those on which his men, having returned from a successful expedition, were resigning themselves, like true soldiers, to the pleasure of the moment. The sentinels were indeed posted at the outskirts: but inside the camp itself was universal wassail and song. The reins of discipline seemed, for the time, to have been relaxed. The different messes were gathered together over their meals: the cheerful cup circulated from hand to hand: and many a merry jest was told, or lyric of war or love was sung by those jovial boon companions.

One of these groups seemed even more merry than the rest. It was composed of about a dozen men, prominent among whom was Preston's serjeant, Macdonald, who acted as the director of ceremonies for the time being, and saw especially to the circulation of the cup.

"Keep it up, boys," he said, handing around the bottle, "it isn't often we get such real old stuff as this, for it's not every day we have the rifling of a rich Tory's cellars, as we had last week. A short life and a merry one, is my motto. Hillo! my excellent friend, Jacob, why don't you drink? You needn't sit showing us your teeth all the time, though they are so handsome. Comrades, here's the health of Jacob Snow—that's you, my old chap, I suppose—he serves as pretty a mistress as there is in the thirteen colonies, and boasts a shin-bone that curves like a reaping-hook. Jacob Snow, standing, egad!"

"Lor, Massa Macdonald, I'm deeply obligated for dis honor," said the old butler, for it was indeed he. "I am discomfounded for words to distress my feelings." Here he laid his hand on his heart.

"That's it—blaze away, old fellow," said the serjeant, slapping him on the back, "I knew you could talk as glib as a parson. So you were at Mrs. Blakeley's when we were before that place, were you? You remember my sending in for my baggage!"

"Gor Amighty, yes!" said old Jacob, full of reverential admiration. "And you 'se de gentleman too dat shot Lieut. Torriano at three hundred yards. Yaw! yaw! yaw! dat made 'em furious. Major Lindsay said you were an Injun, and no better dan a cannon-ball—he, yaw!"

"Ha! ha! A cannibal, you mean, my old brave, I suppose. But that hitting of the lieutenant was a

trifle to the way I served Major Gainey. Was n't it, lads?"

"Ay, was it!" echoed half a dozen voices. "Tell it to him—tell it."

"Shall I?" said the serjeant, addressing Jacob with something of drunken gravity; for the whole party, by this time, had done ample justice to their flagons.

Old Jacob nodded, and Macdonald begun.

"Well, then, you must know, my jolly old blade—but fill your cup again, and drink perdition to the Englishmen—that a party of us had a brush down by Georgetown, not long ago, with some of the British regulars, who were killing beeves at White's Bridge. We soon whipped the red-coats, and then chased them toward the town. But their friends there, hearing the firing, came swarming out like bees, and so we went at it again, hip and thigh as the good book says, and for a while it was the toss of a sixpence which should win. We fought a pretty smart bit of the day: but at last the red-coats gave ground again. I had noticed among them an officer whom I took for Major Gainey, a fellow that had the impudence to boast he'd carry Marion a prisoner on his saddle into Georgetown: and so I singled him out, resolving to try his pluck, and comb him down a spell. But no sooner did he see me, coming down on Black Bess, than he clapped spurs to his horse—and a cursedly good one it was—and made straight for the town, like an old woman who sees a mad-dog. Down the road we went, clattering and thundering; but devil a bit for a long while could I gain on the major. I might have cut down half a dozen strapping fellows as I dashed along, but I had made up my mind to have nothing short of the leader himself. Old Black Bess did wonders that day! The trees and fences shot past, as if running a race. The major's blooded horse went as I never saw a beast go before, but I was close behind, and beginning to gain on him. We were now almost at the entrance of Georgetown. Still I held on, whooping to old Bess like a mad devil, as I was. Just as I reached Richmond fence, I lapped the quarter of the major's horse, and with a lunge ran my bayonet into his back. The major had turned around, frightened half to death, lifting up his hands beseechingly; and I, thought I had him sure, till the cursed bayonet came off, and left me only the gun. I was mad enough at having lost him, yet I could not help laughing as I saw him go down the streets of Georgetown, the bayonet still sticking in him, like a skewer into a trussed fowl. I hauled up, and came off safe; and that's the last we've heard of Major Gainey."

With narratives like these the night passed; the old butler listening with open mouth and ears. At length, toward midnight, the tread of a horse's feet was heard, and directly a clear, commanding voice called Macdonald by name.

"The captain, by the Lord!" exclaimed the serjeant, jumping up as if struck by an electric shock.

"Here he is at last, alive and sound, which I began to fear for—Huzza! But stop. Now, Jacob Snow, Esq., deliver your mission. Stand up like a man, as I do, and don't sway about like a pine tree in a hurricane. Captain, this gentleman," continued the speaker, his voice getting thicker and thicker, "has a message for you from Miss Mowbray, but he's too cursedly drunk to know it."

At these words our hero, who was regarding the group with a look of silent rebuke, turned suddenly on the old butler, who was, if truth must be told, the only sober one of the party. A flash of joy lit up Capt. Preston's face as he extended his hand for the supposed letter. Old Jacob, who had no misgiving of that character to deliver, but who had come wholly on his own responsibility, hesitated what to say. While the two parties are thus regarding each other, we will explain the incidents which had brought them thus unexpectedly together.

Capt. Preston had found great difficulty in regaining the camp, in consequence of Major Lindsay having left word of the place, where he had sought refuge, with some Tories in the neighborhood. These men, anxious to secure so redoubtable a leader, had immediately stationed patrols at all the usual outlets of the swamp, and thus twice had our hero been driven back into its recesses, once narrowly escaping death. At length, however, in the dead of night, he had succeeded in eluding his enemies, and gained the high-road. His flight, however, had led him into a district full of Tories, and he was forced to travel with great caution, and make a long circuit, in order to return to the camp. Meantime his absence there had occasioned much alarm, especially among his troop; and Macdonald had intended, if he did not appear by the ensuing morning, setting forth to make inquiries respecting him, fearing he was dead.

The old butler had been in the camp two days. He had attended his mistress to Georgetown, and was the only one who suspected the true state of Kate's heart. He loved that fair creature with the blind devotion a dog shows to its master; and he had long been fully satisfied that her affections were given to Preston. Of our hero he had some such idea as the old romancers had of a Paladin of former days, looking on him as capable of doing any deed, no matter how impossible. To old Jacob it seemed only necessary that Preston should know of Kate's danger, in order to rescue her. Accordingly, when he found the marriage actually resolved on, and the day fixed, he stole out of Georgetown, and made the best of his way to Marion's camp.

Here the news of Preston's absence fell on him like a thunderbolt. But he knew that no one else could assist him; and moreover he held Kate's secret too sacred to be imparted to others. Meantime, he found amusement in listening to the tales of the soldiers, and he was never happier than when, with mouth wide open, he sat devouring some story of the war. He implicitly believed

every thing he heard, and thought with humble vanity what a sensation he would create in the kitchen at Blakeley Hall, when he rehearsed there those tales; for Jacob, in his lowly way, was a sort of Froissart, and, with the unctuous old canon, thought nothing so "honorable and glorious as gallant feats of arms."

Preston now drew the butler aside, and said,

"Have you the letter here?"

"Please, massa," said the old fellow, determined to blurt through the business with a round falsehood, since he could think of nothing else just then that would serve his turn, "Please, massa, dat was a cursed lie in Sarjeant Macdonald—I nebber had a letter from Miss Kate, but I hab one lily message from her. She is in Georgetown, in a polemic—either she must marry Major Lindsay, or Mr. Mowbray be hung."

"Good God!" exclaimed Preston, "What is it you say? Trifle not with me," he said sternly, seizing the slave by the collar.

"As true as dare is a heaven above," said the old butler trembling, and half frightened out of his wits; "what I say is de Gospel truth."

He then proceeded to give Preston a more detailed account of affairs, so far as they were known to him, adhering generally to the truth, except in roundly asserting that Kate had sent him.

Preston's heart throbbed when he heard this. Kate loved him, then, after all. Hope whispered to him a bewildering dream; for if she could be rescued, what happiness might be his. But then came the thought—how was this to be effected? Kate was at Georgetown, a post of considerable strength, and no succor could reach her, unless by stratagem; yet with time this might be effected. But in what manner could the vigilance of guards be surmounted, and the prizes carried off—for it was necessary to rescue her father as well as herself? Suddenly the voice of old Jacob aroused him from the train of thought into which he was plunged.

"Dere is lily time left, sar," he said, "for I hab waited here two days. To-morrow night it will be too late, for den de wedding is to take place."

"To-morrow night!" said Preston aghast—for now he heard, for the first time, of the period fixed for the marriage. "God of heaven! it is already too late—she is lost for ever."

He turned his face, tortured with anguish, up to the moon, which was sailing, full and bright, through the blue depths of air. How calm and unruffled was that silvery planet? Ages ago it had shewn thus, equally cold and unsympathizing. It had seen the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter; it had beheld the fugitive Pompey; it had gazed on Zenobia, when a crownless queen; it had looked down on pestilence, and war, and human misery in every shape—and still it held on its course, the same cold, unfeeling orb, mocking at man and his agony. Preston turned away and groaned. Heaven as well as earth seemed without hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words."—OTHELLO.

We left Preston tortured with the reflection that the news of Kate's peril had come too late. Half insane with the thought, he strode to and fro in his marquee. Suddenly an orderly appeared at the door and requested our hero's presence at headquarters, where a council of officers was to be immediately held.

Wondering what enterprise called them together, and fearful lest duty should prevent his obtaining the furlough which he intended to ask, in order that he might save Kate, or at least die in the attempt, he walked moodily to the tent of Marion. Here he found the leading captains of the brigade already assembled, late as was the hour; and beside them, Col. Lee, who had just joined Marion with his legion, subsequently so celebrated in that partisan war.

"I believe Capt. Preston is the last one expected—I am glad to see him safely returned," said Marion, when our hero, having bowed to his brother officers, had assumed a seat, "and, as the affair on which we have met is urgent, we will proceed at once to business. Capt. Horry, will you state the purpose of this assembly, after that we will listen to you all, beginning with Capt. Preston, who is the youngest."

Every eye, as he spoke, had been turned on Marion; and as hitherto we have given no description of this celebrated personage, we will employ the interval in drawing his picture. Marion, at that time, was about forty-eight years old; small of stature, swarthy in visage, and having a face crossed by many lines of thought. Without being positively stern in aspect, there was a hard expression in his countenance, which at first might seem to augur a bosom equally hard; but Marion was, in reality, a man of a singularly mild temperament; and the usually passionless expression of his face arose rather from the firmness of his character, and the responsibilities of his station, than from any lack of human sympathy. His eyes were dark, small, and piercing; but at times they kindled with enthusiasm. This, indeed, was the only evidence that a physiognomist could have found of genius in Marion; but when those eyes flashed indignantly at wrong, blind, indeed, must he have been, who did not see the master-spirit within. In attire, this great partisan leader was simple and modest. His words generally were few; and, after the exertion he made in welcoming Preston, he sank back into a silence which he maintained until the conference was breaking up, only, as each officer delivered his opinion, Marion would cast on him a momentary glance, as if to read his soul, and then sink his head on his breast, thoughtful and abstracted.

In a few words Capt. Horry explained the purpose for which the council had been convened. A spy had just come in with the intelligence that the

garrison of Georgetown had been considerably reduced; on which Col. Lee had proposed that an attack should be made upon the place, since the country expected some bold and decisive stroke, now that his forces and Marion's were united. The plan he suggested was, that a portion of the brigade should drop down the Pedee by night, and lie in ambush below the town; that, on the succeeding night, this party should enter the town on that defenceless side, and taking it by surprise, open an entrance for their comrades, who, led by Lee and Marion in person, would be ready, at the signal, to assail the entrenchments on the landward side.

The heart of Preston leaped into his throat as he heard this proposal. "Perhaps Kate may yet be saved," he said to himself.

Accordingly, when Horry ceased, and Marion, by a nod, signified his desire for our hero to speak, Preston's eyes kindled, and he answered,

"My voice is for the attack, whatever be the odds. The opportunity for a bold, a resolute assault, is all I ask for. We will die to a man, or succeed. I will undertake, if necessary, to charge with my company up to the very muzzles of the battery which defends the town."

Lee turned to Horry and nodded approvingly at these words. "A lad of spirit," he whispered apart. "I have heard of his daring at Blakeley's. Had there been more such at Camden, we never would have lost that day." Marion, however, took no further notice of Preston's fiery speech than to turn to the next officer at the table; but a very close observer might have detected a sudden gleam of the general's eye, like a flash, gone in a moment.

The opinions of the other officers were in the main less favorable to the enterprise than Preston's; and so many obstacles were mentioned as necessary to overcome, that he was in torture lest the undertaking should be abandoned. Even Lee seemed to hesitate, startled at the difficulties brought forward. Had military discipline permitted it, Preston would have broken in on the conference; but he was forced to sit silent, hearing obstacle after obstacle canvassed as unconquerable; yet his flashing eye, and the agitation of his countenance, told how difficult it was to restrain himself.

At length all had delivered their opinions except Marion. He glanced around the board before he spoke, and his words fell on a breathless auditory. With Preston the excitement was intense to hear the general's decision.

"I find," said Marion, "that I am in the minority here; and that, except Col. Lee, and Captains Horry and Preston, I am almost alone. I do not go quite so far as these two latter, however, in considering the enterprise as certain of success, but I think it affords a fair chance—and bravery can do the rest. Besides, gentlemen," said he solemnly, "you know it was in an attempt on Georgetown that my nephew lost his life; and you all know, too, that I have sworn to avenge him. I have not forgotten my vow.

Before God, he shall be avenged before to-morrow night is past. This very night a part of the troops shall set forth." With these words he rose and dismissed the council.

Every heart was now alive for the enterprise. The memory of the outrage alluded to strung all to a pitch of indignation little short of frenzy. The watchword, "The Oath of Marion" was adopted by general consent, and passed from lip to lip.

Preston, it may well be supposed, was even more excited than his commander. His only fear now was that his succor would arrive too late. Agitated by this thought, he tossed to and fro on his couch, vainly seeking slumber. Many a muttered imprecation left his lips on the villain who had destroyed his happiness and that of Kate. Frequently he half breathed aloud the wish that his enemy was before him, man to man, with none to interfere between him and his revenge.

These thoughts mingled with his dreams, when, exhausted by his agitation, he sunk finally into a troubled and feverish slumber. Strange figures hovered around his bed, and haunted his morbid fancies. He imagined himself bound hand and foot, while his enemy came to exult over him, leading Kate by the hand, now a dejected, broken-hearted creature, whom to look at made tears start to the eyes. Then again she was seen, clothed in bridal white, extended, like a human sacrifice, upon an altar; while Major Lindsay, converted into a hideous priest of Moloch, stood ready to plunge the knife into her bosom. A third time he saw her, standing before a clergyman, while the marriage ceremony was performed between her and Major Lindsay; he thrilled with ecstasy to find he was not too late, and rushing forward to save her, the bridegroom was suddenly transformed into a grinning fiend, and she into a pale, cold corpse. Shivering with horror he awoke, and started from his bed; nor was it until he had passed his hand across his brow that the ghastly vision faded entirely.

But his waking thoughts were scarcely less harrowing than his dreams. Slowly the recollection of Kate's sacrifice, and his own unhappiness came back to him.

"To learn that I am loved, yet perhaps too late," he murmured. "Why was I so proud when we last met?"

The sound of the reveille, however, summoned him to his duty. On emerging from his marquee he saw that the camp was already in motion. The dragoons were rubbing their horses; the legion were polishing their arms; officers were superintending the mustering their several corps; and the whole scene was alive with bustle and noise—the neighing of steeds, and the voices of men mingling indiscriminately. Almost the first person Preston met was Serjeant Macdonald, dragging along the old butler.

"Are you quite fit for duty, serjeant?" said Preston.

"That was a bad example you set the men last night."

The serjeant looked somewhat abashed, and he stammered out his apology.

"Why, you see, captain, we had no work on our hands, and the Jamaica was uncommon good. Besides, we wished to do honor to this gentleman, Mr. Snow, I believe."

"Not Mr. Snow," said old Jacob, drawing himself up with dignity, "but Jacob Bakely, sar—massa gib me his own name. Massa Cap'n Preston know dat well enough," and he bowed, but with a familiar smile, to our hero.

"I remember you well, Jacob," said he, "but I fear you do not find our quarters as comfortable as those at Mrs. Blakeley's. We set out, in less than an hour, on a secret expedition, and perhaps you had better return home."

"Please God, no, massa!" interrupted the old man emphatically. "I volunteer sooner. Dis affair, I inspect, hab someting to do wid sweet missus Kate; and old Jacob will nebber desert her while he can fight."

"But he does not even know how to wield a sabre," said Preston, turning to his serjeant.

"Lord! I've had him at the broadsword exercise these two hours," replied Macdonald, aside to Preston. "He's wonderfully quick, considerin' he's a nigger; and he strikes, too, like a sledge-hammer. Besides, he's red hot with courage just now—a reg'lar black lobster boiled."

Preston smiled. He saw that the whole matter had been arranged between the two confederates.

"Well, since you are bent on trying a short campaign with us," he said, "I shall make no objection. Only, if you are killed, what am I to say to your mistress?"

Old Jacob looked aghast at the bare supposition, but he quickly rallied.

"Nebber fear dat," he replied grinning.

"No, indeed," replied Macdonald, "it would take a saw-mill to cut through your skull."

"My skull is not so tick as you tink, Massa Macdonald," replied old Jacob, tartly, turning on the serjeant, "I hab you know dat, sar."

"Well," said Preston, laughing, "no time is to be lost. Get ready at once to start."

The serjeant accordingly dragged off the volunteer, saying, good humoredly,

"Keep close to me when we charge, and put all your muscle into every blow you make. You've one excellent quality, let me tell you, without flattery—you hate those English damnably."

"Sartain, sar," said old Jacob, making a full stop until he delivered himself of his speech. "Dey are good looking offisur enough; but, sar, dey tink Jacob Bakely no more dan a hoss. It's Jacob here, and Jacob dare—and de best of missus wine at dat. Dey tink nobody gemman but darselves. I'ae show 'em dare mistake. Lor' A'mighty, sar, I extinguish dem."

CHAPTER IX.

"Wo the British soldiery,
That little dread us near;
On them shall light at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear."

A moment in the British camp—
A moment and away,—
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day."—BRYANT.

It was evening. In a large and spacious apartment, elegantly wainscoted, and filled with rich furniture, an innumerable number of lights were blazing, as if the room was shortly to witness a festival. Disposed about, on little exquisitely lacquered Chinese stands, were vases filled with flowers, most of them white. A rich Prayer-book lay open on a table at the head of the room. At the side a place had been fitted up for an orchestra. These were the preparations for the bridal of our heroine—strange mockery!

At length the company began to gather. Among numerous officers and other guests came Col. Campbell, the commander of the post, little dreaming of the tragedy in which unwittingly he was playing so very prominent a part. He was followed by Mr. Mowbray, accompanied by the groom. Major Lindsay was dressed in uniform, but he wore a white favor on his breast, and his sword-knot was of snowy ribbon. He walked with a firm, proud step, and looked around smiling. He knew that there was scarcely a brother officer that did not envy him the possession of his bride, and the consciousness of this increased the exuberance of his spirits. The prize he had so long struggled for was now about to be won; and all regret at his conduct had long since vanished. Gratiified triumph was written on every feature of his face.

Mr. Mowbray was attired with becoming elegance, though the guests remarked that his dress was almost too sad for a wedding. It might, indeed, with almost equal propriety have been worn at a funeral. The dress, in fact, was no bad type of Mr. Mowbray's feelings, and, perhaps, had been chosen on that account. The truth was, that in secret he could not reconcile himself to this union. Though Kate herself, weeping on his bosom, had declared she was ready to marry Major Lindsay, and though Mrs. Blakeley, herself deceived, had assured him that Kate's agitation arose only from the usual coyness of a maid, he could not expel from his heart an uneasy fear lest Kate had consented to this marriage only to save his life. Why else was she so pale? Why were her spirits so high in company, while she bore traces, as he thought, of tears in secret? Only that morning he had caught her weeping; and when he pressed to know the cause, she declared she was merely nervous—an assertion which Mrs. Blakeley corroborated. To purchase life with her unhappiness, was what he could not consent to; and but for her, the aged patriot, perhaps, would have scorned to purchase it on any terms.

As we have said, therefore, a secret presentiment filled Mr. Mowbray's heart with sadness. Something seemed to whisper to him that it was not yet too late to draw back. He seemed, indeed, like one going to a scaffold, rather than like the parent of a bride.

Directly the bride entered, attended by her aunt, and the daughter of one of the officers. Kate was dressed in simple white, without a single ornament, and every vestige of color had fled from her face, which looked almost like snowy wax. Still, she was wondrously beautiful. Even her deathly pallor, so like that of a corpse, that some of the females present actually shuddered and drew back as she approached, could not entirely destroy the effect of her surpassing figure, and the grace of every movement. Yet she looked rather like a nun about to take the veil than like a bride. Her smiles were no longer at her command—for the near approach of her doom had completely prostrated her. She seemed now what she was—a victim wreathed for the sacrifice.

She had sat in her room all that afternoon, in a sort of stupor, her fingers convulsively clasping and unclasping each other, and her eyes lent on the floor listlessly. The going out and coming in of her attendants attracted no attention. But she had not shed a tear. The fountains of her eyes seemed scorched up. When the time came to attire her for the ceremony, they had to rouse her; and the vacant gaze of inquiry she turned on the servant, made the slave, for a moment, think her insane. But when her aunt came in to superintend her toilet, she seemed to revive, and with an effort rose from her chair, and welcomed her with a smile—but one like a sunbeam on a wintry day, cold, and shuddering to look upon. From this moment, however, she was more like herself, though at times the muscles of her mouth would twitch convulsively. At other times she would turn away her head, and an expression of heart-breaking woe would then shoot across her countenance; but, on meeting her aunt's eye once more, she would essay again to smile.

A few moments before the ceremony was to begin, they left her alone for a moment. She was standing before the mirror, and her eyes fell on the reflection of her form.

"The sacrifice will soon be complete," she said bitterly. "God forgive me—yet surely I am doing right. Oh! that I could weep, but there is a load here," and she pressed both hands on her breast, "that keeps back the tears. It is like burning fire."

Who would have believed that this ghastly face was the once radiant one of Kate Mowbray?

Her father stood near the door as she entered. He was struck with the dry, stony expression of her face, and started forward to her side. He spoke in a whisper, but with startling earnestness.

"I adjure you, my daughter," he said, "tell me—are you willing to go on with this matter? Say but a word, and it shall be broken off."

Kate lifted her eyes to his with a sudden movement, and the glance they gave was full of unutterable love. It was such, if we may say so without presumption, as a martyred spirit might have turned to heaven from the stake. It thrilled every nerve in that father's frame. That same sad, sweet smile, too, was on her face, as she placed her hand in his, and said,

"Let it go on, dear father. I am only faint and nervous. I shall soon be better." Ay! better in the grave.

His doubts were only half resolved, but he could say no more, and together they advanced to the temporary altar, where the bridegroom and priest stood awaiting them.

Kate felt a choking in the throat, as her eyes first fell on Major Lindsay, and it seemed to her, for an instant, as if her knees were failing her. But she remembered that her father's eyes were bent anxiously on her, and from that moment there was no longer any faltering on her part.

The buzz which attended her entrance had now subsided, and a deep hush fell on the room. Every ear was strained to catch the first sound of the minister's voice. A watch might have been heard to tick.

"Dearly beloved," began the minister, in the time-hallowed form of the Episcopal church, "we are gathered together here in the sight of God—"

He had proceeded thus far, when such a sudden and startling burst of tumult arose from the distant street, that he raised his eyes, with a look of alarm, from his book. It was like the confused ringing of bells, half-drowned in the shouts of people. All at once the town-bell itself, close at hand, took up the uproar, and its iron tongue was heard clanging hurriedly and fiercely on the night.

The male part of the company sprang to their feet.

"Hark!" said Col. Campbell, "can it be the town on fire?"

"There it goes, louder and louder," exclaimed a second; "it must be an insurrection."

The women now lent their shrieks to the tumult. The officers, with their hands on their swords, rushed toward the door. The divine had dropped his Prayer-book, and his looks were full of inquiry and astonishment. Kate, with a quick look of alarm, shrank back to her father's side. All was wonder, terror, and dismay.

The uproar without increased. Louder and fiercer the alarm-bell rang; steps were heard hurrying to and fro; and at length distant shouts, mingled with the report of fire-arms, came to the ear. Then drums were heard beating hastily to arms, and at this signal every military man present rushed out into the air.

"Be not alarmed," said the bridegroom, turning to Kate, "it is only a false alarm, or a drunken mutiny. I will soon be back!" and with these words he sprang after his companions.

The females were now left alone, excepting the minister and Mr. Mowbry. But the tumult was obviously no trifling one. The shouts seemed to approach, and grew louder; a rushing sound, as of an advancing crowd, was heard; the rattle of fire-arms was almost continual, and seemed closer at hand each moment; and still louder, and more hurriedly, the call to arms was beaten, while fiercer and fiercer the alarm-bell, in its neighboring cupola, clamored over the din. A broad light now gleamed across the windows from the darkness outside, and cries of terror were heard increasing every moment.

Mr. Mowbray handed Kate to her aunt, and hurrying to the casement flung it up. At this the confused sounds without assumed more distinctness, and grew louder. He looked out.

"It is Marion and his men," he cried exultingly. "Hark! here they come."

With a wild cry at these words of promised deliverance, Kate sprung to her father's side and looked out. At the lower end of the village one or two houses were in flames, and their bright glare lit up the otherwise black prospect. Close at hand, and retreating toward her in disorder, was a company of the royal soldiers, among whom she saw the largest portion of the officers lately assembled in that apartment. She could distinguish Colonel Campbell and Major Lindsay among others, sword in hand, endeavoring to rally the men.

But further down the street was a spectacle that filled her bosom with the wildest and most tumultuous joy. Here the way was blocked up, from side to side, by a press of assailants, who wore the uniform of Marion's brigade, and who were advancing with loud shouts, charging continually on the retreating foe, whom they drove before them as wolves drive frightened sheep. As the battle drew nearer, she could distinguish the several war cries.

"Huzza for Marion—Remember his oath—Drive on the dogs!"

These were the shouts of the assailants, to which the royal officers replied,

"Stand fast for old England. Down with the rebels. Stand fast!"

For a moment the retreating fugitives rallied, and made a stand. This was almost opposite the window where Kate remained with her father, in spite of the danger, chained, as if by fascination, to the spot. A reinforcement of soldiers, at the same instant, came running down the street, and their companions parting right and left to make way for them, they gained the front and threw in a withering volley on the foe. These, not expecting such a sudden check, fell into some disorder.

"Now charge on the rascals," cried a voice, and Col. Campbell sprung to the van, waving his sword. "Give them the bayonet, lads, and the field is ours."

The issue of the combat hung trembling in the balance. The assailants showed signs of falling back, and Kate's tumultuous hopes died within her, when suddenly the tramp of horses' feet was heard,

and a body of cavalry came thundering up the street. At their head, on a powerful charger, rode a form that Kate instantly recognized, as the lurid light of the distant fire played redly on it. Need we say it was that of Preston? His uplifted sabre flashed in the wild glare like a blood-red meteor.

"The oath of Marion," he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Strike home for revenge."

This sudden apparition, and more than all that stirring shout, seemed to infuse a strange and wild frenzy into the assailants, so lately about to turn.

"The oath of Marion!" exclaimed a stalwart figure at Preston's side, as he smote a royal grenadier to the earth with a single stroke.

The cry was caught up by the crowd. "The oath of Marion—the oath of Marion!" rung from a hundred voices: and the assailants, with that cry, rushed on the royal troops like an avalanche rushes from the sky. But foremost of all rode Preston and his serjeant; while their terror-struck enemies around them went down, with every sweep of their good swords, like grain on a harvest-field.

The royal troops broke in every direction. The officers, seeing resistance was vain before so headlong a charge, turned also to seek safety in flight. Col. Campbell, however, seemed disposed to stand his ground, but Macdonald riding his powerful steed against him bore him down, and the next instant the commandant, to save his life, yielded himself a prisoner. It was at this moment that Major Lindsay saw, for the first time, the face of Preston. With an oath, hissed between his teeth, he snatched a fire-lock from a dead soldier beside him, and pointed it at our hero, who, not perceiving him, would infallibly have fallen, but that his name uttered in a shriek by Kate arrested his ear, and turning he beheld his enemy, who was almost in a line with the window whence the warning had been heard. The lightning that rives the oak is not quicker than was the blow from Preston's sabre. Down, right on the head of his adversary, descended the heavy steel, crashing through the skull as if it had been only so much paper: and with that blow, the soul of the villain and assassin went to his long account.

Kate saw no more. She scarcely indeed saw that. She only knew that her lover had been warned in time, and had escaped; for her father now drew her forcibly in, and shut the perilous casement, around which the pistol balls were rattling like hail. Then she swooned away.

The rest of that night is matter of history. The town was, for a while, wholly in the hands of the assailants, and the victory would have been complete but for some misapprehension in the hour at which the different detachments were to attack, which enabled a part of the enemy to gain their garrison, where they were too strongly entrenched to be taken without artillery. The assailants accordingly retired after having captured the town and made Col. Campbell prisoner.

Preston had heard Kate's voice, and, leaving his

lieutenant to pursue the fugitives, sought her out immediately. His were the eyes she first looked on when she recovered from her swoon. Her glad surprise, or his own joy to find her still his own when he had feared their arrival was too late, we must leave to the imagination of the reader. It was one of those scenes human language is too feeble to portray.

When, toward daybreak, Marion gave orders for the town to be evacuated, Kate, so late fainting and heart-broken, took her place on horse-back between her father and Preston, almost as rosy-looking and happy as ever. A spectator could scarcely have recognized in her the pale and drooping lily of the evening before.

Mr. Mowbray, on hearing the sacrifice which his daughter would have made for his life, betrayed the deepest emotion. He pressed her to his bosom, but could not speak. There was a gentle reproach in his eyes, however, which Kate answered by a glance of unalterable love.

Though Preston learned that old Jacob had claimed his assistance without the authority of Kate, he was consoled by her assurance that she loved him as well as if she had herself despatched the messenger. In a few weeks she became the

wife of our hero. She would have pleaded for delay, but her father said he was uncertain how long his life might be continued, and that he wished to see her have a protector before he died, so Kate yielded to his wishes.

Macdonald did not, like his master, live to see the war concluded. He fell shortly after the attack on Georgetown, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the most gallant soldiers of the time.

As for old Jacob, he survived to dandle the children of Kate and Preston on his knee. He had not only taken part in the fight at Georgetown, but quite distinguished himself, having slain an English soldier in single combat. On this feat he was accustomed to dilate with much self-complacency. He always wound up the story with these words.

"He tried now to run me through with his bayonet, but it was no use, you see. De sarjeant had larned me his back-handed stroke, and I brought it around jist so," suiting the action to the word. "Wid dat he fell dead and suspended his breath."

NOTE.

The leading incidents of this tale are historical, though slight anachronisms have been purposely committed in order to condense it in point of time.

HEART STRUGGLES.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

It was a foolish thought, beloved,
'Gainst which I vainly strove—
That after years of joy might see
Another win thy love.

It well nigh broke my saddened heart
To think the time might be,
When thou wouldst give another bride
The vows once given to me.

But I have calmer grown since then,
And though 't is fearful still,
To think a stranger may be here
My place at home to fill—

To think that on her lip and brow
Thy kiss will be imprest,
Her cherished form be warmly clasped
When I am cold at rest—

'T is fearful—yet 't were selfish, love,
To bid thee live alone,
And let none other share thy heart
When I from thee am gone.

I know thou never wilt forget
My simple morning flower,

Nor how I nestled to thy side
At twilight's holy hour.

I know a thousand memories
Within thy soul will rise,
Our happy past be with thee still,
Though bound by other ties.

I know it would be selfish, love,
To bid thee live alone,
And let none other share thy heart
When I from thee am gone.

And yet, to know that heart a shrine
By one dear image filled,
With all the holy warmth of love,
Of early love unchilled—

To know no other head but mine
Should on thy breast be laid,
None other hear the tender words
Which thou to me hast said—

No other name be on thy lips
When life's last hour drew nigh,
No wish but for our meeting, love,
How blessed thus to die!

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

A SKETCH OF A LITERARY SOIREE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

My own blue-belle!
My pretty blue-belle!
Do n't fear that your secrets I 'm going to tell;
My wings you view,
Of your own bright hue,
And oh! never doubt that my heart's "true blue!"
THE BUTTERFLY'S SONG.

SOMEBODY once said of our fair hostess, that she reminded him of a cathedral with a simple, unpretending portal, which gives you no idea of the rare revelations within, and through which you pass to wonders that you did not dream of before. Once within, you are overwhelmed with the grandeur, the beauty, the mystery, the majesty around you—the lofty and magnificent arches, the dim, far-reaching aisles, the clustered columns, the vaulted roof, lost to the eye from its wondrous height—the glorious pictures by the master-hand—the iris-colored light from the painted windows poured softly over all—the silence, the religious calm pervading the place—all combine to awe and elevate the stranger, who has perhaps rashly and unthinkingly entered that sanctuary of the soul.

He was an enthusiast, a noble one, who said this, and I cannot tell if it be true. I only know that she exerts over my individual self a magnetic attraction and influence, which I do not care to analyze or to resist, because it soothes and satisfies me whenever I am with her, however restless and unhappy I may have been the moment before.

A pleasant party were assembled in her drawing-room. There was the statuesque Georgine—

———"with stately mien
And glance of calm hauteur,
Who moves—a grace—and looks a queen,
All passionless and pure."

A creature of faultless harmony and grace; but whose perfect repose of manner, attitude, look and language, exquisite as it is, almost frightens you away from her at first. So still, so fair, so pure—like a snow-cloud moving serenely through the silent air. There she sits; with her graceful Greek head bent slightly forward, its luxuriant, light brown hair wound carelessly and wavy around it; her chiseled features serenely beautiful, and her hands, white as Pentelican marble, resting half-clasped upon her knee.

If I mistake not, beneath that snowy crest, there are flowers of fancy and fountains of feeling—all the lovelier and purer for being so guarded, by the vestal, from the world.

Her cheek is almost always pale
And marble cold it seems;

But a soft color trembles there,
At times, in rosy gleams!

Some sudden throb of love, or grief,
Or pity, or delight,
And lo! a flush of beauty—brief,
But passionately bright!

She 'minds me of a rose I found,
In a far, Southern land—
A robe of ice its blushes bound,
By winter breezes fanned.

But softly through the crystal veil,
That gleamed about its form,
There came a fitful glow to tell
The flower beneath was warm!

Oh! that all women could thus proudly wear the veil! It is a protection we need so much—that mantle of snow! But there are those (and they most want it) in whose hearts the waves of feeling never rest long enough for the winter crust to form—who never stop to think, to look back, to reflect, to prepare; but dash on to the ocean "over bank, brake and scour," giving back only half-formed or broken images of the beautiful visions that beam above their way—the bird—the cloud—the flower—the star—now humming a careless carol to the breeze, now murmuring a plaintive chant, now thundering in torrent tones, as they madly leap adown the rocks that would oppose them, and now dancing out of sight into the dim, untrodden forest-depths, where none will dare to follow.

We have seen the statuesque—there were not wanting the "grotesque and arabesque," as well to our literary *soirée*.

There was one unique, whom I hardly dare attempt to describe. In speaking he deals principally in antithesis, and he himself is an antithesis personified. The wildest conceits—the sharpest satire—the bitterest, maddest vituperation—the most exquisite taste—the most subtil appreciation of the delicate and beautiful in his subject—the most radiant wit—the most dainty and Ariel-like fancy—with a manner and a mien the most quaint, abrupt and uncouth imaginable—it is like nothing in nature, or rather it is so exceedingly natural that it seems almost supernatural. His discourse is all

thunder and lightning—every play of his impish eye-brows is an epigram, every smile a *jeu d'esprit*. At one time affectionate, confiding, careless, buoyant, almost boyish in his mood; at another, irritable, ferocious, seemingly ready for a tiger-spring upon any foe, and again calm, cold, haughty, and uncomeatable as an Indian of the olden time. Here is a stranger original than any his favorite author ever drew. He is the ideal Yankee of the nineteenth century.

There, too, nestled demurely in a corner of the sofa was that little "will-o'-the-wisp," V—, whom nobody knows what to make of—wild, wayward, capricious as an April day—changeable as the light spring-cloud, and restless as the wave—the spoiled child of Fancy,

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love!"

To those who care for her, all trust and truth, and poetry and sportive fondness, and deep impassioned feeling—to all the rest of the world proud, still, reserved, dull, apathetic, reckless of opinion and of consequences: a tame Canary-bird to kindness, a lioness to injustice and oppression. Nature, with her sympathetic ink, has drawn pictures in her soul, which seem to the cold and careless only pale, frost-work, wintry views; but which, in the warmth of affection, change to glowing summer scenes, with flowers and foliage, and gleaming springs, shifting clouds, and singing birds and butterflies, all of which were always there, and needed only the summer of sympathy and love to draw them out.

By her side sat the man of exhaustless and most whimsical wit, whom *she* calls the "laughing philosopher," and whom *I* strongly suspect of having found, and selfishly concealed the "philosopher's stone." He is the most refreshing, contented, and sunshiny-looking mortal that ever smiled in this cold world of ours. Ever ready and brilliant, he whispers his irresistible bon-mots and his charming *jeux d'esprit*, as if he were ashamed of them, and calls it a breach of confidence if they are repeated aloud.

Next to him sat the stately, intellectual, and warm-hearted Mrs. —, who, according to her witty neighbour, always looks "up to an epic." I suppose he will call *this* a betrayal of confidence; but when these pages meet his eyes, I shall fortunately be far beyond the reach of his cutlass-irony; so spare yourself, till I come back, "most potent, grave, and reverend seignor," and don't "waste your *satire* on the desert air."

In earnest conversation with the lovely and lovely Mrs. S—, was young —. His rare and pure intellect; his "Doric delicacy" of taste; his gentle and winning manners; his sensitive, generous, and trustful nature, are best appreciated by those who know him best.

Well—first we played the game of "What is my thought like." Smile not, sagacious reader—Canning did the same. Several good answers were

elicited in the course of the game, among which were the following:—

"Why is a dew-drop like Miss R's sash?"

"Because it trembles on a flower."

"Why is fame like a clasp?"

"Because it is all a catch."

"Why is Mrs. — like an omnibus?"

"Because we are all carried away by her."

"Why is my heart like a mirror?"

"Because you can see *yourself* in it."

When the game was over, one of the gentlemen took from his pocket a volume of poems, by that Proteus author, "Anon," of which he happened to have the only copy in the country, and read aloud the following verses, in a voice tremulous with the weight of its own melody and feeling:—

TO —.

You would make hearts your stepping stones to power.
And trample on them in your triumph-hour;
But mine was formed for nobler fate than this,
It knows the treachery of your Judas-kiss.

You talk of "lofty feelings pure and high,
Too pure, alas!" and then you gently sigh;
You mourn the trials, which a soul like yours,
So true—amid the meaner herd endures.

You say 't is sad, but yet you would not part,
For worlds, with that proud dignity of heart!
Now never breathed in woman's breast, I ween,
So poor a spirit, 'neath so bold a mien.

I've learned you well—too well—your serpent-smile
Is fond and fair; but cannot "me beguile."
I've seen it called, and on your soft lip worn,
To win a heart those lips had laughed to scorn.

I've heard that voice—"t is very sweet, I own,
Almost too much of softness in its tone;
I've heard its tender modulations tried,
On one you 'd just been slandering—aside.

I've seen you welcome, with that fond embrace,
A friend who trusted in your frank, bright face;
And while her parting steps the threshold pressed,
Her love, her looks, her manners turned to jest.

You triumph in the noble trick you've found,
Of winning love and trust from all around;
While cold and reckless, with a sneer at heart,
You plead, manoeuvre, bind with Circe art.

But day by day, the flimsy veil grows thin,
And clearer shows the worthless waste within;
And one by one, th' idolators resign
The wavering flame of their Parhelion's shrine.

The mysterious book was then handed to George, who took it tranquilly, and read in a most musically modulated voice, while a faint rose-color warmed her usually hueless cheek.

TO —.

Ah! do not let us worse than waste,
In idle dalliance, hours so dear;
At best, the light-winged moments haste
Too quickly by with hope and fear.

Be ours to wreath, (as swift in flight
They pass—those 'children of the sun,')

With Fancy's flowers, each wing of light,
And gems from Reason's casket won.

The Passion-flower has no perfume,—
No soul to linger when it dies;
For lighter hearts such buds may bloom,
But, oh! be ours more proudly wise.

And wouldst thou bind my soul to thine,
Bid Truth and Wisdom forge the chain;
Nor o'er its links, as bright they twine,
Let Folly breathe one burning stain.

Thy mind—so rich in classic lore,—
Thy heart, from worldly taint so free;
Ah! let me not the hours *deplete*,
Which might be all *embalmed* by thee.

At last the "will-o'-the-wisp" was called upon for a recitation, and after laughing, and blushing, and scolding, and making as "much ado about nothing" as the Lady Heron did about singing "Young Lochinvar," she gave, in her own peculiar way, the following song:

They call me a careless coquette;
That often, too often, I *change*; they chide
Because every being on earth I've met,
Of the glorious mark in my hope falls wide.

It is only a yearning of soul,
For the lovely—the noble—the true and pure;
A fond aspiration beyond my control,
That was born with my being, and must endure.

But I know that shadow and shine
Must over this world, float side by side;
That Reason and Folly still entwine
Their flowers of light and bells of pride.

And I, in whose heart so wild,
Too often Love's music in Discord dies;
Oh! should I not—idle and dreaming child—
Shrink back from a being all pure and wise?

I will hush in my heart that trust,
I will hide from the world that daring dream,
And seek in the sand for the golden dust,
Since ever they mingle in Life's deep stream.

The gay party separated about 12 o'clock, apparently highly satisfied with each other and themselves. It is to be hoped, they will meet again as "beautifully blue" as ever. And in the meantime, forgive me for having converted "*pro bono publico*," their classic saloon, into a modern "Ear of Dionisius."

FANNY.

BY MRS. MARY SUMNER.

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. WORDSWORTH.

I revel in my right divine—
I glory in Caprice. MRS. OSGOOD.

HAVE you seen the summer clouds
Troop along in rapid crowds,
Throwing shadows soft and warm,
Flitting ere you mark their form,
O'er some landscape still and sweet,
Where the wild and lovely meet,
Ravishing by turns the eye
With beauty and with mystery?
Dusky wood and rolling meadow
Bask in light or sleep in shadow,
And the river's rippling wave,
Flashing smiles or chill and grave,
Fascinates the dazzled sight—
In the flitting shade and light
All, howe'er familiar, seems
Magical as fairy dreams.

So do swift emotions chase
Over Fanny's radiant face;
Such a fascination lies
In each change that o'er it flies,
Light and shadow, varying still,
Set at nought the painter's skill,
And so beautiful their play,
That you would not bid to stay
E'en the grace that charms you most,
Lest a sweeter should be lost.
Vain to question what may be
The secret of her witchery;

Still her speaking face enchants us,
And her dancing figure haunts us,
And those dark Italian eyes
Like a thrilling vision rise,
And we could not if we would
Break the spell her sunny mood
Flings upon the heart and brain;
With a triple-woven chain
Bindeth she our hearts to hers,
Turning friends to worshipers.
Her high soul, her feelings warm,
Even her gay caprices charm,
Startling you with fresh surprises,
As each impulse that arises
From her being's depth displays
Yet another brilliant phase;
Crystal-like at every turn,
Rainbow glories flash and burn,
Till you see revealed her whole
Beautiful and gifted soul—
Mirrored forth without disguise
From her large, impassioned eyes,
Full of warm and lustrous light,
That would witch an anchorite.

That mood passes, and no trace
Lingers on her chiseled face,
Only from that sealed book
Speaks the lofty lady's look;

Dignity and quiet grace
 Sit enthroned in form and face,
 And a grave, commanding air
 Bids the thoughtless one beware
 How he scorn the high decree
 Of her maiden sovereignty.
 Then there comes a sudden thought,
 With some merry meaning fraught,
 Like a flash of meteor light,
 As quick-glancing and as bright,
 And her laugh, as sweet and free
 As a child's unthoughtful glee,
 From her buoyant heart upwells,
 Like clear-ringing fairy bells;
 And the awe in which you stood
 Of her stately womanhood,
 Flies before that silvery laughter,
 As if banished ever after.

Have you angered her quick spirit?
 Touched her haughty sense of merit?
 All on you will rest the shame,
 All on you the heavy blame.
 Nothing daunted, wait in hope
 The turn of the kaliedoscope.
 Like the bright blue after rain,
 Comes her gladness back again;
 Kindling eye and lip and cheek
 All the same sweet language speak—
 Welcome as the sunshine warm
 Following a summer storm,
 Welcome as the song of birds,
 Her clear voice and friendly words!

Firm of purpose, proud and high,
 With a flashing, dauntless eye,
 Yet impulsive, gay and wild,
 Now a queen and now a child,
 Now a woman, mild and wise,
 Strong to counsel and advise,
 Full of nobleness and truth,
 Of the generous zeal of youth,
 So enchanting, so divine,
 That of all who please and shine,

None can match her own sweet self;
 Now a sportive, wilful elf,
 Whose least word and will and way,
 Strongest reasons oversway—
 Who can count on each vagary
 Of the charming, changeable fairy?
 Who can tell, when brightest beams
 Her warm love upon your dreams,
 At what moment words unmeant
 May disturb the gracious bent
 Of her fickle fantasy,
 And chill shadows flitting by
 All its splendor overcloud?
 At what moment a quick crowd
 Of unbidden, fitful feelings
 May seal up the high revelations
 That her soul's deep voice had been,
 And your spirit reveled in?

Yet you cannot choose but love her,
 With a love that passes over
 Whatso'er it cannot praise,
 For the sake of her sweet ways.
 Vow that you will never more
 Such inconstant charms adore,
 Never more your joy and peace
 Rest upon her light caprice,
 All your wise resolves are vain,
 She will lure you back again;
 With a single winning smile,
 Trusting word and childlike wile,
 Make you feel that love cannot
 For such trifles be forgot—
 Looks so bright and tones so sweet,
 Mortal could not coldly meet;
 Wild as ever your love burns,
 And your heart as fondly turns
 To the wayward, witching creature,
 As if every changing feature
 Her impulsive being owned,
 Howso'er it vex and wound,
 In her gracious mood became
 One to praise instead of blame.

LINES.

BY L. J. CIST.

They may talk as they will of "omnipotent love,"
 And of lone disappointment's sad lot—
 That the image once shrined we can never remove,
 That the once loved may ne'er be forgot:
 'T is the talk of the silly, the childish, the weak,
 For a man (though a lover) may still
 The idol he worships, if faithless, forsake,
 And the false one forget—if he will!

They say that the heart which once truly shall love,
 With love must continue to burn,
 Though the idol unworthy devotion shall prove,
 And away from the altar we turn;
 But 't is false!—for in man there 's a spirit of hate,
 When he wills it that spirit to move,
 And 't were then all as easy to hate and forget
 As it were to remember and love!

What! think you forever to fetter the mind
 In the meshes of love's silken snare,
 When the strong man awakes from his slumber, to find
 His enchantments all vanish in air?
 Ah no! he may mourn that his slumber is o'er,
 He may weep that the dream was but vain,
 But he starts up, resolved he will yield him no more
 To that vision deceitful again.

There are monarch's despotic, throned tyrants, by Fate,
 And serfs there are millions, by birth;
 But the slave of the cold and the heartless coquette
 Is the veriest slave upon earth:
 And for me, I were sooner the Autocrat's thrall,
 Or the lowliest slave in our land,
 Than the tool of the flirt, at her feet still to fall,
 And abjectly sue for her hand!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 132.)

PART V.

He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretched his hands
He hears a voice—"Ill man withhold!"
A pale one near him stands. DANA.

It was near night-fall when the Swash anchored among the low and small islets mentioned. Rose had been on deck, as the vessel approached this singular and solitary haven, watching the movements of those on board, as well as the appearance of objects on the land, with the interest her situation would be likely to awaken. She saw the light and manageable craft glide through the narrow and crooked passages that led into the port, the process of anchoring, and the scene of tranquil solitude that succeeded; each following the other as by a law of nature. The light-house next attracted her attention, and, as soon as the sun disappeared, her eyes were fastened on the lantern, in expectation of beholding the watchful and warning fires gleaming there, to give the mariner notice of the position of the dangers that surrounded the place. Minute went by after minute, however, and the customary illumination seemed to be forgotten.

"Why is not the light shining?" Rose asked of Mulford, as the young man came near her, after having discharged his duty in helping to moor the vessel, and in clearing the decks. "All the light-houses we have passed, and they have been fifty, have shown bright lights at this hour, but this."

"I cannot explain it; nor have I the smallest notion where we are. I have been aloft, and there was nothing in sight but this cluster of low islets, far or near. I did fancy, for a moment, I saw a speck like a distant sail, off here to the northward and eastward, but I rather think it was a gull, or some other sea-bird glancing upward on the wing. I mentioned it to the captain when I came down, and he appeared to believe it a mistake. I have watched that light-house closely, too, ever since we came in, and I have not seen the smallest sign of life about it. It is altogether an extraordinary place!"

"One suited to acts of villany, I fear, Harry!"

"Of that we shall be better judges to-morrow."

You, at least, have one vigilant friend, who will die sooner than harm shall come to you. I believe Spike to be thoroughly unprincipled; still he knows he can go so far and no further, and has a wholesome dread of the law. But the circumstance that there should be such a port as this, with a regular light-house, and no person near the last, is so much out of the common way, that I do not know what to make of it."

"Perhaps the light-house keeper is afraid to show himself, in the presence of the Swash?"

"That can hardly be, for vessels must often enter the port, if port it can be called. But Spike is as much concerned at the circumstance that the lamps are not lighted, as any of us can be. Look, he is about to visit the building in the boat, accompanied by two of his oldest sea-dogs."

"Why might we not raise the anchor, and sail out of this place, leaving Spike ashore," suggested Rose, with more decision and spirit than discretion.

"For the simple reason that the act would be piracy, even if I could get the rest of the people to obey my orders, as certainly I could not. No, Rose, you, and your aunt, and Biddy, however, might land at these buildings, and refuse to return, Spike having no authority over his passengers."

"Still he would have the power to make us come back to his brig. Look, he has left the vessel's side, and is going directly toward the light-house."

Mulford made no immediate answer, but remained at Rose's side, watching the movements of the captain. The last pulled directly to the islet with the buildings, a distance of only a few hundred feet, the light-house being constructed on a rocky island that was nearly in the centre of the cluster, most probably with a view to protect it from the ravages of the waves. The fact, however, proved, as Mulford did not fail to suggest to his companion, that the beacon had been erected less to guide vessels into the haven, than to warn mariners at a distance, of the position of the whole group.

In less than five minutes after he had landed, Spike himself was seen in the lantern, in the act of lighting its lamps. In a very short time the place was in a brilliant blaze, reflectors and all the other parts

of the machinery of the place performing their duties as regularly as if tended by the usual keeper. Soon after Spike returned on board, and the anchor-watch was set. Then everybody sought the rest that it was customary to take at that hour.

Mulford was on deck with the appearance of the sun; but he found that Spike had preceded him, had gone ashore again, had extinguished the lamps, and was coming alongside of the brig on his return. A minute later the captain came over the side.

"You were right about your sail, last night, a'ter all, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, on coming aft. "There she is, sure enough; and we shall have her alongside to strike cargo out and in, by the time the people have got their breakfasts."

As Spike pointed toward the light-house while speaking, the mate changed his position a little, and saw that a schooner was coming down toward the islets before the wind. Mulford now began to understand the motives of the captain's proceedings, though a good deal yet remained veiled in mystery. He could not tell where the brig was, nor did he know precisely why so many expedients were adopted to conceal the transfer of a cargo as simple as that of flour. But he who was in the secret left but little time for reflection; for swallowing a hasty breakfast on deck, he issued orders enough to his mate to give him quite as much duty as he could perform, when he again entered the yawl, and pulled toward the stranger.

Rose soon appeared on deck, and she naturally began to question Harry concerning their position and prospects. He was confessing his ignorance, as well as lamenting it, when his companion's sweet face suddenly flushed. She advanced a step eagerly toward the open window of Spike's state-room, then compressed her full, rich, under-lip with the ivory of her upper teeth, and stood a single instant, a beautiful statue of irresolution instigated by spirit. The last quality prevailed; and Mulford was really startled when he saw Rose advance quite to the window, thrust in an arm, and turn toward him with his own sextant in her hand. During the course of the passage out, the young man had taught Rose to assist him in observing the longitude; and she was now ready to repeat the practice. Not a moment was lost in executing her intention. Sights were had, and the instrument was returned to its place without attracting the attention of the men, who were all busy in getting up purchases, and in making the other necessary dispositions for discharging the flour. The observations answered the purpose, though somewhat imperfectly made. Mulford had a tolerable notion of their latitude, having kept the brig's run in his head since quitting Yucatan; and he now found that their longitude was about 83° west from Greenwich. After ascertaining this fact, a glance at the open chart, which lay on Spike's desk, satisfied him that the vessel was anchored within the group of the Dry Tortugas, or at the western termination of the well-known, formidable,

and extensive Florida Reef. He had never been in that part of the world before, but had heard enough in sea-gossip, and had read enough in books, to be at once apprised of the true character of their situation. The islets were American; the light-house was American; and the haven in which the Swash lay was the very spot in the contemplation of government for an outer man-of-war harbor, where fleets might rendezvous in the future wars of that portion of the world. He now saw plainly enough the signs of the existence of a vast reef, a short distance to the southward of the vessel, that formed a species of sea-wall, or mole, to protect the port against the waves of the gulf, in that direction. This reef he knew to be miles in width.

There was little time for speculation, Spike soon bringing the strange schooner directly alongside of the brig. The two vessels immediately became a scene of activity, one discharging, and the other receiving the flour as fast as it could be struck out of the hold of the Swash and lowered upon the deck of the schooner. Mulford, however, had practiced a little artifice, as the stranger entered the haven, which drew down upon him an anathema or two from Spike, as soon as they were alone. The mate had set the brig's ensign, and this compelled the stranger to be markedly rude, or to answer the compliment. Accordingly he had shown the ancient flag of Spain. For thus extorting a national symbol from the schooner, the mate was sharply rebuked at a suitable moment, though nothing could have been more forbearing than the deportment of his commander when they first met.

When Spike returned to his own vessel, he was accompanied by a dark-looking, well-dressed, and decidedly gentleman-like personage, whom he addressed indifferently, in his very imperfect Spanish, as Don Wan, (Don Juan, or John,) or Señor Montefalderon. By the latter appellation he even saw fit to introduce the very respectable-looking stranger to his mate. This stranger spoke English well, though with an accent.

"Don Wan has taken all the flour, Mr. Mulford, and intends shoving it over into Cuba, without troubling the custom-house, I believe; but that is not a matter to give us any concern, you know."

The wink, and the knowing look by which this speech was accompanied, seemed particularly disagreeable to Don Juan, who now paid his compliments to Rose, with no little surprise betrayed in his countenance, but with the ease and reserve of a gentleman. Mulford thought it strange that a smuggler of flour should be so polished a personage, though his duty did not admit of his bestowing much attention to the little trifling of the interview that succeeded.

For about an hour the work went steadily and rapidly on. During that time Mulford was several times on board the schooner, as, indeed, was Josh, Jack Tier, and others belonging to the Swash. The Spanish vessel was Baltimore, or clipper built, with

a trunk-cabin, and had every appearance of sailing fast. Mulford was struck with her model, and, while on board of her, he passed both forward and aft to examine it. This was so natural in a seaman, that Spike, while he noted the proceeding, took it in good part. He even called out to his mate, from his own quarter-deck, to admire this or that point in the schooner's construction. As is customary with the vessels of southern nations, this stranger was full of men, but they continued at their work, some half dozen of brawny negroes among them, shouting their songs as they swayed at the falls, no one appearing to manifest jealousy or concern. At length Tier came near the mate, and said,

"Uncle Sam will not be pleased when he hears the reason that the keeper is not in his light-house."

"And what is that reason, Jack? If you know it, tell it to me."

"Go aft and look down the companion way, maty, and see it for yourself"

Mulford did go aft, and he made an occasion to look down into the schooner's cabin, where he caught a glimpse of the persons of a man and a boy, whom he at once supposed had been taken from the light-house. This one fact of itself doubled his distrust of the character of Spike's proceedings. There was no sufficient apparent reason why a mere smuggler should care about the presence of an individual more or less in a foreign port. Every thing that had occurred looked like pre-concert between the brig and the schooner; and the mate was just beginning to entertain the strongest distrust that their vessel was holding treasonable communication with the enemy, when an accident removed all doubt on the subject, from his own mind at least. Spike had, once or twice, given his opinion that the weather was treacherous, and urged the people of both crafts to extraordinary exertions, in order that the vessels might get clear of each other as soon as possible. This appeal had set various expedients in motion to second the more regular work of the purchases. Among other things, planks had been laid from one vessel to the other, and barrels were rolled along them with very little attention to the speed or the direction. Several had fallen on the schooner's deck with rude shocks, but no damage was done, until one, of which the hoops had not been properly secured, met with a fall, and burst nearly at Mulford's feet. It was at the precise moment when the mate was returning, from taking his glance into the cabin, toward the side of the Swash. A white cloud arose, and half a dozen of the schooner's people sprang for buckets, kids, or dishes, in order to secure enough of the contents of the broken barrel to furnish them with a meal. At first nothing was visible but the white cloud that succeeded the fall, and the scrambling sailors in its midst. No sooner, however, had the air got to be a little clear, than Mulford saw an object lying in the centre of the wreck, that he at once recognized for a keg of gunpowder! The captain of the schooner seized this

keg, gave a knowing look at Mulford, and disappeared in the hold of his own vessel, carrying with him, what was out of all question, a most material part of the true cargo of the Swash.

At the moment when the flour-barrel burst, Spike was below, in close conference with his Spanish, or Mexican guest; and the wreck being so soon cleared away, it is probable that he never heard of the accident. As for the two crews, they laughed a little among themselves at the revelation which had been made, as well as at the manner; but to old sea-dogs like them, it was a matter of very little moment, whether the cargo was, in reality, flour or gunpowder. In a few minutes the affair seemed to be forgotten. In the course of another hour the Swash was light, having nothing in her but some pig lead, which she used for ballast, while the schooner was loaded to her hatches, and full. Spike now sent a boat, with orders to drop a kedge about a hundred yards from the place where his own brig lay. The schooner warped up to this kedge, and dropped an anchor of her own, leaving a very short range of cable out, it being a flat calm. Ordinarily, the trades prevail at the Dry Tortugas, and all along the Florida Reef. Sometimes, indeed, this breeze sweeps across the whole width of the Gulf of Mexico, blowing home, as it is called—reaching even to the coast of Texas. It is subject, however, to occasional interruptions everywhere, varying many points in its direction, and occasionally ceasing entirely. The latter was the condition of the weather about noon on this day, or when the schooner hauled off from the brig, and was secured at her own anchor.

"Mr. Mulford," said Spike, "I do not like the state of the atmosphere. D'ye see that fiery streak along the western horizon—well, sir, as the sun gets nearer to that streak, there'll be trouble, or I'm no judge of weather."

"You surely do not imagine, Capt. Spike, that the sun will be any nearer to that fiery streak, as you call it, when he is about to set, than he is at this moment?" answered the mate, smiling.

"I'm sure of one thing, young man, and that is, that old heads are better than young ones. What a man has once seen, he may expect to see again, if the same leading signs offer. Man the boat, sir, and carry out the kedge, which is still in it, and lay it off here, about three pints on our larboard bow."

Mulford had a profound respect for Spike's seamanship, whatever he might think of his principles. The order was consequently obeyed. The mate was then directed to send down various articles out of the top, and to get the top-gallant and royal yards on deck. Spike carried his precautions so far, as to have the mainsail lowered, it ordinarily brailing at that season of the year, with a standing gaff. With this disposition completed, the captain seemed more at his ease, and went below to join Señor Montefalderon in a *siesta*. The Mexican, for such, in truth, was the national character of the owner of the schooner, had preceded him in this indulgence; and most of

the people of the brig having laid themselves down to sleep under the heat of the hour, Mulford soon enjoyed another favorable opportunity for a private conference with Rose.

"Harry," commenced the latter, as soon as they were alone; "I have much to tell you. While you have been absent I have overheard a conversation between this Spanish gentleman and Spike, that shows the last is in treaty with the other for the sale of the brig. Spike extolled his vessel to the skies, while Don Wan, as he calls him, complains that the brig is old, and cannot last long; to which Spike answered 'to be sure she is old, Señor Montefalderon, but she will last as long as *your* war, and under a bold captain might be made to return her cost, a hundred fold!' What war can he mean, and to what does such a discourse tend?"

"The war alludes to the war now existing between America and Mexico, and the money to be made is to be plundered at sea, from our own merchant vessels. If Don Juan Montefalderon is really in treaty for the purchase of the brig, it is to convert her into a Mexican cruiser, either public or private."

"But this would be treason on the part of Spike!"

"Not more so than supplying the enemy with gunpowder, as he has just been doing. I have ascertained the reason he was so unwilling to be overhauled by the revenue steamer, as well as the reason why the revenue steamer wished so earnestly to overhaul us. Each barrel of flour contains another of gunpowder, and that has been sold to this Señor Montefalderon, who is doubtless an officer of the Mexican government, and no smuggler."

"He has been at New York, this very summer, I know," continued Rose, "for he spoke of his visit, and made such other remarks, as leaves no doubt that Spike expected to find him here, on this very day of the month. He also paid Spike a large sum of money in doubloons, and took back the bag to his schooner, when he had done so, after showing the captain enough was left to pay for the brig, could they only agree on the terms of their bargain."

"Ay, ay; it is all plain enough now, Spike has determined on a desperate push for fortune, and foreseeing it might not soon be in his power to return to New York, in safety, he has included his designs on you and your fortune, in the plot."

"My fortune! the trifle I possess can scarcely be called a fortune, Harry!"

"It would be a fortune to Spike, Rose, and I shall be honest enough to own it would be a fortune to me. I say this frankly, for I do believe you think too well of me to suppose that I seek you for any other reason than the ardent love I bear your person and character; but a fact is not to be denied because it may lead certain persons to distrust our motives. Spike is poor, like myself; and the brig is not only getting to be very old, but she has been losing money for the last twelve months."

Mulford and Rose now conversed long and confidentially, on their situation and prospects. The

mate neither magnified nor concealed the dangers of both; but freely pointed out the risk to himself, in being on board a vessel that was aiding and comforting the enemy. It was determined between them that both would quit the brig the moment an opportunity offered, and the mate even went so far as to propose an attempt to escape in one of the boats, although he might incur the hazards of a double accusation, those of mutiny and larceny, for making the experiment. Unfortunately, neither Rose, nor her aunt, nor Biddy, nor Jack Tier had seen the barrel of powder, and neither could testify as to the true character of Spike's connection with the schooner. It was manifestly necessary, therefore, independently of the risks that might be run by "bearding the lion in his den," to proceed with great intelligence and caution.

This dialogue between Harry and Rose, occurred just after the turn in the day, and it lasted fully an hour. Each had been too much interested to observe the heavens, but, as they were on the point of separating, Rose pointed out to her companion the unusual and most menacing aspect of the sky in the western horizon. It appeared as if a fiery heat was glowing there, behind a curtain of black vapor; and what rendered it more remarkable, was the circumstance that an extraordinary degree of placidity prevailed in all other parts of the heavens. Mulford scarce knew what to make of it; his experience not going so far as to enable him to explain the novel and alarming appearance. He stepped on a gun, and gazed around him for a moment. There lay the schooner, without a being visible on board of her, and there stood the light-house, gloomy in its desolation and solitude. The birds alone seemed to be alive and conscious of what was approaching. They were all on the wing, wheeling wildly in the air, and screaming discordantly, as belonged to their habits. The young man leaped off the gun, gave a loud call to Spike, at the companion-way, and sprang forward to call all hands.

One minute only was lost, when every seaman on board the Swash, from the captain to Jack Tier, was on deck. Mulford met Spike at the cabin door, and pointed toward the fiery column that was booming down upon the anchorage, with a velocity and direction that would now admit of no misinterpretation. For one instant that sturdy old seaman stood aghast; gazing at the enemy as one conscious of his impotency might have been supposed to quail before an assault that he foresaw must prove irresistible. Then his native spirit, and most of all the effects of training, began to show themselves in him, and he became at once, not only the man again, but the resolute, practiced and ready commander.

"Come aft to the spring, men—" he shouted—"clap on the spring, Mr. Mulford, and bring the brig head to wind."

This order was obeyed as seamen best obey, in cases of sudden and extreme emergency; or with intelligence, aptitude and power. The brig had

swung nearly round, in the desired direction, when the tornado struck her. It will be difficult, we do not know but it is impossible, to give a clear and accurate account of what followed. As most of our readers have doubtless felt how great is the power of the wind, whiffing and pressing different ways, in sudden and passing gusts, they have only to imagine this power increased many, many fold, and the baffling of the currents made furious, as it might be, by meeting with resistance, to form some notion of the appalling strength and frightful inconstancy with which it blew for about a minute.

Notwithstanding the circumstance of Spike's precaution had greatly lessened the danger, every man on the deck of the *Swash* believed the brig was gone when the gust struck her. Over she went, in fact, until the water came pouring in above her halfports, like so many little cascades, and spouting up through her scupper-holes, resembling the blowing of young whales. It was the whiffing energy of the tornado, that alone saved her. As if disappointed in not destroying its intended victim at one swoop, the tornado "let up" in its pressure, like a dexterous wrestler, making a fresh and desperate effort to overturn the vessel, by a slight variation in its course. That change saved the *Swash*. She righted, and even rolled in the other direction, or what might be called to windward, with her decks full of water. For a minute longer, these baffling, changing gusts continued, each causing the brig to bow like a reed to their power, one lifting as another pressed her down, and then the weight, or the more dangerous part of the tornado was passed, though it continued to blow heavily, always in whiffing blasts, several minutes longer.

During the weight of the gust, no one had leisure, or indeed inclination to look to aught beyond its effect on the brig. Had one been otherwise disposed, the attempt would have been useless, for the wind had filled the air with spray, and near the islets even with sand. The lurid but fiery tinge, too, interposed a veil that no human eye could penetrate. As the tornado passed onward, however, and the winds lulled, the air again became clear, and in five minutes after the moment when the *Swash* lay nearly on her side, with her lower yard-arm actually within a few feet of the water, all was still and placid around her, as one is accustomed to see the ocean in a calm, of a summer's afternoon. Then it was that those who had been in such extreme jeopardy could breathe freely and look about them. On board the *Swash*, all was well—not a rope-yarn had parted, or an eye-bolt drawn. The timely precautions of Spike had saved his brig, and great was his joy thereat.

In the midst of the infernal din of the tornado, screams had ascended from the cabin, and the instant he could quit the deck with propriety, Mulford sprang below, in order to ascertain their cause. He apprehended that some of the females had been driven to leeward when the brig went over, and

that some of the luggage or furniture had fallen on them. In the main cabin, the mate found Señor Montefalderon just quitting his berth, composed, gentleman-like, and collected. Josh was braced in a corner nearly gray with fear, while Jack Tier still lay on the cabin floor, at the last point to which he had rolled. One word sufficed to let Don Juan know that the gust had passed, and the brig was safe, when Mulford tapped at the door of the inner cabin. Rose appeared, pale, but calm and unharmed.

"Is an any one injured?" asked the young man, his mind relieved at once, as soon as he saw that she who most occupied his thoughts was safe; "we heard screams from this cabin."

"My aunt and Biddy have been frightened," answered Rose, "but neither has been hurt. Oh, Harry, what terrible thing has happened to us? I heard the roaring of—"

"T was a tornado," interrupted Mulford eagerly—"but 't is over. 'T was one of those sudden and tremendous gusts that sometimes occur within the tropics, in which the danger is usually in the first shock. If no one is injured in this cabin, no one is injured at all.

"Oh, Mr. Mulford—dear Mr. Mulford!" exclaimed the relict from the corner into which she had been followed and jammed by Biddy, "Oh, Mr. Mulford, are we foundered, or not?"

"Heaven be praised, not, my dear ma'am, though we came nearer to it than I ever was before."

"Are we capasided?"

"Nor that, Mrs. Budd; the brig is as upright as a church."

"Upright!" repeated Biddy, in her customary accent—"is it as a church? Sure, then, Mr. Mate, 'tis a Presbyterian church that you mane, and that is always totterin'!"

"Catholic, or Dutch—no church in York is more completely up and down, than the brig at this moment."

"Get off of me—get off of me, Biddy, and let me rise," said the widow, with dignity. "The danger is over I see, and, as we return our thanks for it, we have the consolation of knowing that we have done our duty. It is incumbent on all, at such moments, to be at their posts, and to set examples of decision and prudence."

As Mulford saw all was well in the cabin, he hastened on deck, followed by Señor Montefalderon. Just as they emerged from the companion-way, Spike was hailing the fore-castle.

"Fore-castle, there," he cried, standing on the trunk himself as he did so, and moving from side to side, as if to catch a glimpse of some object ahead.

"Sir," came back from an old salt, who was coiling up rigging in that seat of seamanship.

"Where away is the schooner? She ought to be dead ahead of us, as we tend now—but blast me if I can see as much as her mast-heads."

At this suggestion, a dozen men sprang upon guns

or other objects, to look for the vessel in question. The old salt forward, however, had much the best chance, for he stepped on the heel of the bowsprit, and walked as far out as the knight-heads, to command the whole view ahead of the brig. There he stood half a minute, looking first on one side of the head-gear, then the other, when he gave his trousers a hitch, put a fresh quid in his mouth, and called out in a voice almost as hoarse as the tempest, that had just gone by,

"The schooner has gone down at her anchor, sir. There's her buoy watching still, as if nothing had happened; but as for the craft itself, there's not so much as a bloody yard-arm, or mast-head of her to be seen!"

This news produced a sensation in the brig at once, as may be supposed. Even Señor Montefalderon, a quiet, gentleman-like person, altogether superior in deportment to the bustle and fuss that usually marks the manners of persons in trade, was disturbed; for to him the blow was heavy indeed. Whether he were acting for himself, or was an agent of the Mexican government, the loss was much the same.

"Tom is right enough," put in Spike, rather coolly for the circumstances—"that there schooner of yours has foundered, Don Wan, as any one can see. She must have capsized and filled, for I observed they had left the hatches off, meaning, no doubt, to make an end of the storage as soon as they had done sleeping."

"And what has become of all her men, Don Esteban?" for so the Mexican politely called his companion. "Have all my poor countrymen perished in this disaster?"

"I fear they have, Don Wan; for I see no head, as of any one swimming. The vessel lay so near that island next to it, that a poor swimmer would have no difficulty in reaching the place; but there is no living thing to be seen. But man the boat, men; we will go to the spot, Señor, and examine for ourselves."

There were two boats in the water, and alongside of the brig. One was the Swash's yawl, a small but convenient craft, while the other was much larger, fitted with a sail, and had all the appearance of having been built to withstand breezes and seas. Mulford felt perfectly satisfied, the moment he saw this boat, which had come into the haven in tow of the schooner, that it had been originally in the service of the light-house keeper. As there was a very general desire among those on the quarter-deck to go to the assistance of the schooner, Spike ordered both boats manned, jumping into the yawl himself, accompanied by Don Juan Montefalderon, and telling Mulford to follow with the larger craft, bringing with him as many of the females as might choose to accompany him. As Mrs. Budd thought it incumbent on her to be active in such a scene, all did go, including Biddy, though with great reluctance on the part of Rose.

With the buoy for a guide, Spike had no difficulty in finding the spot where the schooner lay. She had scarcely shifted her berth in the least, there having been no time for her even to swing to the gust, but she had probably capsized at the first blast, filled, and gone down instantly. The water was nearly as clear as the calm, mild atmosphere of the tropics; and it was almost as easy to discern the vessel, and all her hamper, as if she lay on a beach. She had gone down as she filled, or on her side, and still continued in that position. As the water was little more than three fathoms deep, the upper side was submerged but a few inches, and her yard-arms would have been out of the water, but for the circumstance that the yards had canted under the pressure.

At first, no sign was seen of any of those who had been on board this ill-fated schooner when she went down. It was known that twenty-one souls were in her, including the man and the boy who had belonged to the light-house. As the boat moved slowly over this sad ruin, however, a horrible and startling spectacle came in view. Two bodies were seen, within a few feet of the surface of the water, one grasped in the arms of the other, in the gripe of despair. The man held in the grasp, was kept beneath the water solely by the death-lock of his companion, who was himself held where he floated, by the circumstance that one of his feet was entangled in a rope. The struggle could not have been long over, for the two bodies were slowly settling toward the bottom when first seen. It is probable that both these men had more than once risen to the surface in their dreadful struggle. Spike seized a boat-hook, and made an effort to catch the clothes of the nearest body, but ineffectually, both sinking to the sands beneath, lifeless, and without motion. There being no sharks in sight, Mulford volunteered to dive and fasten a line to one of these unfortunate men, whom Don Juan declared at once was the schooner's captain. Some little time was lost in procuring a lead-line from the brig, when the lead was dropped alongside of the drowned. Provided with another piece of the same sort of line, which had a small running bowline around that which was fastened to the lead, the mate made his plunge, and went down with great vigor of arm. It required resolution and steadiness to descend so far into salt water; but Harry succeeded, and rose with the bodies, which came up with the slightest impulse. All were immediately got into the boat, and away the latter went toward the light-house, which was nearer and more easy of access than the brig.

It is probable that one of these unfortunate men might have been revived under judicious treatment; but he was not fated to receive it. Spike, who knew nothing of such matters, undertook to direct every thing, and, instead of having recourse to warmth and gentle treatment, he ordered the bodies to be rolled on a cask, suspended them by the heels, and resorted to a sort of practice that might have

destroyed well men, instead of resuscitating those in whom the vital spark was dormant, if not actually extinct.

Two hours later, Rose, seated in her own cabin, unavoidably overheard the following dialogue, which passed in English, a language that Señor Montefalderon spoke perfectly well, as has been said.

"Well Señor," said Spike, "I hope this little accident will not prevent our final trade. You will want the brig now, to take the schooner's place."

"And how am I to pay you for the brig, Señor Spike, even if I buy her?"

"I'll venture to guess there is plenty of money in Mexico. Though they do say the government is so backward about paying, I have always found you punctual, and am not afraid to put faith in you ag'in."

"But I have no longer any money to pay you half in hand, as I did for the powder, when last in New York."

"The bag was pretty well lined with doubloons when I saw it last, Señor."

"And do you know where that bag is; and where there is another that holds the same sum?"

Spike started, and he mused in silence some little time, ere he again spoke.

"I had forgotten," he at length answered. "The gold must have all gone down in the schooner, along with the powder!"

"And the poor men?"

"Why, as for the men, Señor, more may be had for the asking; but powder and doubloons will be hard to find, when most wanted. Then the men were *poor* men, accordin' to my idees of what an able seaman should be, or they never would have let their schooner turn turtle with them as she did."

"We will talk of the money, Don Esteban, if you please," said the Mexican, with reserve.

"With all my heart, Don Wan—nothing is more agreeable to me than money. How many of them doubloons shall fall to my share if I raise the schooner, and put you in possession of your craft again?"

"Can that be done, Señor?" demanded Don Juan earnestly.

"A seaman can do almost any thing, in that way, Don Wan, if you will give him time and means. For one half the doubloons I can find in the wrack, the job shall be done."

"You can have them," answered Don Juan, quietly, a good deal surprised that Spike should deem it necessary to offer him any part of the sum he might find. "As for the powder, I suppose *that* is lost to my country."

"Not at all, Don Wan. The flour is well packed around it, and I don't expect it would take any harm in a month. I shall not only turn over the flour to you, just as if nothing had happened, but I shall put four first rate hands aboard your schooner, who will take her into port for you, with a good

deal more sartainty than forty of the men you had. My mate is a prime navigator."

This concluded the bargain, every word of which was heard by Rose, and every word of which she did not fail to communicate to Mulford, the moment there was an opportunity. The young man heard it with great interest, telling Rose that he should do all he could to assist in raising the schooner, in the hope that something might turn up to enable him to escape in her, taking off Rose and her aunt. As for his carrying her into a Mexican port, let them trust him for that! Agreeably to the arrangement, orders were given that afternoon to commence the necessary preparations for the work, and considerable progress was made in them by the time the Swash's people were ordered to knock off work for the night.

After the sun had set the reaction in the currents again commenced, and it blew for a few hours heavily, during the night. Toward morning, however, it moderated, and when the sun re-appeared it scarcely ever diffused its rays over a more peaceful or quiet day. Spike caused all hands to be called, and immediately set about the important business he had before him.

In order that the vessel might be as free as possible, Jack Tier was directed to skulk the females ashore, in the brig's yawl; Señor Montefalderon, a man of polished manners, as we maintain is very apt to be the case with Mexican gentlemen, whatever may be the opinion of this good republic on the subject, just at this moment, asked permission to be of the party. Mulford found an opportunity to beg Rose, if they landed at the light, to reconnoitre the place well, with a view to ascertain what facilities it could afford in an attempt to escape. They did land at the light, and glad enough were Mrs. Budd, Rose and Biddy to place their feet on *terra firma* after so long a confinement to the narrow limits of a vessel.

"Well," said Jack Tier, as they walked up to the spot where the buildings stood, "this is a rum place for a light'us, Miss Rose, and I don't wonder the keeper and his messmates has cleared out."

"I am very sorry to say," observed Señor Montefalderon, whose countenance expressed the concern he really felt, "that the keeper and his only companion, a boy, were on board the schooner, and have perished in her, in common with so many of my poor countrymen. There are the graves of two whom we buried here last evening, after vain efforts to restore them to life!"

"What a dreadful catastrophe it has been, Señor," said Rose, whose sweet countenance eloquently expressed the horror and regret she so naturally felt—"Twenty fellow beings hurried into eternity without even an instant for prayer!"

"You feel for them, Señorita—it is natural *you* should, and it is natural that I, their countryman and leader, should feel for them, also. I do not know what God has in reserve for my unfortunate coun-

try! We may have cruel and unscrupulous men among us, Señorita, but we have thousands who are just, and brave, and honorable."

"So Mr. Mulford tells me, Señor, and he has been much in your ports, on the west coast."

"I like that young man, and wonder not a little at his and your situation in this brig—" rejoined the Mexican, dropping his voice so as not to be heard by their companions, as they walked a little ahead of Mrs. Budd and Biddy. "The Señor Spike is scarcely worthy to be *his* commander or *your* guardian."

"Yet you find him worthy of your intercourse and trust, Don Juan?"

The Mexican shrugged his shoulders, and smiled equivocally; still, in a melancholy manner. It would seem he did not deem it wise to push this branch of the subject further, since he turned to another.

"I like the Señor Mulford," he resumed, "for his general deportment and principles, so far as I can judge of him on so short an acquaintance."

"Excuse me, Señor," interrupted Rose, hurriedly—but you never saw *him* until you met him here."

"Never—I understand you, Señorita, and can do full justice to the young man's character. I am willing to think he did not know the errand of his vessel, or I should not have seen him now. But what I most like him for, is this: Last night, during the gale, he and I walked the deck together, for an hour. We talked of Mexico, and of this war, so unfortunate for my country already, and which may become still more so, when he uttered this noble sentiment—'My country is more powerful than yours, Señor Montefalderon,' he said, 'and in this it has been more favored by God. You have suffered from ambitious rulers, and from military rule, while we have been advancing under the arts of peace, favored by a most beneficent Providence. As for this war, I know but little about it, though I dare say the Mexican government may have been wrong in some things that it might have controlled and some that it might not—but let right be where it will, I am sorry to see a nation that has taken so firm a stand in favor of popular government, pressed upon so hard by another that is supposed to be the great support of such principles. America and Mexico are neighbors, and ought to be friends, and while I do not, cannot blame my own country for pursuing the war with vigor, nothing would please me more than to hear peace proclaimed.'"

"That is just like Harry Mulford," said Rose, thoughtfully, as soon as her companion ceased to speak. "I do wish, Señor, that there could be no use for this powder, that is now buried in the sea."

Don Juan Montefalderon smiled, and seemed a little surprised that the fair, young thing at his side should have known of the treacherous contents of the flour-barrels. No doubt he found it inexplicable, that persons like Rose and Mulford should, seemingly, be united with one like Spike; but he was too well bred, and, indeed, too effectually mystified, to push the subject further than might be discreet.

By this time they were near the entrance of the light-house, into which the whole party entered, in a sort of mute awe at its silence and solitude. At Señor Montefalderon's invitation, they ascended to the lantern, whence they could command a wide and fair view of the surrounding waters. The reef was much more apparent from that elevation than from below; and Rose could see that numbers of its rocks were bare, while on other parts of it there was the appearance of many feet of water. Rose gazed at it, with longing eyes, for, from a few remarks that had fallen from Mulford, she suspected he had hopes of escaping among its channels and coral.

As they descended and walked through the buildings, Rose also took good heed of the supplies the place afforded. There were flour, and beef, and pork; and many other of the common articles of food, as well as water in a cistern, that caught it as it flowed from the roof of the dwelling. Water was also to be found in casks—nothing like a spring or a well existing among those islets. All these things Rose noted, putting them aside in her memory for ready reference hereafter.

In the meantime the mariners were not idle. Spike moved his brig, and moored her, head and stern, alongside of the wreck, before the people got their breakfasts. As soon as that meal was ended, both captain and mate set about their duty in earnest. Mulford carried out an anchor on the off side of the Swash, and dropped it, at a distance of about eighty fathoms from the vessel's beam. Purchases were brought from both mast-heads of the brig to the chain of this anchor, and were hove upon until the vessel was given a heel of more than a streak, and the cable was tolerably taut. Other purchases were got up opposite, and overhauled down, in readiness to take hold of the schooner's masts. The anchor of the schooner was weighed by its buoy-rope, and the chain, after being rove through the upper or opposite hawse-hole, brought in on board the Swash. Another chain was dropped astern, in such a way, that when the schooner came upright, it would be sure to pass beneath her keel, some six or eight feet from the rudder. Slings were then sunk over the mast-heads, and the purchases were hooked on. Hours were consumed in these preliminary labors, and the people went to dinner as soon as they were completed.

When the men had dined, Spike brought one of his purchases to the windlass, and the other to the capstan, though not until each was bowed taut by hand; a few minutes having brought the strain so far on every thing, as to enable a seaman, like Spike, to form some judgment of the likelihood that his preventers and purchases would stand. Some changes were found necessary to equalize the strain, but, on the whole, the captain was satisfied with his work, and the crew were soon ordered to "heave-away; the windlass best."

In the course of half an hour the hull of the ves-

sel, which lay on its bilge, began to turn on its keel, and the heads of the spars to rise above the water. This was the easiest part of the process, all that was required of the purchases being to turn over a mass which rested on the sands of the bay. Aided by the long levers afforded by the spars, the work advanced so rapidly that, in just one hour's time after his people had begun to heave, Spike had the pleasure to see the schooner standing upright, alongside of his own brig, though still sunk to the bottom. The wreck was secured in this position, by means of guys and preventers, in order that it might not again cant, when the order was issued to hook on the slings that were to raise it to the surface. These slings were the chains of the schooner, one of which went under her keel, while for the other the captain trusted to the strength of the two hawse-holes, having passed the cable out of one and in at the other, in a way to serve his purposes, as has just been stated.

When all was ready, Spike mustered his crew, and made a speech. He told the men that he was about a job that was out of the usual line of their duty, and that he knew they had a right to expect extra pay for such extra work. The schooner contained money, and his object was to get at it. If he succeeded, their reward would be a doubloon a man, which would be earning more than a month's wages by twenty-four hours' work. This was enough. The men wanted to hear no more; but they cheered their commander, and set about their task in the happiest disposition possible.

The reader will understand that the object to be first achieved, was to raise a vessel, with a hold filled with flour and gunpowder, from off the bottom of the bay to its surface. As she stood, the deck of this vessel was about six feet under water, and every one will understand that her weight, so long as it was submerged in a fluid as dense as that of the sea, would be much more manageable than if suspended in air. The barrels, for instance, were not much heavier than the water they displaced, and the wood work of the vessel itself, was, on the whole, positively lighter than the element in which it had sunk. As for the water in the hold, that was of the same weight as the water on the outside of the craft, and there had not been much to carry the schooner down, beside her iron, the spars that were out of water, and her ballast. This last, some ten or twelve tons in weight, was in fact the principal difficulty, and alone induced Spike to have any doubts about his eventual success. There was no foreseeing the result until he had made a trial, however, and the order was again given to "heave away."

To the infinite satisfaction of the Swash's crew, the weight was found quite manageable, so long as the hull remained beneath the water. Mulford, with three or four assistants, was kept on board the schooner lightening her, by getting the other anchor off her bows, and throwing the different objects

overboard, or on the decks of the brig. By the time the bulwarks reached the surface, as much was gained in this way, as was lost by having so much of the lighter wood-work rise above the water. As a matter of course, however, the weight increased as the vessel rose, and more especially as the lower portion of the spars, the bowsprit, boom, &c., from being buoyant assistants, became so much dead weight to be lifted.

Spike kept a watchful eye on his spars, and the extra supports he had given them. He was moving, the whole time, from point to point, feeling shrouds and back-stays, and preventers, in order to ascertain the degree of strain on each, or examining how the purchases stood. As for the crew, they cheered at their toil, incessantly, passing from capstan bars to the handspikes, and *vice versa*. They, too, felt that their task was increasing in resistance as it advanced, and now found it more difficult to gain an inch, than it had been at first to gain a foot. They seemed, indeed, to be heaving their own vessel out, instead of heaving the other craft up, and it was not long before they had the Swash heeling over toward the wreck several streaks. The strain, moreover, on every thing, became not only severe, but somewhat menacing. Every shroud, back-stay and preventer was as taut as a bar of iron, and the chain-cable that led to the anchor planted off abeam, was as straight as if the brig were riding by it in a gale of wind. One or two ominous surges aloft, too, had been heard, and, though no more than straps and slings settling into their places under hard strains, they served to remind the crew that danger might come from that quarter. Such was the state of things, when Spike called out to "heave and pull," that he might take a look at the condition of the wreck.

Although a great deal remained to be done, in order to get the schooner to float, a great deal had already been done. Her precise condition was as follows: Having no cabin windows, the water had entered her, when she capsized, by the only four apertures her construction possessed. These were the companion-way, or cabin-doors; the sky-light; the main-hatch, or the large inlet amid-ships, by which cargo went up and down; and the booby-hatch, which was the counterpart of the companion-way, forward; being intended to admit of ingress to the fore-castle, the apartment of the crew. Each of these hatch-ways, or orifices, had the usual defences of "coamings," strong frame-work around their margins. These coamings rose six or eight inches above the deck, and answered the double purpose of strengthening the vessel, in a part, that without them would be weaker than common, and of preventing any water that might be washing about the decks from running below. As soon, therefore, as these three apertures, or their coamings, could be raised above the level of the water of the basin, all danger of the vessel's receiving any further tribute of that sort from the ocean would be over. It was

to this end, consequently, that Spike's efforts had been latterly directed, though they had only in part succeeded. The schooner possessed a good deal of sheer, as it is termed; or, her two extremities rose nearly a foot above her centre, when on an even keel. This had brought her extremities first to the surface, and it was the additional weight which had consequently been brought into the air, that had so much increased the strain, and induced Spike to pause. The deck forward, as far aft as the foremast, and aft as far forward as the centre of the trunk, or to the sky-light, was above the water, or at least awash; while all the rest of it was covered. In the vicinity of the main-hatch there were several inches of water; enough indeed to leave the upper edge of the coamings submerged by about an inch. To raise the keel that inch by means of the purchases, Spike well knew would cost him more labor, and would incur more risk than all that had been done previously, and he paused before he would attempt it.

The men were now called from the brig and ordered to come on board the schooner. Spike ascertained by actual measurement how much was wanted to bring the coamings of the main-hatch above the water, until which was done, pumping and bailing would be useless. He found it was quite an inch, and was at a great loss to know how that inch should be obtained. Mulford advised another trial with the handspikes and bars, but to this Spike would not consent. He believed that the masts of the brig had already as much pressure on them as they would bear. The mate next proposed getting the main boom off the vessel, and to lighten the craft by cutting away her bowsprit and masts. The captain was well enough disposed to do this, but he doubted whether it would meet with the approbation of "Don Wan," who was still ashore with Rose and her aunt, and who probably looked forward to recovering his gunpowder by means of those very spars. At length the carpenter hit upon a plan that was adopted.

This plan was very simple, though it had its own ingenuity. It will be remembered that water could now only enter the vessel's hold at the main-hatch, all the other hatchways having their coamings above the element. The carpenter proposed, therefore, that the main-hatches, which had been off when the tornado occurred, but which had been found on deck when the vessel righted, should now be put on, oakum being first laid along in their rabbetings, and that the cracks should be stuffed with additional oakum, to exclude as much water as possible. He thought that two or three men, by using caulking irons for ten minutes, would make the hatch-way so tight that very little water would penetrate. While this was doing, he himself would bore as many holes forward and aft, as he could, with a two inch augur, out of which the water then in the vessel would be certain to run. Spike was delighted with this project, and gave the necessary orders on the spot.

This much must be said of the crew of the Molly

Swash—whatever they did in their own profession, they did intelligently and well. On the present occasion they maintained their claim to this character, and were both active and expert. The hatches were soon on, and, in an imperfect manner, caulked. While this was doing, the carpenter got into a boat, and going under the schooner's bows, where a whole plank was out of water, he chose a spot between two of the timbers, and bored a hole as near the surface of the water as he dared to do. Not satisfied with one hole, however, he bored many—choosing both sides of the vessel to make them, and putting some aft as well as forward. In a word, in the course of twenty minutes the schooner was tapped in at least a dozen places, and jets of water, two inches in diameter, were spouting from her on each bow, and under each quarter.

Spike and Mulford noted the effect. Some water, doubtless, still worked itself into the vessel about the main-hatch, but that more flowed from her by means of the outlets just named, was quite apparent. After close watching at the outlets for some time, Spike was convinced that the schooner was slowly rising, the intense strain that still came from the brig producing that effect as the vessel gradually became lighter. By the end of half an hour, there could be no longer any doubt, the holes, which had been bored within an inch of the water, being now fully two inches above it. The augur was applied anew, still nearer to the surface of the sea, and as fresh outlets were made, those that began to manifest a dulness in their streams were carefully plugged.

Spike now thought it was time to take a look at the state of things on deck. Here, to his joy, he ascertained that the coamings had actually risen a little above the water. The reader is not to suppose by this rising of the vessel, that she had become sufficiently buoyant, in consequence of the water that had run out of her, to float of herself. This was far from being the case; but the constant upward pressure from the brig, which, on mechanical principles tended constantly to bring that craft upright, had the effect to lift the schooner as the latter was gradually relieved from the weight that pressed her toward the bottom.

The hatches were next removed, when it was found that the water in the schooner's hold had so far lowered, as to leave a vacant space of quite a foot between the lowest part of the deck and its surface. Toward the two extremities of the vessel this space necessarily was much increased, in consequence of the sheer. Men were now sent into the hatchway with orders to hook on to the flour-barrels—a whip having been rigged in readiness to hoist them on deck. At the same time gangs were sent to the pumps, though Spike still depended for getting rid of the water somewhat on the augur—the carpenter continuing to bore and plug his holes as new opportunities offered, and the old outlets became useless. It was true this expedient would soon cease, for the

water having found its level in the vessel's hold, was very nearly on a level also with that on the outside. Bailing also was commenced, both forward and aft.

Spike's next material advantage was obtained by means of the cargo. By the time the sun had set, fully two hundred barrels had been rolled into the hatchway, and passed on deck, whence, about half of them, were sent in the light-house boat to the nearest islet, and the remainder were transferred to the deck of the brig. These last were placed on the off side of the Swash, and aided in bringing her nearer upright. A great deal was gained in getting rid of these barrels. The water in the schooner lowered just as much as the space they had occupied, and the vessel was relieved at once of twenty tons in weight.

Just after the sun had set, Señor Don Juan Montefalderon and his party returned on board. They had staid on the island to the last moment, at Rose's request, for she had taken as close an observation of every thing, as possible, in order to ascertain if any means of concealment existed, in the event of her aunt, Biddy, and herself quitting the brig. The islets were all too naked and too small, however; and she was compelled to return to the Swash, without any hopes derived from this quarter.

Spike had just directed the people to get their suppers as the Mexican came on board. Together they descended to the schooner's deck, where they had a long but secret conference. Señor Montefalderon was a calm, quiet and reasonable man, and while he felt as one would be apt to feel, who had recently seen so many associates swept suddenly out of existence, the late catastrophe did not in the least unman him. It is too much the habit of the American people to receive their impressions from newspapers, which throw off their articles unreflectingly, and often ignorantly, as crones in petticoats utter their gossip. In a word, the opinions thus obtained are very much on a level, in value, with the thoughts of those who are said to think aloud, and who give utterance to all the crudities and trivial rumors that may happen to reach their ears. In this manner, we apprehend, very false notions of our neighbors of Mexico have become circulated among us. That nation is a mixed race, and has necessarily the various characteristics of such an origin, and it is unfortunately little influenced by the diffusion of intelligence which certainly exists here. Although an enemy, it ought to be acknowledged, however, that even Mexico has her redeeming points. Anglo-Saxons as we are, we have no desire to unnecessarily illustrate that very marked feature in the Anglo-Saxon character, which prompts the mother stock to calumniate all who oppose it, but would rather adopt some of that chivalrous courtesy of which so much that is lofty and commendable is to be found among the descendants of Old Spain.

The Señor Montefalderon was earnestly engaged

in what he conceived to be the cause of his country. It was scarcely possible to bring together two men impelled by motives more distinct than Spike and this gentleman. The first was acting under impulses of the lowest and most groveling nature; while the last was influenced by motives of the highest. However much Mexico may, and has, weakened her cause by her own puny faith, instability, military oppression, and political revolutions, giving to the Texans in particular, ample justification for their revolt, it was not probable that Don Juan Montefalderon saw the force of all the arguments that a casuist of ordinary ingenuity could certainly adduce against his country; for it is a most unusual thing to find a man any where, who is willing to admit that the positions of an opponent are good. He saw in the events of the day, a province wrested from his nation; and, in his reasoning on the subject, entirely overlooking the numerous occasions on which his own fluctuating government had given sufficient justification, not to say motives, to their powerful neighbors, to take the law into their own hands, and redress themselves; he fancied all that has occurred was previously planned, instead of regarding it, as it truly is, as merely the result of political events, that no man could have foreseen, that no man had originally imagined, or that any man could control.

Don Juan understood Spike completely, and quite justly appreciated not only his character, but his capabilities. Their acquaintance was not of a day, though it had ever been marked by that singular combination of caution and reliance that is apt to characterize the intercourse between the knave and the honest man, when circumstances compel not only communication, but, to a certain extent, confidence. They now paced the deck of the schooner, side by side, for fully an hour, during which time the price of the vessel, the means, and the mode of payment and transfer, were fully settled between them.

"But what will you do with your passengers, Don Esteban?" asked the Mexican pleasantly, when the more material points were adjusted. "I feel a great interest in the young lady in particular, who is a charming señorita, and who tells me that her aunt brought her this voyage on account of her health. She looks much too blooming to be out of health, and if she were, this is a singular voyage for an invalid to make!"

"You don't understand human nature yet, altogether, I see, Don Wan," answered Spike, chuckling and winking. "As you and I are not only good friends, but what a body may call *old* friends, I'll let you into a secret in this affair, well knowing that you'll not betray it. It's quite true that the old woman thinks her niece is a pulmonary, as they call it, and that this v'y'go is recommended for her, but the gal is as healthy as she's handsome."

"Her constitution, then, must be very excellent, for it is seldom I have seen so charming a young

woman. But if the aunt is misled in this matter, how has it been with the niece?"

Spike did not answer in words, but he leered upon his companion, and he winked.

"You mean to be understood that you are in intelligence with each other, I suppose, Don Esteban," returned the Señor Montefalderon, who did not like the captain's manner, and was willing to drop the discourse.

Spike then informed his companion, in confidence, that he and Rose were affianced, though without the aunt's knowledge. That he intended to marry the niece the moment he reached a Mexican port with the brig, and that it was their joint intention to settle in the country. He added that the affair required management, as his intended had property, and expected more, and he begged Don Juan to aid him, as things drew near to a crisis. The Mexican evaded an answer, and the discourse dropped.

The moon was now shining, and would continue to throw its pale light over the scene for two or three hours longer. Spike profited by the circumstance to continue the work of lightening the schooner. One of the first things done next was to get up the dead, and to remove them to the boat. This melancholy office occupied an hour, the bodies being landed on the islet, near the powder, and there interred in the sands. Don Juan Montefalderon attended on this occasion, and repeated some prayers over the graves, as he had done in the morning, in the cases of the two who had been buried near the light-house.

While this melancholy duty was in the course of performance, that of pumping and bailing was continued, under the immediate personal superintend-

ance of Mulford. It would not be easy to define, with perfect clearness, the conflicting feelings by which the mate of the Swash was now impelled. He had no longer any doubt on the subject of Spike's treason, and had it not been for Rose, he would not have hesitated a moment about making off in the light-house boat for Key West, in order to report all that had passed to the authorities. But not only Rose was there, and to be cared for, but what was far more difficult to get along with, her aunt was with her. It is true Mrs. Budd was no longer Spike's dupe; but under any circumstances she was a difficult subject to manage, and most especially so in all matters that related to the sea. Then the young man submitted, more or less, to the strange influence which a fine craft almost invariably obtains over those that belong to her. He did not like the idea of deserting the Swash, at the very moment he would not have hesitated about punishing her owner for his many misdeeds. In a word, Harry was too much of a tar not to feel a deep reluctance to turn against his cruise, or his voyage, however much either might be condemned by his judgment, or even by his principles.

It was quite nine o'clock when the Señor Montefalderon and Spike returned from burying the dead. No sooner did the last put his foot on the deck of his own vessel, than he felt the fall of one of the purchases which had been employed in raising the schooner. It was so far slack as to satisfy him that the latter now floated by her own buoyancy, though it might be well to let all stand until morning, for the purposes of security. Thus apprised of the condition of the two vessels, he gave the welcome order to "knock-off for the night."

THE LOVE DIAL.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTON.

A DIAL in the twilight lay,
Reflecting back pale evening's ray,
When stealthily two lovers came
And leaned beside its silent frame:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
—But who might trace time's tangled way
On dials dim with twilight gray?

As brightly now the midnight moon
Rode o'er the starry arch of noon,
To learn the hour of eventide
Again the youth and maiden sighed:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
—But 'neath the moon's uncertain ray
The shadow pointed still astray.

Unconscious how the moments flew,
(Bound by the spell which passion drew,) Unto the dial's line of shade
Once more approached the youth and maid:
"Mute marker of the moments' flight,
Oh! dial, tell us of the night!"
When (how could night so fast have worn?)
The tell-tale shadow marked the morn.

And as they watched the silvery face
Where day his hours began to trace,
In morning's light, now stronger grown,
This motto o'er the circle shown:
"When lovers meet at eventide,
Time marks not how the moments glide:
When lovers part at rosy light
Time counts the ling'ring hours till night."

OLD MAIDS.

OR KATE WILSON'S MORNING VISIT.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light. WORDSWORTH.

"I HAVE just been visiting Miss Agnes Lincoln," said my young friend Kate Wilson to me one morning. "Truly, Miss Enna, she is the most charming woman I have ever known—always excepting, of course, your own dear self. Though no longer young, she is still beautiful—intelligent, clever, without the slightest tinge of pedantry; gentle and loveable. Why is it that she has never married? She has been a devoted daughter and sister; I have always felt surprise and regret that she should not have been a wife."

The tone of voice told the regret which those words expressed, and caused me to smile as I looked at my bright-eyed friend, who, being on the eve of marriage herself with one she loved very dearly, thought, of course, the married state the only true vocation for a woman.

"But, Kate," I replied, "Agnes Lincoln has always had duties sufficient to employ her in her home circle—her heart has been too much occupied with providing for the comfort of her brothers and sisters, and nursing a poor invalid mother, to go out on voyages, in order to seek a fellow heart, or to attend to the said fellow heart, should it come wooing. Only unoccupied, free-from-care bodies, like your sweet self, can find time to fall in love and marry—"

"Nonsense!" said the blushing Kate, "do not tease me with such *badinage*. I wish you would tell me Miss Lincoln's history—romantic I have already determined it is—for those deep, dark eyes of hers give evidences, by their bright flashings at times, of the existence of a fount of passion, which, I am sure, must have welled up and bubbled over at some period of her life. You have known her intimately from girlhood, Miss Duval, come, tell me the tale. See, it is the very time for a long story, we are certain of being alone, no stupid visitors will interrupt us, for those threatening, overhanging clouds are already beginning to let down their watery contents—the fire snaps and sparkles in a

most sociable manner, and I will spend the whole day with you in this cheery little room of yours."

Accordingly she threw aside her bonnet and shawl—pushed what she called "the troublesome desk, and still more wearying work-basket," away from me, then throwing herself on a low ottoman beside me, looked most persuasively into my face for the web of romance she was determined I should weave, and with the air of one determined not to be denied.

"Do you deserve, Kate," I said, "that I should entertain you, when you seem to think so slightly of the mission of my sisterhood? Saucy girl! are old maids always to be regarded by such sparkling, merry witches like yourself, as leading lives useless to both man and womankind?"

"No, no, dear Miss Enna," exclaimed the lovely girl, as she gathered her graceful limbs on her favorite seat beside me, in order to make her dear little luxurious form still more comfortable, gazing into my face with her bright dancing eyes, and holding my hands caressingly, "Heaven knows, I have had need to bless the sisterhood, for what would I have been without such a dear, good, kind—" I stopped her rosy flattering lips with my hand, and yielded to her request. Kate Wilson promised to be lenient should my story have less of interest and romance in it than she expected—will you, my dear reader, be as merciful and indulgent?

As Kate said, I had known Agnes Lincoln from girlhood—yes, babyhood—for we had been introduced by our proud, happy mothers to each other, in our first long dresses, and had taken infinite delight, so our nurses had said, in tearing the blue and pink cockades off of each other's caps. We were always warm friends; went to the same schools, and, as our parents were intimate, when we grew up visited in the same circles. Agnes' father was the senior member of one of the most opulent firms in the city—his wealth was said to be immense, and truly they lived in a style of princely magnifi-

cence. She was the eldest of several children. The three next to her died in infancy, which made quite a difference between her and the other children in point of age. Her mother was a woman of exceedingly delicate frame, and sickness and the distress she had suffered on losing her children, weakened still more a mind never very strong. I always remember her as an invalid—surrounded by every luxury wealth could purchase; possessing a doting husband and a family of noble children; yet always repining and melancholy.

Agnes had been educated by her father with exceeding great care; and as she grew up was a most agreeable companion for him. He accompanied her into society; they studied, rode, drove and walked together; indeed one could rarely see them apart. How proud was he of her; and he lavished every costly gift upon her with an unsparring hand. She was beautiful—a tall, splendid looking creature—a fine erect figure, with the bearing of a queen, and a head fitted for a Zenobia—but the classic severity of her features was softened by the most melting, lovely eyes, and the gentle melodious tones of her voice were bewitching. Beautiful, rich and young, of course Agnes Lincoln was a belle. She had been full two years in society, and to the surprise of her friends she was still disengaged. "I shall never marry, Enna," she would say to me, in answer to my playful reproaches upon her want of susceptibility—"how could my poor mother or lonely father spare me?" and at last I began to think, as many others did, that Agnes was one of those born to a life of "single blessedness," when

"Lo! the troubled joy of life,
Love's lightening happiness,"

became known to her. Agnes' choice surprised us all. Evert Berkely was a young merchant reputed wealthy, but not at all agreeable or pleasing to my fancy. He was handsome and tolerably intelligent—had been well educated and had traveled abroad, bringing with him from his travels various "foreign airs and graces," which did not improve his agreeability to my taste. He was certainly much inferior to Agnes in point of intellect; but she loved him nevertheless. I always thought him a cold, calculating man, and the passionate love he expressed for my beautiful friend seemed so unnatural, falling from his cold unexpressive lips. Mr. Lincoln was at first as much dissatisfied and surprised at Agnes' choice as the rest of her friends; but when he discovered how completely her whole heart was given up to this infatuation, as he could make no serious objection to the gentleman, he quickly quieted all expressions of disapprobation, and only stipulated that their engagement should be a long one, pleading his wife's health and his own lonely state as excuses. The lover, of course, was impatient at these obstacles, but Agnes, always alive to her father's happiness, steadily refused to shorten the period of two years, decided upon by her father. Evert was

a devoted lover, and seemed to exist only in the presence of his mistress; and dear Agnes was so supremely happy—I fancifully imagined her beauty increased under this new influence of love.

She had been engaged to Evert Berkely about a year, when one evening we all met at Mr. Lincoln's, on our way to a gay private ball. I had always gone into society with Agnes and Mr. Lincoln; for my mother dying while I was quite a young girl, my father had been so deeply affected by her death—as she had been to him companion, guide, and comforter—that he avoided all society, and sought consolation in close application to his profession. He had been from boyhood on the closest terms of intimacy with Mr. Lincoln, and willingly consented that I should accompany Agnes on her entrance into society, under Mr. Lincoln's care. Accordingly, on the night I allude to, I had been driven to Mr. Lincoln's, that I might be one of their party. I particularize this one evening, for it was the most eventful night of Agnes' life—the turning point in her existence. Events occurred on that night which gave the stamp and impress to her future. I remember thinking, as I looked upon her, after the completion of her toilette, that I had never seen her so magnificently beautiful. Her father and lover were rather gorgeous in their tastes, and to please them Agnes always dressed with more splendor than accorded with her own fancy; but the peculiar style of her beauty was well suited to this manner of dressing. Her tall, full form could well bear the heavy folds of rich drapery that always swept around her, and the brilliant jewels that gleamed and flashed in her dark hair, and on her snowy throat and arms, were admitted by even the most fastidious to be in good taste. She was the daughter of a reputed *millionaire*, beautiful and noble-looking—costly garments and rich gems seemed well fitted for her. It was a grand ball we were going to, and after spending the accustomed half hour in Mr. Lincoln's library, he gave us into Evert Berkely's charge. Agnes entreated her father to accompany her with more than her customary earnestness; but he pleaded indolence, and laughingly reminded her that her lover's presence should be sufficient. I could not account for the tinge of sadness that gloomed over her features; and when Evert and I rallied her on her absence of mind, during our drive to the ball, she frankly confessed her feelings were unaccountable, and said she had been suffering all day from a vague, indefinable sense of approaching evil. We cheered her, and attributed her feelings to nervousness; what evil could one so prosperous and happy have to fear?

As usual, she was the centre of attraction, and crowds followed her. Evert hovered around her incessantly, and her quiet, happy looks, as she received his attentions, so openly offered, were to me most fascinating. Her sadness and home yearnings seemed to melt before the bright light of the ball—

room, and the merry laughter and gay looks of her friends, put to flight all gloomy thoughts. I thought I had never heard her voice so melodious, her laugh more buoyant, nor her dancing so graceful; she appeared as the embodiment of happiness. During the course of the evening, I was standing alone by a window, in a recess, that opened into a conservatory, almost, if not quite, hidden by the folds of the drapery, enjoying, in a sort of dreamy state, the rich odors of the flowers, and the bewitching strains of the music. The movements of the crowd brought two old gentlemen directly in front of me, in such a manner that I could not have moved if I had wished from my hiding-place.

"Hugh Lincoln's daughter is a beautiful creature," said one to the other.

"She is, indeed," replied the friend, "and she dresses like a sultana—look at her magnificent gems and gorgeous clothing. Hugh Lincoln has been a fortunate man, and his daughter will be a rich wife for the one that marries her."

"May be so, and may be not," said the first speaker; "one cannot tell how a man's estate may turn out while still engaged in business. Hugh Lincoln has been a bold, daring merchant; he always incurs fearful risks, and although he has hitherto been fortunate, one turning of luck may sweep all his grandeur from him—for he perils all on every great speculation."

"She is engaged," said the friend, "to young Berkely, who is so constantly with her. He is a shrewd, calculating fellow; one might feel certain of Hugh Lincoln's wealth by the mere knowledge of that engagement."

A movement of the crowd took place, and the two worldly old croakers, as I deemed them, passed away. I kept my place, and my thoughts were filled with Agnes and her future. Vague forebodings pressed upon me, and all my old dislike and distrust of Evart returned to me. Low passionate murmurings of love came next upon my ear. Evart and Agnes stood beside me with the heavy folds of the curtain between us, and I became again an unintentional listener. Evart poured out the most fervent expressions of love—he besought my friend to delay their wedding no longer.

"Think, my idolized one," he murmured, "how long has been my probation already."

"No, no, Evart," replied Agnes, steadily, "do not urge me. My father, who, from my earliest recollection has been devoted to my happiness, asks me to delay my marriage. I will not act against his wishes. It would be but a poor promise for our future happiness were I to be thus regardless of my father's comfort. Adel is too young to supply my place to him for a year or two yet. We are together constantly, and a year will soon pass around."

"And the coming year may see you wedded to another," exclaimed her lover passionately.

"Evart," said Agnes, reproachfully, "have I not promised to be your wife?"

"But, Agnes," replied Evart, in hurried words, "suppose sorrow were to overtake me—men in business are daily exposed to ruin—what then could I depend on? Your father would never consent to your marriage with a bankrupt; and to my troubles would be added the fearful necessity of yielding you up forever."

"Say not so, dear Evart," replied Agnes, in earnest, loving tones; "in the hour of trouble you would be dearer to me, if possible, than now. I have promised to be your wife—I hold that promise sacred, believe me; and, moreover, I know my father's generous nature too well to think as you do—in misfortune he would be kinder to you than in prosperity. But why talk of misfortune—are there any clouds on your business horizon? Come, tell me your troubles, and if you are, indeed, on the eve of bankruptcy, which Heaven avert, seek advice from my father; never fear, Evart, he will willingly assist you; and if it would lighten your heart in the midst of such affliction, I would be your wife instantly; in such a case my father would no longer object—you would need the consoling society of a wife more than he would need his daughter;" and Agnes' face wore a look of mingled affection and anxiety as she took his hand.

"Truly," exclaimed Evart, laughing, "I have half a mind to declare myself a bankrupt, if it would have that effect. But do not look so anxiously, my blessed one—my affairs are in a most prosperous condition. I was wrong to alarm you, yet it proved to me your love, dearest, which, indeed, I sometimes am weak enough to doubt. I torment myself with a thousand fancies. You are so beautiful, Agnes, so superior—I so unworthy of you, that I am always fearing a change in your feelings."

"Now that is really unkind, Evart," was Agnes' reproachful answer; "am I prone to changing—who have I ever loved but you? You should not be thus suspicious, or you will make me fearful of change, not in myself, but in you."

Then followed from Evart the most fervent, passionate declarations, which were interrupted by the approach of some friends, who came to seek their assistance in forming a favorite dance; and I escaped from my hiding-place. I was so intimate with Agnes—her second self, as she playfully called me—that I felt no annoyance at having been forced to play the listener to her love scene; on the contrary, congratulated myself that no stranger, or mere acquaintance, had been in my place. I descended from the steps of the window into the conservatory, and spent a full hour in examining the beautiful plants—imagining myself in fairy land. The pure, beautiful light shed from the alabaster vases, which, containing lamps, were placed in different parts of the conservatory; the bewitching tones of music that came sweeping from the ball-room, and the soft night air that poured in from the open, outer windows, all heightened the illusion, and I fancied I was listening to the divine spirit-melody of the

flower-sylphs, and inhaling their balmy atmosphere. How every moment of that night is impressed upon my memory; every word, every change of feeling—all were treasured up.

I was roused from my delicious reveries by Agnes and Evart, who came to announce to me it was time to retire. "As usual," said Agnes, tenderly putting her arm around me, "I find you dreaming waking visions among the flowers. I fear my sad thoughts, dear Enna, have flown to you. I was so full of vague forebodings, when I left home, and now they have all vanished. I am as happy and light-hearted as I have ever been in my life; every thing around me seems to wear a fairy, heavenly hue."

Thus she chatted away during our drive home. We bade her good night at Mr. Lincoln's door, and the carriage drove away, bearing us to our own homes—one short half-hour after, and the same carriage bore me back again to that house in deep affliction. Agnes, after bidding us good night, entered the hall, and was proceeding up the staircase to her own room, when, as she passed the library, she saw the library light still burning, which was to her a notice of her father's waiting up for her return. She entered with a light heart and a merry song. Her father was seated in his chair, leaning his head forward on his reading-desk, apparently asleep. She bent over him to awaken him by gentle caresses, but ere her lips touched his brow, the expression of his face startled her. She gave one long, searching look, then uttered a piercing shriek of agony, which startled the whole house. He was dead. There, in that solitary room, his spirit had taken flight, alone, without daughter or friend beside him to receive his parting words of love. Poor Agnes! with what agony she leaned over him—vainly calling on him to speak to her—to look, if only once more, upon his own Agnes. It was a sad sight—this beautiful girl bending over her dead father—her rich drapery falling heavily around her, and her magnificent hair, which had escaped from the circlet of gems which bound it, swept the ground, making her pale face appear still more pallid, as its heavy, dark masses hung over her fair shoulders. Her earnest, heart-rending appeals were terrifying; not a tear flowed from her dark eyes—they seemed distended with agony; and the physicians who had been hastily summoned feared that the shock would deprive her of reason, if not of life. I at last succeeded in leading her away from her father, and, exhausted by her intense grief, she lay for hours in a heavy stupor.

Every means were resorted to, to restore Mr. Lincoln—but all in vain. The physicians, after an examination, decided that he had labored under an affection of the heart, unconsciously, for some time; that he had been on the brink of the grave for many months, undoubtedly—he, who had seemed so healthy; and this it was which had caused his death, which they thought had taken place some

time before Agnes' return, and with little or no suffering, possibly without a consciousness of the approaching fearful change. Poor Agnes! her sufferings were intense, but her naturally strong mind, and strict sense of duty, aided her, when in the morning, after the heavy stupor of exhaustion had passed away, the fearful consciousness of her great sorrow arose vividly before her. She recollected there were others to suffer, who were weaker to bear—her poor invalid mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. She wept long and bitterly, when her eyes opened upon my tearful, anxious face, as I bent over her. I blessed those tears, for I knew they would relieve her. She at last, however, bowed meekly to the burden imposed upon her, and hastened to soothe and comfort her almost heart-broken mother, and the poor startled, weeping children.

Everybody grieved for Mr. Lincoln, for he was much beloved; "but," said the out-of-doors world, "how fortunate are his family, possessing wealth in the midst of their sorrow. Mr. Lincoln has left them an immense fortune to comfort them in their affliction;" as if money could compensate for the loss of loved ones. Agnes would have gladly toiled for their daily bread to have purchased one look from those eyes closed in death, one accent of love from those cold, livid lips. After the funeral, Mr. Lincoln's will was opened. It was one made three or four years previous to his death; and my father was one of the executors, and sole guardian to the children. This will had been made previous to Agnes' engagement; but in it Mr. Lincoln expressed a wish, almost a command, that if ever Agnes married, my father should insist upon having the greater part of her immense fortune settled upon her.

A week or two passed by, when one evening my father returned home from his office, later than usual, and his face wore an anxious, troubled expression. Some case of more than ordinary misery and sadness, I thought, has come before him, in which fate has woven a darker web of trouble. I hastened to procure for him the soothing cup of tea, which he so much loved, and sat beside his chair, as he silently despatched his light meal, expecting every moment to hear the new tale of human suffering—but I was disappointed; my father drank his tea quietly, and it was not until the tea-service was removed, and I seated at my sewing-table beside his large arm-chair, that the good, kind old man broke the silence.

"Enna, my child," he said, in gloomy tones, "poor Agnes Lincoln, her mother and those fatherless children are penniless."

"Penniless—impossible!" I exclaimed. "I thought Mr. Hugh Lincoln was admitted to be immensely wealthy."

"His immense wealth," said my father, "proves to be a magnificent dream—a shining bubble. He must have been lamentably ignorant of his own affairs, for things have evidently been going wrong

for some months past. Such wild, mad-cap speculations as the house have engaged in, I am sure my sensible, prudent friend would never have countenanced."

I now understood the allusions of the old gentleman, in the first conversation which I had overheard in the ball-room, the night of Mr. Lincoln's fearful death, and I repeated them to my father.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "daring indeed have been their operations, and not only that, but reckless and wild in the extreme. I remember now, although I gave but little heed at the time, noticing in Hugh Lincoln, for some months past, a heavy, growing indolence, as I deemed it. It must have proceeded from his fatal disease, and he has left the affairs of the concern in the hands of the junior partners, who have mismanaged not only wildly but wickedly. Poor fellow! he has been spared the sorrow, but what is to become of the poor invalid widow and orphans? Six little helpless creatures beside Agnes—Adel is not more than fourteen?"

"Scarcely thirteen," I replied.

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed my father, brushing a tear aside. "But we must do all that we can for them. I am a poor man, but what little I have shall be freely shared with Hugh Lincoln's children."

"You forget, my dear father," I said, "that Agnes is engaged to Evart Berkely."

"True," replied my father. "But, Enna, I have very little confidence in him; I only hope Agnes may not love him too dearly, for I very much fear that Evart's love is rather too weak to bear the present news."

"Does he know of the insolvency of the firm?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," said my father, "the mere suspicion of the insolvency of such a firm as Lincoln, Murray & Co., would of course spread like wild-fire. I never dreamed of such a thing myself, however, and heard this morning with great surprise, on going to my office, from an old merchant, that it had been rumored for several days. You must break it to Agnes, poor girl."

"You think Evart Berkely knows of it?" I said, after a long silence.

"Oh yes," replied my father, "I met him in company with some other merchants this afternoon, and he spoke of Mr. Lincoln only as he would of any other well-known merchant, and united in self congratulations with some others as to being unaffected, fortunately, by the failure—not at all in the tone of one interested in his family."

The conversation between Agnes and Evart returned to my memory, and I contrasted his feelings with hers—how differently would she have acted had he been overtaken by poverty. "But," said I to myself in the morning, when preparing for my customary visit to Agnes, "it may be but fancy after all—we may be wronging Evart; he did not choose to exhibit his feelings before a crowd of

men," and with this consolatory conclusion, I set out on my walk.

I ascended the broad steps of Agnes' noble residence, and passed through the wide hall and up the spacious stair-case, noting the magnificence of the furniture with a sigh. I entered the library, where I was told I would find Agnes. It was a grand, noble room, and in its adornments proved that immense wealth had been guided by the subduing hand of taste. It was lighted from above; the brick-and-mortar world without was completely unknown in that stately room; only the blue sky by day, and the bright stars by night, could be seen. The soft, unworldly light gleamed down on beautiful works of art, rare and costly pieces of sculpture, medals, gems, and here and there alcoves filled with the productions of those whom the intellectual world call Masters.

I paused at the threshold unheard by Agnes, who was writing at an escritoir—my eyes wandered over this intellectual Paradise and then rested upon the Eve. I was struck with the impression of her face; it bore a more beaming, hopeful look than I had seen on it since the night of her father's death. "Poor girl!" I sighed to myself, "how soon is that brilliant expression to be dimmed by the care-clouds of life—not only heart trials, but poverty, privation, and, worse than all to your noble spirit—dependence."

I moved forward, but the luxurious carpet told no tales of my foot-falls, and my hand rested on her shoulder ere she was aware of my entrance. She looked up, and her eyes were gleaming with tears—not tears of sadness—and a bright flush rested on her hitherto pale cheeks; I looked surprised, and she noting it said in trembling tones,

"Ah! dear Enna, I never valued the possession of wealth before. Read this letter, dearest, while I finish the answer."

I took from her hands an open letter—it was from Evart, written the previous night, announcing anticipated severe and heavy losses, and freeing her from her engagement—he could not, he said, ask her to wed a penniless man—and after lamenting in a fine round period his unworthiness of her, his misery and wretchedness, concluded with a farewell forever. After I concluded the note, I felt that my father was right, my hands dropped before me, and for a few moments I felt as in a dream—a spell was over me—I could not tell my poor wronged friend the real truth—at last she broke the silence.

"Ah! Enna" were her words, "I bless Heaven I have enough for both. My share of my poor father's princely fortune will fully cover his losses, and again establish him in life. How unkind and yet how natural is his note—poor Evart! I can fancy his wretchedness when releasing me from my engagement—and he must have known it was useless—but I cannot censure him—even thus would I have acted had the loss of fortune happened to me."

"Would you, dear Agnes?" said I, throwing my arms over her beautiful neck caressingly.

"Indeed would I, Enna," she replied sadly. "It would have been a hard duty, but steadily would I have performed it."

"Agnes," I said, in low, earnest tones, inwardly imploring for assistance and strength in my painful task, "that duty is required of you. You are the penniless one instead of Evart. He is as prosperous as ever, but you, my poor friend, are bereft of all—but friends."

She gazed wildly at me, then with one low wailing cry of deep agony became insensible. She was laid on her couch, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth so soon to be taken from her, and the heavy stupor that hung over her spirit the bitter hours after her father's death ensued. But I knew her inward strength, and although I could scarcely pray for her recovery to such misery as would be hers, I felt that the helpless ones dependent on her for consolation would, as in the former dark hours, sustain her. The heavy clouds passed over, and she at last aroused her suffering broken spirit.

"Where are the letters?" she murmured in low tones.

"One I destroyed, dearest," I replied—"the other—"

"Destroy it likewise, Enna, and help me to forget. I have others to think of now," and with a quiet look of repressed agony she hastily employed herself in preparing for their future change of circumstances. Evart was never alluded to by any one; and day after day she engaged herself in entering into the investigation of her father's affairs, with the firm, quiet air of a woman of business. The investigation proved only the painful truth—ruin, hopeless ruin stared them in the face—every thing was swept from them. Poor Mrs. Lincoln had seemed overwhelmed with sorrow at her husband's death, but this new grief appeared to her weak, indolent nature still harder to bear, and she helplessly implored to be taken from life.

"For myself, dear Mr. Duval," said my friend, in a calm voice, but the tones of which showed repressed suffering, "I care not—I can endure hardships—but my poor mother, how can she bear the change?"

"You will all come to us, dear Agnes, and we will be as one family," said my kind father, as they at last ended the careful examination of the affairs. "You and Enna have always been as sisters, my poor dead wife loved your mother as a sister. The income my profession yields you and Enna can manage so as to supply us all. We will live plainly but happily, I know. You are both sufficiently well informed to educate the girls, and Adel will soon be old enough to assist you. Horace and Frank will in a few years be able to help themselves, and supply my place when I grow too old to fill the purse."

Agnes sat by the table quietly gazing as upon vacancy, when my dear, good father commenced his

kind plan, and as he proceeded her dark eyes beamed with childlike fondness on the good old man.

"Surely Heaven will bless you and yours, dear Mr. Duval, for being thus kind to the widowed and fatherless," she exclaimed, as he concluded. "But I must not accept your kind offer. Your plan, however, has confirmed me in the scheme I have been forming for some days past. If I am sufficiently well fitted to take charge of my sisters' education, why not of others? If you will aid me I will open a school."

The thought was a good one, and my father, finding Agnes steady in her determination yielded, and used every endeavor to forward her in her project. The creditors had refused to accept the costly wardrobe and magnificent jewels belonging to Mrs. Lincoln and Agnes. These were disposed of, and the money arising from their sale was appropriated by Agnes to the furnishing of her new establishment.

"I take this money only as a loan," said Agnes to my father. "If I am spared, and have health and strength, at some future time it shall be returned. I never shall feel light-hearted until my father's liabilities are all satisfied."

A house was procured, every thing arranged for the opening of the school; and it was announced in society, that the Miss Lincoln who had been "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," a few short months before, was about to enter the work-day world as a teacher. Much is said and much written about summer-friends—those who hover around the favorites of fortune, then flee from them in the dark hour of sorrow—but truly I have seen but little of such heartlessness, long as I have lived in the world. People do not wish to desert those who are in trouble. There is more of kindness of heart and sympathy in the world than we are willing to give credit for. Circumstances and events press so quickly in this life of change, that when one amongst us is stricken down, although we grieve, we are urged on in the stream, and though we would gladly aid our sinking companion, we are hurried on unconsciously. But let the stricken one give signs of life—evidences of aiding itself, then all are ready to give a helping hand. The race must be completed—life's journey accomplished—but any one exhibiting a desire to unite in the struggle is willingly assisted. So was it with the friends of Agnes Lincoln. Had she weakly yielded to her troubles, and shown no disposition to aid herself, the world would have felt sorry for her, but they would have had no time to tarry by the way-side—but when she appeared amongst them prepared to take her part in life's great contest, they willingly united to help her forward.

Agnes Lincoln's accomplishments, her elegant manners—her strong mind, all her good qualities, were remembered; and mothers and fathers, who had admired the beautiful girl in society, hastened to place under her care their own daughters, asking that she might make them like her own lovely self, and they would be satisfied.

She entered heart and soul into her new vocation ; and hers became the most popular establishment in the city. In the course of two or three years the small house had to be changed, and a residence as large as her father's princely mansion taken, in order to accommodate her large school. The luxurious comforts, necessary to her mother's happiness, were gratified ; her brothers and sisters carefully attended to ; but her own wants were few, indeed. She was most carefully and studiously economical. Every year she deposited in my father's hands, a sum of money, small at first, but gradually increasing, which she, with a sad smile, called her father's fund ; this was devoted to the settling off the remaining accounts against her father.

Noble creature ! how every one revered her as she moved steadily on in the path of her duty. Hers was not an easy life ; hard mental labor, from morning till night, she endured for many years. At day-dawn she was up, superintending her household, and directing the studies of those pupils who resided with her. The influence she exercised over those entrusted to her care, was a subject of remark. Her commands were insisted upon with words of love, but looks of firmness. Her girls hovered around her, quietly watching every glance ; and in that whole troop of young, thoughtless creatures, the most of them the indulged, spoiled children of fortune, not one but would have dreaded to disobey the simplest request of their gentle teacher.

We met daily, as formerly, and I still was to her the confidante and bosom friend I had been in the days of her wealth. She never spoke of Evart—we both avoided all allusion to him ; and when, a few years after their separation, he married a wealthy woman from a neighboring city, and his marriage was mentioned before her, by those who knew not of her former connection with him, or else had forgotten it, a mere acquaintance could not have detected any trace or evidence of feeling. The marble paleness of her cheek, the firm closed mouth, and quiet, but sad look, which told of inward suffering, betrayed to me, however, that her thoughts were with the past, and I noticed in her, for some time after, a closer attendance to her duties—not one moment, night or day, left unoccupied ; and her brow bore a more serious expression, that told of self-combatings and heart-struggles.

Year after year passed, and Agnes had the satisfaction of seeing her sisters growing up charming women, admired in society, and her two brothers displaying the good qualities, and honorable, high spirits of their father. By her exertions they were educated ; and ten years after her father's death she paid off his last debt, and had the pleasure of seeing her eldest brother, Horace, who had just completed his studies, enter his profession as a partner with my father. The little Frank, her father's darling, would be nothing but a merchant, as his father had been, and was dreaming seventeen-year-old visions of future grandeur, such as his father had probably

dreamed at his age, and realized. He would wreath his mother's fretful, complaining countenance with smiles, as he would describe the wealth he intended to accumulate, and the splendid things that should once more be hers. Two weddings were celebrated by Agnes—her two sisters, Adel and Mary, who married upright and warm-hearted men, prosperous in business ; and Agnes felt almost a maternal pride as she furnished their houses, and provided the wedding wardrobes. The world wondered she did not marry, for her beauty never left her, nor were opportunities wanting. Many a fond, widowed father would have gladly persuaded the idolized teacher of their daughters to share their fortunes ; but she calmly and quietly refused all offers, and seemed at last to find real happiness in her business.

Fifteen years passed by, and found Agnes still at her post. One only of those little ones, bequeathed by a loving father to her care, remained under her roof—and she was soon to leave Agnes to become a wife. All were married, happy, and well. The poor old mother had at last ceased all wailings, and had laid down to her long rest, when a new care devolved upon Agnes. Evart Berkely, who had appeared for years to be a prosperous man, and thought by many to possess great wealth, suddenly failed, and in a moment of despair put a violent end to his existence. His wife had died some five or six years before, many said of a broken-heart ; and his three children were left upon the world homeless orphans. Evart left a letter, commending his children to Agnes, who, he said, had promised to be a mother to his children, should they ever need her care. Then was disclosed what Agnes had kept a secret. A year after his wife's death, he had again sought Agnes ; but his overtures were indignantly rejected by her ; he continued his addresses by letters for some time, until Agnes refused to receive them, returning them unopened, saying, however, in her final note, that, should his children ever be left alone in life, she would be a mother to them ; and to her home did she take those helpless ones, and devoted herself to her business with renewed energy to provide for their support and future establishment in life. People shrugged their shoulders, and called her conduct Quixotic and absurd, but the good and kind-hearted applauded her.

When my young friend, Kate Wilson, requested me to relate the history of Agnes, forty-five years had stealthily crept over her, but even the bitter, bleak winters of her adversity had failed to whiten her dark locks, or dim those beaming eyes—time had dealt gently with her beauty. Evart's children have proved as blessings to her, and by them, and by her brothers and sisters, and by their children, Agnes is revered almost as a saint.

" Ah, Kate, Kate," I said, as I arrived at this part of my "*over true tale*," " has not Agnes Lincoln's lot, as an old maid, been quite as useful, and still more happy, than she would have been as Evart Berkely's broken-hearted wife ?"

THE BRICKMAKER.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I.

LET the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground ;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded.

In no stately structures skilled,
What 's the temple we would build ?
When its massive walls are risen
Call it palace—call it prison ;
View it well from end to end,
See its arching courts extend !
'T is a prison, not a palace !
Hear the culprit vent his malice !
Hear the mad and fettered fire
Pour the torrent of his ire !
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him tell his loud alarms,
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells :

But his chains at last shall sever,
Slavery lives not forever ;
And the thickest prison wall
Into ruin yet must fall !
Whatsoever falls away
Springeth up again, they say ;
Then when this shall fall asunder,
And the fire be freed from under,
Tell us then what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

There shall grow a stately building,
Airy dome and columned walls ;
Mottoes writ in richest gilding
Shall be blazing through its halls.

In those chambers, stern and dreaded
They, the mighty ones, shall stand ;
There shall be hoary-headed
Old defenders of the land.

There shall wondrous words be spoken,
Which shall thrill a list'ning world ;
Then shall ancient bonds be broken
And new banners be unfurled !

But anon these glorious uses
In those chambers shall lie dead,
And the world's antique abuses,
Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger—
The old capitol must fall ;
For behold the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall !

II.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground ;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded ;

Till the heavy walls be risen
And the fire is in his prison :
Then when break the walls asunder
And the fire is freed from under,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

There shall grow a church whose steeple
To the heavens shall aspire,
There shall come the mighty people
To the music of the choir.

O'er the infant, robed in whiteness,
There shall sacred waters fall,
While the child's own angel-brightness
Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwreathed in marriage
Forms that tremble—hearts that thrill ;
To the door Death's sable carriage
Shall bring forms and hearts grown still !

To the sound of pipes that glisten
Rustling wealth shall tread the aisle ;
And the poor, without, shall listen,
Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly
With his cane, and bending o'er
Mid the horses stand, how meekly,
Gazing at the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger—
The presumptuous pile must fall,
For behold the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall !

III.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground ;
Let no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

Not the dome and columned chambers.
Starred with words of liberty,
Where the Freedom-canting members
Feel no impulse of the free.

Nor the pile where souls in error
Hear the words, " Go, sin no more !"
But a dusky thing of terror
With its cells and grated door !

To its inmates each to-morrow
Shall bring in no tide of joy.
Born in darkness and in sorrow
There shall stand the fated boy.

With a grief too loud to smother,
With a throbbing, burning head—
There shall groan some desperate mother,
Nor deny the stolen bread !

There the veteran, a poor debtor,
 Marked with honorable scars,
 List'ning to some clanking fetter,
 Shall gaze idly through the bars:—
 Shall gaze idly, not demurring,
 Though with thick oppressions bowed;
 While the thousands doubly erring
 Shall go honored through the crowd!
 Yet these wrongs not long shall linger—
 The benighted pile must fall,
 For behold the fiery finger
 Flames along the fated wall!

IV.

Let the blinded horse go round
 Till the yellow clay be ground;
 Let no weary arms be folded
 Till the mass to brick be moulded;
 Till the heavy walls be risen
 And the fire is in his prison!
 Every dome and church and jail,
 Like this structure, soon must fail;
 Every shape of earth shall fade!
 But the temple God hath made,
 For the sorely tried and pure,
 With its Builder shall endure!

TO MRS. A. T.

BY DR. JNO. C. M'CAKE.

I WOULD, oh! gentle lady, that the minstrel's art were mine,
 I'd weave a wreath of poesy as an off'ring at thy shrine;
 But my wild and tuneless harp in vain essays its meed to
 bring,
 And the brooding spirit of despair has hushed each trem-
 bling string.

In vain, in vain I've tried to wake some gentle lay for thee,
 But the chords refuse the melody they once gave out for me;
 And when I fain a few wild notes from memory's lyre
 would sweep,
 Sad spirits of the past appear and mournful vigils keep.

There was a time when borne along on wild ambition's
 wing,
 I sought to place my name above—where storied minstrels
 sing;
 Nor dreamed the crown, so bright and green, by laureate
 genius worn,
 Though gorgeous to the eye, each leaf concealed a cruel
 thorn.

But when I saw that those who gazed above with eagle eye,
 And dared the tempest and the storm of fate's malignant sky,
 With folded wing, and wearied foot sat down at evening's
 gloom,
 And sought beneath the withered flowers a rest within the
 tomb;

'T was then I bade the spell dissolve that chained my soul
 so long,
 And sighed a trembling, sad farewell to all entrancing song;
 And though I may not weep that I forsook sweet poesy's
 train,
 A foolish boy—I sometimes wish I was her child again!

When gentle ones like thee invoke, then, then I feel how
 dear
 The boon I madly forfeited, nor gave one farewell tear;
 The gift of song, oh! hallowed gift! Song, bright, en-
 traucing, sweet!
 Had I again its rosy wreath I'd fling it at thy feet!

'T is gone, 't is gone! I may no more its thrilling impulse
 feel,
 Yet I can pray for thee and thine, when to my God I kneel;
 And, gentle lady, well I know thou wilt not, wouldst not,
 blame,
 Instead of song that I should blend God's blessings with thy
 name.

May every joy that life can give, around thy path be strewn,
 May its young morn to thee foreshow a bright and happy
 noon;
 And when thy last sweet song on earth in lapse faint is
 given,
 Oh may it be a prelude soft to deathless strains in Heaven!

AMERICAN INDIANS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

WE have thought proper, in conducting a magazine of
 higher reputation and aim than the usual run of the
 light periodicals of the day, to devote a part of the pictorial
 department to pictures of American Scenery and Indian
 Portraiture, as better fitted to give the work a permanent
 value in libraries and on centre-tables, than the ordinary
 catch-penny pictures which disgrace a number of the maga-
 zines. Our illustrations of Southern and Western Scenery
 have commanded the respect and support of a very large
 class of readers; and the constantly growing celebrity and

profit of Graham's Magazine, indicate that we have judged
 wisely and well.

We have engaged the services of Mr. Bird, the author of
 "Nick of the Woods," "Calavar," etc., to furnish us a
 series of articles upon the Indians of America; a writer
 whose intimate acquaintance with the subject promises
 articles of great interest to our readers. We present our
 subscribers this month with an admirably drawn and en-
 graved plate of Saukie and Fox Indians "on the look
 out." Also, a beautiful view of a Waterfall in Georgia.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We cannot do justice either to the faults or merits of this singular volume, in a brief notice. The author has one of the most peculiar and original minds of which we have any record in literature, and a thorough analysis of his powers, even if successful, would occupy a large space. No reader of Mr. Emerson's works need be informed that the poems are full of imagination, fancy, and feeling, and display a great command of expression. For our own part we prefer those poems in the volume which are least connected with the author's system of ethics and metaphysics, such as "Each and All," "The Forerunners," "The Humble Bee," and "The Problem." In many of the others there is an evident attempt at versifying opinions; and the opinions are generally of that kind which readers will either pronounce unintelligible, or false and pernicious. "The Sphinx," "Woodnotes," "Merlin," "Initial, Demoniac, and Celestial Love," "Blight," "Threnody," and many other pieces, though containing many deep and delicate imaginations, are chiefly remarkable as embodying a theory of life, and system of religion, whose peculiarity consists in inverting the common beliefs and feelings of mankind. Here and there we perceive traces of the leading idea contained in that aggregation of fancy, sensibility, blasphemy, licentiousness, plagiarism, and noble sentiments, going under the name of "Vestus,"—we mean the idea that there is no essential difference between evil and good. Thus, in the "pure realm" to which celestial love mounts, in Mr. Emerson's theory of love,

"Good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one."

Perhaps this opinion is a necessary result of the principles of pantheism, but it makes as bad poetry as false philosophy. Indeed, Mr. Emerson's poems expressive of opinions, are the harshest in metre, and least poetical in feeling, which the volume contains; and cannot be compared, in respect to artistical merit, with the prose statements of the same, or similar doctrines, in his "Essays."

Chaucer and Spenser. Selections from the Writings of Geoffrey Chaucer, by Charles D. Deshler. Spenser and the Faery Queen. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 Parts. 12mo.

Such a work as this deserves an extensive circulation, and we wish that any advice of ours could impel our readers to procure it. Here, in a compact and available form, are some of the finest passages in English poetry. The selections from Chaucer were evidently a labor of love to Mr. Deshler, and he has hit upon those portions most likely to entertain the reader, and awake an affection for the poet. The life of Chaucer, and the criticism of his mind and works, is exceedingly genial and truthful.

Mrs. Kirkland has done equal justice to Spenser. Taken together, these volumes cannot be praised too highly, and their circulation through the country would do much to raise the taste of the community. Although these poets occupy the first rank among English authors, they are known but imperfectly to the large majority of readers. The publishers deserve the thanks of the public for issuing

them in a form, at once cheap and elegant, so that the treasures of thought and imagination they contain can be placed within the reach of the humblest lovers of poetry.

The Modern Standard Drama: A Collection of the most Popular Acting Plays, with Critical Remarks, &c. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: Wm. Taylor & Co. 4 Vols. 12mo.

This publication has now run to forty numbers, and promises to be the best of all the various collections of acting plays. It is edited by Epes Sargent, Esq., a gentleman whose knowledge of the stage and of English dramatic literature is very extensive, and who is himself well known as a fine poet and successful dramatist. To members of the profession the collection is invaluable, as it contains directions regarding stage business, costumes, and other information of much importance. As a work, also, for the general reader, it has great merits. It is to contain all the standard plays produced within the last two centuries, and also the popular dramas of the present day, including those of Knowles, Bulwer, and Talfourd. Mr. Sargent introduces each play with a biographical and critical notice, referring to the great actors who have won renown in its principal character, and discussing also its intrinsic merits. The field of selection is very rich and extensive, and includes much, in tragedy and in comedy, of which no one can be ignorant, who pretends to have an acquaintance with the masterpieces of English genius. Down to the middle of the last century, a large proportion of the best English poets were dramatic writers. The theatre was the place where, in fact, the poet was published. Thousands heard and saw, who never read. A body of dramatic literature, therefore, on the comprehensive plan adopted by Mr. Sargent, will contain a large number of plays which are part and parcel of English literature.

Letters on Astronomy, Addressed to a Lady, in which the Elements of the Science are Familiarly Explained in Connection with its Literary History. With numerous Engravings. By Denison Olmstead, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This is one of the best popular works on astronomical science which we have seen. It is clear in exposition, familiar in style, and orderly in arrangement. There is, of course, nothing of the quackery which disgraces many works of popularized science. The author is Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College.

Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Including those sung in his Irish Evenings, and hitherto unpublished. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 Vol. 12mo.

Sam Lover is a name which would sell this book even if its merits were below mediocrity. Personally, and as a writer, he has wrinkled with happy smiles the faces of thousands. The volume, as might be expected, is brimful of sentiment and fun, gushing out of a true Irish heart and brain, and instinct with animation and good feeling. Many of the songs have been sung by himself, at his "Irish Evenings," in the principal cities of the Union. The book could have no better advertisement than the recollection of the entertainment they occasioned.

The Poems of Thomas Campbell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is the best and most complete edition of Campbell yet issued in the United States. It contains a handsome portrait, six fine steel engravings, a racy life of the author from Frazer's Magazine, the brilliant essay on his genius and writings contained in Gilfillan's "Literary Portraits," and all of Campbell's later productions, including the melancholy rhymes entitled "The Pilgrim of Glencoe." In this volume we see Campbell in the dawn, progress, and sottish decline of his powers—as the author at once of the most spirit-stirring lyrics and most beautiful romantic poems, and as the feeble poetaster, mumbling in his old age a few verses of polished imbecility, hateful to gods and men. The greater part of the volume, however, is, in its kind, of first rate excellence, and will live with the language. We have only to regret that Campbell did not write more poetry while his genius was in its prime. What he has written has passed into the hearts and memories of his countrymen, to a greater extent, perhaps, than the poetry of any of his contemporaries, even of those who were his superiors in the range of their genius. Byron, Scott, and Moore, are the only modern poets who approach him in popularity. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelly, are still the poets of a few, in spite of the endeavors of publishers and critics to make them poets of the million. We think each of them superior to Campbell in genius, but we should despair of ever seeing them his equals in popularity. One element of his success is the moral character of his writings, and his sweetness and purity of sentiment; yet all accounts seem to concur in representing him, personally, as sottish in his habits, coarse in his conversation, and not without malice and envy in his disposition. Perhaps his intemperance was the source of many of his errors; and his intemperance had its source in laziness. Judging from the records of his conversation, it is fortunate that the vices of Campbell's tongue were not the vices of his pen.

English Synonymes Classified and Explained. By G. F. Graham. Edited by Henry Reed, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

To the student of verbal distinctions this volume will be an important aid. The author points out the shades of distinction between apparently synonymous words with an admirable nicety of criticism. The study of the book will tend to sharpen the intellect. It is very much better than the chatty work of Mrs. Piozzi, and the heavy quarto of Dr. Crabbe, on the same subject. We note some occasional blunders, such as the distinction drawn between genius and talent, and understanding and intellect; but these are but exceptions to the general rule of correctness. Prof. Reed has furnished an introduction, and apt illustrative quotations from Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth.

History of the Netherlands; and Trial and Execution of Count Egmont and Thorn; and the Siege of Antwerp. Translated from the German of Frederic Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This volume is a fit companion to the "History of the Thirty Years War," issued by the same publishers. Both works are admirable, and place Schiller in a prominent rank among philosophical historians; but of the two, we prefer the present. The subject is a noble one, and gives full exercise to Schiller's large intellect, and heroic and humane spirit. The plan of the history is especially excellent, and we have only to regret that it was never completed.

Hudibras. By Samuel Butler. With Notes and a Literary Memoir, by the Rev. Treadway Russell Nash, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 Vol. 12mo.

The publishers have issued this masterpiece of wit in a form similar to their editions of Dante, Tasso, and Campbell. The edition is enriched with curious and copious notes, illustrative of Butler's time, and contains a well written biography. It is the only good edition of Hudibras ever published in the United States, and we hope that thousands who have never enjoyed its perusal, will be enabled to do it now. The original work contained so many allusions to the author's recondite knowledge, and to the factions and fanaticisms of his day, that it cannot be read understandingly without some such commentary as Dr. Nash has supplied. Butler is the wittiest of the English poets.

The Book of Anecdotes, or the Moral of History; Taught by Real Examples. By John Frost, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an entertaining volume, and will be especially acceptable to the young. It is hardly worthy, however, of being called "the moral of history," even that moral which history should teach the boys and girls. The "do-me-good" air of the narratives, is strangely at variance with the essential character of some of the events and actors. The most superficial student will notice in the volume many incorrect impressions conveyed of historical personages. The "moral" of the book is about on a level with the moral of Weems's lives of Washington and Marion.

Eclectic Moral Philosophy. Prepared for Literary Institutions and General Use. By Rev. J. R. Boyd. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is principally made up of classified selections from standard writers on ethics. It, of course, lacks unity, and therefore can hardly be called a system of philosophy; but it very well answers the purpose for which it was compiled. Its merit, as a book for schools and general use, consists in the stringent application of moral principles to individual conduct. All those actions and states of mind which clash with morality, are analyzed with much acuteness, and set forth with great directness.

Ghost Stories: Collected with a View to Counteract the Vulgar Belief in Ghosts and Apparitions. With Ten Engravings from Designs by Darley. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of this little volume is clearly enough set forth in the title. It contains twenty stories. The illustrations are graphic, and add to the interest of the wonders described. We notice, however, one omission—the Cock Lane Ghost, in which Dr. Johnson believed. So celebrated a ghost as that should have had a prominent place among the other spectral worthies of the volume.

A Progressive German Reader, Adapted to the American Edition of Ollendorff's German Grammar: with Copious Notes, and a Vocabulary. By G. J. Adler, A. B. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an excellent supplement to the German Grammar issued by the same publishers. It is edited by the Professor of the German Language and Literature, in the University of New York. The selections are from some fifty German writers, and are admirably adapted for their purpose. The Vocabulary of German words is an important addition.

Views A-Foot: or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff.
By J. Bayard Taylor. New York: Wiley & Putnam.
2 Parts. 12mo.

All things considered, we deem this work one of the most deserving which "Young America" has yet produced. It is written by a young man just of age, who started for Europe before he was nineteen, with not more than a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, and for two years literally walked about Europe. He supported himself by literature, and at the end of his journey had not expended more than four hundred dollars. The excellence of the work comes from its exceeding freshness and spirit. For every great object of nature and art which the author saw, he had to suffer some privations; and he accordingly describes them much better than he would have done had he possessed the "advantages" of common tourists. Besides, his mode of traveling made him familiar with the people of the countries he visited; and he gives many curious anecdotes of their manners and condition. It is honorable to human nature, that his impressions of the common people in England, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, were of a pleasing character, as he was often placed in relations to them calculated to draw out their true nature, whether it were kind or kindless. He was almost uniformly treated with hospitality, and sometimes even with affection. He discovered, however, that they were singularly and ridiculously ignorant of every thing regarding America—its geography, its government, and its people.

There is one quality in this book which every reader must feel to be fascinating—we mean the beautiful sweetness and healthiness of the author's mind and disposition. He never brags of the obstacles he surmounted, nor whines at the privations he endured, but tells the story of his journeyings with a most bewitching simplicity and modesty. Youth, and the bright thoughts and sweet feelings of youth, are on every page, infusing life into the narrative, and giving picturesque vigor to the descriptions. The author must bear a brave, serene, and modest heart under his jacket; and we cordially wish him and his delightful book all the success which both so richly merit.

Alderbrook: a Collection of Fanny Forrester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c. By Miss Emily Chubbuck.
Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

No reader of "Graham" will need any advice from us to procure these elegant volumes, as a large portion of their contents was originally contributed to this Magazine, and obtained a wide and deserved popularity. We are glad to see the admirable stories of the authoress thus collected. They will take an honorable position in the department of literature to which they belong. Fanny Forrester, indeed, is one of the most charming of storytellers. She has ease, grace, invention, vivacity, a quick eye for character and manners, and a fine flexible style. The interest of the book is enhanced by the present position of the gifted authoress. As Mrs. Judson, she will devote her fine talents and beautiful enthusiasm of character to a new object. The present book, therefore, has almost the look of a posthumous work. We need not ask for it what it will be sure to obtain—the attention and the good-will of the reading public.

Literary Studies, a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays.
By W. A. Jones. New York: Edward Walker. 1 Vol. 12mo.

This elegant volume contains thirty-two essays on a wide variety of subjects connected with literature and life. They are the production of a gentleman who has made literature a study, and who always gives in his essays the

results of his own investigations and reflections. The style is very condensed; the fault of the diction, perhaps, arises from the two great desire of the author to cram the largest amount of thought and observation into the smallest possible space. This unusual peculiarity of style is the ideal of style when it is combined with mellowness and vitality; but the sentences of Mr. Jones are often dry and brittle, as well as condensed. Bating this defect, the volume is deserving of great praise. In short essays it takes comprehensive views of wide domains of letters, and is a good guide to the student of elegant literature. The literary information which it contains is very large. We will venture to say that no man in the country can read it without learning something which he did not know before.

Amy Herbert: a Tale. By Miss Sewell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work has essentially the same characteristics as the novel of "Gertrude," by the same authoress. Miss Sewell is the daughter, we believe, of an English Episcopal clergyman of the Oxford school. Her tales inculcate the piety and morality of practical life; deal with ordinary cares and temptations, expose the moral dangers which beset every relation of existence, and evince a clear insight into the heart's workings, under the pressure of every day enticements. The thoughtful cheerfulness of her religious faith diffuses through her stories a certain beautiful repose which sometimes almost suggests genius. Her books are of that kind which are calculated to benefit even more than to please.

Lucretia, or the Children of the Night. By Sir Bulwer Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this strange mass of "crimson crimes," the author of "Pelham" has fairly rivaled the French school of novelists. It displays more morbid strength of mind than any thing which Bulwer has previously written. Though exceedingly interesting, and evincing much power in the analysis of the darker passions, it leaves a disagreeable impression. The tone of the sentiment is not English. The novel, indeed, exhibits the characteristic qualities of the author in a form exaggerated almost to caricature. It reads like a melo-drama. We may refer to it more at large in our next number.

The Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 Vol. 12mo.

One of the most important subjects which can engage human attention is, in this work, so treated, that its great leading facts and principles can be understood by the common reader. The author has evidently given to each topic he discusses the most profound attention, and has produced a work which, if diligently studied by the mass of people, is calculated to remove a vast sum of that misery which springs from ignorance.

Specimens of the Poets and Poetry of Greece and Rome.
by Various Translators. Edited by William Peter, A. M., of Christ Church, Oxford. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 Vol. 8vo.

A work like the present has long been wanted, and we are glad that an American house has had the enterprise to undertake it. In no other volume, with which we are acquainted, can the reader obtain so comprehensive a view of the poetry of the Ancients. Mr. Peter's biographical notices are excellent. He has made selections from nearly two hundred authors—a work of vast labor performed with great skill and taste.









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THE FIELDS OF STILLWATER AND SARATOGA.

IN PART FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

IN the Revolutionary war the plan of operations adopted by the British Ministry for the close of the year 1777 was as follows. General Howe, with a portion of the troops, was to occupy New York, and occasionally act toward the South; while General Burgoyne would descend from Canada and the lakes, reduce the contiguous country on his way, and by forming near Albany a junction with a part of the forces from New York, cut off all communication between the Eastern and Western States. As it was confidently expected that the several fortresses in the descent of General Burgoyne would fall into his hands, he was instructed by the ministry to leave garrisons in them, and thus, by a chain of posts, bind the entire country, while, from time to time, as occasion required, he could make excursions for provisions into the Eastern Provinces adjacent. General Burgoyne himself went over to England for the express purpose of concerting this plan with the ministry, and every thing relative to the expedition was arranged upon an extensive and liberal scale. His troops, exclusive of the artillery, consisted of seven thousand two hundred regulars, of whom three thousand two hundred were Germans, and several regiments of Provincials and Canadians, with great bodies of Indians. Besides these, he had a large number of batteaux-men and axe-men, to transport and clear the way for the troops, and a powerful train of battering and field artillery. This was about the force which General Burgoyne considered necessary, and had stipulated for, in the plan which he submitted to the British Minister.

The commander himself was a man of great ability and experience, active in enterprise, and ambitious of military glory; and those appointed to second his exertions, were officers of distinction. Major General Phillips, of the artillery, had gained

great renown in Germany, as also Brigadier Frazer. The other Brigadiers, Hamilton and Powell, were valuable officers. The Bruuswickers, Major General Baron Reidesel, and Brigadiers Specht and Gall, had also seen much service. And lastly, the Indians were under the directions of Langdall and St. Luc, great partisans of the French in the late war, the former of whom planned with the nations he was to lead, the defeat of General Braddock. Consequently, from the experience and bravery of the commander, and the generals under him, the number of his troops, his splendid train of artillery, and the magnitude of the entire appointments of his army, the most sanguine expectations were entertained of the entire success of the expedition.

Having detached Colonel St. Leger with a considerable force of regulars, Continentals, and Indians, by way of Oswego, to make a diversion on the Mohawk river, in favor of the army, General Burgoyne set out with his troops from St. John's on the 16th of June, 1777. Arrived at Crownpoint, he entertained the Indians with a war-feast, according to the ceremonial established among them, and addressed them relative to the objects of his campaign, and the character of their own expected services. At Ticonderoga, he issued a manifesto, in which it is difficult to say, whether vanity or ferocity were the more conspicuous. After parading his multitudinous titles, he recited the many delinquencies of the Americans, set forth in a vaunting style the force of that power now put forth, by sea and land, to crush the insurrection of the Colonies, and, in the most appalling and sanguinary manner, denounced against the enemies of the mother country, the terrible vengeance of the Indian scalping-knife and tomahawk.

Carrying terror and ruin as they passed, the in-

vaders steadily advanced. Harassed and panic-struck, the people fled before them; the American troops entrusted with the defence of passes and fortifications, were unable to prevent the progress of so formidable an expedition; and the fortresses of Ticonderoga, Mount Independence, Fort Anne, and others, fell successively into the hands of the British. But the troops left to occupy these works, reduced the forces of General Burgoyne in some degree, the difficulties of obtaining provisions, became more perplexing, and events shortly took place which turned the tide of war against the invaders, and inspired the Americans, while they carried dismay to the breasts of their enemies.

General Burgoyne had learned that there was a large deposit of provisions of every kind at Bennington, and anxious to procure these for his troops, as well as to obtain carriages for his baggage, and horses for mounting Reidesel's dragoons, he dispatched for that purpose Colonel Baum, with five hundred German troops, one hundred Indians, and two pieces of artillery; to reinforce which he afterward sent five hundred troops, under Lieutenant Colonel Breyman, with two additional pieces of artillery. These forces, without accomplishing any thing, were beaten, in two separate engagements, by the Massachusetts and New Hampshire militia, under General Stark, and a body of Continentals, under Colonel Warner, with the loss of the brave Colonel Baum, and two hundred and seven others killed, and seven hundred wounded and prisoners, four brass field-pieces, and a large quantity of small arms. This first reverse of the invading army took place August 16th, and was followed on the 22d by another.

Colonel St. Leger, dispatched up the Mohawk river some time before, after investing Fort Stanwix with his regulars, Sir John Johnson's regiment of Tories, and a party of Indians, suffered so severely by the American militia, under Gen. Herkimer, which came to succor the garrison, that he himself was dispirited, and his Indian allies, who had joined him in expectation of but little fighting and much plunder, began to abandon him. At this conjuncture, opportunely for the garrison, Gen. Arnold advanced with troops to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix, and by a well-executed stratagem, so terrified the investing forces, that the Indians deserted the British, and St. Leger himself, on the 22d, fled with so much precipitation, that he left his tents standing in the field; and all his artillery and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. These two events reversed, in an extraordinary degree, the spirits of the people, and disposed the militia with alacrity to flock to the American camp at Stillwater, near Saratoga.

Gen. Burgoyne had hitherto been successful, but he had now reached that point in the expedition, in which the position of the country, the state of the troops, and the season of the year, all favored the American cause, and insured the downfall of the

British chieftain. But the brave Gen. Schuyler, who, with great diligence and ability, had directed the affairs of the northern department during so many difficulties and discouragements, was not permitted to enjoy the triumph which his labors had contributed so much to insure. He was at this time superseded by Gen. Gates, and compelled to resign the fruits of his labors and the well-earned fame that was about to crown them. Of him it may be truly said, "he had labored, and others had entered into his reward."

Confident of the success of the expedition of Baum, Gen. Burgoyne had already pushed on with the advance of his troops to Saratoga, on his way to Stillwater; but learning the loss of the detachment, he suddenly drew back from his advanced position. At length, by great exertions, having procured about thirty days' provision, constructing a bridge of boats over the Hudson, he crossed over on the 13th and 14th of September with his army and artillery, and occupied the heights and plain of Saratoga.

Changing his position from near the village of Stillwater for one two or three miles in front, Gen. Gates took possession of Bemis' Heights, a range of hills so called, from the owner of a tavern near the ground, and threw up breast-works and batteries, under the direction of his chief engineer, Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish patriot. The position was a strong one. A range of hills extended on the right bank of the Hudson, between which and the river were alluvial flats, about half a mile in width at the centre, and tapering toward the extremities. A spur of the hills jutting out at the southern extremity of these flats, formed a narrow defile, through which passed, near Bemis' tavern, the public road along the river margin. The encampment, in shape like the segment of a semicircle, with its convex turned to the north, threatening the advance of the enemy, extended from the narrow defile by the river-side to a steep height at the west, about three-quarters of a mile. In front, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, from right to left of the centre, which it covered, ran a closely wooded ravine; from this to the heights, at the western extremity of the encampment, the ground was level and partially cleared, some of the trees being felled, others girdled and still standing; north of this, in front of the extreme left, to the distance of a mile and a half or two miles, were small fields in imperfect cultivation, obstructed with the stumps and trunks of trees, with a steep eminence forming the western boundary of the whole. A line of breast-works formed of felled trees, logs, rails, and brush, covered with dirt, ran around the encampment, and strong batteries at the extremities, and in the centre, were planted so as to sweep the advance of the enemy, and especially the road by the river side leading through the defile, where the artillery of the enemy would be compelled to pass. A breast-work also extended across the flats, near the defile, having a strong battery immediately upon the river, with another breast-work

and battery somewhat in advance, where the road crossed Mill-creek.

The American troops were disposed within their intrenchments as follows: the main body, composing the right wing, and consisting of Glover's, Nixon's, and Patterson's brigades, was under the immediate command of Gates, the general-in-chief, and occupied the defile by the river side and the adjacent hills; Gen. Learned, with Bailey's, Weston's, and Jackson's regiments of Massachusetts, and James Livingston's, of New York, occupied the plain or centre; and Poor's brigade, consisting of Cilly's, Scammel's, and Hale's regiments, of New Hampshire, Van Courtlandt's and Henry Livingston's, of New York, and Latimer's and Cook's, of the Connecticut militia, and Morgan's riflemen, and Dearborn's light infantry, were posted upon the left, and occupied the heights. The troops of the centre and left, constituted a division, and were under the command of Gen. Arnold, who had his quarters upon the extreme left. Thus arranged, the American troops awaited the advance of the British army.

Leaving Saratoga on the 15th, Burgoyne marched to Coveville, and halting to repair the bridges and roads, he moved on the 17th to a place called Sword's House. Gen. Arnold, who was sent out on this day to gain intelligence of the enemy, and harass him on his march, after some ineffectual skirmishing, returned with two or three prisoners, from whom he learned the intentions of the British. On the 18th, the British general-in-chief continued his march till he came within a short distance of the "North Ravine," which forms Wilber's Basin, at the northern extremity of the flats afore-mentioned, and encamped about three miles from the Americans, his left, consisting mainly of the artillery and German dragoons, under Majors General Phillips and Reidesel, resting on the river; the centre, under Burgoyne himself, extending at right angles to it across the low grounds five or six hundred yards to a range of lofty hills, which were occupied by his left, consisting of the grenadiers under Frazer, and the light infantry of Breyman, who formed the *élite* of the army.

Determined to force his way through the American lines, the British general formed his army in order of march, about ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September. While Burgoyne with the centre, and Frazer with the right wing were to make a circuitous route, concentrate their forces near the head of Middle Ravine, (so called from being equidistant from the North Ravine and South Ravine, in the rear of the American camp,) and having turned the left wing of the Americans fall upon their rear, Generals Phillips and Reidesel, with the artillery, which moved slowly, were to advance along the river road, and, when within half a mile of the American lines, at the time of the junction between Burgoyne and Frazer, to be announced by two signal guns, make an attack in front, and force their way through.

Information having been received through Col. Colburn that the enemy were on their march, Gen. Arnold, anticipating the intentions of the British commander, and anxious to derange his plan of operations by checking the progress of his right wing, pressed upon Gen. Gates the propriety of an attack in advance, and was ordered to detach Col. Morgan's rifle corps, and some infantry, to observe the motions of the enemy, and harass their advance, and to support Morgan himself, if necessary, with the entire troops of his division. Expecting upon his right a powerful attack from the British artillery and the troops of Reidesel, Gen. Gates was unwilling to weaken that wing by any drafts of troops whatever.

In pursuance of the arrangement of the British commander, Frazer, with the right wing, making a long circuit, arrived where the road to Wilber's Basin and that to Bemis' Heights intersect each other, and thence continued south to an eminence about half a mile west of Freeman's Cottage. At the same time Burgoyne, with a picket in advance, and flankers, composed of Canadians, Provincials and Indians, following the course of the North Ravine about three fourths of a mile, and then marching in a southwest direction, had arrived a little south of Freeman's Cottage.

At this moment the advance of Morgan, under Major Morris, fell in with the picket of Burgoyne, which had reached the Middle Ravine, and attacking with that impetuosity for which he was remarkable, drove them back till reinforced by a strong party under Major Forbes. The British now advanced with spirit; a sharp conflict commenced, and they were driven back to their line, which was forming beyond the Cottage. Now pressing on again with vivacity, they repulsed the Americans in their turn, and Morgan coming up with the rear, found the van of his command broken and scattered in every direction. Capt. Van Swearingen, Lieut. Moore, and twenty privates fell into the hands of the British.

Collecting his riflemen, and reinforced by a battalion of light infantry under Major Dearborn, the battle was renewed again, about one o'clock, and was vigorously maintained on both sides for some time, with varied success. Forming upon the left of Morgan, the regiments of Scammel and Cilley advanced to his support, and the contest proceeded with redoubled energy.

There seemed to be a generous emulation between the commanders of these regiments, in which their gallant troops fully participated. Col. Scammel is cool and determined, and leads on his men close to the enemy before he will suffer them to fire; Cilley is all vivacity and animation, and dashes into the fight with the enthusiasm of a fox-chase: they are equally brave, and the indomitable obstinacy of the one and energy of the other alike make a serious impression upon the enemy.

Frazer, who by this time had joined with his com-

mand the centre under Burgoyne, advanced with great resolution and attempted to cut off a portion of the American troops, when Gen. Arnold, who now appeared upon the field with the New York regiments and a part of Gen. Learned's brigade, rushed impetuously forward and endeavored to break the British line, by penetrating between the right wing and the centre, and thus to cut off and surround the troops of Frazer. Arnold exhibited his usual bravery; his form towered before his troops; his voice, animating them, resounded along the line like the notes of a trumpet; his men now spring forward, and the fiery contest is close and bloody; the discharges of musketry are quick, incessant and deadly; the Americans press on steadily and close with their adversaries; the enemy resort to their bayonets, but soon falter and give way till the Americans are drawn within the shot of some regiments of German light infantry upon the extreme right. These pour upon the American flank a murderous fire; and after an obstinate resistance of more than an hour, in which the ground is disputed inch by inch, the Americans fall back, sullenly firing, and resume their place in the line.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the troops were drawn up on each side for a regular engagement. There was an oblong clearing in front of Freeman's Cottage, about sixty rods in length from east to west, and containing from fifteen to eighteen acres. This field sloped gently down toward the south and east, and was bounded upon the north by an eminence, and a thin grove of pines, and on the south by a dense woods. The British line, with Burgoyne at its head, was formed within the grove of pines upon the north of the clearing mentioned above; and the American line under Arnold within the dense woods. The British advanced to the attack with the most determined bravery, and the action began with great spirit, and was maintained with animation.

Preferring to receive the enemy with the advantages of their position, the Americans kept, in a measure, within cover of the wood in which they were posted, and poured upon the advancing British a destructive fire, which compelled them to falter. Now pressing upon the enemy, the Americans advanced in their turn, till they came within the fire of the British line, and fell back toward their position in the wood. The engagement waxed hot and obstinate, and a destructive fire was kept up, principally between Hamilton's brigade, consisting mainly of the twentieth, twenty-first, and sixty-second British infantry, and the brigade of Poor, and Morgan's corps on the part of the Americans. The British centre was severely pressed, and began at length to give way, when General Phillips, who, with infinite labor, had made his way from the left through the intervening woods, brought up a brigade of artillery under the brave Captain Jones, and some grenadiers, and restored the action. The artillery was posted near Freeman's Cottage,

and gave the enemy a decided advantage, for, owing to the impracticable nature of the ground, the Americans could not bring up any artillery during the day to support their fire.

The action now became general. A quick fire ran from right to left along the whole line of battle; the musketry peeled like the continuous roll of a thousand drums; the heavy discharges of artillery with the roar of thunder shook the hills around, and died in sullen echoes down the vallies; while the battle raged tumultuous, like a stormy sea, over the plain intervening between the woods. The contest was obstinate and bloody—a succession of advances and retreats; a scene of daring and destruction; of blood and carnage. The British rushed forward to the very woods, but fled before the murderous fire of the Americans from their covert. The latter in their turn pursued the British to their line, but fell back from the resistance in front and the hot fire that assailed them on the flanks. Major Hull, with a bravery that is some relief to his dark cowardice in the late war, repeatedly charged and took the enemy's guns; but as the Americans had no means to bring them off, or turn them against their owners, they remained at length with the British.

The action continued without the least intermission, and Arnold in directing the movements of the troops did every thing that a skillful and active officer could accomplish. Finding the enemy reinforced by Gen. Phillips from the left, he ordered out the remaining regiments of Learned's brigade, and sent to Gen. Gates for a part of the troops under his command. But the general either still fearing the advance of the enemy's left upon him, and unwilling to weaken his right, or not wishing to give Arnold any efficient support, merely sent him a single regiment, Col. Marshall's, of Patterson's brigade. Had he promptly supported Arnold's division by either of the three brigades under his command, there is no doubt the action would have been a decisive one.

The arrival of the last reinforcements infused a degree of renewed vigor into the Americans; the contest deepened, maddened into a final effort, and raged with destructive fury as the sun set upon the scene of carnage, and the pall of night came down upon the dead and dying. The last troops engaged were those of the brave Lieut. Col. Brooks, in command of Jackson's regiment, the eighth Massachusetts. He penetrated as far as the extreme right of the British, and became engaged with a part of Breyman's riflemen, who had acted before but occasionally during the action. Waiting for orders to return, he did not leave the field of battle till near ten o'clock at night. This was the most obstinate battle that had yet been fought, in which the Americans, both regulars and militia, displayed all the bravery of the most hardy veterans.

The American loss fell chiefly upon Morgan's corps and Poor's brigade. The regiment of Colonel Cilley, of New Hampshire, and that of Col. Cook, of

the Connecticut militia, suffered the most severely. Major Hull's detachment sustained a loss of nearly one half in killed and wounded. The twentieth and twenty-first regiments of the enemy encountered severe loss, and the sixty-second, under the brave Col. Anstruther, was literally cut to pieces. The colonel himself, and the major, Harnsye, were both wounded, and, of the six hundred men which the regiment numbered on leaving Canada, but sixty men and five or six officers remained fit for duty. The gallant Captain Jones, who commanded the enemy's artillery with so much effect, fell at the side of his guns, and thirty-six of his forty-eight artillerists, and all the officers, except Lieutenant Hadden, were killed or disabled. His escape was remarkable, for the cap was shot off his head by a musket ball, while engaged in spiking the guns.

The Americans had about three thousand men in the engagement, the British three thousand five hundred. Both parties claimed the victory; though it is evident all the advantages of the contest were in favor of the Americans. The British lay upon their arms, with the intention of renewing the battle next day, but abandoned that design in the morning, and within cannon-shot of the Americans threw up a line of intrenchments, with strong redoubts across the plain to the hills; with an intrenchment also and batteries across the defile at the northern extremity of the flats. The Americans, in the meantime, made great exertions to complete their defenses, and render them impregnable.

The position of the Americans was the same as before; the British troops were posted within their intrenchments in the following order: Col. Breyman with the Hessian rifle corps occupied the extreme right, or flank defence; the light infantry, under Lord Balcarra, and the *élite* of Frazer, were encamped around Freeman's Cottage, and extended toward the north ravine, flanked by Hamilton's brigade and the grenadiers; Phillips and Reidesel, with their respective commands, occupied the plain and the ground north of Wilber's Basin; while, for the protection of the batteaux and hospitals, the Hessians of Hanau, the forty-seventh regiment and a detachment of loyalists, were encamped upon the flats by the river-side.

A serious difference now arose between Generals Gates and Arnold, owing to the jealousy of the former, and the intriguing disposition of his adjutant, Col. Wilkinson. Although the late action had commenced at the instance of Arnold, had been fought under his direction, and by the troops of his division alone, with the exception of a single regiment, yet in his dispatches to Congress, General Gates simply stated the action was fought by detachments from the army, without mentioning either Arnold or his division. In addition to this injustice, Gen. Gates, at the suggestion of Wilkinson, in his general orders immediately after the battle, required that Col. Morgan, whose troops had been for some time a part of Arnold's command, and by whose assist-

ance, in a great measure, the late battle was won, should "make returns and reports to head-quarters only; *from whence alone he is to receive orders.*" A correspondence and an angry conference took place that resulted in Gates' depriving Arnold of the command of his division, which he assumed himself, assigning to Gen. Lincoln, who arrived on the twenty-ninth, the command of the right wing. I will more particularly refer to this misunderstanding, at the close of this article.

The two armies lay encamped within sight of each other from the nineteenth of September till the seventh of October, without any thing taking place, except an occasional affair of pickets. In expectation of a coöperation with Sir Henry Clinton, from New York, and of aid from St. Leger, the British commander was compelled, by the difficulties of procuring provisions, to put his troops upon short allowance, which they bore with a patience and cheerfulness that did them great honor. The American troops in the meantime, fearful of the expedition from New York in favor of Burgoyne, were clamorous for action, and Gen. Arnold, forgetting all the injustice and indignity with which he had been treated, addressed a letter to General Gates, which any generous mind would have considered, in the circumstances, as an overture for reconciliation, made known to him the impatience of the troops for battle, and suggested the dangers of delay and the necessity of an immediate attack. General Gates still remained inactive within his intrenchments, till Gen. Burgoyne, pressed to extremity for provisions, and despairing of assistance, prepared for a second attempt upon the American lines, which gave him the advantage of a defensive action.

It had been necessary, for some time, to send out large parties to cover any provisions destined for the British camp; General Burgoyne determined, therefore, to select a heavy detachment of his best troops, for the ostensible purpose of covering a forage, which should move to the left of the American lines, and, after making a *reconnaissance*, endeavor to dislodge the Americans, or force a passage through the intrenchments: in the event of being successful, the whole army was to follow.

Entrusting the guard of the camp upon the heights near Freeman's farm to Brigadiers Hamilton and Specht, and the intrenchments and redoubts upon the flats to Brigadier Gall, about eleven o'clock on the seventh of October, Gen. Burgoyne placed himself at the head of fifteen hundred regulars, the flower of his army, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders, and moved toward the American left. His best officers, Majors-General Phillips and Reidesel and Brigadier Frazer, accompanied the detachment, and seconded the command of the general-in-chief. Having proceeded within three-fourths of a mile of the American camp at the northwest, they displayed and sat down in double ranks, with their arms between their legs. While

the foragers of the party were cutting straw in a wheat-field, several officers from the top of a cabin were engaged in reconnoitering, with their glasses, the American left, which was concealed in a great measure from their view by the intervening woods.

General Gates having received intelligence of the movements and position of the enemy, and penetrating his intentions, made arrangements for an immediate attack. In the meantime, a party of Indians, Canadians and Provincials, scouring the woods on the British flank, fell in with the American pickets near the Middle Ravine; a sharp conflict ensued, which drew to the support of the scouting party a strong corps of grenadiers, when the Americans were driven back to the intrenchments. A brisk action ensued, without any material advantage on either side, when a corps of Morgan's riflemen appeared, whom the Indians and Canadians always held in great terror, and the British retreated to their line, which was forming, pursued by the Americans.

Gen. Burgoyne formed his line of battle across an open field; the left wing consisting of the grenadiers, under Major Ackland, and the artillery; under Major Williams, resting upon a ridge of ground bordered with wood, and covered in front by the head of the Middle Ravine; the centre, under Generals Phillips and Reidesel, was composed of British and German battalions; the right wing, consisting of the light infantry under Lord Balcarras, extended toward the southwest to the foot of a hill densely wooded, and was covered by a worm fence; while, in advance of the right wing, a strong body of flankers was posted under the brave General Frazer, to fall upon the American flank and rear, as the other troops made the attack upon the left.

General Gates ordered Col. Morgan with his corps to commence the action. That sagacious officer proposed and was permitted with his command to march by a circuitous route, and under cover of the woods to gain the hill that ran near the enemy's right and its advance, and to make an attack in front and flank upon the advanced party under Frazer, and the British right, while the brigade of General Poor opened its fire upon the British left. Allowing time for Morgan to reach his destination, Gen. Poor led on his brigade to the British left, having ordered his men to reserve their fire till some time after they begun to rise the hill on and around which the artillery and a part of the grenadiers were posted. As soon as they came in sight they were saluted by the enemy with a shower of grape-shot and musket balls, which overshot them, however, and spent their fury upon the tops of the trees. The Americans rushed on with a shout, and delivering their fire, in quick succession, opened to the right and left, that they might gain the cover of the trees that enclosed the ridge on which the artillery was placed. Here a close and bloody conflict ensued, with the continual discharge of artillery and small arms. Nothing could exceed the bravery of the Americans; they rushed upon the enemy's

guns, which, by repeated charges, were taken and retaken, till the dead and dying were strewn all around. One field-piece was taken for the fifth time, when the brave Cilley in a fit of exultation mounted astraddle of it, and having "sworn it true to the American cause," turned it upon the enemy, and galled them with their own ammunition, which in their precipitancy they had left behind them. After a long and obstinate contest, in which the grenadiers and artillerymen suffered very severely, Major Ackland, the commander of the former, was wounded, and Major Williams, the commander of the latter, was taken prisoner, upon which they broke and fled with consternation.

Simultaneously with the opening of the fire of Poor's brigade upon the British left, the gallant Col. Morgan, like a torrent, rushed down from the hills that skirted the advance of the British right, and pouring in a rapid and destructive fire, soon drove it back upon the right wing, then, wheeling suddenly to the left, he took the British right in flank, with irresistible impetuosity, and threw their ranks into confusion. While thus disordered, Major Dearborn led up two regiments of fresh troops against them, when, assailed both in flank and front, they broke and fled. The Earl of Balcarras rallied them again, and re-formed them, but overpowered by superior numbers, the whole right wing vacillated and gave way.

While the two wings were thus closely engaged, the centre, composed principally of Hessian troops, had as yet taken no part in the action, for the British commander feared, as the American front extended beyond the grenadiers, that, by breaking his centre, he would give an opportunity to the Americans to cut off and surround a part of his forces. As the battle was thus going on, and indecisive, Gen. Arnold, who found it impossible to restrain himself, swore that he would "put an end to the action," and galloped off in hot haste to the field, upon a magnificent coal-black steed. Gen. Gates, fearful lest he might "do some rash action," as he expressed himself, sent Major Armstrong after him to recall him, but the messenger could not reach him to deliver his summons, so quick and varied were his motions, and so perilous the track of his onward course. Placing himself at the head of three regiments, who readily obeyed their former commander, Gen. Arnold advanced with great vigor and attacked the British centre. The Hessians received the assailants with becoming spirit, and, at first, made a brave resistance; but the second charge upon them was furious and irresistible; Arnold with some daring followers dashed into their thickest ranks, carrying with them death and dismay, and the Hessians broke and fled with great precipitancy and consternation.

While the two wings and centre were thus engaged, and the battle was hotly maintained along the whole line, the bravery and skill of the gallant Gen. Frazer was everywhere conspicuous. When

the troops began to waver, he encouraged them; when falling back, he rallied them again; when broken, he re-formed them. On his magnificent iron-grey steed, he passed along the line continually, and wherever he appeared he restored order and inspired confidence; the fate of the battle seemed to hang upon his energy, skill and bravery. The sagacious Col. Morgan saw this, and, with more prudence than generosity, called a file of his best marksmen, and said to them, "That gallant officer is General Frazer; I admire and honor him, but it is necessary that he should die—take your stations in that cluster of bushes, and when he passes down the line again, do your duty." In a few moments the brave and accomplished Frazer fell mortally wounded, and was carried to the camp, a grenadier on each side of his horse supporting him. At his fall a panic pervaded the enemy, and a reinforcement of three thousand New York militia simultaneously arriving, under Gen. Ten Broeck, the whole line under Gen. Burgoyne broke and fled to their encampment, covered in their retreat by Generals Phillips and Reidesel. The Americans pursued them in hot haste to their very intrenchments, and assaulted the works, though possessed neither of battering nor field artillery.

Along the whole line of the British encampment there now rages a storm of grape-shot and musketry; yet the brave Americans, exposed to the deadly fire, or sheltered in part by trees, stumps, and rocks, or covered in gullies formed by the rains, continue the fight with great obstinacy, and many brave men fall on both sides. In this scene of blood and carnage, Arnold was a conspicuous actor. Incited by wounded pride, anger, and military enthusiasm, he fought with reckless bravery, exposed himself with inconsiderate rashness, furiously at times brandished his sword to the danger of his own men, animated his soldiers by the most impassioned appeals, and leading them on, snatched laurels from the very hands of death and danger. With a part of Glover's and Patterson's brigades, he rushed on to the works possessed by the light infantry under Lord Balcarras, and a portion of the line, and assaulting a large abattis which he carried at the point of the bayonet, endeavored to make an opening into the British camp; but, after a sanguinary contest, he was forced to fall back. Leaving the troops now engaged at a greater distance, he dashes furiously on toward the right flank defence, receiving as he passes the fire of the contending armies unhurt.

Gen. Learned, with his brigade, sheltered by a sudden depression of the ground, which covered his men breast high, had been engaged at a long fire with the Germans of the right flank defence, who poured upon them a continual discharge of grape-shot. He now advanced, for nearer contest, his brigade in open column, with Col. Jackson's regiment in front, in command of Lieut. Col. Brooks, to make an assault at an opening between the light

infantry, under Lord Balcarras, and the German right flank defence. This part of the lines was occupied by Canadians and Provincials, and was defended by two stockade redoubts. Arnold, in passing on to the British right, met Learned's brigade advancing, and placing himself at the head of the brigade, orders Brooks, with two platoons, to attack the stockades, while the other troops assault in front. The engagement is now general and sanguinary, the cannon thunder along the line, the peals of musketry are continuous, and the sharp rattle of the rifle is incessant, while the bomb lights up with its red glare, the atmosphere darkened with the smoke of battle and the shades of coming eve.

While the battle thus rages, the intrepid Brooks leads his party, as ordered, against the stockades, which are carried in a moment at the point of the bayonet; and the rest of the brigade assault the lines, though manned by twice their number. After an ineffectual resistance, the enemy are compelled to abandon their position and flee, which lays open the flank of the right defence, consisting of the Germans under Col. Breyman. It consists of a breast-work of timbers piled in a horizontal manner between pickets driven perpendicularly into the earth, and is covered on the right by a battery of two guns, posted on an eminence.

Galloping on to the left, Arnold orders Weston's and Livingston's regiments, with Morgan's corps, to advance and make a general assault, and then returning, he places himself at the head of the regiment under Brooks, and leading it on himself, makes a furious attack upon the German works, which is vigorously resisted. Undismayed, he pushes forward a platoon, and having found the sallyport, forces his way through with his men, and rides triumphantly into the encampment of the enemy. The terrified Germans retreat, yet deliver a fire as they run, by which the steed of the dauntless general is killed, and himself wounded. The same leg which was wounded in storming Quebec, is again shattered by a musket ball. Here Maj. Armstrong, who had been sent by Gen. Gates to order him back from the field, first comes up with him and delivers his message. Retiring to their tents the Germans find the assault general, throw down their arms, or retreat hurriedly to the interior part of the camp, leaving their commander, Col. Breyman, mortally wounded on the field, with many privates killed and wounded, and their tents, artillery, and baggage in possession of the victors. The dislodgement of the German troops effected an opening into the British lines, which exposed the entire encampment. Gen. Burgoyne, therefore, immediately ordered its recovery, but the darkness of the night, and the fatigue of the troops, prevented this attempt at recovery on the part of the British, or any effort on the part of the Americans to improve the advantages it offered. About 12 o'clock at night, Gen. Lincoln, who, during the action, had remained in camp with his command, marched out to relieve the

troops that had been engaged, and to possess the ground they had gained. The American loss in this action was about one hundred and fifty, killed and wounded; that of the enemy was much greater, among which were some of their best officers. The enemy lost in addition nine pieces of artillery, and the encampment and equipage of a German brigade.

As the Americans, with fresh troops prepared for action, held possession of a part of the British camp, which exposed their entire defences, a change of position, before the following morning, was rendered necessary to the British commander. During the night, therefore, he executed a removal of his army, camp and artillery, to his former position, about a mile further north, in view of a retreat. To guard against this, Gen. Gates had detached a party higher up the Hudson to hang upon his rear, should he attempt to force a passage.

During the 8th of October, the troops were under arms, in expectation of an attack, and a cannonade was kept up at intervals during the day. About sunset, according to directions which he had given, the corpse of the brave Gen. Frazer, attended by his suite, and by the Generals Phillips, Reidesel, and Burgoyne, was carried to the great redoubt, and there buried. A cannonade was kept up for some time on the procession, till the Americans discovered its character, when they ceased, and fired minute guns in honor of the deceased. The following description of the melancholy scene is from the pen of Gen. Burgoyne himself.

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude, and unaltered voice with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation on every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life on the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness, added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of this juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master that the field ever presented. To the canvas and to the page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction; and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

In relation to the death-wound of Gen. Frazer, it is generally believed to have been from Timothy Murphy, a celebrated marksman, with a double rifle, whose aim was unerring as fate. The death of Frazer is said to have made a deep impression upon Morgan, and to have given him uneasiness even on his dying-bed. I receive the account coming through his minister. Gen. Frazer himself said that he saw the rifleman that shot him, and that he was up in a tree. The range of the wound proved this to be a fact. Consequently, it could not have been one of the file Morgan selected, unless we suppose they ascended trees.

A romantic interest is thrown around the incidents of this campaign by the sufferings of several accomplished and excellent ladies, that followed the fortunes of their husbands, who were officers in the army. On the 19th of September, they followed the route of the artillery and baggage, and when the action began, the Baroness Reidesel, Lady Harriet Ackland, and the wives of Maj. Harnaye, and Lieut. Reynell, of the sixty-second regiment, had possession of a small hut which the surgeons soon occupied. Their sensibility was continually affected by the pitiable sights that were presented as the wounded were brought in, while their terrified imaginations looked forward to similar calamities to their husbands. How afflicting were their circumstances when, during the day, Maj. Harnaye was brought in severely wounded, and intelligence came that Lieut. Reynell was killed. The Lady Harriet's husband was wounded in the action of the 7th of October, and fell into the hands of the Americans, when, with the greatest heroism, she solicited permission from Gen. Burgoyne, and went over to the American army, that she might wait upon her husband. She accompanied Maj. Ackland to Canada in 1776, and was called to attend on him, while sick in a miserable hut at Chamblee. In the march upon Ticonderoga she was left behind and enjoined not to expose herself to the hazards of the expedition, but joined her husband immediately after his receiving a wound at the battle of Hubbardton, and would not leave him afterward, but shared his fortunes and fatigues. The narrative of the Baroness Reidesel, which gives an account of the expedition, and their own particular sufferings, is as interesting as a romance.

Fearing from some movements of the Americans that they would turn his right and surround him, Gen. Burgoyne, on the 8th, abandoned his hospital with the sick and wounded, whom he recommended to the humanity of Gen. Gates, and commenced a night retreat toward Saratoga, immediately after the burial of Gen. Frazer. In preparation for the retreat they felt severely the loss of this accomplished officer, who prided himself upon generalship in this respect. During the war in Germany, he made good his retreat with 500 chasseurs, in sight of the French army, and often said that if, in the present expedition the troops were compelled to retreat, he would insure, with the advanced corps, to bring them off in safety. About 9 o'clock at night the army began to move, Gen. Reidesel in command of the van-guard, and Gen. Phillips in command of the rear-guard. Delayed by the darkness of the night, the incessant rains, and the bad condition of the roads, liable at any time to an attack in flank, front, or rear, the royal troops reached Saratoga late at night on the 9th, so harassed and weary, that without strength even to cut wood and make fires, the men lay down upon the cold ground in their wet clothes, and the generals themselves lay upon their mattresses with no other covering than an oil-cloth.

Gen. Burgoyne detached from this place a working party, under a strong escort, to repair the roads and bridges toward Fort Edward; but on finding the Americans in force on the heights south of Saratoga creek, and evincing a disposition to cross over and attack him, the escort was recalled, and the Provincials, sent to cover the working party, fled at the first attack. The general-in-chief now resolved to abandon his artillery, baggage, and encumbrances of every kind, and make a night march to Fort Edward. The soldiers were to carry their arms and provisions upon their backs, and force a passage at the fording, either above or below the fort. But learning from his scouts that the Americans had a camp in force on the high grounds between Fort Edward and Fort George, as well as parties along the whole shore, he was compelled to abandon the design.

Worn down by a series of toils and attacks; abandoned by the Indians, Provincials, and Canadians; the regulars greatly reduced by the late heavy losses, and by sickness; disappointed of aid from Sir Henry Clinton; suffering from want of provisions; invested and almost surrounded by an army of triple numbers, without the possibility of retreat; exposed to an incessant cannonade, and receiving in camp even the musket balls of his enemy, the British general perceiving that future efforts would be unavailing, convened a council of the generals, field-officers, and commanders of corps, in which it was unanimously resolved to send a communication to Gen. Gates, touching a surrender. A treaty was accordingly opened, and a convention agreed upon on the 16th of October, embracing the following prominent conditions.

The British were to march out of their encamp-

ment with the honors of war, and ground their arms by order of their own officers. They were not to be detained as captives, but be permitted to return to England, and not serve again during the war, unless exchanged. The number of men received in surrender to the United States was 5791. Besides this, the United States received an immense park of brass artillery, 7000 stand of arms, clothing for seven thousand recruits; with tents, and great quantities of ammunition, and other military stores.

Some few exchanges of officers were effected. An effort was made to exchange Maj. Ackland for Col. Ethan Allen, then held in rigorous confinement in New York, but the British commander, Lord Howe, refused the proposal. Maj. Ackland was then exchanged for Maj. Otho Holland Williams, of Rawling's rifle corps, who, after a brave resistance, was wounded and made prisoner at Fort Washington, in 1776, and had since suffered severely in his captivity. Some time after the fall of Charleston, Gen. Phillips was exchanged for Gen. Lincoln. Congress, fearful that good faith would not be kept relative to the soldiers not being employed again in the war, did not permit the British soldiers to embark for England. They were detained till after the close of the war. When information was received of the surrender of Burgoyne and his army, Congress passed a vote of thanks to Gen. Gates, and the troops under his command, and ordered a gold medal to be struck in commemoration of the event, and presented to him in the name of the United States. I have some valuable original documents, throwing strong light upon the history and the men of this eventful period, which I may submit in a second paper.

THE ORIOLE'S RETURN.

HAST thou come back, loved oriole,
Thy stay has been so long,
To flit among the garden flowers,
And cheer me with thy song.

Yes, yes, my pretty oriole,
Thou 'st left thy distant bowers,
And come to make thy dwelling-place,
In this green land of ours.

For cheerful spring, my oriole,
Returns to us again,
And soon shall summer's balmy breath
Spread fragrance o'er the plain.

The fields that late, dear oriole,
Were white with fleecy snow,
Are green, and the refreshing breeze
Has bid the fountains flow.

And budding shrubs, sweet oriole,
Bedeck this blooming scene,
And the wide-spreading willow
Is clothed in living green.

Then with thy mate, my oriole,
Come sit upon this tree,
And tune thy gay and lively notes,
So long unheard by me.

And there, my gentle oriole,
From thy long journey rest,
Then to the drooping branches, love,
Suspend thy downy nest.

For all is beauteous, oriole,
Around, beneath, above,
And little birds are warbling,
Far in the waving grove.

And the soft rill, my oriole,
Where oft I have seen thee light,
To drink the waters murmuring by,
Now sparkles clear and bright.

And thou hast come, loved oriole,
To glad me with thy voice,
And verdant spring again returns,
To bid our hearts rejoice. MISS C. MITCHELL.

MRS. BELL'S BALL.

[A CHAPTER FROM "LEVY LAWRENCE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF."]

It was about this time, (meaning the time I began to realize that if silver and gold could do every thing, brass could do much,) and shortly after my return to P——, I received an invitation to attend a ball, to be given by the lady of a gallant naval officer, at a public hall, the only one with which the town of P—— was blessed.

To one who had absented himself from such gayeties for some time, and who was particularly fond of them, the thought of a ball was exciting, to say the least—and such a ball! I knew very well what it would be, given by Mrs. Bell, in a fine large hall. Nothing sham. No—Mrs. Bell had too much pride, and so had Mr. Bell, to have any thing to do with an entertainment that was not of the very first order; and Mrs. Bell was too ambitious, and so was Mr. Bell, not to make some endeavor to go a little beyond any of their neighbors.

"I will go to this ball," said I, and immediately confirmed my determination by writing an acceptance. "I will go, I will rust no longer. Why should I suffer myself to grow mouldy, and hide my light under a bushel, when I might illumine, perhaps dazzle, the gay world with my brightness?" I said this, being in a particularly self-satisfied mood, for that morning I had made one dollar, and had the money, the hard specie, in my pocket. Any young man, who is beginning to make his own living, will appreciate my self-satisfaction, for he well knows the pleasure—how great it is—which is experienced from the first fruits of his own exertion, however small they may be.

The ball was to take place in a week, and in the interim, wherever I went, I heard nothing else talked of. Everybody was going—and everybody was full of it. How glad was I that I had accepted! Everybody seemed determined on making an impression, for everybody was planning and arranging, and their lives, for that week, were bound up in the ball—the ball was the end to which their whole present existence was directed. Never since my childhood, on the occasion of an annual visit to the theatre, had I looked forward to any thing with such delightful anticipations as to this ball. What blessings did I not invoke upon the united heads of Mrs. and Mr. Bell, as I heard of some new contrivance for the pleasure of those who were to be their guests on this great occasion. To think that I was going, was happiness enough. I am afraid I did not pay so much attention as I ought to my business. I may have neglected it, but I could not help it.

The week passed. The day of the ball came. The evening—almost the hour. People were beginning to prepare themselves. Not more than time enough remained for me to make my toilet. Many a lady was by this time fully arrayed, and doubtless many a gentleman.

Then it was that I experienced one of those dreadful revulsions of feeling, which no words can describe, and which only those who possess an extraordinary share of moral courage can bear up under. If the sun had gone out at noonday, I should not have been more overwhelmed; if I had waked some morning, and found myself a husband and a father, I should not have wondered more.

I had no clothes to wear!

The moment which brought me to the verge of an earthly Elysium, which was to be introductory to an age of delights, had arrived, and not a decent coat, not a passable pair of pants, not even a respectable pair of boots. I might have known it all before. O fool! fool! I should have wept if I had had any tears to shed; but I had none. My excess of feeling was beyond tears. I sat down like one dumb and stricken. I had clean shirts, and though they had often served me in good stead, they would do me no good now. What could have possessed me, that, on this occasion, when I needed it so much, I should have neglected to provide myself with proper attire? I might as well be in Patagonia without any clothes, as here with my shabby ones.

The clock struck nine. The ball must have begun; and I fancied the gay music, the bright throng, and the sound of dancing feet, and almost smiled as I fancied, the fancy was so pleasant. I tried to reason with myself. Supposing I had not forgotten the clothes, how could I have paid for a new suit, with but one dollar in my pocket? (I had n't earned a cent since the day I received the invitation.) Oh! approved credit was as good as money. I had been on tick before now, and might do so again. It was no comfort to think what I might have done. What could be done now? Buying was out of the question; all the money in the world could not in a moment have procured me a new suit. Borrowing? That was out of the question. Whose coats would fit me, and who was there to borrow from? Everybody had gone—gone to the ball.

To the melancholy conclusions of my reasoning succeeded what would, in a child, have been called a temper-fit; and it was no more or less in me. I swore audibly. I wilfully, intentionally, and mali-

ciously kicked over a table, thereby doing serious detriment to its contents, for a glass lamp being broken by the fall, they, together with the carpet, were covered with a plentiful sprinkling of oil. I nearly put the fire out by giving it a severe poking, broke a penknife by energetic use, and if there had been a bell-rope, (I did n't enjoy the luxury of a bell,) I should have broken that.

Then came a calm; a calm which proceeded from a resolution I had suddenly taken—to go, at any rate.

When Cinderella stood by the magnificent equipage which was to take her to the king's palace, she reflected upon the inconsistency of her mean apparel, with the gorgeousness before her, and that she was about to encounter. "What," sighed she, "and must I go thither in these dirty, nasty rags?" Scarcely had she spoken, when her godmother, who was a fairy, touched her with her wand, and in an instant her rags were changed into the most beautiful robes ever beheld by mortal woman.

No gilded chariot waited before me. I had no godmother, with one stroke to put nap upon a thread-bare coat, and make worn-out boots new. There was no magic to be employed upon me, but that of an unflinching spirit, a brazen face, and the little that might be effected by brushes and Day & Martin.

Having dressed with as much care as if I had been putting on regal robes, I started to walk—no such extravagance as a carriage for me—laying this flattering unction to my soul, that perhaps the hall might not be very well lighted, and in the crowd I should escape critical observation. I fortunately found a drygoods shop open, where I stopped to purchase gloves. I paid that dollar for a pair of a light straw color, and felt elegantly dressed when I had encased my left hand in one; alas! the right hand glove, as right hand gloves often do, tore when I gave it the final pull. This additional ill-luck did not trouble me—my mind was steeled.

My hope of a twilight apartment was born, like all other hopes, "but to fade and die." When I entered, my eyes were blinded with the glare from six dozen solar burners.

I will pass over my entree, my compliments to the hostess, to a corner where I found myself ensconced, back to the wall with P., Mrs. Bell's cousin. Mrs. Bell was a charming woman, and her cousin P. was another, and so was her cousin Mary. Three more charming cousins could not be found, if you searched that numerous class of relations through. Cousin P. was the woman I delighted in above all others, she had fascinated me in my early youth, and I had maintained a sort of attachment, though time had separated us, married her, and brought me into love with fifty other cousins. I cannot tell how our conversation in the corner commenced, but very soon, almost too soon to be natural, it turned upon *dress*, and gentlemen's dress in particular. I remarked that I considered him a fool

who said "clothes make the man." It was no such thing, the man makes the clothes. I cited instances of great geniuses who were very slovenly in their dress. P. seemed much amused; perhaps she thought I wanted to pass myself off for a genius. Heavens! my attempt to look well dressed was too palpable. Being in rather a jocose mood, I asked her how she liked my coat; and the smile with which she replied assured me that she was not insensible to its shabbiness, and saw all its defects as plainly as myself. So I made a clean breast of it, and told her the whole story, and described in a graphic manner the scene I had lately enacted at my room. She was delighted, and thought it the best joke in the world, at the same time expressing a wish that I should exhibit myself to the company. A waltz had just commenced, so what could I do but waltz. P. and I took our places. I knew that the attention of several people was attracted toward us, and two young ladies were seen to exchange glances which said louder than words, "Coat."

It is astonishing how well navy officers always waltz, also ladies who have been under their training. I liked to watch their short, quick steps, taken with a precision and exactness truly enviable. But though I had been accounted an indifferent waltzer, I now had something new to teach them. I had a relative in Europe, and they had not, or if they had, what use was he, since he made them no communications on the subject of waltzing, my relative had lately sent me valuable advice upon the subject. "Take very long steps," wrote he, "and never lift your feet from the floor. Slide along, but on no account jump." These hints I had acted on, though my opportunities for practice had been limited to an occasional evening with a friend, or a few turns with some brother companion, in the small circle of my own apartment. Now had my hour arrived. I communicated my style to P.; and thank fortune she was not unprepared for it. The three cousins were fresh from a visit to the metropolis, where this change had already been adopted. Now we would make a trial, with such brilliant music, and such a glorious smooth spring-floor, who could fail? Down we swept, the whole length of the hall, and all round it, not confining ourselves to the more contracted circle with which the navy, and people in general were satisfied. Down, up, round again—all eyes upon us, as we rounded our rapid way. My coat did not look quite so shabby now. All the young ladies were breathless, the navy stood aghast—they did n't know what it meant. But how much wider did their eyes open, and their mouths, too, when I took another partner, cousin Mary, and repeated the performance. How can I express their mingled wonder and indignation when I advanced with Mrs. Bell, for a third waltz. What assurance in shabby-coat! But shabby-coat is not to be daunted by trifles. Navy, stand back. They did stand back, and we had the floor all to ourselves; for the few who had commenced to waltz soon stopped, and fell back

among the crowd of lookers-on. Shabby-coat and Mrs. Bell were by this time half round. It was a tug—a tug, no other word will express it. Mrs. Bell was more than slightly inclined to embonpoint; but thanks to my strength of arm, I was able to sustain her. Just as we passed the orchestra, I heard a young middy give an order to the leader of the band, "Faster, faster." Faster played the waltz, and faster, faster waltzed shabby and Mrs. Bell. I was in good time, and could not be got out of it. Our course was exciting—it was tremendous. I look to nature for a comparison, and the great whirlpool on the coast of Norway, roars with a mighty rushing sound in my ear. Shabby-coat had done it. Shabby? It was no longer shabby, not even threadbare; a new nap had extended over its surface, at least it seemed so to the eyes of envying young ladies. What were my boots? Better than Hobb's best. Coat, boots, and all, were forgotten, to think only of the genius that could achieve such wonders. No more glances of scorn, but glances of desire from ladies, both married and single. The navy scowled malignantly, and many a lieutenant, and many a midddy thought of pistols and challenges. I surveyed with a calm smile of satisfaction the revolution I had accomplished. The navy was down, had become at once old-fashioned, and several rather advanced belles boldly talked of their "minnikin diddling steps."

My triumph was not yet completed. Supper had to be gone through—and such a supper. When I am bidden to a feast, I go and make the most of it. So I did here, and found myself one of the lingerers who still have another glass of champagne, and another glass of sherry to take before the cravings of their stomachs will be satisfied. I was interrupted in my discussion of another delicate bit of quail, by the music of a Strauss waltz. I had engaged P.

for the German Quadrille, and it was soon to begin. I reeled down stairs into the dancing hall, and was luckily enabled, by immense ocular exertion, to distinguish the tall figure and blue head-dress of P., amid the blur of sizes and colors which was before me. Soon was I at her side, and soon the dance began. I followed my friend's advice, to keep my heels to the floor and not jump; but certainly never was so light a pair of heels kept down. It may have been that the head they carried bore the same proportion to them as corks do to feathers; sure it is, that winged Mercury never glided over the earth with a lightness that surpassed mine, as I glided over that ball-room floor. We waltzed several figures of the German Quadrille, till we came to that one where a chair is placed in the centre of the circle, in which each lady in turn sits, and has the opportunity of refusing or accepting every gentleman in the set as a partner in a waltz. It was here the crown was put upon my glory of that evening. Every gentleman was refused but me, and by every lady too. The unfortunate rejected ones stood in a long row behind the chair, while I, shabby, was the only favored one. As for the real state of my dress and appearance, it was as much worse as possible, than when I first entered the hall and was sniffed at—for I had become very much heated by my exertions; my hair was flying in every direction, and my dickey, which in the earlier part of the evening had stood with a dignified erectness, now hung wet and flabby, as when it dangled the previous Monday morning from my washerwoman's line.

Shall I tell of my dreams that night? I had none, for I slept too sound. But on some future occasion I will relate how I became a great beau, and how I waltzed with a foreign countess, and more than all about my new clothes. L. L.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Away! on the glist'ning plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow
And winter's out to-night.

With the stirring about of the joyous rout
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly!

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along;
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air,
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told
For the wild and daring deed,
What can stay our flight by the fire's red light,
As we move with lightning speed.

We heed not the blast who are flying as fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow;

When the cold moon shines on snow-clad pines
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful hearth, in the hall of mirth,
We have gladly left behind—
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm—we'll laugh at the storm
When it comes in a fearful rage—
"While with many a wheel on the ringing steel
A riotous game we will wage."

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground with a splintering sound
The frost goes forth at play.

Then away! to the stream, in the moonlight's beam,
For the night it waneeth fast,
And the silent tread of the ghostly dead
At the midnight hour hath passed. H. B. T.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You LIKE It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 192.)

PART VI.

At the piping of all hands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands and the land,
And the seas give up their dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is dismayed,
And the just man is afraid,
Then heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom. BRAINARD.

THE people had now a cessation from their toil. Of all the labor known to sea-faring men, that of pumping is usually thought to be the most severe. Those who work at it have to be relieved every minute, and it is only by having gangs to succeed each other, that the duty can be done at all with any thing like steadiness. In the present instance, it is true, that the people of the Swash were sustained by the love of gold, but glad enough were they when Mulford called out to them to "knock off, and turn in for the night." It was high time this summons should be made, for not only were the people excessively wearied, but the customary hours of labor were so far spent, that the light of the moon had some time before begun to blend with the little left by the parting sun. Glad enough were all hands to quit the toil; and two minutes were scarcely elapsed ere most of the crew had thrown themselves down, and were buried in deep sleep. Even Spike and Mulford took the rest they needed, the cook alone being left to look out for the changes in the weather. In a word, everybody but this idler was exhausted with pumping and bailing, and even gold had lost its power to charm, until nature was recruited by rest.

The excitement produced by the scenes through which they had so lately passed, caused the females to sleep soundly, too. The death-like stillness which pervaded the vessel contributed to their rest, and Rose never woke, from the first few minutes after her head was on her pillow, until near four in the morning. The deep quiet seemed ominous to one who had so lately witnessed the calm which precedes the tornado, and she arose. In that low latitude and warm season, few clothes were neces-

sary, and our heroine was on deck in a very few minutes. Here she found the same grave-like sleep pervading every thing. There was not a breath of air, and the ocean seemed to be in one of its profoundest slumbers. The hard-breathing of Spike could be heard through the open windows of his state-room, and this was positively the only sound that was audible. The common men, who lay scattered about the decks, more especially from the mainmast forward, seemed to be so many logs, and from Mulford no breathing was heard.

The morning was neither very dark, nor very light, it being easy to distinguish objects that were near, while those at a distance were necessarily lost in obscurity. Availing herself of the circumstance, Rose went as far as the gangway, to ascertain if the cook were at his post. She saw him lying near his galley, in as profound a sleep as any of the crew. This she felt to be wrong, and she felt alarmed, though she knew not why. Perhaps it was the consciousness of being the only person up and awake at that hour of deepest night, in a vessel so situated as the Swash, and in a climate in which hurricanes seem to be the natural offspring of the air. Some one must be aroused, and her tastes, feelings, and judgment, all pointed to Harry Mulford as the person she ought to awaken. He slept habitually in his clothes—the lightest summer dress of the tropics; and the window of his little state-room was always open for air. Moving lightly to the place, Rose laid her own little, soft hand on the arm of the young man, when the latter was on his feet in an instant. A single moment only was necessary to regain his consciousness, when Mulford left the state-room and joined Rose on the quarter-deck.

"Why am I called, Rose," the young man asked, attempering his voice to the calm that reigned around him; "and why am I called by *you*?"

Rose explained the state of the brig, and the feeling which induced her to awaken him. With woman's gentleness she now expressed her regret for having robbed Harry of his rest; had she reflected a moment, she might have kept watch herself, and

allowed him to obtain the sleep he must surely so much require.

But Mulford laughed at this; protested he had never been awake at a more favorable moment, and would have sworn, had it been proper, that a minute's further sleep would have been too much for him. After these first explanations, Mulford walked round the decks, carefully felt how much strain there was on the purchases, and rejoined Rose to report that all was right, and that he did not consider it necessary to call even the cook. The black was an idler in no sense but that of keeping watch, and he had toiled the past day as much as any of the men, though it was not exactly at the pumps.

A long and a semi-confidential conversation now occurred between Harry and Rose. They talked of Spike, the brig, and her cargo, and of the delusion of the captain's widow. It was scarcely possible that powder should be so much wanted at the Havanna as to render smuggling, at so much cost, a profitable adventure; and Mulford admitted his convictions that the pretended flour was originally intended for Mexico. Rose related the tenor of the conversation she had overheard between the two parties, Don Juan and Don Esteban, and the mate no longer doubted that it was Spike's intention to sell the brig to the enemy. She also alluded to what had passed between herself and the stranger.

Mulford took this occasion to introduce the subject of Jack Tier's intimacy and favor with Rose. He even professed to feel some jealousy on account of it, little as there might be to alarm most men in the rivalry of such a competitor. Rose laughed, as girls will laugh when there is question of their power over the other sex, and she fairly shook her rich tresses as she declared her determination to continue to smile on Jack, to the close of the voyage. Then, as if she had said more than she intended, she added with woman's generosity and tenderness,—

"After all, Harry, you know how much I promised to you even before we sailed, and how much more since, and have no just cause to dread even Jack. There is another reason, however, that ought to set your mind entirely at ease on his account. Jack is married, and has a partner living at this very moment, as he does not scruple to avow himself."

A hissing noise, a bright light, and a slight explosion, interrupted the half-laughing girl, and Mulford, turning on his heel, quick as thought, saw that a rocket had shot into the air, from a point close under the bows of the brig. He was still in the act of moving toward the forecastle, when, at the distance of several leagues, he saw the explosion of another rocket high in the air. He knew enough of the practices of vessels of war, to feel certain that these were a signal and its answer from some one in the service of government. Not at all sorry to have the career of the Swash arrested, before she could pass into hostile hands, or before evil could

befall Rose, Mulford reached the forecastle just in time to answer the inquiry that was immediately put to him, in the way of a hail. A gig, pulling four oars only, with two officers in its stern-sheets, was fairly under the vessel's bows, and the mate could almost distinguish the countenance of the officer who questioned him, the instant he showed his head and shoulders above the bulwarks.

"What vessels are these?" demanded the stranger, speaking in the authoritative manner of one who acted for the state, but not speaking much above the usual conversational tone.

"American and Spanish," was the answer. "This brig is American—the schooner alongside is a Spaniard, that turned turtle in a tornado, about six-and-thirty hours since, and on which we have been hard at work trying to raise her, since the gale which succeeded the tornado has blown its pipe out."

"Ay, ay, that's the story, is it? I did not know what to make of you, lying cheek by jowl, in this fashion. Was anybody lost on board the schooner?"

"All hands, including every soul aft and forward, the supercargo excepted, who happened to be aboard here. We buried seventeen bodies this afternoon on the smallest of the Keys that you see near at hand, and two this morning alongside of the light. But what boat is that, and where are you from, and whom are you signaling?"

"The boat is a gig," answered the stranger, deliberately, "and she belongs to a cruiser of Uncle Sam's, that is off the reef, a short bit to the eastward, and we signaled our captain. But I'll come on board you, sir, if you please."

Mulford walked aft to meet the stranger at the gangway, and was relieved, rather than otherwise, at finding that Spike was already on the quarter-deck. Should the vessel of war seize the brig, he could rejoice at it, but so strong were his professional ideas of duty to the craft he sailed in, that he did not find it in his heart to say aught against her. Were any mishap to befall it, or were justice to be done, he preferred that it might be done under Spike's own supervision, rather than under his.

"Call all hands, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, as they met. "I see a streak of day coming yonder in the east—let all hands be called at once. What strange boat is this we have alongside?"

This question was put to the strangers, Spike standing on his gangway-ladder to ask it, while the mate was summoning the crew. The officer saw that a new person was to be dealt with, and in his quiet, easy way, he answered, while stretching out his hands to take the man-rope—

"Your servant, sir—we are man-of-war's men, belonging to one of Uncle Sam's craft, outside, and have just come in to pay you a visit of ceremony. I told one, whom I suppose was your mate, that I would just step on board of you."

"Ay, ay—one at a time, if you please. It's war-time, and I cannot suffer armed boat's crews to

board me at night, without knowing something about them. Come up yourself, if you please, but order your people to stay in the boat. Here, muster about this gangway, half a dozen of you, and keep an eye on the crew of this strange boat."

These orders had no effect on the cool and deliberate lieutenant, who ascended the brig's side, and immediately stood on her deck. No sooner had he and Spike confronted each other, than each gave a little start, like that of recognition, and the lieutenant spoke.

"Ay, ay—I believe I know this vessel now. It is the Molly Swash, of New York, bound to Key West, and a market; and I have the honor to see Capt. Stephen Spike again."

It was Mr. Wallace, the second lieutenant of the sloop-of-war that had boarded the brig in the Mona Passage, and to avoid whom Spike had gone to the southward of Jamaica. The meeting was very *mal-à-propos*, but it would not do to betray that the captain and owner of the vessel thought as much as this; on the contrary, Wallace was warmly welcomed, and received, not only as an old acquaintance, but as a very agreeable visitor. To have seen the two, as they walked aft together, one might have supposed that the meeting was conducive of nothing but a very mutual satisfaction, it was so much like that which happens between those who keep up a hearty acquaintance.

"Well, I'm glad to see you again, Capt. Spike," cried Wallace, after the greetings were passed, "if it be only to ask where you flew to, the day we left you in the Mona Passage? We look'd out for you with all our eyes, expecting you would be down between San Domingo and Jamaica, but I hardly think you got by us in the night. Our master thinks you must have dove, and gone past loon-fashion. Do you ever perform that manœuvre?"

"No, we've kept above water the whole time, lieutenant," answered Spike, heartily; "and that is more than can be said of the poor fellow alongside of us. I was so much afraid of the Isle of Pines, that I went round Jamaica."

"You might have given the Isle of Pines a berth, and still have passed to the northward of the Englishmen," said Wallace, a little drily. "However, that island is somewhat of a scarecrow, and we have been to take a look at it ourselves. All's right there, just now. But you seem light; what have you done with your flour?"

"Parted with every barrel of it. You may remember I was bound to Key West, and a market. Well, I found my market here, in American waters."

"You have been lucky, sir. This 'emporium' does not seem to be exactly a *commercial* emporium."

"The fact is, the flour is intended for the Havana; and I fancy it is to be shipped for slavers. But I am to know nothing of all that, you'll understand, lieutenant. If I sell my flour in American waters, at two prices, it's no concern of mine what becomes of it afterwards."

"Unless it happen to pass into enemy's hands, certainly not; and you are too patriotic to deal with Mexico, just now, I'm sure. Pray, did that flour go down when the schooner turned turtle?"

Every barrel of it; but Don Wan, below there, thinks that most of it may yet be saved, by landing it on one of those Keys to dry. Flour, well packed, wets in slowly. You see we have some of it on deck."

"And who may Don Wan be, sir, pray? We are sent here to look after Dons and Donas, you know."

"Don Wan is a Cuban merchant, and deals in such articles as he wants. I fell in with him among the reefs here, where he was rummaging about in hopes of meeting with a wrack, he tells me, and thinking to purchase something profitable in that way; but finding I had flour, he agreed to take it out of me at this anchorage, and send me away in ballast at once. I have found Don Wan Montefalderon ready pay, and very honorable."

Wallace then requested an explanation of the disaster, to the details of which he listened with a sailor's interest. He asked a great many questions, all of which bore on the more nautical features of the event, and day having now fairly appeared, he examined the purchases and backings of the Swash with professional nicety. The schooner was no lower in the water than when the men had knocked off work the previous night; and Spike set the people at the pumps and their bailing again, as the most effectual method of preventing their making any indiscreet communications to the man-of-war's men.

About this time the relict appeared on deck, when Spike gallantly introduced the lieutenant anew to his passengers. It is true he knew no name to use, but that was of little moment, as he called the officer "the lieutenant," and nothing else.

Mrs. Budd was delighted with this occasion to show-off, and she soon broke out on the easy, indolent, but waggish Wallace, in a strain to surprise him, notwithstanding the specimen of the lady's skill from which he had formerly escaped.

"Capt. Spike is of opinion, lieutenant, that our cast-anchor here is excellent, and I know the value of a good cast-anchor place; for my poor Mr. Budd was a sea-faring man, and taught me almost as much of your noble profession as he knew himself."

"And he taught you, ma'am," said Wallace, fairly opening his eyes, under the influence of astonishment, "to be very particular about cast-anchor places."

"Indeed he did. He used to say, that roads instead were never as good, for such purposes, as land that's locked havens, for the anchors would return home, as he called it, in roads-instead."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Wallace, looking very queer at first, as if disposed to laugh outright, then catching a glance of Rose, and changing his mind; "I perceive that Mr. Budd knew what he was about, and preferred an anchorage, where he was well land-locked, and where there was no danger of his

anchors coming home, as so often happens in your open roadsteads."

"Yes, that's just it! That was just his notion! You cannot feel how delightful it is, Rose, to converse with one that thoroughly understands such subjects! My poor Mr. Budd did, indeed, denounce roads-instead, at all times calling them 'savage.'"

"Savage, aunt," put in Rose, hoping to stop the good relict by her own interposition—"that is a strange word to apply to an anchorage!"

"Not at all, young lady," said Wallace gravely. "They are often *wild* berths, and wild berths are not essentially different from wild beasts. Each is savage, as a matter of course."

"I knew I was right!" exclaimed the widow. "Savage cast-anchors come of wild births, as do savage Indians. Oh! the language of the ocean, as my poor Mr. Budd used to say, is eloquence tempered by common sense!"

Wallace stared again, but his attention was called to other things, just at that moment. The appearance of Don Juan Montefalderon y Castro on deck, reminded him of his duty, and approaching that gentleman he condoled with him on the grave loss he had sustained. After a few civil expressions on both sides, Wallace made a delicate allusion to the character of the schooner.

"Under other circumstances," he said, it might be my duty to inquire a little particularly as to the nationality of your vessel, Señor, for we are at war with the Mexicans, as you doubtless know."

"Certainly," answered Don Juan, with an unmoved air and great politeness of manner, "though it would be out of my power to satisfy you. Every thing was lost in the schooner, and I have not a paper of any sort to show you. If it be your pleasure to make a prize of a vessel in this situation, certainly it is in your power to do it. A few barrels of wet flour are scarce worth disputing about."

Wallace now seemed a little ashamed, the *sang froid* of the other throwing dust in his eyes, and he was in a hurry to change the subject. Señor Don Juan was very civilly condoled with again, and he was made to repeat the incidents of the loss, as if his auditor took a deep interest in what he said, but no further hint was given touching the nationality of the vessel. The lieutenant's tact let him see that Señor Montefalderon was a person of a very different calibre from Spike, as well as of different habits, and he did not choose to indulge in the quiet irony that formed so large an ingredient in his own character, with this new acquaintance. He spoke Spanish himself, with tolerable fluency, and a conversation now occurred between the two, which was maintained for some time with spirit and a very manifest courtesy.

This dialogue between Wallace and the Spaniard gave Spike a little leisure for reflection. As the day advanced the cruiser came more and more plainly in view, and his first business was to take a good survey of her. She might have been three

leagues distant, but approaching with a very light breeze, at the rate of something less than two knots in the hour. Unless there was some one on board her who was acquainted with the channels of the Dry Tortugas, Spike felt little apprehension of the ship's getting very near to him; but he very well understood that, with the sort of artillery that was in modern use among vessels of war, he would hardly be safe could the cruiser get within a league. That near Uncle Sam's craft might certainly come without encountering the hazards of the channels, and within that distance she would be likely to get in the course of the morning, should he have the complaisance to wait for her. He determined, therefore, not to be guilty of that act of folly.

All this time the business of lightening the schooner proceeded. Although Mulford earnestly wished that the man-of-war might get an accurate notion of the true character and objects of the brig, he could not prevail on himself to become an informer. In order to avoid the temptation so to do, he exerted himself in keeping the men at their tasks, and never before had pumping and bailing been carried on with more spirit. The schooner soon floated of herself, and the purchases which led to the Swash were removed. Near a hundred more barrels of the flour had been taken out of the hold of the Spanish craft, and had been struck on the deck of the brig, or sent to the Key by means of the boats. This made a material change in the buoyancy of the vessel, and enabled the bailing to go on with greater facility. The pumps were never idle, but two small streams of water were running the whole time toward the scuppers, and through them into the sea.

At length the men were ordered to knock off, and to get their breakfasts. This appeared to arouse Wallace, who had been chatting, quite agreeably to himself, with Rose, and seemed reluctant to depart, but who now became sensible that he was neglecting his duty. He called away his boat's crew, and took a civil leave of the passengers; after which he went over the side. The gig was some little distance from the Swash, when Wallace rose and asked to see Spike, with whom he had a word to say at parting.

"I will soon return," he said, "and bring you forty or fifty fresh men, who will make light work with your wreck. I am certain our commander will consent to my doing so, and will gladly send on board you two or three boat's crews."

"If I let him," muttered Spike between his teeth, "I shall be a poor, miserable cast-anchor devil, that's all."

To Wallace, however, he expressed his hearty acknowledgments; begged him not to be in a hurry, as the worst was now over, and the row was still a long one. If he got back toward evening it would be all in good time. Wallace waved his hand, and the gig glided away. As for Spike, he sat down on the plank-sheer where he had stood, and remained

there ruminating intently for two or three minutes. When he descended to the deck his mind was fully made up. His first act was to give some private orders to the boatswain, after which he withdrew to the cabin, whither he summoned Tier, without delay.

"Jack," commenced the captain, using very little circumlocution in opening his mind, "you and I are old shipmates, and ought to be old friends, though I think your natur' has undergone some changes since we last met. Twenty years ago there was no man in the ship on whom I could so certainly depend as on Jack Tier; now, you seem given up altogether to the women. Your mind has changed even more than your body."

"Time does that for all of us, Capt. Spike," returned Tier coolly. "I am not what I used to be, I'll own, nor are you yourself, for that matter. When I saw you last, noble captain, you were a handsome man of forty, and could go aloft with any youngster in the brig; but, now, you're heavy, and not over active."

"I!—Not a bit of change has taken place in me for the last thirty years. I defy any man to show the contrary. But that's neither here nor there; you are no young woman, Jack, that I need be boasting of my health and beauty before you. I want a bit of real service from you, and want it done in old-time's fashion; and I mean to pay for it in old-time's fashion, too."

As Spike concluded, he put into Tier's hand one of the doubloons that he had received from Señor Montefalderon, in payment for the powder. The doubloons, for which so much pumping and bailing were then in process, were still beneath the waters of the gulf.

"Ay, ay, sir," returned Jack, smiling and pocketing the gold, with a wink of the eye, and a knowing look; "this does resemble old times sum'at. I now begin to know Capt. Spike, my old commander again, and see that he's more like himself than I had just thought him. What am I to do for this, sir; speak plain, that I may be sertain to steer the true course."

"Oh, just a trifle, Jack—nothing that will break up the ground tier of your wits, my old shipmate. You see the state of the brig, and know that she is in no condition for ladies."

"T would have been better all round, sir, had they never come aboard at all," answered Jack, looking dark.

Spike was surprised, but he was too much bent on his projects to heed trifles.

"You know what sort of flour they're whipping out of the schooner, and must understand that the brig will soon be in a pretty litter. I do not intend to let them send a single barrel of it beneath my hatches again, but the deck and the islands must take it all. Now I wish to relieve my passengers from the confinement this will occasion, and I have ordered the boatswain to pitch a tent for them on

the largest of these here Tortugas; and what I want of you, is to muster food and water, and other woman's knickknacks, and go ashore with them, and make them as comfortable as you can for a few days, or until we can get this schooner loaded and off."

Jack Tier looked at his commander as if he would penetrate his most secret thoughts. A short pause succeeded, during which the steward's mate was intently musing, then his countenance suddenly brightened; he gave the doubloon a filip, and caught it on the palm of his hand as it descended, and he uttered the customary "Ay, ay, sir," with apparent cheerfulness. Nothing more passed between these two worthies, who now parted, Jack to make his arrangements, and Spike to "tell his yarn," as he termed the operation in his own mind, to Mrs. Budd, Rose, and Biddy. The widow listened complacently, though she seemed half doubting, half ready to comply. As for Rose, she received the proposal with delight—the confinement of the vessel having become irksome to her. The principal obstacle was in overcoming the difficulties made by the aunt, Biddy appearing to like the notion quite as much as "Miss Rosy." As for the light-house, Mrs. Budd had declared nothing would induce her to go there; for she did not doubt that the place would soon be, if it were not already, haunted. In this opinion she was sustained by Biddy; and it was the knowledge of this opinion that induced Spike to propose the tent.

"Are you sure, Capt. Spike, it is not a desert island?" asked the widow; "I remember that my poor Mr. Budd always spoke of desert islands as horrid places, and spots that every one should avoid."

"What if it is, aunty," said Rose, eagerly, "while we have the brig here, close at hand. We shall suffer none of the wants of such a place, so long as our friends can supply us."

"And such friends, Miss Rose," exclaimed Spike, a little sentimentally for him, "friends that would undergo hunger and thirst themselves, before you should want for any comforts."

"Do, now, Madam Budd," put in Biddy, in her hearty way, "it's an island, ye'll remimber; and sure that's just what ould Ireland has ever been, God bless it! Islands make the pleasantest risidences."

"Well, I'll venture to oblige you and Biddy, Rosy, dear," returned the aunt, still half reluctant to yield; "but you'll remember, that if I find it at all a desert island, I'll not pass the night on it on any account whatever."

With this understanding the party was transferred to the shore. The boatswain had already erected a sort of a tent, on a favorable spot, using some of the old sails that had covered the flour-barrels, not only for the walls, but for a carpet of some extent also. This tent was ingeniously enough contrived. In addition to the little room that was entirely enclosed,

there was a sort of piazza, or open verandah, which would enable its tenants to enjoy the shade in the open air. Beneath this verandah, a barrel of fresh water was placed, as well as three or four ship's stools, all of which had been sent ashore with the materials for constructing the tent. The boat had been going and coming for some time, and the distance being short, the "desert island" was soon a desert no longer. It is true that the supplies necessary to support three women for as many days, were no great matter, and were soon landed, but Jack Tier had made a provision somewhat more ample. A capital caterer, he had forgotten nothing within the compass of his means, that could contribute to the comfort of those who had been put especially under his care. Long before the people "knocked off" for their dinners, the arrangements were completed, and the boatswain was ready to take his leave.

"Well, ladies," said that grum old salt, "I can do no more for you, as I can see. This here island is now almost as comfortable as a ship that has been in blue water for a month, and I do n't know how it can be made more comfortabler."

This was only according to the boatswain's notion of comfort; but Rose thanked him for his care in her winning way, while her aunt admitted that, "for a place that was almost a desert island, things did look somewhat promising." In a few minutes the men were all gone, and the islet was left to the sole possession of the three females, and their constant companion, Jack Tier. Rose was pleased with the novelty of her situation, though the islet certainly did deserve the opprobrium of being a "desert island." There was no shade but that of the tent, and its verandah-like covering, though the last, in particular, was quite extensive. There was no water, that in the barrel and that of the ocean excepted. Of herbage there was a very little on this islet, and that was of the most meagre and coarse character, being a long wiry grass, with here and there a few stunted bushes. The sand was reasonably firm, however, more especially round the shore, and the walking was far from unpleasant. Little did Rose know it, but a week earlier, the spot would have been next to intolerable to her, on account of the mosquitoes, gallinippers, and other similar insects of the family of tormentors, but every thing of the sort had temporarily disappeared in the currents of the tornado. To do Spike justice, he was aware of this circumstance, or he might have hesitated about exposing females to the ordinary annoyances of one of these spots. Not a mosquito, or any thing of the sort was left, however, all having gone to leeward, in the vortex which had come so near sweeping off the Mexican schooner.

"This place will do very well, aunty, for a day or two," cried Rose cheerfully, as she returned from a short excursion, and threw aside her hat, one made to shade her face from the sun of a warm climate, leaving the sea-breeze, that was just begin-

ning to blow, to fan her blooming and sunny cheeks. "It is better than the brig. The worst piece of land is better than the brig."

"Do not say that, Rose—not if it's a desert island, dear; and this is desperately like a desert island; I am almost sorry I ventured on it."

"It will not be deserted by us, aunty, until we shall see occasion to do so. Why not endeavor to get on board of yonder ship, and return to New York in *her*; or at least induce her captain to put us ashore somewhere near this, and go home by land. Your health never seemed better than it is at this moment; and as for mine, I do assure you, aunty, dear, I am as perfectly well as I ever was in my life."

"All from this voyage. I knew it would set you up, and am delighted to hear you say as much. Biddy and I were talking of you this very morning, my child, and we both agreed that you *were* getting to be yourself again. Oh, ships, and brigs, and schooners, full-jigger or halfjigger, for pulmonary complaints, say I! My poor Mr. Budd always maintained that the ocean was the cure for all diseases, and I determined that to sea you should go, the moment I became alarmed for your health."

The good widow loved Rose most tenderly, and she was obliged to use her handkerchief to dry the tears from her eyes as she concluded. Those tears sprung equally from a past feeling of apprehension, and a present feeling of gratitude. Rose saw this, and she took a seat at her aunt's side, touched herself, as she never failed to be on similar occasions, with this proof of her relative's affection. At that moment even Harry Mulford would have lost a good deal in her kind feelings toward him, had he so much as smiled at one of the widow's nautical absurdities. At such times, Rose seemed to be her aunt's guardian and protectress, instead of reversing the relations, and she entirely forgot herself the many reasons which existed for wishing that she had been placed in childhood, under the care of one better qualified than the well-meaning relict of her uncle, for the performance of her duties.

"Thank you, aunty—thank'ee, dear aunty," said Rose, kissing the widow affectionately. "I know that you mean the best for me, though you *are* a little mistaken in supposing me ill. I do assure you, dear," patting her aunt's cheek, as if she herself had been merely a playful child, "I never was better; and if I *have* been pulmonary, I am entirely cured, and am now ready to return home."

"God be praised for this, Rosy. Under *His* divine providence, it is all owing to the sea. If you really feel so much restored, however, I do not wish to keep you a moment longer on a ship's board than is necessary. We owe something to Capt. Spike's care, and cannot quit him too unceremoniously; but as soon as he is at liberty to go into a harbor, I will engage him to do so, and we can return home by land—unless, indeed, the brig intends to make the home voyage herself."

"I do not like this brig, aunty, and now we are out of her, I wish we could keep out of her. Nor do I like your Capt. Spike, who seems to me any thing but an agreeable gentleman."

"That's because you arn't accustomed to the sea. My poor Mr. Budd had *his* ways, like all the rest of them; it takes time to get acquainted with them. All sailors are so."

Rose bent her face involuntarily, but so low as to conceal the increasing brightness of her native bloom, as she answered,

"Harry Mulford is not so, aunty, dear—and he is every inch a sailor."

"Well, there is a difference, I must acknowledge, though I dare say Harry will grow every day more and more like all the rest of them. In the end, he will resemble Capt. Spike."

"Never," said Rose, firmly."

"You can't tell, child. I never saw your uncle when he was Harry's age, for I was n't born till he was thirty, but often and often has he pointed out to me some slender, genteel youth, and say, 'just such a lad was I at twenty,' though nothing could be less alike, at the moment he was speaking, than they two. We all change with our years. Now I was once as slender, and almost—not quite, Rosy, for few there are that be—but *almost* as handsome as you yourself"

"Yes, aunty, I've heard that before," said Rose, springing up, in order to change the discourse; "but Harry Mulford will never become like Stephen Spike. I wish we had never known the man, dearest aunty."

"It was all your own doings, child. He's a cousin of your most intimate friend, and she brought him to the house; and one could n't offend Mary Mulford, by telling her we did n't like her cousin."

Rose seemed vexed, and she kept her little foot in motion, patting the sail that formed the carpet, as girls will pat the ground with their feet when vexed. This gleam of displeasure was soon over, however, and her countenance became as placid as the clear, blue sky that formed the vault of the heavens above her head. As if to atone for the passing rebellion of her feelings, she threw her arms around her aunt's neck; after which she walked away, along the beach, ruminating on her present situation, and of the best means of extricating their party from the power of Spike.

It requires great familiarity with vessels and the seas, for one to think, read, and pursue the customary train of reasoning on board a ship that one has practiced ashore. Rose had felt this embarrassment during the past month, for the whole of which time she had scarcely been in a condition to act up to her true character, suffering her energies, and in some measure, her faculties to be drawn into the vortex produced by the bustle, novelties, and scenes of the vessel and the ocean. But, now she was once more on the land, diminutive and naked as was the islet that composed her present world, and she

found leisure and solitude for reflection and decision. She was not ignorant of the nature of a vessel of war, or of the impropriety of unprotected females placing themselves on board of one; but gentlemen of character, like the officers of the ship in sight, could hardly be wanting in the feelings of their caste; and any thing was better than to return voluntarily within the power of Spike. She determined within her own mind that voluntarily she would not. We shall leave this young girl, slowly wandering along the beach of her islet, musing on matters like these, while we return to the vessels and the mariners.

A good breeze had come in over the reef from the gulf, throwing the sloop-of-war dead to leeward of the brigantine's anchorage. This was the reason that the former had closed so slowly. Still the distance between the vessels was so small, that a swift cruiser, like the ship of war, would soon have been alongside of the wreckers, but for the intervening islets and the intricacies of their channels. She had made sail on the wind, however, and was evidently disposed to come as near to the danger as her lead showed would be safe, even if she did not venture among them.

Spike noted all these movements, and he took his measures accordingly. The pumping and bailing had been going on since the appearance of light, and the flour had been quite half removed from the schooner's hold. That vessel consequently floated with sufficient buoyancy, and no further anxiety was felt on account of her sinking. Still a great deal of water remained in her, the cabin itself being nearly half full. Spike's object was to reduce this water sufficiently to enable him to descend into the stateroom which Señor Montefalderon had occupied, and bring away the doubloons that alone kept him in the vicinity of so ticklish a neighbor as the Poughkeepsie. Escape was easy enough to one who knew the passages of the reef and islets; more especially since the wind had so fortunately brought the cruiser to leeward. Spike most apprehended a movement upon him in the boats, and he had almost made up his mind, should such an enterprise be attempted, to try his hand in beating it off with his guns. A good deal of uncertainty on the subject of Mulford's consenting to resist the recognized authorities of the country, as well as some doubts of a similar nature in reference to two or three of the best of the foremast hands, alone left him at all in doubt as to the expediency of such a course. As no boats were lowered from the cruiser, however, the necessity of resorting to so desperate a measure, did not occur, and the duty of lightening the schooner had proceeded without interruption. As soon as the boatswain came off from the islet, he and the men with him were directed to take the hands and lift the anchors, of which it will be remembered the Swash had several down. Even Mulford was shortly after set at work on the same duty; and these expert and ready seamen soon had the brig clear of the ground.

As the schooner was anchored, and floated without assistance, the Swash rode by her.

Such was the state of things when the men turned to, after having had their dinners. By this time, the sloop-of-war was within half a league of the bay, her progress having been materially retarded by the set of the current, which was directly against her. Spike saw that a collision of some sort or other must speedily occur, and he determined to take the boatswain with him, and descend into the cabin of the schooner in quest of the gold. The boatswain was summoned, and Señor Montefalderon repeated in this man's presence, the instructions that he thought it necessary for the adventurers to follow, in order to secure the prize. Knowing how little locks would avail on board a vessel, were the men disposed to rob him, that gentleman had trusted more to secreting his treasure, than to securing it in the more ordinary way. When the story had again been told, Spike and his boatswain went on board the schooner, and, undressing, they prepared to descend into the cabin. The captain paused a single instant to take a look at the sloop-of-war, and to examine the state of the weather. It is probable some new impression was made on him by this inquiry, for, hailing Mulford, he ordered him to 'loosen the sails, and to sheet home, and hoist the foretopsail. In a word, to "see all ready to cast off, and make sail on the brig at the shortest notice." With this command he disappeared by the schooner's companion-way.

Spike and his companion found the water in the cabin very much deeper than they had supposed. With a view to comfort, the cabin-floor had been sunk much lower than is usual on board American vessels, and this brought the water up nearly to the arm-pits of two men as short as our captain and his sturdy little boatswain. The former grumbled a good deal, when he ascertained the fact, and said something about the mate's being better fitted to make a search in such a place, but concluding with the remark, that "the man who wants ticklish duty well done, must see to it himself."

The gold-hunters groped their way cautiously about the cabin for some time, feeling for a drawer, in which they had been told they should find the key of Señor Montefalderon's state-room door. In this Spike himself finally succeeded, he being much better acquainted with cabins and their fixtures, than the boatswain.

"Here it is, Ben," said the captain, "now for a dive among the Don's val'ables. Should you pick up any thing worth speaking of, you can condemn it for salvage, as I mean to cast off, and quit the wrack the moment we've made sure of the doubloons."

"And what will become of all the black flour that is lying about, sir?" asked the boatswain with a grin.

"It may take care of itself. My agreement will be up as soon as the doubloons are found. If the Don will come down handsomely with his share of what will be left, I may be bought to put the kegs

we have in the brig ashore for him somewhere in Mexico; but my wish is to get out of the neighborhood of that bloody sloop-of-war, as soon as possible."

"She makes but slow headway ag'in the current, sir; but a body would think she might send in her boats."

"The boats might be glad to get back again," muttered Spike. "Ay, here is the door unlocked, and we can now fish for the money."

Some object had rolled against the state-room door, when the vessel was capsized, and there was a good deal of difficulty in forcing it open. They succeeded at last, and Spike led the way by wading into the small apartment. Here they began to feel about beneath the water, and by a very insufficient light, in quest of the hidden treasure. Spike and his boatswain differed as to the place which had just been described to them, as men will differ even in the account of events that pass directly before their eyes. While thus employed, the report of a heavy gun came through the doors of the cabin, penetrating to the recess in which they were thus employed.

"Ay, that's the beginning of it!" exclaimed Spike. "I wonder that the fool has put it off so long."

"That gun was a heavy fellow, Capt. Spike," returned the boatswain; "and it sounded in my ears as if 't was shotted."

"Ay, ay, I dare say you're right enough in both opinions. They put such guns on board their sloops-of-war, now-a-days, as a fellow used to find in the lower batteries of a two-decker only in old times; and as for shot, why Uncle Sam pays, and they think it cheaper to fire one out of a gun, than to take the trouble of drawing it."

"I believe here's one of the bags," Capt. Spike, said the boatswain, making a dip, and coming up with one-half of the desired treasure in his fist. "By George, I've grabbed him, sir; and the other bag can't be far off."

"Hand that over to me," said the captain, a little authoritatively, "and take a dive for the next."

As the boatswain was obeying this order, a second gun was heard, and Spike thought that the noise made by the near passage of a large shot was audible also. He called out to Ben to "bear a hand, as the ship seems in 'arnest." But the head of the boatswain being under water at the time, the admonition was thrown away. The fellow soon came up, however, puffing like a porpoise that has risen to the surface to blow.

"Hand it over to me at once," said Spike, stretching out his unoccupied hand to receive the prize; "we have little time to lose."

"That's sooner said than done, sir," answered the boatswain, "a box has driven down upon the bag, and there's a tight jam. I got hold of the neck of the bag, and pulled like a horse, but it would n't come no how."

"Show me the place, and let me have a

drag at it. There goes another of his bloody guns!"

Down went Spike, and the length of time he was under water, proved how much he was in earnest. Up he came at length, and with no better luck than his companion. He had got hold of the bag, satisfied himself by feeling its outside that it contained the doubloons, and hauled with all his strength, but it would not come. The boatswain now proposed to take a jamming hitch with a rope around the neck of the bag, which was long enough to admit of such a fastening, and then to apply their united force. Spike assented, and the boatswain rummaged about for a piece of small rope to suit his purpose. At this moment Mulford appeared at the companion-way to announce the movements on the part of the sloop-of-war. He had been purposely tardy, in order to give the ship as much time as possible; but he saw by the looks of the men that a longer delay might excite suspicion.

"Below there," called out the mate.

"What's wanting, sir?—what's wanting, sir?" answered Spike; "let's know at once."

"Have you heard the guns, Capt. Spike?"

"Ay, ay, every grumbler of them. They've done no mischief, I trust, Mr. Mulford?"

"None as yet, sir; though the last shot, and it was a heavy fellow, passed just above the schooner's deck. I've the topsail sheeted home and hoisted, and it's that which has set them at work. If I clewed up again, I dare say they'd not fire another gun."

"Clew up nothing, sir, but see all clear for casting off and making sail through the South Pass. What do you say, Ben, are you ready for a drag?"

"All ready, sir," answered the boatswain, once more coming up to breathe. "Now for it, sir; a steady pull, and a pull all together."

They *did* pull, but the hitch slipped, and both went down beneath the water. In a moment they were up again, puffing a little, and swearing a great deal. Just then another gun, and a clatter above their heads, brought them to a stand.

"What means that, Mr. Mulford?" demanded Spike, a good deal startled.

"It means that the sloop-of-war has shot away the head of this schooner's foremast, sir, and that the shot has chipp'd a small piece out of the heel of our maintop-mast—that's all."

Though excessively provoked at the mate's cool manner of replying, Spike saw that he might lose all by being too tenacious about securing the remainder of the doubloons. Pronouncing in very energetic terms on Uncle Sam, and all his cruisers, an anathema that he did not care to repeat, he gave a surly order to Ben to "knock-off," and abandoned his late design. In a minute he was on deck and dressed.

"Cast off, lads," cried the captain, as soon as on the deck of his own brig again, "and four of you man that boat. We have got half of your treasure, Señor Wan, but have been driven from the rest of it,

as you see. There is the bag; when at leisure we'll divide it, and give the people their share. Mr. Mulford keep the brig in motion, hauling up toward the South Pass, while I go ashore for the ladies. I'll meet you just in the throat of the passage."

This said, Spike tumbled into his boat, and was pulled ashore. As for Mulford, though he cast many an anxious glance toward the islet, he obeyed his orders, keeping the brig standing off and on, under easy canvas, but working her up toward the indicated passage.

Spike was met by Jack Tier on the beach of the little island.

"Muster the women at once," ordered the captain, "we have no time to lose, for that fellow will soon be firing broadsides, and his shot now range half a mile beyond us."

"You'll no more move the widow and her maid, than you'll move the island," answered Jack, laconically.

"Why should I not move them? Do they wish to stay here and starve?"

"It's little that they think of *that*. The sloop-of-war no sooner begun to fire than down went Mrs. Budd on the canvas floor of the tent, and set up just such a screaming as you may remember she tried her hand at the night the revenue craft fired into us. Biddy lay down alongside of her mistress, and at every gun, they just scream as loud as they can, as if they fancied they might frighten off Uncle Sam's men from their duty."

"Duty!—You little scamp, do you call tormenting honest traders in this fashion the duty of any man?"

"Well, captain, I'm no ways partic'lar about a word or two. Their 'ways,' if you like that better than duty, sir."

"Where's Rose? Is she down too, screaming and squalling?"

"No, Capt. Spike, no. Miss Rose is endeavoring, like a handsome young Christian lady as she is, to pacify and mollify her aunt and Biddy; and right down sensible talk does she give them."

"Then she at least can go aboard the brig," exclaimed Spike, with a sudden animation, and an expression of countenance that Jack did not at all like.

"I *ray-g-ther* think she'll wish to hold on to the old lady," observed the steward's-mate, a little emphatically.

"You be d—d," cried Spike, fiercely; "when your opinion is wanted, I'll ask for it. If I find you've been setting that young woman's mind ag'in me, I'll toss you overboard, as I would the offals of a shark."

"Young women's minds, when they are only nineteen, get set ag'in boys of fifty-six without much assistance."

"Fifty-six yourself?"

"I'm fifty-three—that I'll own without making faces at it," returned Jack, meekly; "and, Ste-

phen Spike, you logged fifty-six your last birthday, or a false entry was made."

This conversation did not take place in the presence of the boat's crew, but as the two walked together toward the tent. They were now in the verandah, as we have called the shaded opening in front, and actually within sound of the sweet voice of Rose, as she exhorted her aunt, in tones a little louder than usual for her to use, to manifest more fortitude. Under such circumstances Spike did not deem it expedient to utter that which was uppermost in his mind, but, turning short upon Tier, he directed a tremendous blow directly between his eyes. Jack saw the danger and dodged, falling backward to avoid a concussion which he knew would otherwise be fearful, coming as it would from one of the best forecable boxers of his time. The full force of the blow was avoided, though Jack got enough of it to knock him down, and to give him a pair of black eyes. Spike did not stop to pick the assistant steward up, for another gun was fired at that very instant, and Mrs. Budd and Biddy renewed their screams. Instead of pausing to kick the prostrate Tier, as had just before been his intention, the captain entered the tent.

A scene that was sufficiently absurd met the view of Spike, when he found himself in the presence of the females. The widow had thrown herself on the ground, and was grasping the cloth of the sail on which the tent had been erected with both her hands, and was screaming at the top of her voice. Biddy's imitation was not exactly literal, for she had taken a comfortable seat at the side of her mistress, but in the way of cries, she rather outdid her principal.

"We must be off," cried Spike, somewhat uncere- moniously. "The man-of-war is blazing away, as if she was a firin' minute-guns over our destruction, and I can wait no longer."

"I'll not stir," answered the widow—"I can't stir—I shall be shot if I go out. No, no, no—I'll not stir an inch."

"We'll be kilt!—we'll be kilt!" echoed Biddy, "and a wicket murder 't will be in that same man, war or no war."

The captain perceived the uselessness of remon- strance at such a moment, and perhaps he was secretly rejoiced thereat; but it is certain that he whipped Rose up under his arm, and walked away with her, as if she had been a child of two or three years of age. Rose did not scream, but she strug- gled and protested vehemently. It was in vain. Already the captain had carried her half the dis- tance between the tent and the boat, in the last of which, a minute more would have deposited his victim, when a severe blow on the back of his head caused Spike to stumble, and he permitted Rose to escape from his grasp, in the effort to save himself from a fall. Turning fiercely toward his assailant, whom he suspected to be one of his boat's crew, he saw Tier standing within a few yards, leveling a pistol at him.

"Advance a step, and you're a dead man, villain!" screamed Jack, his voice almost cracked with rage, and the effort he made to menace.

Spike muttered an oath too revolting for our pages; but it was such a curse as none but an old salt could give vent to, and that in the bitterness of his fiercest wrath. At that critical moment, while Rose was swelling with indignation and wounded maiden pride, almost within reach of his arms, looking more lovely than ever, as the flush of anger deepened the color in her cheeks, a fresh and deep report from one of the guns of the sloop-of-war drew all eyes in her direction. The belching of that gun seemed to be of double the power of those which had preceded it, and jets of water, that were twenty feet in height, marked the course of the formidable missile that was projected from the piece. The ship had, indeed, discharged one of those monster-cannons that bear the name of a distinguished French engineer, but which should more properly be called by the name of the ingenious officer who is at the head of our own ordnance, as they came originally from his inventive faculties, though somewhat improved by their Euro- pean adopter. Spike suspected the truth, for he had heard of these "Pazans," as he called them, and he watched the booming, leaping progress of the eight-inch shell that this gun threw, with the appre- hension that unknown danger is apt to excite. As jet succeeded jet, each rising nearer and nearer to his brig, the interval of time between them seeming fearfully to diminish, he muttered oath upon oath.

The last leap that the shell made on the water was at about a quarter of a mile's distance of the islet on which his people had deposited at least a hundred and fifty barrels of his spurious flour, thence it flew, as it might be without an effort, with a grand and stately bound into the very centre of the barrels, exploding at the moment it struck. All saw the scattering of flour, which was instantly succeeded by the heavy though slightly straggling explosion of all the powder on the island. A hundred kegs were lighted, as it might be, in a common flash, and a cloud of white smoke poured out and concealed the whole islet, and all near it.

Rose stood confounded, nor^o was Jack Tier in a much better state of mind, though he still kept the pistol leveled, and menaced Spike. But the last was no longer dangerous to any there. He re- collected that piles of the barrels encumbered the decks of his vessel, and he rushed to the boat, nearly frantic with haste, ordering the men to pull for their lives. In less than five minutes he was alongside, and on the deck of the Swash—his first order being to—"Tumble every barrel of this bloody powder into the sea, men. Over with it, Mr. Mulford, clear away the midship ports, and launch as much as you can through them."

Remonstrance on the part of Señor Montefalderon would have been useless, had he been disposed to make it; but, sooth to say, he was as ready to get rid of the powder as any there, after the specimen

he had just witnessed of the power of a Paixhan gun.

Thus it is ever with men. Had two or three of those shells been first thrown without effect, as might very well have happened under the circumstances, none there would have cared for the risk they were running; but the chance explosion which had occurred, presented so vivid a picture of the danger, dormant and remote as it really was, as to throw the entire crew of the *Swash* into a frenzy of exertion.

Nor was the vessel at all free from danger. On the contrary, she ran very serious risk of being destroyed, and in some degree, in the very manner apprehended. Perceiving that Spike was luffing up through one of the passages nearest the reef, which would carry him clear of the group, a long distance to windward of the point where he could only effect the same object, the commander of the sloop-of-war opened his fire in good earnest, hoping to shoot away something material on board the *Swash*, before she could get beyond the reach of his shot. The courses steered by the two vessels, just at that moment, favored such an attempt, though they made it necessarily very short lived. While the *Swash* was near the wind, the sloop-of-war was obliged to run off to avoid islets ahead of her, a circumstance which, while it brought the brig square with the ship's broadside, compelled the latter to steer on a diverging line to the course of her chase. It was in consequence of these facts, that the sloop-of-war now opened in earnest and was soon canopied in the smoke of her own fire.

Great and important changes, as has been already mentioned, have been made in the armaments of all the smaller cruisers within the last few years. Half a generation since, a ship of the rate—we do not say of the *size*—of the vessel which was in chase of Spike and his craft, would not have had it in her power to molest an enemy at the distance these two vessels were now apart. But recent improvements have made ships of this nominal force formidable at nearly a league's distance; more especially by means of their Paixhans and their shells.

For some little time the range carried the shot directly over the islet of the tent, Jack Tier and Rose, both of whom were watching all that passed with intense interest, standing in the open air the whole time, seemingly with no concern for themselves, so absorbed was each, notwithstanding all that had passed, in the safety of the brig. As for Rose, she thought only of Harry Mulford, and of the danger he was in by those fearful explosions of the shells. Her quick intellect comprehended the peculiar nature of the risk that was incurred by having the flour-barrels on deck, and she could not but see the manner in which Spike and his men were tumbling them into the water, as the quickest manner of getting rid of them. After what had just passed between Jack Tier and his commander, it

it might not be so easy to account for his manifest, nay, intense interest in the escape of the *Swash*. This was apparent by his troubled countenance, by his exclamations, and occasionally by his openly expressed wishes for her safety. Perhaps it was no more than the interest the seaman is so apt to feel in the craft in which he has long sailed, and which to him has been a home, and of which Mulford exhibited so much, in his struggles between feeling and conscience—between a true and a false duty.

As for Spike and his people, we have already mentioned their efforts to get rid of the powder. Shell after shell exploded, though none very near the brig, the ship working her guns as if in action. At length the officers of the sloop-of-war detected a source of error in their aim, that is of very common occurrence in sea-gunners. Their shot had been thrown to *ricochet*, quartering a low, but very regular succession of little waves. Each shot striking the water at an acute angle to its agitated surface, was deflected from a straight line, and described a regular curve toward the end of its career; or, it might be truer to say, an *irregular* curvature, for the deflection increased as the momentum of the missile diminished.

No sooner did the commanding officer of the sloop-of-war discover this fact, and it was easy to trace the course of the shots by the jets of water they cast into the air, and to see as well as to hear the explosions of the shells, than he ordered the guns pointed more to windward, as a means of counteracting the departure from the straight lines. This expedient succeeded in part, the solid shot falling much nearer to the brig the moment the practice was resorted to. No shell was fired for some little time after the new order was issued, and Spike and his people began to hope these terrific missiles had ceased their annoyance. The men cheered, finding their voices for the first time since the danger had seemed so imminent, and Spike was heard animating them to their duty. As for Mulford, he was on the coach-house deck, working the brig, the captain having confided to him that delicate duty, the highest proof he could furnish of confidence in his seamanship. The handsome young mate had just made a halfboard, in the neatest manner, shoving the brig by its means through a most difficult part of the passage, and had got her handsomely filled again on the same tack, looking right out into open water, by a channel through which she could now stand on a very easy bowline. Every thing seemed propitious, and the sloop-of-war's solid shot began to drop into the water, a hundred yards short of the brig. In this state of things one of the Paixhans belched forth its angry flame and sullen roar again. There was no mistaking the gun. Then came its mass of iron, a globe that would have weighed just sixty-eight pounds, had not sufficient metal been left out of its interior to leave a cavity to contain a single pound of powder. It course, as usual, was to be marked by its path along the sea, as it bounded

half a mile at a time, from wave to wave. Spike saw by its undeviating course that this shell was booming terrifically toward his brig, and a cry to "look out for the shell," caused the work to be suspended. That shell struck the water for the last time, within two hundred yards of the brig, rose dark and menacing in its furious leap, but exploded at the next instant. The fragments of the iron were scattered on each side, and ahead. Of the last, three or four fell into the water so near the vessel as to cast their spray on her decks.

"Overboard with the rest of the powder!" shouted Spike. "Keep the brig off a little, Mr. Mulford—keep her off, sir; you luff too much, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate. "Keep her off, it is."

"There comes the other shell!" cried Ben, but the men did not quit their toil to gaze this time. Each seaman worked as if life and death depended on his single exertions. Spike alone watched the course of the missile. On it came, booming and hurtling through the air, tossing high the jets, at each leap it made from the surface, striking the water for its last bound, seemingly in a line with the shell that had just preceded it. From that spot it made its final leap. Every hand in the brig was stayed and every eye was raised as the rushing tempest was heard advancing. The mass went muttering

directly between the masts of the Swash. It had scarcely seemed to go by when the fierce flash of fire and the sharp explosion followed. Happily for those in the brig, the projectile force given by the gun carried the fragments from them, as in the other instance it had brought them forward; else would few have escaped mutilation, or death, among their crew.

The flashing of fire so near the barrels of powder that still remained on their deck, caused the frantic efforts to be renewed, and barrel after barrel was tumbled overboard, amid the shouts that were now raised to animate the people to their duty.

"Luff, Mr. Mulford—luff you may, sir," cried Spike.

No answer was given.

"D'ye hear there, Mr. Mulford?—it is luff you may, sir."

"Mr. Mulford is not aft, sir," called out the man at the helm—"but luff it is, sir."

"Mr. Mulford not aft! Where's the mate, man? Tell him he is wanted."

No Mulford was to be found! A call passed round the decks, was sent below, and echoed through the entire brig, but no sign or tidings could be had of the handsome mate. At that exciting moment the sloop of war seemed to cease her firing, and appeared to be securing her guns.

LOVE UNREQUITED.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

A sister's quiet love
Stirs my heart for thee,
Ask me for none other,
For it paineth me. SCHILLER'S BALLADS.

I CAN but listen to thy words in sorrow—

Words that are poured from a full, bursting heart.

Thou couldst not thus the form of passion borrow;

I know thou dost not act a studied part.

For even now thine eyes, so true and earnest,

Are seeking mine with such a pleading look;

And as that searching gaze on me thou turnest,

I know that falsehood thou couldst never brook.

Yet I could almost wish deceit were dwelling

Within the soul laid bare before me now,

That false, false words within thy breast were swelling,

That I might read it on thy pallid brow.

Or rather, that thou deemedst true and stainless

The vows that have just trembled to mine ear;

If then thy love could pass away all painless,

And leave thee much of hope for gloomy fear.

I did not dream that love so high and holy

Was nursed so long in silence; and for me!

My heart is far too humble, far too lowly,

To think that such a passion e'er could be.

I read within thine eyes the calm affection

A brother feels for one who, wild and weak,

Looks up to a strong arm for kind protection;

No other language did they seem to speak.

And when my hand was warmly grasped at meeting,

An answering pressure to thine own it gave.

I did not mark thy pulse was wildly beating;

How could I think from hopeless love to save?

And till I met this eve thy look so thrilling,

My spirit had not been by sorrow stirred;

But now with tears my heavy eyes are filling,

Tears, for the hopes which I this hour have heard.

For all the dreams thy soul so long hath cherished,

'T is mine to bid them vanish at a sound,

—Would, rather, that my own high hopes had perished!

The spell of love not yet my heart has bound,

And 't would be sin to claim thy high devotion,

When I could not return one half its worth;

For calmest friendship is the sole emotion

That for thee, brother! in that heart hath birth.

[PRIZE POEM—for which the Premium of \$150 was awarded by the Committee.]

A U T U M N .

BY JESSE E. DOW.

For him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. AKENSIDE.

SEASON of fading glory! Oh how sad,
When through the woodland moans thy fitful gale,
Shaking the ripen'd nuts from loftiest bough,
And down the forest aisle and sylvan road
Whirling the yellow leaves with rustling sound.

Mountain and vale, and mead, and pasture wild,
Have quickly changed their robes of deepest green;
The summer flowers are withered, save a few
Pale tremblers by the sunny cottage door,
That linger, relics of the roseate band,
Till icy winter, wandering from the pole,
Sings their sad death-song on the snowy hills.
Though not a cloud appears to flock the sky,
The sun at evening shines with tempered heat;
The solitary flicker bores the tree—
The carpenter of birds; and in the path,
The deadly rattlesnake, with flattened head,
And tongue of crimson darting from his mouth,
Watches the idle bird that marks his form,
Till the charmed victim, with affrighted cries,
Drops on his fangs, the vile seducer's prey.

The hunter takes his way amid the woods,
Or by the ocean side, when far away
The wave that roll'd upon the beach has gone,
To lave a thousand isles of beauty ere
It breaks again in thunder on that shore.
The well-trained setter through the covert seeks
The bird the sportman's fancy prizes o'er
The feathered songsters of the woodland wild;
The covey starts, and soon the murd'rous aim
Brings down the plover, or the woodcock dun,
Or mottled pheasant, that puts trust in man,
And finds, as all have found, the trust abused.
On the brown stump the sprightly squirrel sits,
Filling his striped pouch with ripened grain,
While in the thicket near the rabbit glides,
And as his foot falls on the withered leaves,
A rustling sound in the dim woods is heard,
Rousing the chawitt and the piping jay,
And startling from the dead pines naked top,
With hoarsest cry, the reconnoitering crow.

The meadow-lark, with yellow breast, alights
On the old field, and sings her favorite strain—
A clear harmonious song. The Hunter Boy—
A little urchin stealing by his side,
With freckled face, lit up with roguish smiles,
And eyes that twinkled perfect gems of fun—
Armed with an ancient musket, that did speak
The voice of death on wars victorious fields,
Creeps down the garden wall and nears her seat,
Then, casting down his flopping hat of straw,

Rests fearless o'er his trembling playmate's back,
Takes deadly aim, and shuts both eyes, and fires!
Loud ring the hills, and vales, and plains around,
The border grove is filled with sulphurous smoke,
The cat-bird cries "for shame!" and darts away
Before her leafy resting-place is seen;
And when the cloud of death has floated on,
The victim bird is found a gory thing,
While the proud hero of this manly sport,
Struts down the lane like Cæsar entering Rome.
The patient Angler threads the winding brook,
Tempting the dainty trout with gilded bait;
And ever and anon, as fleecy clouds
Pass o'er the sun, the fish voracious darts
From the cool shadows of some mossy bank,
Swallows the bait with one convulsive act,
And learns too late that death was at the feast;
While the glad sportsman feels the sudden jerk,
And plays his victim with extended line,
Swiftly he darts, and through the glittering rings
The silken line is drawn with ringing sound,
Till wearied out with struggling that but serves
To drive the barbed weapon deeper still,
He seeks his quiet shelter 'neath the bank,
And thence in triumph to the shore is borne,
A prize that well rewards a day of toil.

Along the hills the school-boy flies his kite,
Shoots the smooth marble o'er the studded ring,
Or o'er the commons with a bound and shout,
Beats the soft ball for one well skilled to catch.
Health crowns the joyful exercise, and night
Finds its tired votaries trained for quiet sleep.
Bearing his hazel wand of curious form,
The searcher after earth's deep spring goes forth,
Handling his mystic prongs as Merlin taught,
Or later follower of the magic school.
Now over hill-tops, stony as the mounds
The Indian warriors raise above their slain,
Then down in valleys, where the sun ne'er shines,
Fringed round with sylvan borders dense and rank,
He trudges, looking wiser than the one
Who passes o'er the busy brain his hand,
And wraps the senses in a sleep profound.
At length, above a vale where willows bend,
And grass grows greenest in the waning year,
His curious tell-tale turns toward the earth;
He stops, and with a shout of joy proclaims
The long sought spot where living water runs,
And where the well may sink, nor sink in vain.

The forest now awakes, while stroke on stroke
Falls on the hoary monarch of the wood,
Now shaking 'mid the scions that have towered

Beneath its shade for years. At length it falls,
 And with terrific crash, bears down to earth
 Each minor object that obstructs its way—
 Down on the verdant carpet that has spread
 Beneath its branches in the summer heat,
 Behold it lying like a warrior stern,
 Who, having grappled in the deadly fray,
 Has sank amid his fellows in his pride—
 But not to die, tho' robbed of all its green,
 Still shall it in the lofty steeple live,
 Or in the battle-ship, whose thunder speaks
 The voice of freedom on her ocean way.
 The sail that wafts the admiral in his pride,
 By it is held to catch the willing gale,
 And on its giant breast the fabric rests,
 That bears the sturdy warriors of the deep,
 And floats them on in sunshine and in storm.
 Its branches to the cottage-hearth are given,
 And by the fire that feeds and grows on them
 The chilly air is changed to breath of spring.
 Food, shelter, comfort, from its fall proceed,
 And thousands bless the hand that laid thee low.

Above the purple peaks that fringe the west
 The swollen clouds obey the tempest's call,
 And rear their domes and battlements of mist,
 With turrets, barbicans, and spires of gold;
 Now changing into shapes of demon form,
 With wreaths of lightning twining round their brows,
 And now, like waves of darkness from old night,
 Scowling and breaking on the misty hills.

A drowsy stillness steals along the plain,
 The leaves are motionless on every tree,
 The twitt'ring swallow glides along the ground,
 While the more cautious pigeon seeks the eaves.
 The geese that o'er the green so stately stalked,
 Take flight toward the west with heavy wing,
 And scream a welcome to the coming rain.
 The cattle from the hills come early home,
 And from the fallow ground the lab'rer turns,
 Long ere the hour of sunset, with an eye
 That reads the secrets of the heavens as well
 As though it opened first in Chaldea's land.
 Along the road the mimic whirlwind runs,
 And with its unseen fingers lifts the dust;
 The town-returning wagon faster moves,
 And down the hill, and o'er the sandy plain,
 The village Jehu makes the coach-wheel spin;
 And while the plover whistles on the moor,
 The stage-horn breaks upon the startled ear.

But, hark! the storm-drum beats the tempest charge;
 The groaning forest feels its rushing breath,
 And bends its yellow head to let it pass;
 The vivid lightning takes its errant way,
 While echoing, 'mid the sparkling balls of hail,
 Is heard the sound of its descending feet
 In thunder. The hail drops fearfully around,
 Strips the stout trees, and beats to earth the grain,
 Wounds man and beast amid the open fields,
 And strikes with deadly blow the wild fowl down.

Flash after flash lights up the dreaded scene,
 And answering thunder speaks from every cloud;
 While the deep caverns of the ocean swell
 Their mystic voices in the chorus grand.
 Men sit in silence now with anxious looks,
 While timid mothers seek their downy beds,
 And press their wailing infants to their breasts.

From her low lattice by the cottage-door,
 The bolder housewife marks the pelting storm;

Sees the adventurous traveler onward go,
 Seeking his distant hamlet, ere the night
 Adds tenfold horrors to the dismal scene.
 Swiftly the steed bounds o'er the woodland plain,
 While hope beams brightly from the rider's eye,
 When lo! a crimson flash, with peal sublime,
 Instant as thought, and terrible as death,
 Around her bursts. Blinded, she starts, then seeing,
 Looks again. The horse and his bold rider lie
 Hushed in the marble-sleep that lasts through time.
 And while the wind howls mournfully around,
 The forest owns the baptism of fire.

The onset o'er, in mingled fire and hail,
 Behold the rain in sweet profusion falls.
 The warm shower melts the crystal drops that hide
 The earth's brown bosom; and the foaming brooks
 Go singing down the hills, and through the vales,
 Like happy children when their task is done.
 A few bright flashes, and hoarse, rattling peals,
 And then, amid the broad and crimson glow,
 O'er western hills, a golden spot appears,
 That spreads and brightens as the tempest wanes,
 Like Heaven's first smile upon the dying's face.

'T is gone, the rumbling of its chariot wheels
 Dies in the ocean vales where echo sleeps;
 While waves that roll'd in music on the shore,
 Lashed into angry surges, foam and break
 In notes of terror on the rocky lee.

'T is gone, and on its bosom dark and wild
 The bow of God is hung, in colors bright
 And beautiful as morning's blushing tints,
 When the ark rested on the mountain top,
 And the small remnant of a deluged world,
 Looked out upon the wilderness, and wept.

Gently the Sabbath breaks upon the hills,
 As when the first blest Sabbath marked the course
 Of time. The golden sunbeam sleeps upon
 The woods. No cloud casts o'er the scene a shade.
 The six days' labor ended, man and beast
 Enjoy the season of appointed rest.
 The fields are lonely, and the drowsy dells
 Scarce catch the whisper of the gentle air;
 And now is heard, far over hill and dale,
 Up laughing valley, and through whispering glen,
 Gladdening the solitary place, and sadder heart,
 The sweet-toned Sabbath-bell. Oh, joyful sound!
 When from the Indian Isle the storm-tossed bark,
 Furls its white pinion by its cradled shore,
 And the tir'd sailor, on the giddy yard,
 Cent'ring the thoughts of years in one short hour,
 Looks to the land, and hears thy melting peal.
 At such an hour the grateful heart pours out
 Its praise, that upward soars like the blue smoke
 Rising from its bright cottage-hearth to heaven;
 And from the deep empyrian the ear
 Of holy faith an answering note receives,
 To still the mourning soul, and dry its tears.
 Sweet is the Sabbath to a world of care,
 When spring comes blushing with her buds and flowers;
 When summer scents the rose, and fills the grain;
 When autumn crowns her horn, and binds her sheaves,
 And winter keeps his cold watch on the hills.

The wakeful cock from distant farm-yard crows
 The passing hour—the miller stops his wheel
 To gather headway for the coming task—
 And by the turnpike-gate the loaded team,
 With bending necks, stand panting, while beneath

The rustic shade the careless teamster waits—
 With long-lashed whip, and frock of linsey-wool,
 And hat of undyed felt cocked o'er his eye—
 There draining to the dregs his foaming gourd,
 Stands in his brogans every inch a King.
 Approach him, sage professor, as you list,
 With question subtil on a point abstruse:
 Or with a query as to simple things—
 Physics or metaphysics, old or new,
 Law, written or unwritten, good or bad,
 Logic, domestic or of foreign growth,
 Knowledge, too deep to know and never known,
 Or sluggish faith, that takes a teeming age
 Of miracles, to make one soul believe;
 Questions political, that sage to sage
 Have past for centuries on, as truisms wild
 Toss prickly burs, for their unthinking mates
 To catch, by moonlight, in the autumnal woods;
 Talk of creation, or the Chinese wall,
 Wander o'er Athen's hill or sumac knoll,
 Drink at Castalia's fount or Jasper's Spring,
 And he is there to answer and confound.
 Nature's philosopher! untaught by schools,
 Who knows, and can explain in one short hour,
 More than the wide world knew in Plato's day.

And there the blacksmith by his anvil stands—
 Well may you mark his tall and robust form,
 His forehead full, where intellect may dwell,
 And eye that glances like the flying sparks
 When the red bar comes dazzling from the forge.
 All day his hammer works his iron will,
 The reaper's sickle and the crooked scythe
 The ponderous tire that binds the wagon-wheel,
 And the small rivet of the schoolboy's toy,
 Come at his bidding from the metal crude. The patient ox
 Waits for his iron shoes beside his door,
 And the gay steed that bounds along the course
 Neighs merrier when he plates his hoofs with steel;
 The temple door on his stout hinges turns,
 And in the vault of Mammon rests secure
 The treasure guarded by his master-key.
 Day after day he toils, as seldom toil
 The slaves that drag their lazy length along—
 Sleeping at noon that they may dance at night—
 In the plantations of the sunny South;
 Yet he un murmuring bears the laborer's curse,
 To share his joys and roam the golden fields,
 Erect in form and intellect—a man!
 But when the evening comes with cooling breath,
 Bringing the hour for labor's sweet repose,
 He clears his brow from every mark of toil,
 And seeks his cottage by the village green;
 There, having ate in peace his frugal meal,
 He turns his mind, insatiate, to his books:
 And, by the aid of Learning's golden key,
 Holds sweet communion with the ages past.
 Behold! the scholar now in honest pride!
 Around him sleep the mystic tomes of years,
 Books that the western world ne'er saw before—
 The manuscripts of monks, ere printing gave
 The world a channel to a sea of thought,
 Where all might sail, and drink in raptures in
 The spirit-waters, sparkling from their founts.
 His tongue can speak more languages than fell
 From human lips at Babel's overthrow;
 Nor secret thing, to mortal spirit known,
 Is hidden from his penetrating eye.
 Versed in the deepest mysteries of the schools,
 With memory stored with all the mind e'er grasped,

With talents rarely willed by Heaven to one,
 And sympathetic heart that beats for all,
 Nor knows an outcast at its feast of love,
 Burritt now lives, the wonder of mankind.
 Rabbis and sage professors call him learned,
 And to his humble gateway come in crowds,
 To hear the page of ancient lore rehearsed,
 And catch the jewel-thoughts that fall from him
 Who sits amid the learned a self-taught man.

In the dun forest, far away from noise
 Of traveled road, beneath the giant trees,
 Whose branches form a lofty canopy
 O'er a great circle cleared by willing hands,
 Where the gray ash obstructs the serpent's path,
 The happy Christians pitch their tents of prayer.

There naught is heard but soothing woodland sounds,
 The tempered roar of distant waterfall,
 The fox's sharp bark, the heathcock's cheerful crow,
 The wildcat's growl amid the deepest shade,
 And the shrill scream of hunger-driven hawk,
 As through the openings he pursues his prey.

Amid the tents upon the highest spot,
 The preachers' stand in humble form appears,
 And by its side the horn with mellow note,
 To give the signal meet for praise and prayer.
 There all conditions come with hearts of love,
 Married and single, sons and daughters fair,
 The emigrants from every templed land;
 The Saxon, in his pride of high descent,
 The Gaul, with spirit-harp of finer strings,
 The Pict, ne'er weaned from his romantic hills,
 Where o'er the heather rolls the Highland tongue,
 The Swiss, whose home is where his cottage smiles,
 The light Italian, gayest of the gay,
 And the coarse Hollander, who loves the marsh,
 Nor deems a heaven a home without a ditch—
 The river seaman of the mighty west,
 Rude in their speech, but honest as they're rude,
 The man of cities, and the pioneer,
 Whose axe first let the sunlight to the woods,
 When nature in her lonely beauty slept
 On the wide prairie and the sylvan hill—
 The beaver-trapper, from the far-off stream;
 The bison-hunter, from the saline lick;
 And the wild Indian, in his forest dress,
 All gather from their journeyings to keep,
 In humble guise, a week of holier time.

And now the horn has echoed wide and shrill,
 And the great congregation waits for prayer.
 One takes the stand—a man not taught by schools—
 In habit plain, with hands embrown'd by toil;
 Blunt in his speech, yet reverent withal.
 Now, scarcely understood, he lifts his voice
 In praise to God. Then as his feelings catch
 The inspiration of that hallowed hour,
 Soars to a pitch of eloquence sublime,
 While the deep woods are vocal with his prayer.
 His words, like rain upon the thirsty ground,
 Fall on the ear of that great multitude.
 Now he describes a Savior's matchless love—
 His high estate, his exile from the throne,
 His mocking trial, and his felon death;
 The noonday sun in darkness veils its face,
 And earthquake voices fill the trembling air,
 While the old dead in shrouds, through Salem's streets,
 Go forth a ghostly company again,
 Singing the song of Moses and the Lamb,

And making the proud Temple's arches ring,
 With the glad praises of Redeeming Love.
 'T is done! the mighty plan is carried out—
 The last great Sacrifice for sin is o'er;
 Then from the tomb he rolls the stone away,
 And shows a risen Savior and a God!
 The different hearers testify his power
 In different ways. The truth, like a sharp sword,
 Has cleaved its path. The flinty heart is crushed;
 And the great deep of sin is broken up.
 The old transgressors tremble by the stand—
 The young in sin repent to sin no more.
 A thousand voices join in one wild prayer,
 And shrieks, and groans, and shouts of joy arise,
 And Heaven keeps Sabbath o'er the autumn woods.

The painted savage, who amid the crowd
 Has stood unmoved for days, awakes to life;
 His giant breast in wild commotion heaves,
 His heart would speak, nor wait to reach his lips;
 He stands and vainly calls to his relief
 His savage nature; but, alas! 't is gone.
 Then falling on his face amid the woods'
 That often echoed to his war-whoop fell,
 He casts his weapons at his Savior's feet,
 And lays aside his garments stained with blood.
 His voice in accents of his soul now speaks,
 His eyes with tears of deep contrition stream,
 And from a trembling tongue in transport breaks,
 Sweet Alleluia to the King of Kings!
 The angel hovering o'er that forest scene,
 Bears up the tidings on exulting wing,
 And soon from the high pinnacles of bliss,
 The Seraph harps in sweetness make response,
 Alleluia!

The thrilling song in gentle murmuring falls
 Upon the anxious ear, like music heard
 On the calm ocean at the midnight hour;
 Speaks to the broken heart in whispers sweet,
 As dies away amid the forest hum,
 Alleluia!

The harvest moon sails up its cloudless way,
 Full round and red—the farmer's evening friend,
 Lengthening the hours of labor, when the hand
 Finds more than it can do within the day.
 How gently falls its light upon the plains,
 The quiet lake, and music-breathing woods;
 The wakened bird mistakes it for the dawn,
 And in the bush begins her matin song.
 A moment rings the solitary strain,
 And then no sound is wafted to the ear,
 Save the wild whisper of the dying wind,
 Or distant foot-fall of some prowling beast.

Sweet voyager of night! whose fairy bark
 Sails silently around the dusky earth,
 Whose silver lamp in chastened splendor burns,
 Trimmed by the hand that fashioned thee so fair,
 And sent thee forth on thy eternal way,
 The nearest and the brightest to our eyes
 Of Heavens innumerable host—sail on
 Thy joyous way, in beauty 'mid the stars,
 And catch the song of those bright sentinels,
 Who watch the outposts on the bounds of time,
 Sending in vain their rays to pierce the gloom
 Of drear immensity. The lover's eye—
 Whether he grasps the wreck amid the waves,
 Or treads in pride the well appointed deck

Of richly freighted galleon; or is doom'd,
 Like Selkirk, in his lonely isle, to dwell
 More desolate because his ear had heard,
 In Scottish valley, the sweet Sabbath bell;
 Or chases, with the seamen of the north,
 The monster-whale, by Greenland's sounding shore,
 Where crystal icebergs lift their glittering peaks,
 And bathe with rainbow hues the snowy vales;
 Or robs the otter of his glossy coat,
 Where the Oregon sings her endless hymn
 To the Pacific's waters; or gathers
 Birds' nests 'mid the endless summer isles,
 Where waves the cocoa-nut and lofty palm
 O'er crystal billows, 'mid whose coral groves
 The fish of brightest tints in beauty swim—
 In health or sickness, joy or sorrow, turns
 Inquiringly to thee, and speaks of love—
 Love that endures when strength and reason fails.
 So the poor idiot on the moonlit hill,
 Patting his dog, his last and truest friend,
 Looks up with eye of more than usual fire,
 And, 'mid his idle chattering, speaks the name
 Of one who loved him best in boyhood's dream.

Thompson, sweet village! throned upon thy hills,
 With happy homes, and spires that gleam above
 Thy sacred altars, where the fathers taught,
 And generations learned the way to God—
 How pleasant, with remembrance's eye, to view
 The varied landscape changing autumn spreads
 O'er sunny vales that slumber at thy feet;
 Where roll the babbling brook and deeper stream,
 Winding, like threads of silver tissue, wrought
 By Moorish maidens on their robes of green.
 Around thee rise a host of smiling towns,
 Bearing the names of mightier ones abroad.
 There Dudley, glittering on the northern sky,
 Stands on her lofty height supremely fair,
 While westward, Woodstock with her groves is seen,
 In rural beauty blest; and at her feet,
 Wrapt in a silver cloud, 'sweet Pomfret vale,
 Spreads its gay bosom, dear to childhood's hour.
 The iron-horse now darts with lightning speed
 Through the green valleys that my boyhood knew,
 And at each turn the lovely river makes,
 At the mere plashing of the wild swan's wing,
 A babbling village rises from the flood;
 And there the halls of labor lift their domes
 At Mammon's call, and countless spindles twirl
 The snowy thread, that soon is changed to gold;
 While far around is heard the dash of wheels,
 And the unceasing roar of swollen dams.
 The dead leaves dance upon the river's breast,
 With tufts of cotton-waste, and here and there
 A golden apple, dropped by careless boy,
 Floating along toward the ocean's flood.

On the grey oak the fisher-bird awaits
 The speckled trout, or chaffin, tinged with gold;
 While 'neath the rock the swimmer leaves his clothes,
 And 'mid the cooling wave in gladness sports
 His ivory limbs, nor heeds the near approach
 Of roaming bard, or red-cheeked factory girl,
 Who climbs the rustic bridge, nor casts an eye
 Toward her Leander, naked in the flood.
 On such fair maidens no Duennas wait,
 To scare young love from answering love away;
 No convent-gates are closed to bar her will,
 Nor Hotspur brothers, armed with deadly steel,
 In secret wait to guard that honor safe,
 Which, but for such restraint, had long since fled.

Beyond the swampy meadow, fringed with flags,
 The ancient forest waves its gaudy head,
 O'er which the eagle takes his lonely way—
 The mighty hunter of the upper air.
 There, in the mossy dells, where all is still,
 Save when uncertain murmurs come and go
 Along the solemn arches of the wood—
 Like whispers in a lonely lane at dark,
 Or soothing hum of home-returning bee—
 The boy, delighted, sets his secret snares,
 Clearing broad paths amid the yellow leaves,
 Where the cock-partridge may strut in pride
 At earliest dawn, and find the fatal noose;
 There, when the sun is peeping o'er the hills,
 Tinging the woodland sea with gorgeous hues,
 He goes, with eager step and anxious eye,
 Beholds the path obscured, the sapling sprung,
 And, 'mid the maple boughs, his mottled prey.

The Reaper pauses in the ample field,
 Where a rich harvest smiles to bless his toil,
 And rests beside the oak, beneath whose shade,
 In ages past, the wandering Red Man slept;
 There, while the sun poured down his fervent ray,
 The happy laborer seeks to quench his thirst,
 With crystal water from the lime-stone spring.
 Or milk, from prudent housewife's ample store—
 Pure as it came from Nature's healthy fount;
 And while he sits the idle hours away,
 He muses o'er his country and her fame,
 And dares to claim her empire as his own.

And there, amid the grass, the children play
 Around the sun-burnt maidens, as they twine
 The bands to bind the golden armfuls tight,
 And leave the bristling sheafs, with plenty crowned,
 Standing in beauty on the fresh-reap'd hill.
 The groaning wagon gathers up the grain
 From suburn fields. The yellow sheafs are piled
 In ponderous heaps, while one well skilled builds up
 The toppling load, and when 't is finished, sits
 On its sere top, crowned with the ripened grain—
 The Autumn's King! And as the reaper's hale
 And rosy children shout for joy, he sings,
 With mellow voice, the song of Harvest Home.
 The sickle gleams no more amid the fields;
 The cradled hills are open to the feet
 Of Want's poor gleaners and the hunter band;
 And there the quail walks with her piping brood
 Amid the stubble, teaching them to fly.

Amid the orchard, bending 'neath the load
 That fair Pomona from her lap has strewn,
 The busy husbandmen commence their tasks.
 The red-cheeked apple, and the greening pale,
 The golden-pippin, and the blue pearmain,
 Baldwin and russet, all are toppled down,
 And to the air a balmy fragrance give.
 And there, the urchins playing all the while,
 Select the choicest fruit for future use,
 When the long winter night creeps o'er the hill,
 And autumn's golden brow is wrapped in gloom.
 The cider-press, beneath the farm-house shade,
 Now creaks, as round old Dobbin takes his way,
 While from the massive vat the liquid pours,
 And in abundant casks ferments and foams.

Hail, generous drink! fair Newark's honest boast,
 The laborer's beverage in a northern clime,
 Where freedom first, in deadly strife was born,
 And where her last scarred-follower shall die—
 If death to such e'er come.

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Oh! have I sighed for thee in spicy clime,
 Where hung the clustering grape from every bough,
 And where the nectar of the gods was free
 As Croton-water in old Gotham's Park.

Untainted with the liquid sin that flows
 From the destroyer's still, thy spirit lifts
 The thirsty soul from earth—but not too high,
 Nor leaves at morn a flush upon the brow.

An apple caused the first of earth to sin;
 But thou, well made, and freed from earthly taint,
 Raicest the weary spirit to its tone,
 And givest to labor's cheek the glow of health.

Now, in the rosy morn, the spotted hounds
 Before the mounted Huntsmen hie away.
 O'er fields and meadows, onward see them go,
 Scaling the walls, and trampling down the corn.
 And now they penetrate the forest shade,
 And from the sylvan dell, and wood-capt hill,
 The deep-mouthed bay with wild halloo is heard,
 Swelling in cadence to the hunter's horn.
 In her retreat, amid the deepest shade,
 Where the long grass is tender, and ne'er fails,
 The red-deer hears, and starts, and lists again,
 Till louder still the chase's wild music sounds,
 Then down the hill-side to the lake that spreads
 Its broad unruffled bosom to the morn,
 She takes her course; while on her haunches come
 The bellowing pack, like gaunt and hungry wolves.
 Now she has gained the stunted alder's shade,
 That line the margin of the waters clear,
 And turning quickly round the wave-worn hill,
 That towers abruptly o'er the narrow beach,
 Dips her light hoofs in the unconscious wave,
 And seeks the mountain-pass with lightning speed.
 Hid from their sight, the scent in water lost,
 The eager pack plunges headlong in the flood;
 But soon recalled to duty, 'long the shore
 They scour, till one more practiced than the rest,
 Stops where the chase her sylvan pathway took,
 And bellowing wildly, follows in her track,
 With the whole party thundering at his heels.
 The wily deer too long has got the start,
 And now from distant hill-side sees the foe
 Come panting up the dell with weary limb.
 A moment only does she look, then turns
 And glides in silence down the other side;
 And when the Huntsmen gain the lofty height,
 The deer is far away—the chase is o'er.

Oh! who can sing the glories of the woods,
 When Indian Summer, like a death-smile, rests
 On autumn's sallow cheek too soon to fade.

In ages past, when thou didst gently come,
 "With nights of frost, and noons of sultry heat,
 When skies were blue as highly tempered steel,
 And rivers clear as crystal, and the mist
 Upon the mountains hung its silver veil;
 When o'er the grass a fairy net-work spread,
 And naught was green except the mountain pine,
 The willow, and the bullrush by the brook"—
 Our fathers feared—for then amid the wilds,
 Called by the wampum-belt of varied hue,
 The Indian warriors built their council-fire,
 And in the war-dance joined with hellish rite,
 Till morning broke upon the dusky woods.
 Then, at the hour when mortals soundest slept,
 And nature was at rest, they sallied forth,

Armed with the hatchet and the scalping-knife,
 And trusty rifle, whose report was death.
 The sleeping father woke to hear the cry
 Of butchered wife, and infant rudely torn
 From her clasped arms, to feel the war-club's power.
 One look he gave, and on his silvery head
 The hatchet fell, and loosed the flood of life,
 Then sinking down in death's cold senseless sleep,
 Added fresh fuel to the crackling flames
 That spread around his lonely sylvan cot,
 And lit, with hateful glare, the moaning woods.
 Next morn the wandering hunter marked the waste,
 And found amid the ashes, human bones,
 An axe, a child's steel rattle, and a lock
 Of woman's golden hair, still wet with blood.

The sun in mellow light sleeps on the hills,
 The lazy river rolls in silence on,
 The woods keep Sabbath, till the deep-mouthed bay
 Of wandering fox-hound breaks upon the ear;
 Or from the top of an old chestnut falls,
 The tempting nut the startled squirrel drops,
 Parting the fading leaves with pattering sound;
 Or on the rotten log beside the stile,
 The busy partridge beats her woodland drum.
 The frost has tipt the trees with lovelier tints
 Than pencil ever gave to forest scene;
 There, green and gold in various hues combine,
 Spotted with crimson where the maple stands,
 And when the sun upon the hoar-frost shines,
 The foliage sparkles, as though crystals hung
 On every leaf, and trembled in the air.
 The eye now penetrates the half-clad trees,
 And spies the squirrel in his leafy house,
 Or marks upon the limb the wish-ton-wish,
 Who rests by day, that he may sweeter sing
 His song at night, beside the cottage gate.
 The thistle-seed, with wing of silver down,
 Floats in the air, and flashes in the sun.
 The dusky worm that feasted on the leaf
 On the green spring-time, weaves his curious shroud,
 And fastening it by thread of minute size,
 To the tall poplar swings himself to sleep.
 Type of the resurrection! lo, he hangs
 Between the mortal and the spirit-land,
 Till called by God, through Nature's changeless laws,
 He starts a winged creature clad in light,
 With tints of morning blushing on his wings.

The fisher's boat along the river glides,
 Nor leaves a ripple in its shallow wake.
 The wild swan sports in Anicosta's wave,
 And deems his shadow his departed mate;
 The patient heron, on the wave-washed rock
 For hours stands, watching his suspecting prey;
 The wild-goose raises heavily to join
 The gabbling cohort that is hastening on,
 High in the air, to the bright summer-land,
 Where the superb magnolia lifts its head.
 And scents the gale—a wilderness of flowers.
 The hardy ivy climbs the giant tree,
 To place green garlands on its withered head;
 The wild grape from the lofty walnut hangs
 Its purple clusters tempting to the sight;
 And by the swampy brook, the sunflower turns
 Its golden eye in meekness toward its God;
 The deer, from sylvan dell comes out to drink;
 The buzzard on the dead tree patient waits,
 For the returning tide to line the shore
 With food well-suited to his groveling taste;

And o'er the bosom of the widening stream,
 The lily fish-hawk flaps his heavy wing.

Old age and childhood mark, with curious eye,
 The lonely scene, and pass, with cautious tread,
 Down the still pathway of the dying woods.
 Now, round the mighty piles of corn they sit,
 The aged ones, the young men, and the lads,
 With here and there a son of Afric's clime,
 With eye that rolls in undiminished joy,
 And mouth that ready waits to swell the laugh,
 Or join the merry huskers' drinking song.
 And thus the labor of a week is done,
 While wives and daughters, 'neath the farmer's roof,
 Spread out the festive board with viands rich,
 And tempting to the eye of one who bears
 The sweat of labor on his swarthy brow.
 Now, from its yellow shuck, the ripened corn,
 In well-filled ears, is drawn—a pleasant sight;
 And while the village maidens pass along,
 Stopping, where'er their fancy wills, to husk,
 Red ears are placed within their anxious palms,
 By roguish ones, who hid them for this hour;
 And as they draw the crimson emblems forth,
 Full many a kiss is printed on the cheek
 Of rosy innocence, by lips that ne'er
 Such liberty had dared to take before.
 The clock strikes twelve, and from his cozy perch
 Beside the fattest pullet, lo, the cock
 Proclaims the approaching morn with shrillest crow:
 The corn is husked, and now they gather round
 The board, while lovely maidens wait to serve
 With ready hand, the laborers of the eve.
 Now from the lips of village sire ascends
 The prayer for Heaven's rich blessing on their food;
 Thanks for the pouring out of plenty's horn,
 And gratitude for life and health—nay, more,
 For liberty, without which all things else
 Were vain. And while he stands with streaming eye,
 And hand that palely off has clasped in vain,
 His trembling accents fall upon the ear,
 Like distant music at the close of day.
 The service o'er, the merry feast begins,
 Then joy runs riot round the sacred chair,
 And dignified propriety is gay
 As gipsy maiden, with her silver bells
 Tinkling around her heels. At length the dawn
 Recalls the joyous throng to other scenes;
 And soon the last gay visiter has bade
 His warm good-by—and the old house is still.
 Left all alone, in calm security,
 Straight in his oaken-chair of antique form,
 Within his hall, the farmer sits and sleeps,
 While the fierce house-dog watches at his feet.
 Sweet hour of plenteous ease, when care puts off
 His wrinkled brow, and charity and love,
 The fairest sisters of the heavenly train,
 Go hand in hand along the faded walks,
 And sit at evening by the cottage door.
 There the old soldier, covered o'er with scars,
 Limping along unnoticed by the crowd,
 Whose liberties were purchased with his blood,
 Finds 'neath the whispering elms before the door
 A welcome seat; and there the little ones,
 Called from their play by watchful Towser's growl,
 And the patched dress that glory gives her sons,
 Gather round their sire with mute surprise,
 And list to tales of other days, when war,
 With iron feet, swept thundering o'er the glade,
 And reared his bloody altars on the hills.

And while they listen, lo! the soldier's face
Grows less terrific, and his tatter'd dress
No longer seems to hide a vagrant's form.
With stealthy look and silent step, they seek
The festive board, and silently return;
Then, while he wipes from his dim eye a tear,
They fill the old man's pack with generous food,
Proffer the goblet full to his parched lips,
And play at "hide and seek" around his chair.
The heart of power may coldly beat when they
Who fought for freedom in her darkest hour,
In age and penury, appear to claim
The boon a monarch never yet refused;
But by the hearth-stones of his native land,
Where liberal thoughts and generous feelings dwell,
The valiant soldier ne'er shall find a churl
To bid him trudge, a rude unwelcome guest.

On Salem's hill the Hebrews' reign is o'er,
The silver trump of jubilee is still.
Timbrel and harp and soft-toned dulcimer
Have ceased their strains in Sharon's rosy vale;
The scattered tribes in earth's remotest bounds
Wander like sheep upon the mountain-side,
And Israel mourns her empire and her God.

The fisher, solitary, dries his net
On the green rock, amid the silver wave,
Where, robed in purple, sat imperial Tyre,
And through the autumn day beholds no sail,
To catch the scented breeze from Cypress Isle.
The hills of Judah, crowned with ruins gray,
Lift their brown summits to the deep blue air,
And cast their cooling shadows on the sea.
Hushed is the shepherd's lute, the reaper's shout,
The bleat of flocks, and patriarch's song of praise,
The Harvester of years has o'er them past,
And hung his reaping-hook in Joseph's tomb.

But though the trump of jubilee is still,
And Israel's host in triumph meet no more
By Jacob's well, or Siloa's sacred brook;
Yet in the western world, where Freedom rears
Her banner o'er the altar of her God,
And all religions meet in peaceful mood,
At autumn's close, the wanderers returned
To distant homes, to keep Thanksgiving Day.
Such was the custom of the Pilgrim band,
When first they trod that wild and wintry shore,
And such th' observance of their sterling sons,
Who, scattered o'er the freeman's heritage,
Remember their bold ancestry with pride,
And where they tread, make new New England's bloom.

The days grow shorter, and the nights with frost
Creep shivering o'er the landscape's fading green.
The village stage comes in at later hour,
From city, town, and distant boarding-school
Bringing a host of merry hearts, who seek
The joys of childhood by their native hearths;
And as it pauses at the welcome door
The inmates rush, uncovered, to the stile,
And there, 'mid kisses long and loud, is heard
The mother's anxious inquiry for health,
The boisterous brother's rude though hearty hail,
And happy father's well-timed welcome home.
What joys, what transports centre in the hour
While the old mansion rings with childlike mirth.

For days the very atmosphere has teemed
With savory odor from the kitchen flue.
And now the day of praise begins, clear, cold and still.

While yet the sun sails up its morning path
The merry peal from village spire is heard,
And straightway pours the tide of life along,
Gathering fresh numbers from each ivied door,
Changing their greetings warm on every hand,
With those by Mammon or by glory called,
Whose wandering feet have homeward turned again:
And many a speaking eye reveals the tale
Of love long felt, but ne'er before expressed.

The church is still, and maiden modesty
Has smoothed her dress and re-arranged her curl,
Then from the choir the pealing anthem swells
With chorus grand—and voices long unused
To holy song join in the symphony
Of praise.

Prayer long and deep and eloquent ensues,
In which the earth, the nation, and the church,
The righteous and the wicked, rich and poor,
Remembrance find. And then a meet discourse,
Recounting changes of the variant year,
Paying a tribute just to absent worth,
And hanging garlands green on glory's tomb.
The heart is touched—the mourner's eye grows dim—
The proud are humbled, and the poor rejoice.
And when the speaker closes, with a charge
To pay due homage to the Mighty One
Who guides Arcturus and his boisterous sons,
Binds the sweet influence of the Pleiades,
And breaks Orion's broad and sparkling bonds,
All hearts, with one accord, in reverence bow,
And pure thanksgiving peals from every tongue.

The service done, they seek their cheerful hearts
To spend the hallowed day in feasts of love.
The feast is set—and joy's wild burst is o'er—
The mother's eye has marked the vacant chair—
The father's ear has missed his first-born's step—
And where the church-yard sleeps, so still, they look
With hearts of grief, and eyes suffused with tears.

Evening with smiles and tales has come, and round
The social circle blind-man's buff is played.
Wisdom and years are straightway laid aside,
And manhood lives its childhood o'er again,
Seeking the golden shadows of the days
Long passed away.

And now the youngest having sought repose,
Friend after friend drops in with cheerful heart;
The merry dance succeeds the merry game,
And the light foot with lighter heart keeps time.
Music is also there, with gentle tone,
Singing the favorite tunes of other days.
Age with its wrinkle, childhood with its smile,
Youth with its hope, and manhood with its care,
Joy blends with high esteem, and admiration
Kindles into love.

The old clock ticks the drowsy hours along—
The midnight comes—the joyous throng disperse—
Full many a head on sleepless pillow lies,
Till wearied out, with thinking o'er the past,
The mind surrenders to the body's guide
And dreams of fancy dance before the eye.

Blest labor! thou dost fringe the poor man's lids
With gold: and drive remembrance of his wrongs
Away—hang o'er his drowsy visions scenes
Of pleasantness, where round a cheerful cot
Wind paths of peace. Oh, Night! to him what are
The ills of day, if thou but shelter him
With brooding wing.—

Earth without labor—what a dreary waste!
 Sadder to view than Asia's barren plains
 Or Afric's sea of sand. He that would strike
 Thy arm of sinews down, would make the field
 A solitude, and crowded mart a den
 Of thieves.—
 When the moist sickle rests upon its hook,
 And the rich stores of earth are gathered in,
 The fair is held—a feast of fruits and flowers—
 Of art's fine workmanship and labor's yield.
 From the dark pines that fringe Aroostook's wave
 To the wild chapparal that rudely turns
 The martial foot from Rio Bravo's bank,
 From the Atlantic's many-peopled shore
 To the Columbia's vales of living green,
 The joyful mandate rings, and man pours forth
 His richest treasures to the gaze of day.
 The nation sits in judgment on her arts,
 Her choice productions and her fruitful glebes,
 And cheers the laborer's toil with voice of praise.
 Thus man is dignified by honest toil,
 And the dread curse pronounced in Time's young spring
 Becomes a blessing in its autumn day.
 So may the laborer stand amid his race—
 Taught that true knowledge elevates the soul,
 That the poor carpenter of Gallilee
 Once worked his task—then in the temple taught—
 Then gave redemption to a guilty world—
 And then resumed his station by his God!

Now from the well-filled barn, in gusty day,
 The flail's loud beat is heard—a pleasing sound—
 And from the chaff the full unspotted grain
 Is winnowed by the stripling's feeble hand.
 And while the dust is flying far and wide
 The wheat is gathered in, a precious store,
 Tempting the factor's mercenary eye,
 And bidding famine with her sickly form
 Wander afar from Freedom's hallowed soil;
 The timid quail, with well-fledged brood, draws near,
 Her tithe to claim from man's productive toil,
 And barn-yard fowls their rich thanksgivings spend,
 Nor dream of days of want in time to come,
 When winter o'er the frozen earth shall claim
 Her sovereignty with cutting blast and snow.

Autumn departs, and soon on hills of brown,
 In storms will break the dark solstitial morn.
 The grove has lost its verdure and its song,
 And withered leaves, in heaps, are mouldering round.
 Keen northern blasts, from Greenland's gelid wastes,
 Wake the dark woods of stormy Labrador,
 And o'er Canadian wilds and ocean-lakes,
 Down Mississippi's vales in fury howl.
 By Huron's flood the savage wrapped in furs
 Gathers his tent of skins beneath the snow,
 And 'mid the smoke, for days, securely waits
 For the encrusting rain to plate the drift
 With glittering ice, that cracks not at his tread,
 Where he may chase the moose, whose hoofs break thro'
 And leave upon the trail a track of blood.
 The miner on Superior's pictured cliffs,
 Where sings the thunder its eternal hymn,
 Waits in his cabin rude for hours of spring,
 Giving up pleasure, and e'en health itself,
 That he may climb to fortune's sickle height
 Through veins of copper, and up shafts of gold.
 The pilgrim's son, in freedom, builds his cot,
 And hails a shadowy old world from the new,
 On the Pacific's main, where blooming hills
 Hang o'er the flood, and catch the dying strain

Borne on the waves from India's coral strand.
 The farmer's boy, long since amid the woods,
 Has plucked the hazel and the chestnut brown,
 And sharp-ribbed walnut, for his winter store,
 Leaving the staining butternut untouched,
 For the hoar-frost to peel its ragged shell.
 The sheep go wandering o'er the barren plains
 In search of welcome food, and where the scythe
 Between the pointed stones has passed along,
 Crop closer than the crooked blade of man
 The sallow loiterers of the autumn field.
 The red-breasts, gathered into flocks, no longer pipe
 Their sweetest songs beside the cottage door:
 And the vast family of sea-birds screech
 Their notes of sadness o'er the sounding sea.
 The rivers lift their voices, as the rain
 From chilly clouds falls on the dreary scene,
 And high above their banks in torrents swell,
 Sweeping the cottage and the well-filled barn,
 The dam, the bridge, and the old ivied mill,
 With stacks of grain and implements of man,
 In wild confusion onward to the sea.
 Sad are the notes of nature—doubly sad,
 Where leaping o'er her brown and dizzy height,
 With robe of silver and a rainbow crown,
 Niagara sings her thunder-hymn to earth's
 Remotest waters—where oft the poet's eye
 Beholds, amid the shades of autumn eve,
 The Tuscarora in his phantom bark,
 Singing his death-song on the cataract's brow.
 Or where, amid Virginia's fertile vale,
 The Rockbridge in its grandeur towers above
 The little stream that runs so far beneath,
 That human ear ne'er caught its hoarsest brawl.
 There where the Deluge pierced the mountain chain
 And sent its wild pent river to the sea,
 The storm, with sternest music, calls its clouds,
 And through the giant arch remorseless sweeps
 Causing dread whirlpools of the misty air.

Autumn departs, and earth in sadness mourns,
 And all around is desolate and chill.
 Empires have had their autumns, and are lost
 Beneath the dead and rustling leaves of time.
 Egypt, majestic in her ruin, sleeps
 Upon the Nile—the pyramids her history
 And her tomb. Idumea, 'mid her cliffs,
 Yawns in her gloom, an empty sepulchre.
 Tadmor is hid amid the desert sand;
 Balbec's tremendous wall upon the waste,
 Shelters the spotted lizard and the owl;
 And Babylon, the mighty, is a heap
 By the Euphrates. Tyre has been swallowed
 By the tideless sea; Greece sits in darkness
 On her classic hills, 'mid templed groves,
 Her king a Saxon, and her children slaves.
 The Muscovite has found a shorter way
 To old Byzantium; and the lazy Turk
 That loiters there, is but a Turk in name.
 Dark Ethiopia knows her bounds no more;
 Carthage is but a pasture wild for goats;
 Persia now roams the waste in broken hordes;
 Imperial Rome, once mistress of the world,
 Is but a province, where a mitred priest
 Sits in the Cæsar's chair without his crown;
 And the furr'd Russ directs the haughty race
 Of Ghengis Khan and fiery Tamerlane.
 Ages and kingdoms feel the sickle click,
 And bend their heads before the reaper's tread.
 The Earth shall have her autumn, with the stars
 That sang in beauty at the birth of Time;

And Death shall have his autumn, for he too
Must die. The Heavens shall have their autumn,
And be rolled back to their ancient nothingness.
And all shall fade, and fall around, and die,
But God, and the vast Hierarchy of souls.

Oh, death! when thou dost come with trembling limbs,
Down the brown hills, where waves the ripened grain,
And bear the aged exile home to God,
While autumn's wailing wind sings Harvest Home.
When health's bright roses slowly fade away,
As flowers of spring-time breathed on by the frost;
When dire consumption saps the roots of life,
And slow but sure its victims steal along
The shaded path that winds around the tomb;
Or when by burning fever racked and parched,
The prostrate form with joy awaits the call;
Or when forsaken by the loved and false,
The broken spirit sits beside the grave,
And weaves strange garlands from the withered flowers,
To crown the head-stone of departed hopes,
Thou art a welcome guest.
But when in youth and health, without a sign,
Thou comest in thy most appalling form,
Swift as the sunbeam streaming from on high,
Then thou dost rudely snap hope's brightest buds,
And form dread sepulchres in every heart—
Chasms that never close with rolling years—
Wounds that forever festering, never heal,
Till deeper sorrows settle on the soul.

Autumn departs, and with it ends the song
Of the rude bard, who first essayed to sing
In high scholastic verse, its scenes of gold;
A pleasant pastime for an idle month,
When the hot sun pour'd down its sickly rays.
And pestilence at noonday walked abroad.

Autumn departs, and on its cheerless gale,
Sighing o'er barren moor and russet grove,
The feeble lay goes forth, with deep distrust,
And much of hope, entwined with more of fear.
If it shall fail—and stranger things have been,
And with the leaves around, whirl through the glen,
And up the forest's melancholy path,
Lifeless and useless, as its withered band.
'T is an old truth, by bard of sweetness told,
"Leaves have their time to fall, and stars to set."

But if perchance some generous soul shall take
The half-fledged warbler to a pleasant home,
Where bright-eyed children gather in their joy—
Type of the host that throng the homes of Heaven—
Glean from its varied notes one sound to please,
One truth to charm and elevate the soul,
And bid young genius in her wild-wood sing,
The scenes and glories of her native land—
Then shall the bard in his retreat rejoice,
And sing again, when spring, with sunny brow,
Shall speak the resurrection of the flowers.

STANZAS.

BY THOMAS FITZGERALD.

Ah! weary days have passed since last we met,
But not with time has distance longer grown!
My heart, well-tutored, never can forget
Its love for thee, my beautiful, my own!

I would that I were near thee, gentle one,
To see thee gladly smile, and hear thee speak,
And list the sweetness of thy silver tone,
And mark the changes on thy blushing cheek!

I see the pathway where our ramble led—
Where brightest flowers in rarest fragrance vied—
The fairy nook, whence sunlight trembling fled,
And laughing water-fall in music died!

But not for me the pensive walk of eve—
Life's sterner duties claim my footsteps now;
Yet does the yearning heart full often grieve
For those dear haunts where first we breathed love's vow.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

A fair, young, thoughtful face—and very pale
Is the soft dimpled cheek, and o'er her brow
Lingereth a strange, wild beauty; many a tale
Thy bright *ideal* weaveth for her now.
Those breathing lips!—they speak not, but you feel

Love's thrilling kiss, hath mingled with his sigh,
The dreamy depths of those dark eyes reveal
The soul of Sappho's song—*so love or die!*
Yet on that fair, young brow is set the seal
Of woman's firm resolve, and o'er-mastering high.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS WORKS.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

(Concluded from page 152.)

BUT he is wilfully and pertinaciously unjust, even scurrilous, impolite, ungentelemanly; calls us "Imbeciles," "Dilettants," "Philistines," implying sometimes what would not sound well expressed. If he would adopt the newspaper style, and take back these hard names—but where is the reader who does not derive some benefit from these epithets, applying them to himself? Think not that with each repetition of them there is a fresh overflowing of bile; oh no! Perhaps none at all after the first time, only a faithfulness, the right name being found, to apply it—"They are the same ones we meant before"—and oftentimes with a genuine sympathy and encouragement expressed. Indeed, there appears in all his writings a hearty and manly sympathy with all misfortune and wretchedness, and not a weak and sniveling one. They who suspect a Mephistophiles, or sneering, satirical devil, under all, have not learned the secret of true humor, which sympathizes with the gods themselves, in view of their grotesque, halffinished creatures.

He is, in fact, the best tempered, and not the least impartial of reviewers. He goes out of his way to do justice to profligates and quacks. There is somewhat even Christian, in the rarest and most peculiar sense, in his universal brotherliness, his simple, child-like endurance, and earnest, honest endeavor, with sympathy for the like. And this fact is not insignificant, that he is almost the only writer of biography, of the lives of men, in modern times. So kind and generous a tribute to the genius of Burns cannot be expected again, and is not needed. We honor him for his noble reverence for Luther, and his patient, almost reverent study of Goethe's genius, anxious that no shadow of his author's meaning escape him for want of trustful attention. There is nowhere else, surely, such determined and generous love of whatever is manly in history. His just appreciation of any, even inferior talent, especially of all sincerity, under whatever guise, and all true men of endeavor, must have impressed every reader. Witness the chapters on Werner, Heyne, even Cagliostro, and others. He is not likely to underrate his man. We are surprised to meet with such a discriminator of kingly qualities in these republican and democratic days, such genuine loyalty all thrown away upon the world.

Carlyle, to adopt his own classification, is himself the hero, as literary man. There is no more notable working-man in England, in Manchester or Bir-

mingham, or the mines round about. We know not how many hours a-day he toils, nor for what wages, exactly, we only know the results for us. We hear through the London fog and smoke the steady systole, diastole, and vibratory hum, from "Somebody's Works" there; the "Print Works," say some; the "Chemicals," say others; where something, at any rate, is manufactured which we remember to have seen in the market. This is the place, then. Literature has come to mean, to the ears of laboring men, something idle, something cunning and pretty merely, because the nine hundred and ninety-nine really write for fame or for amusement. But as the laborer works, and soberly by the sweat of his brow earns bread for his body, so this man *works* anxiously and *sadly*, to get bread of life, and dispense it. We cannot do better than quote his own estimate of labor from Sartor Resartus.

"Two men I honor, and no third. First; the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee. Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

"A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavoring toward inward harmony, revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him Artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired

thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth."

"Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

Notwithstanding the very genuine, admirable, and loyal tributes to Burns, Schiller, Goethe, and others, Carlyle is not a critic of poetry. In the book of heroes, Shakspeare, the hero, as poet, comes off rather slimly. His sympathy, as we said, is with the men of endeavor; not using the life got, but still bravely getting their life. "In fact," as he says of Cromwell, "every where we have to notice the decisive, practical *eye* of this man; how he drives toward the practical and practicable; has a genuine insight into what is fact." You must have very stout legs to get noticed at all by him. He is thoroughly English in his love of practical men, and dislike for cant, and ardent enthusiastic heads that are not supported by any legs. He would kindly knock them down that they may regain some vigor by touching their mother earth. We have often wondered how he ever found out Burns, and must still refer a good share of his delight in him to neighborhood and early association. The Lycidas and Comus appearing in Blackwood's Magazine, would probably go unread by him, nor lead him to expect a Paradise Lost. The condition of England question is a practical one. The condition of England demands a hero, not a poet. Other things demand a poet; the poet answers other demands. Carlyle in London, with this question pressing on him so urgently, sees no occasion for minstrels and rhapsodists there. Kings may have their bards when there are any kings. Homer would *certainly* go a begging there. He lives in Chelsea, not on the plains of Hindostan, nor on the prairies of the West, where settlers are scarce, and a man must at least go *whistling* to himself.

What he says of poetry is rapidly uttered, and suggestive of a thought, rather than the deliberate development of any. He answers your question, What is poetry? by writing a special poem, as that Norse one, for instance, in the Book of Heroes, altogether wild and original;—answers your question, What is light? by kindling a blaze which dazzles you, and pales sun and moon, and not as a peasant might, by opening a shutter. And, cer-

tainly, you would say that this question never could be answered but by the grandest of poems; yet he has not dull breath and stupidity enough, perhaps, to give the most deliberate and universal answer, such as the fates wring from illiterate and unthinking men. He answers like Thor, with a stroke of his hammer, whose dint makes a valley in the earth's surface.

Carlyle is not a *seer*, but a brave looker-on and *reviewer*; not the most free and catholic observer of men and events, for they are likely to find him pre-occupied, but unexpectedly free and catholic when they fall within the focus of his lens. He does not live in the present hour, and read men and books as they occur for his theme, but having chosen this, he directs his studies to this end.

But if he supplies us with arguments and illustrations against himself, we will remember that we may perhaps be convicted of error from the same source—stalking on these lofty reviewer's stilts so far from the green pasturage around. If we look again at his page, we are apt to retract somewhat that we have said. Often a genuine poetic feeling dawns through it, like the texture of the earth seen through the dead grass and leaves in the spring. There is indeed more poetry in this author than criticism on poetry. He often reminds us of the ancient Scald, inspired by the grimmer features of life, dwelling longer on Dante than on Shakspeare. We have not recently met with a more solid and unquestionable piece of poetic work than that episode of "The Ancient Monk," in Past and Present, at once idyllic, narrative, heroic; a beautiful restoration of a past age. There is nothing like it elsewhere that we know of. The History of the French Revolution is a poem, at length got translated into prose; an Iliad, indeed, as he himself has it—"The destructive wrath of Sansculotism: this is what we speak, having unhappily no voice for singing."

One improvement we could suggest in this last, as indeed in most epics, that he should let in the sun oftener upon his picture. It does not often enough appear, but it is all revolution, the old way of human life turned simply bottom upward, so that when at length we are inadvertently reminded of the "Brest Shipping," a St. Domingo colony, and that anybody thinks of owning plantations, and simply turning up the soil there, and that now at length, after some years of this revolution, there is a falling off in the importation of sugar, we feel a queer surprise. Had they not sweetened their water with Revolution then? It would be well if there were several chapters headed "Work for the Mouth"—Revolution-work inclusive, of course—"Altitude of the Sun," "State of the Crops and Markets," "Meteorological Observations," "Attractive Industry," "Day Labor," &c., just to remind the reader that the French peasantry did something beside go without breeches, burn châteaux, get ready knotted cords, and embrace and throttle one another by turns. These things are sometimes

hinted at, but they deserve a notice more in proportion to their importance. We want not only a background to the picture, but a ground under the feet also. We remark, too, occasionally, an unphilosophical habit, common enough elsewhere, in Alison's History of Modern Europe, for instance, of saying, undoubtedly with effect, that if a straw had not fallen this way or that, why then—but, of course, it is as easy in philosophy to make kingdoms rise and fall as straws. The old adage is as true for our purpose, which says that a miss is as good as a mile. Who shall say how near the man came to being killed who was not killed? If an apple had not fallen then we had never heard of Newton and the law of gravitation; as if they could not have contrived to let fall a pear as well.

The poet is blithe and cheery ever, and as well as nature. Carlyle has not the simple Homeric health of Wordsworth, nor the deliberate philosophic turn of Coleridge, nor the scholastic taste of Landor, but, though sick and under restraint, the constitutional vigor of one of his old Norse heroes, struggling in a lurid light, with Iötuns still, striving to throw the old woman, and "she was Time"—striving to lift the big cat—and that was "The Great World-Serpent, which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world." The smith, though so brawny and tough, I should not call the healthiest man. There is too much shop-work, too great extremes of heat and cold, and incessant ten-pound-ten and thrashing of the anvil, in his life. But the haymaker's is a true sunny perspiration, produced by the extreme of summer heat only, and conversant with the blast of the zephyr, not of the forge-bellows. We know very well the nature of this man's sadness, but we do not know the nature of his gladness. There sits Bull in the court all the year round, with his hoarse bark and discontented growl—not a cross dog, only a canine habit, verging to madness some think—now separated from the shuddering travelers only by the paling, now heard afar in the horizon, even melodious there; baying the moon o' nights, *baying the sun by day*, with his mastiff mouth. He never goes after the cows, nor stretches in the sun, nor plays with the children. Pray give him a longer rope, ye gods, or let him go at large, and never taste raw meat more.

The poet will maintain serenity in spite of all disappointments. He is expected to preserve an unconcerned and healthy outlook over the world while he lives. *Philosophia practica est eruditionis meta*, philosophy practiced is the good of learning; and for that other, *Oratoris est celare artem*, we might read, *Herois est celare pugnam*, the hero will conceal his struggles. Poetry is the only life got, the only work done, the only pure product and free labor of man, performed only when he has put all the world under his feet, and conquered the last of his foes.

Carlyle speaks of Nature with a certain unconscious pathos for the most part. She is to him a

receded but ever memorable splendor, casting still a reflected light over all his scenery. As we read his books here in New England, where there are potatoes enough, and every man can get his living peacefully and sportively as the birds and bees, and need think no more of that, it seems to us as if by the world he often meant London, at the head of the tide upon the Thames, the sorest place on the face of the earth, the very citadel of conservatism. Possibly a South African village might have furnished a more hopeful, and more exacting audience, or in the silence of the wilderness and the desert, he might have addressed himself more entirely to his true audience posterity.

In his writings, we should say that he, as conspicuously as any, though with little enough expressed or even conscious sympathy, represents the Reformer class, and all the better for not being the acknowledged leader of any. In him the universal plaint is most settled, unappeasable and serious. Until a thousand named and nameless grievances are righted, there will be no repose for him in the lap of nature, or the seclusion of science and literature. By foreseeing it he hastens the crisis in the affairs of England, and is as good as many years added to her history.

As we said, we have no adequate word from him concerning poets—Homer, Shakspeare; nor more, we might add, of Saints—Jesus; nor philosophers—Socrates, Plato; nor mystics—Swedenborg. He has no articulate sympathy at least with such as these as yet. Odin, Mahomet, Cromwell, will have justice at his hands, and we would leave him to write the eulogies of all the giants of the will, but the kings of men, whose kingdoms are wholly in the hearts of their subjects, strictly transcendent and moral greatness, what is highest and worthiest in character, he is not inclined to dwell upon or point to. To do himself justice, and set some of his readers right, he should give us some transcendent hero at length, to rule his demigods and Titans; develop, perhaps, his reserved and dumb reverence for Christ, not speaking to a London or Church of England audience merely. Let *not* "sacred silence meditate that sacred matter" forever, but let us have sacred speech and sacred scripture thereon. True reverence is not necessarily dumb, but oftentimes prattling and hilarious as children in the spring.

Every man will include in his list of worthies those whom he himself best represents. Carlyle, and our countryman Emerson, whose place and influence must ere long obtain a more distinct recognition, are, to a certain extent, the complement of each other. The age could not do with one of them, it cannot do with both. To make a broad and rude distinction, to suit our present purpose, the *former*, as critic, deals with the men of action—Mahomet, Luther, Cromwell; the *latter* with the thinkers—Plato, Shakspeare, Goethe, for though both have written upon Goethe, they do not meet in him. The one

has more sympathy with the heroes, or practical reformers, the other with the observers, or philosophers. Put these worthies together, and you will have a pretty fair representation of mankind; yet with one or more memorable exceptions. To say nothing of Christ, who yet awaits a just appreciation from literature, the peacefully practical hero, whom Columbus may represent, is obviously slighted; but above and after all, the Man of the Age, come to be called working-man, it is obvious that none yet speaks to his condition, for the speaker is not yet in his condition. There is poetry and prophecy to cheer him, and advice of the head and heart to the hands; but no very memorable coöperation, it must be confessed, since the Christian era, or rather since Prometheus tried it. It is even a note-worthy fact, that a man addresses effectually in another only himself still, and what he himself does and is, alone can he prompt the other to do and to become. Like speaks to like only; labor to labor, philosophy to philosophy, criticism to criticism, poetry to poetry, &c. Literature speaks how much still to the past, how little to the future, how much to the east, how little to the west—

In the East fames are won,
In the West deeds are done.

One more merit in Carlyle, let the subject be what it may, is the freedom of prospect he allows, the entire absence of cant and dogma. He removes many cart-loads of rubbish, and leaves open a broad highway. His writings are all enfolded on the side of the future and the possible. He does not place himself across the passage out of his books, so that none may go freely out, but rather by the entrance, inviting all to come in and go through. No gins, no net-work, no pickets here, to restrain the free thinking reader. In many books called philosophical, we find ourselves running hither and thither, under and through, and sometimes quite unconsciously straddling some imaginary fence-work, which in our clairvoyance we had not noticed, but fortunately, not with such fatal consequences as happen to those birds which fly against a white-washed wall, mistaking it for fluid air. As we proceed the wreck of this dogmatic tissue collects about the organs of our perception, like cobwebs about the muzzles of hunting dogs in dewy mornings. If we look up with such eyes as these authors furnish, we see no heavens, but a low pent-roof of straw or tiles; as if we stood under a shed, with no sky-light through which to glimpse the blue.

Carlyle, which he does but inadvertently direct our eyes to the open heavens, nevertheless, lets us wander broadly underneath, and shows them to us reflected in innumerable pools and lakes. We have from him, occasionally, some hints of a possible science of astronomy even, and revelation of heavenly arcana, but nothing definite hitherto.

These volumes contain not the highest, but a very practicable wisdom, which startles and pro-

voke, rather than informs us. Carlyle does not oblige us to think; we have thought enough for him already, but he compels us to act. We accompany him rapidly through an endless gallery of pictures, and glorious reminiscences of experiences unimproved. "Have you not had Moses and the prophets? Neither will ye be persuaded if one should rise from the dead." There is no calm philosophy of life here, such as you might put at the end of the Almanac, to hang over the farmer's hearth, how men shall live in these winter, in these summer days. No philosophy, properly speaking, of love, or friendship, or religion, or politics, or education, or nature, or spirit; perhaps a nearer approach to a philosophy of kingship, and of the place of the literary man, than of any thing else. A rare preacher, with prayer, and psalm, and sermon, and benediction, but no contemplation of man's life from serene oriental ground, nor yet from the stirring occidental. No thanksgiving sermon for the holydays, or the Easter vacations, when all men submit to float on the full currents of life. When we see with what spirits, though with little heroism enough, wood-choppers, drovers, and apprentices, take and spend life, playing all day long, sunning themselves, shading themselves, eating, drinking, sleeping, we think that the philosophy of their life written would be such a level natural history as the Gardener's Calendar, and the works of the early botanists, inconceivably slow to come to practical conclusions; its premises away off before the first morning light, ere the heather was introduced into the British isles, and no inferences to be drawn during this noon of the day, not till after the remote evening shadows have begun to fall around.

There is no philosophy here for philosophers, only as every man is said to have his philosophy. No system but such as is the man himself; and, indeed, he stands compactly enough. No progress beyond the first assertion and challenge, as it were, with trumpet blast. One thing is certain, that we had best be doing something in good earnest, henceforth forever; that's an indispensable philosophy. The before impossible precept, "*know thyself*," he translates into the partially possible one, "*know what thou canst work at*." Sartor Resartus is, perhaps, the sunniest and most philosophical, as it is the most autobiographical of his works, in which he drew most largely on the experience of his youth. But we miss everywhere a calm depth, like a lake, even stagnant, and must submit to rapidity and whirl, as on skates, with all kinds of skillful and antic motions, sculling, sliding, cutting punch-bowls and rings, forward and backward. The talent is very nearly equal to the genius. Sometimes it would be preferable to wade slowly through a Serbonian bog, and feel the juices of the meadow. We should say that he had not speculated far, but faithfully, living up to it. He lays all the stress still on the most elementary and initiatory maxims, introductory to philosophy. It is the experience of the religion-

ist. He pauses at such a quotation as, "It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin;" or, "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by action;" or, "Do the duty which lies nearest thee." The chapters entitled, "The Everlasting No," and "The Everlasting Yea," contain what you might call the religious experience of his hero. In the latter, he assigns to him these words, brief, but as significant as any we remember in this author:—"One BIBLE I know, of whose plenary inspiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay, with my own eyes I saw the God's-hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles are but leaves." This belongs to "The Everlasting Yea;" yet he lingers unaccountably in "The Everlasting No," under the negative pole. "Truth!" he still cries with Teufelsdröck, "though the heavens crush me for following her: no falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of apostasy." Again, "Living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless, in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written law still stood legible and sacred there." Again, "Ever from that time, [the era of his *Protest*,] the temper of my misery was changed: not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim, fire-eyed defiance." And in the "Centre of Indifference," as editor, he observes, that "it was no longer a quite hopeless unrest," and then proceeds, not in his best style, "For the fire-baptized soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outward from which the remaining dominions, not, indeed, without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacified."

Beside some philosophers of larger vision, Carlyle stands like an honest, half-despairing boy, grasping at some details only of their world systems. Philosophy, certainly, is some account of truths, the fragments and very insignificant parts of which man will practice in this work-shop; truths infinite and in harmony with infinity; in respect to which the very objects and ends of the so-called practical philosopher, will be mere propositions, like the rest. It would be no reproach to a philosopher, that he knew the future better than the past, or even than the present. It is better worth knowing. He will prophecy, tell what is to be, or in other words, what alone is, under appearances, laying little stress on the boiling of the pot, or the Condition of England question. He has no more to do with the condition of England than with her national debt, which a vigorous generation would not inherit. The philosopher's conception of things will, above all, be truer than other men's, and his philosophy will subordinate all the circumstances of life. To live like a philosopher, is to live, not foolishly, like other men, but wisely, and according to universal laws. In this,

which was the ancient sense, we think there has been no philosopher in modern times. The wisest and most practical men of recent history, to whom this epithet has been hastily applied, have lived comparatively meagre lives, of conformity and tradition, such as their fathers transmitted to them. But a man may live in what style he can. Between earth and heaven, there is room for all kinds. If he take counsel of fear and prudence, he has already failed. One who believed, by his very constitution, some truth which a few words express, would make a revolution never to be forgotten in this world; for it needs but a fraction of truth to found houses and empires on.

However, such distinctions as poet and philosopher, do not much assist our final estimate of a man; we do not lay much stress on them. "A man's a man for a' that." If Carlyle does not take two steps in philosophy, are there any who take three? Philosophy having crept clinging to the rocks, so far, puts out its feelers many ways in vain. It would be hard to surprise him by the relation of any important human experience, but in some nook or corner of his works, you will find that this, too, was sometimes dreamed of in his philosophy.

To sum up our most serious objections, in a few words, we should say that Carlyle indicates a depth,—and we mean not impliedly, but distinctly,—which he neglects to fathom. We want to know more about that which he wants to know as well. If any luminous star, or undissolvable nebula, is visible from his station, which is not visible from ours, the interests of science require that the fact be communicated to us. The universe expects every man to do his duty in his parallel of latitude. We want to hear more of his inmost life; his hymn and prayer, more; his elegy and eulogy, less; that he should speak more from his character, and less from his talent; communicate centrally with his readers, and not by a side; that he should say what he believes, without suspecting that men disbelieve it, out of his never-misunderstood nature. Homer and Shakspeare speak directly and confidently to us. The confidence implied in the unsuspicious tone of the world's worthies, is a great and encouraging fact. Dig up some of the earth you stand on, and show that. If he gave us religiously the meagre results of his experience, his style would be less picturesque and diversified, but more attractive and impressive. His genius can cover all the land with gorgeous palaces, but the reader does not abide in them, but pitches his tent rather in the desert and on the mountain peak.

When we look about for something to quote, as the fairest specimen of the man, we confess that we labor under an unusual difficulty; for his philosophy is so little of the proverbial or sentential kind, and opens so gradually, rising insensibly from the reviewer's level, and developing its thought completely and in detail, that we look in vain for the brilliant passages, for point and antithesis, and must

end by quoting his works entire. What in a writer of less breadth would have been the proposition which would have bounded his discourse, his column of victory, his Pillar of Hercules, and *ne plus ultra*, is in Carlyle frequently the same thought unfolded; no Pillar of Hercules, but a considerable prospect, north and south, along the Atlantic coast. There are other pillars of Hercules, like beacons and light-houses, still further in the horizon, toward Atlantis, set up by a few ancient and modern travelers; but, so far as this traveler goes, he clears and colonizes, and all the surplus population of London is bound thither at once. What we would quote is, in fact, his vivacity, and not any particular wisdom or sense, which last is ever synonymous with sentence, [*sententia*,] as in his cotemporaries, Coleridge, Landor and Wordsworth.

We have not attempted to discriminate between his works, but have rather regarded them all as one work, as is the man himself. We have not examined so much as remembered them. To do otherwise, would have required a more indifferent, and perhaps even less just review, than the present. The several chapters were thankfully received, as they came out, and now we find it impossible to say which was best; perhaps each was best in its turn. They do not require to be remembered by chapters—that is a merit—but are rather remembered as a well-known strain, reviving from time to time, when it had nearly died away, and always inspiring us to worthier and more persistent endeavors.

In his last work, "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," Carlyle has added a chapter to the history of England; has actually written a chapter of her history, and, in comparison with this, there seems to be no other,—this, and the thirty thousand or three hundred thousand pamphlets in the British Museum, and that is all. This book is a practical comment on Universal History. What if there were a British Museum in Athens and Babylon, and nameless cities! It throws light on the history of the Iliad and the labors of Pisistratus. History is, then, an account of memorable events that have sometime transpired, and not an incredible and confused fable, quarters for scholars merely, or a gymnasium for poets and orators. We may say that he has dug up a hero, who was buried alive in his battle-field, hauled him out of his cairn, on which every passer had cast a pamphlet. We had heard of their digging up Arthurs before to be sure they were there; and, to be sure they were there, their bones, seven feet of them; but they had to bury them again. Others have helped to make known Shakspeare, Milton, Herbert, to give a name to such treasures as we all possessed; but, in this instance, not only a lost character has been restored to our imaginations, but palpably a living body, as it were, to our senses, to wear and sustain the former. His Cromwell's restoration, if England will read it faithfully, and addressed to New England too. Every reader will make his own application.

To speak deliberately, we think that in this instance, vague rumor and a vague history have for the first time been subjected to a rigid scrutiny, and the wheat, with at least novel fidelity, sifted from the chaff; so that there remain for result,—First, Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, now for the first time read or readable, and well nigh as complete as the fates will permit; secondly, Deeds, making an imperfect and fragmentary life, which may, with probability, be fathered upon him; thirdly, this wreck of an ancient picture, the present editor has, to the best of his ability, restored, sedulously scraping away the daubings of successive bunglers, and endeavoring to catch the spirit of the artist himself. Not the worst, nor a barely possible, but for once the most favorable construction has been put upon this evidence of the life of a man, and the result is a picture of the ideal Cromwell, the perfection of the painter's art. Possibly this was the actual man. At any rate, this only can contain the actual hero. We confess that when we read these Letters and Speeches, unquestionably Cromwell's, with open and confident mind, we get glimpses occasionally of a grandeur and heroism, which even this editor has not proclaimed. His "Speeches" make us forget modern orators, and might go right into the next edition of the Old Testament, without alteration. Cromwell *was* another sort of man than *we* had taken him to be. These Letters and Speeches have supplied the lost key to his character. Verily another soldier than Bonaparte; rejoicing in the triumph of a psalm; to whom psalms were for Magna Charta and Heralds' Book, and whose victories were "crowning mercies." For stern, antique, and practical religion, a man unparalleled, since the Jewish dispensation, in the line of kings. An old Hebrew warrior, indeed, and last right-hand man of the Lord of Hosts, that has blown his ram's horn about Jericho. Yet, with a remarkable common sense and unexpected liberality, there was joined in him, too, such a divine madness, though with large and sublime features, as that of those duffers of beans on St. George's Hill, whom Carlyle tells of. He still listened to ancient and decaying oracles. If his actions were not always what Christianity or the truest philosophy teaches, still they never fail to impress us as noble, and however violent, will always be pardoned to the great purpose and sincerity of the man. His unquestionable hardness, not to say willfulness, not prevailing by absolute truth and greatness of character, but honestly striving to bend things to his will, is yet grateful to consider in this or any age. As John Maidstone said, "He was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in the others." And as Milton sang, whose least testimony cannot be spared—

"Our chief of men,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude."

None ever spoke to Cromwell before, sending a

word of cheer across the centuries—not the “hear!” “hear!” of modern parliaments, but the congratulation and sympathy of a brother soul. The Letters and Speeches owe not a little to the “Intercalations” and “Annotations” of the “latest of the Commentators.” The reader will not soon forget how like a happy merchant in the crowd, listening to his favorite speaker, he is all on the alert, and sympathetic, nudging his neighbors from time to time, and throwing in his responsive or interrogatory word. All is good, both that which he didn’t hear, and that which he did. He not only makes him speak audibly, but he makes all parties listen to him, all England sitting round, and give in their comments, “groans,” or “blushes,” or “assent;” indulging sometimes in triumphant malicious applications to the present day, when there is a palpable hit; supplying the look and attitude of the speaker, and the tone of his voice, and even rescuing his unutterable, wrecked and submerged thought,—for this orator begins speaking anywhere within sight of the beginning, and leaves off when the conclusion is visible. Our merchant listens, restless, meanwhile, encouraging his fellow-auditors, when the speech grows dim and involved, and pleasantly congratulating them, when it runs smoothly; or, in touching soliloquy, he exclaims, “Poor Oliver, noble Oliver!”—“Courage, my brave one!”

And all along, between the Letters and Speeches, as readers well remember, he has ready such a fresh top-of-the-morning salutation as conjures up the spirits of those days, and men go marching over English sward, not wired skeletons, but with firm, elastic muscles, and clang of armor on their thighs, if they wore swords, or the twang of psalms and canticles on their lips. His blunt, “Who are you?” put to the shadowy ghosts of history, they vanish into deeper obscurity than ever. Vivid phantasmagorian pictures of what is transpiring in England in the meanwhile, there are, not a few, better than if you had been there to see.

All of Carlyle’s works might well enough be embraced under the title of one of them, a good specimen brick, “On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History.” Of this department, he is the Chief Professor in the World’s University, and even leaves Plutarch behind. Such intimate and living, such loyal and generous sympathy with the heroes of history, not one in one age only, but forty in forty ages, such an unparalleled reviewing and greeting of all past worth, with exceptions, to be sure,—but exceptions were the rule, before,—it was, indeed, to make this the age of review writing, as if now one period of the human story were completing itself, and getting its accounts settled. This soldier has told the stories with new emphasis, and will be a memorable hander-down of fame to posterity. And with what wise discrimination he has selected his men, with reference both to his own genius and to theirs: Mahomet,—Dante,—Cromwell,—Voltaire,—Johnson,—Burns,—Goethe,—Richter,—Schiller,—

Mirabeau; could any of these have been spared? These we wanted to hear about. We have not as commonly the cold and refined judgment of the scholar and critic merely, but something more human and affecting. These eulogies have the glow and warmth of friendship. There is sympathy not with mere fames, and formless, incredible things, but with kindred men,—not transiently, but life-long he has walked with them.

The attitude of some, in relation to Carlyle’s love of heroes, and men of the sword, reminds us of the procedure at the anti-slavery meetings, when some member, being warmed, begins to speak with more latitude than usual of the Bible or the Church, for a few prudent and devout ones to spring a prayer upon him, as the saying is; that is, propose suddenly to unite in prayer, and so solemnize the minds of the audience, or dismiss them at once; which may often be to interrupt a true prayer by most gratuitous profanity. But the spring of this trap, we are glad to learn, has grown somewhat rusty, and is not so sure of late.

No doubt, some of Carlyle’s worthies, should they ever return to earth, would find themselves unpleasantly put upon their good behavior, to sustain their characters; but if he can return a man’s life more perfect to our hands, than it was left at his death, following out the design of its author, we shall have no great cause to complain. We do not want a Daguerreotype likeness. All biography is the life of Adam,—a much-experienced man,—and time withdraws something partial from the story of every individual, that the historian may supply something general. If these virtues were not in this man, perhaps they are in his biographer,—no fatal mistake. Really, in any other sense, we never do, nor desire to, come at the historical man,—unless we rob his grave, that is the nearest approach. Why did he die, then? He is with his bones, surely.

No doubt, Carlyle has a propensity to *exaggerate* the heroic in history, that is, he creates you an ideal hero rather than another thing, he has most of that material. This we allow in all its senses, and in one narrower sense it is not so convenient. Yet what were history if he did not exaggerate it? How comes it that history never has to wait for facts, but for a man to write it? The ages may go on forgetting the facts never so long, he can remember two for every one forgotten. The musty records of history, like the catacombs, contain the perishable remains, but only in the breast of genius are embalmed the souls of heroes. There is very little of what is called criticism here; it is love and reverence, rather, which deal with qualities not relatively, but absolutely great; for whatever is admirable in a man is something infinite, to which we cannot set bounds. These sentiments allow the mortal to die, the immortal and divine to survive. There is something antique, even in his style of treating his subject, reminding us that Heroes and Demi-gods, Fates and Furies, still exist, the common man is

nothing to him, but after death the hero is apotheosized and has a place in heaven, as in the religion of the Greeks.

Exaggeration! was ever any virtue attributed to a man without exaggeration? was ever any vice, without infinite exaggeration? Do we not exaggerate ourselves to ourselves, or do we recognize ourselves for the actual men we are? Are we not all great men? Yet what are we actually to speak of? We live by exaggeration, what else is it to anticipate more than we enjoy? The lightning is an exaggeration of the light. Exaggerated history is poetry, and truth referred to a new standard. To a small man every greater is an exaggeration. He who cannot exaggerate is not qualified to utter truth. No truth we think was ever expressed but with this sort of emphasis, so that for the time there seemed to be no other. Moreover, you must speak loud to those who are hard of hearing, and so you acquire a habit of shouting to those who are not. By an immense exaggeration we appreciate our Greek poetry and philosophy, and Egyptian ruins; our Shakespeares and Miltons, our Liberty and Christianity. We give importance to this hour over all other hours. We do not live by justice, but by grace. As the sort of justice which concerns us in our daily intercourse is not that administered by the judge, so the historical justice which we prize is not arrived at by nicely balancing the evidence. In order to appreciate any, even the humblest man, you must first, by some good fortune, have acquired a sentiment of admiration, even of reverence, for him, and there never were such exaggerators as these. Simple admiration for a hero renders a juster verdict than the wisest criticism, which necessarily degrades what is high to its own level. There is no danger in short of saying too much in praise of one man, provided you can say more in praise of a better man. If by exaggeration a man can create for us a hero, where there was nothing but dry bones before, we will thank him, and let Dryasdust administer historical justice. This is where a true history properly begins, when some genius arises, who can turn the dry and musty records into poetry. As we say, looking to the future, that what is best is truest, so, in one sense, we may say looking into the past, for the only past that we are to look at, must also be future to us. The great danger is not of excessive partiality or sympathy with one, but of a shallow justice to many, in which, after all, none gets his deserts. Who has not experienced that praise is truer than naked justice? As if man were to be the judge of his fellows, and should repress his rising sympathy with the prisoner at the bar, considering the

many honest men abroad, whom he had never countenanced.

To try him by the German rule of referring an author to his own standard, we will quote the following from Carlyle's remarks on history, and leave the reader to consider how far his practice has been consistent with his theory. "Truly, if History is Philosophy teaching by experience, the writer fitted to compose history, is hitherto an unknown man. The experience itself would require all knowledge to record it, were the All-wisdom needful for such Philosophy as would interpret it, to be had for asking. Better were it that mere earthly historians should lower such pretensions, more suitable for omniscience than for human science; and aiming only at some picture of the things acted, which picture itself, will at best be a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them an acknowledged secret; or, at most, in reverent Faith, far different from that teaching of Philosophy, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him, whose path is in the great deep of Time, whom history indeed reveals, but only all History and in Eternity, will clearly reveal."

Who lives in London to tell this generation who have been the great men of our race? We have read that on some exposed place in the city of Geneva, they have fixed a brazen indicator for the use of travelers, with the names of the mountain summits in the horizon marked upon it, "so that by taking sight across the index you can distinguish them at once. You will not mistake Mont Blanc, if you see him, but until you get accustomed to the panorama, you may easily mistake one of his court for the king." It stands there a piece of mute brass, that seems nevertheless to know in what vicinity it is: and there perchance it will stand, when the nation that placed it there has passed away, still in sympathy with the mountains, forever discriminating in the desert.

So, we may say, stands this man, pointing as long as he lives, in obedience to some spiritual magnetism, to the summits in the historical horizon, for the guidance of his fellows.

Truly, our greatest blessings are very cheap. To have our sunlight without paying for it, without any duty levied,—to have our poet there in England, to furnish us entertainment, and what is better provocation, from year to year, all our lives long, to make the world seem richer for us, the age more respectable, and life better worth the living,—all without expense of acknowledgment even, but silently accepted out of the east, like morning light as a matter of course.

APRIL.

Now fitful clouds scud o'er the skies,
And fairy showers patter by,
And in the wood the low wind sighs,
And shadows o'er the brown fields fly!

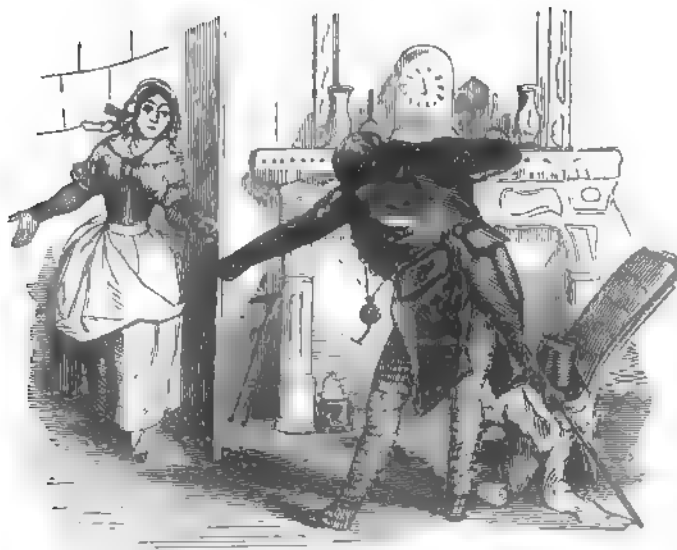
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Low fades the sun, then blazes out,
Glinting on grass, and twig, and tree—
Ah! April, boyish out and out,
Now tears, and now all jollity!

MR. KERR MUDGEON.

OR "YOU WONT, WONT YOU?"

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.



THERE; now!

You see—do you not?—Nay, you may almost hear it, if you listen attentively. Mr Kerr Mudgeon—great many of the Kerr Mudgeons about, in various places—but this Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—going to a party as he was—desirous too, as people generally are on such occasions, of looking particularly well—and all ready, to his own infinite satisfaction—all ready except the final operation of putting on his bettermost coat—has torn that important article of gentlemanly costume—one may work without a coat, you know, and work all the easier for the relief; but it is not altogether polite to leave it at home on a peg when you go to a party. Torn his coat—not through his own fault, as Mr. Kerr Mudgeon would tell you explicitly enough—he never is, never was, never can be in fault—but because of that coat's ill timed and provoking resistance to the operation of being donned. The coat might have known—who is ever thus to be trifled with in the process of dressing? Yes, the coat must have known. Ah, coats and the makers of coats have much to answer for. Kerr Mudgeon is ruffled, ruffles of this sort, causing a man to look none the handsomer or the more amiable for the ruffle. Such ruffles are not becoming,

"Ho! ho! wont go on, hey?" cried Mr. Kerr Mudgeon, and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon panted and Mr.

Kerr Mudgeon blew, on the high pressure principle, until the steam of his wrath had reached its highest point.

It is a fearful moment with the Kerr Mudgeons, when it is manifest that something must break—a blood vessel or the furniture, or the peace of the commonwealth. Why will things animate and inanimate conspire to bring about such a crisis? Kerr Mudgeons would be sweet tempered if you would only permit them.

The coat positively refused to go on any further—the contumacious raiment. What could Kerr Mudgeon do in such a strait of perverse broad cloth?

"Tell me you wont go on," muttered Kerr Mudgeon, setting his teeth, as a rifleman sets his trigger: "I'll make you go on, I will," shouted he.—

There's no such word as fail with Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. Something is sure to be done when he is once fairly roused to the work. It is a rule of his to combat like with like; and so—and so—stamping his foot determinedly, and gathering all his forces for a grand demonstration against the obstinacy of tight sleeves, he carried his point as he proposed to carry it, by a rushing *coup de main*, to the material detriment of the fabric.—But what of that? Was it not a victory for Kerr Mudgeon? The coat had yielded to the force of his will; and if the victory had been gained at cost, is it not always so with

victories?—Glory—is that to be had for nothing?—No—depreciate the cost of glory, and pray tell me what becomes of glory?—It is glory no longer. A luxury, to be a luxury, must be beyond the general reach—too expensive for the millions—too costly for the masses.

"And now—ha! ha!—ho! ho!—he! he!"—come off!" shrieked Mr. Kerr Mudgeon; "Now you've done all the mischief you could, come off." Kerr Mudgeon divested himself of the fractured, but now humbled, penitent and discomfited coat, and following up his first success, like an able tactician, he danced in a transport of joy upon its mangled fragments and its melancholy remains. Ghastly moment of triumph o'er a foe. Alas, Kerr Mudgeon be merciful to the vanquished when incapacitated for the war.

But no—coolness comes not on the instant—not to the Kerr Mudgeons. They have no relationship to the Kew Cumbers. They disdain the alliance; and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat had been conquered only—not punished.

"That's what you get by being obstinate," added he, as he kicked the expiring coat about the room, knocking down a lamp, upsetting an inkstand, and doing sundry other minor pieces of mischief, all of which, of course, he charged to the account of the coat, as aforesaid—It was coat's fault altogether. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon is not naturally in a passion. He would not have been in a passion had it not been for the coat—not he—the coat was the incendiary cause; and we trust that every coat, frock or body—sack-coat or any other of the infinite variety of coats now in existence, with all other coats that are to be, may take timely example and salutary warning from the doleful fate of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat, that there may be no sewing of tares, and an exemption from rent. A coat is never improved by participation in battle.

And this unhappy coat, which has thus fallen a victim to its incapacity to adapt itself to the form and pressure of circumstances, is by no means a singular case in the experience of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. We mention it rather as a symbol and as an emblem of the trials and vexations that ambuscade his way through life, to vex him at unguarded moments and shake him from his propriety. Boots, it will appear, have served him just so, particularly on a warm morning when unusual effort fevers one for the day. Did you ever see Kerr Mudgeon in a contest with his boots, when the leather, like a sturdy sentinel, refused ingress to Kerr Mudgeon's heel and declared that there "was no admission" to the premises, in despite of coaxings, of soap, and of the pulverizations of soap-stone? If you never saw that sight, you ought to see it, before you shuffle off this mortal coil—indeed you ought, as Kerr Mudgeon toils and pants at the reluctant boots, in the vain effort "to grapple them to his sole, with hooks of steel." Then it is most especially that a Kerr Mudgeon is "lovelily dreadful,"

like ocean in a storm. Whether Salt Petre will explode or not, just set the Kerr Mudgeons at a tight boot, and you shall hear such explosions of tempestuous wrath as were never heard under other circumstances. The Gun Cotton is like lambs-wool in the comparison, as Kerr Mudgeon hops about in a state of betweenity, the boot half on, half off, declining either to go forward or to retreat. We pity that boot should Kerr Mudgeon find a failure to his deep intent. It has sufferings in store—a species of storage which is never agreeable.

Corks, too—did you ever dwell upon a Kerr Mudgeon endeavoring to extract a cork, without the mechanical appliances of a screw? The getting out of corks with one's fingers is always more or less of a trial. There is donkeyism in corks; and those that will yield a little, are generally sure to break. Concession, conciliation, and compromise demand under these circumstances, that if the cork will not come out, it should be made to go in, to employ the ingenuity of future ages in fishing it up with slip-knots and nooses. But Kerr Mudgeon with a cork—he never, "Mr. Brown," can be prevailed upon to "give it up so;" no, not even if you find the cork-screw for him. Rather would he hurt his hand, loosen his teeth, break his penknife or twist a fork into an invalid condition, than allow himself to be ingloriously baffled by the contemptible oppugnation and hostility of a cork and a bottle, thirsty and impatient as he may be for the imbibation of the contents thereof. If all else fail—Kerr Mudgeon enraged, and the bystanders in an agony of nervousness at the scene—"smack" goes the bottle's neck against a table or "whack" over the back of a chair—"you wont, wont you!"—or in the more protracted and aggravating case, "smash!" goes the whole bottle to the wall, for the embellishment of paper hangings and the improvement of carpeting—Victoria!

Something is always the matter, too, with the bureau when he would open or shut a drawer.—Either it will not come out or it wont go in. That drawer must take the consequences; and doors—lucky are they to escape a fractured panel, if doors prove refractory, as doors sometimes will.—Nobody can open a door so featly as a Kerr Mudgeon.

"You wont, wont you?" and so he appeals to the *ultima ratio regum*—the last reasoning of Kings—which means as many of thumps, cuffs and kicks as may be requisite to the purpose. It is a knock-down argument.

Pooh! pooh!—how you talk of the efficacy of the soft answer in the turning away of wrath.—Nonsense, Mr. George Combe, that wrath to the wrathful is only fuel to the flame. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has no faith in passive resistance and in other doctrines of that sort. Smite his cheek, and then see what will come of the smitation. Go to him if you want "as good as you give," and you will be sure to obtain measure, exact, yea, and running over.

And so Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has always a large stock of quarrel on hand, unsettled and neat as imported—fends everywhere, to keep him warm in the winter season. A good hater is Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—a bramble bush to scratch withal.

"Try to impose on me," says Kerr Mudgeon, "I'd like to see 'em at it. They'll soon find I'm not afraid of anybody;" and he therefore seeks to impress that fact with distinctness on everybody's mind; and, in consequence, if anybody has unexpended choler about him—a pet rage or so, pent up, or a latent exasperation—make him acquainted with Kerr Mudgeon, and observe the effect of the contact of such a spark as Mudgeon with an inflammable magazine. Should you find yourself peevish generally, and a little crusty or so, to those around you—primed, as it were, for contention, should it be fairly offered, stop as you go to business, at Kerr Mudgeon's. He will accommodate you, and you will feel much better afterward, you will—"calm as a summer morning," as the politicians have it.

Kerr Mudgeon rides; and his horse must abide a liberal application of whip and spur, sometimes inducing it as a corollary—is a tumble to be regarded as a corollary from the saddle?—inducing it as a corollary, that Kerr Mudgeon must abide in the mire, with a fractured tibia or fibia, as the case may be. "You wont, wont you?"—and there are horses who don't, when not able clearly to understand what is to be done. Now, the horse swerves, and Kerr Mudgeon takes the lateral slide. Again the steed bows—with politeness enough—and Kerr Mudgeon is a flying phenomenon over his head—gracefully, like a spread-eagle in a fit of enthusiasm. When he is *down* he says he never gives *up* to a horse.

Kerr Mudgeon delights also to quicken the paces of your lounging dog, by such abrupt and sharp appeal to the feelings of the animal as occasion may suggest; and often there is an interchange of compliment, biped and quadrupedal, thus elicited, returning bites for blows, to square accounts between human attack and canine indignation. Some dogs do not appreciate graceful attentions and captivating endearments. "Dogs are so revengeful," says Kerr Mudgeon. His dogs always run away; "dogs are so ungrateful, too," quoth he.

Unfortunate Kerr Mudgeon!—What is to become of him until the world is rendered more complaisant and acquiescent, prepared in all respects to go his way?

In the street, he takes the straightest line from place to place, having learnt from his schoolboy mathematics, that this is decidedly the shortest method of going from place to place. And yet, how people jostle him, first on the right hand and then on the left? Why do they not clear the track for Kerr Mudgeon?

Then at the Post Office, in the hour of delivery.

Kerr Mudgeon wants his letters. What is more natural than that a man should want his letters?

"Quit scrouging!" says somebody, as he knocks Mr. Kerr Mudgeon in the ribs with his elbow.

"Wait for your turn!" cries somebody else, jostling Mr. Kerr Mudgeon on the opposite ribs.

Still Kerr Mudgeon struggles through the press, resolved upon obtaining his letters before other people obtain their letters, having his feet trampled almost to a mummy, his garments disarranged, if not torn, and in addition to bruises, perhaps losing his fifty dollar breast-pin, to complete the harmony of the picture; but still obtaining his letters in advance of his competitors—five minutes saved or thereabouts—what triumph! what a victory! To be sure, after such a struggle, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon consumes much more than the five minutes, in putting himself to rights, and finds himself in a towering passion for an hour or two, besides groaning for a considerable length of time over his bruises and his losses, all of which might have been escaped by a few moments of patience. But then the victory—"you wont, wont you?" Was Kerr Mudgeon ever baffled by any species of resistance? Not he.

"People are such brutes," says he; "no more manners than so many pigs—try not to let me get my letters as soon as any of them, will they? I'll teach 'em that a Kerr Mudgeon is not to be trifled with—just as good a right to be first as anybody; and I will be first, wherever I go, cost what it may."

We do not know that Kerr Mudgeon ever entered into a calculation as to the profit and loss of the operation of the rule that governed his life in intercourse with society. Indeed, we rather think not. But it is probable that in the long run, it costs as much as it comes to, if it does not cost a great deal more, thus to persist in having one's own way in every thing. In crossing the street now, when the black and fluent mire is particularly abundant, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon insists upon the flag-stones—"as good a right as anybody," and thus pushes others into a predicament unpleasant to their boots and detrimental to their blacking, so that their understandings become clouded, as they lose all their polish. In general, such a course as this does very well—but it will sometimes happen, as it has happened, that two Kerr Mudgeons meet—the hardest fend off—and thus our Kerr Mudgeon is toppled full length into a bed much more soft than is altogether desirable, which vexes him.

Did you, of a rainy day, ever see Kerr Mudgeon incline his umbrella to allow another umbrella to pass? We are sure you never did. Kerr Mudgeon's umbrella is as good as anybody's umbrella, and will maintain its dignity against all comers, though it has been torn to fragments by the sharp points of other umbrellas, which thought themselves quite as good as it could pretend to be—and so, Kerr Mudgeon got himself now and then into a fray, to say nothing of suits for assault and battery, gracefully and agreeably interspersed. Ho! ho! umbrellas!—"you wont, wont you?"

Kerr Mudgeon walks with a cane—carries it

horizontally under his arm, muddy at the ferule perchance; and canes thus disposed, come awkwardly in contact with the crossing currents of persons and costumes. But what does he care for the soiled garments of the ladies or the angry countenances of offended gentlemen? Is not Kerr Mudgeon with his cane, as good as anybody else and his cane? Horizontally—he will wear it so. That's his way.

"The world don't improve at all," cries Kerr Mudgeon. "They may make speeches about it, and pass resolutions by the bushel; but it is my candid opinion that it grows obstinate and obstinate every day. It never yields an inch, and a man has to push, and to scramble, and to fight forever to make any headway for himself—black and blue more than half the time. Every day shoots up all over rumpuses and rowses. But, never mind—the world need n't flatter itself that it's a going to conquer Kerr Mudgeon and to put him down too, as it does other people. Kerr Mudgeon knows his rights—Kerr Mudgeon is as good as anybody else. Kerr Mudgeon will fight till he dies. He was never made to yield, and he never intends to yield, so long as his name is Kerr Mudgeon. It's a good name—never disgraced by movements of the knuckle-down character, and I'm determined to carry on the war just as all the Mudgeons did that went before me. If a horse kicks me, I'll kick him back; and I would n't get out of the way, like Mr. Daniel Tucker in the song, if a thirty-two pound shot was coming up the street, or a locomotive was a whizzin' down the road. Stand up straight—that's my motto. Give 'em as good as they can bring; that's the doctrine; and while a single bit of Kerr Mudgeon remains—while any of his bones hang together, that's him squaring off right in the centre of the track, ready for you, with his coat buttoned up and a fist in each of his hands."

Kerr Mudgeon's face is settled grimly into the aspect of habitual defiance. His brows are forever knitting, not socks or mittens, but frowns, and his mouth is knotted like a rope. When he looks around, it seems to be an inquiry as to whether any gentleman present is disposed to pugilistic encounter,—if so, he can be accommodated; and the whole disposition of his garments indicates contention—war to the knife.

Kerr Mudgeon complains that he has no friends, and is beginning to stand solitary and alone, with but a dreary prospect before him, in a world that grows "obstinate and obstinate every day;" and he has yet to learn, if such learning should ever penetrate through the armor of hostility wherewith he is begirt, that perhaps, if we desire to have a smooth and easy time of it, we must ourselves begin by being smooth and easy. The belligerent ever meets with belligerents. There's no difficulty about that. There is a sufficiency of war in every atmosphere, if you are disposed to condense it upon yourself; and no one eager to enjoy the pleasure, need wander far in search of quarrels. Kerr Mudgeon finds them everywhere—"rumpuses and rowses"—But it is a shrewd doubt whether one's general comfort is greatly promoted by the aggravation of rudeness and roughness. It is easier to bend a little to inclement blasts, than to be snapped off by perpendicular resistance—easier to go round an obstacle than to destroy your temper and your clothing, in the exhausting effort to clamber over it; and it may be said of every quarrel in which Kerr Mudgeonism is engaged, that probably both parties are in fault, though Kerr Mudgeonism is in all likelihood, the responsible party.

Yet, "you wont, wont you?" is a great temptation to combativeness and destructiveness. Is it not, all ye people of the Kerr Mudgeon temperament?

PITTSBURGH.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

As some vast heart that high in health
Beats in its mighty breast,
So, to and fro, thy living wealth
Throbs through the boundless West.
Thy keels the broad Ohio plow,
Or seek the Atlantic main;
Thy fabrics find the Arctic snow,
Or reach Zahara's plain!

Toil on, huge Cyclop as thou art,
Though grimed with dust and smoke,
And breathing with convulsive start—
There's music in each stroke!

What if the stranger smirch and soil
Upon thy forehead sees?
Better the wealth of honest toil
Than of ignoble ease!

And yet thou 'rt beautiful—a queen
Throned on her royal seat!
All glorious in emerald sheen,
Where thy fair waters meet.
And when the night comes softly down,
And the moon lights the stream,
In the mild ray appears the town,
The city of a dream!

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur traveler: Look you, lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. AS YOU LIKE IT.

"I did not see you at the opera, last night, Mrs. Fielding," said Miss Collingwood.

"No," replied the other, "I was not there. "How were you pleased?"

"Oh, delighted!" returned the young lady, with animation. "It is an excellent company. The *tenore* has a superb voice, and the *prima donna* is charming. And everybody was there. You mean to go to-morrow, I suppose?"

"No," said Mrs. Fielding; "the last time I heard that opera was in Paris. Lablache, Tamburini and Persiani sang; and I cannot bear to destroy the illusion by seeing it here. When one has been abroad, and heard music in such perfection, it spoils one for all one can get in this country."

This was said in such a tone of superiority, that Miss Collingwood was a little dashed; but she replied,

"Oh, we cannot expect Lablache and Persiani; but still, this is an excellent company."

"I'm told they are very tolerable," replied Mrs. Fielding, in the same languid, supercilious manner. "But music, I think, should know no mediocrity. Now, in Paris, you have every thing in such perfection! There was nothing I enjoyed so much while I was abroad, as the opera. Persiani is an exquisite creature! And Lablache—what a voice! And Tamburini!" And Mrs. Fielding rolled up her eyes in an ecstasy, quite breathless and overcome by her recollections. "I do n't think," she continued "I could bear hearing the same music sung by second-rate, or probably third or fourth-rate *artistes*, which I presume these people are. They are from Havana, I believe?"

"Yes," answered Miss Collingwood, now quite ashamed of the enthusiasm with which she had first spoken of them, and almost thankful she had not mentioned the "season tickets," she had been before on the point of announcing with such pride and delight. "We had a very full house," she continued, however, too full of the subject to desist from it altogether, though not daring to dwell upon the music any longer. "Everybody, you know, was there; and I am told every seat in the house is engaged for to-morrow."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding. "How these people do succeed here! Poor wretches, that can scarce get an engagement at one of the third or fourth-rate theatres abroad, have nothing to do

but to come to this country to make their fortunes."

"But Mr. Livingston told me that he had heard Signora D. in Paris, at the Grand Italian Opera," replied Miss Collingwood, plucking up a little courage.

"He never heard her in the world, at the Grand Italian Opera," replied Mrs. Fielding, as decidedly as if she had kept the run of all the operas and *prima donnas* from the beginning. "She sang some ten or fifteen years ago, at the French opera, the Opera *Comique*, which is quite a different affair; but that, as I say, was ten or fifteen years ago—and fifteen years is the life of an opera singer. She is quite *passée* now, and could not, at the present time, get an engagement at even one of the minor theatres in Paris."

"She has a beautiful voice," persisted Miss Collingwood, "and sings with exquisite taste and execution."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Fielding, raising her shoulders with what was meant for a French shrug, "she is the *debris* of a good singer, I admit. Her style must be correct ever to have sung even at the Opera *Comique*. All of course we can expect in this country, are those whose best days are gone abroad."

"Did you see much of the Falconers, when you were abroad, Mrs. Fielding?" resumed Miss Collingwood, glad to turn the conversation from music, which she was all but told she had no opportunity or possibility of understanding.

"I merely met them," replied Mrs. Fielding, in a somewhat slighting manner. "They were in no society, you know," she continued, as if the inferior circle in which they moved was such as to prevent their coming in contact with herself, who was of course in a very different atmosphere.

"Indeed!" said Miss Collingwood, with much interest and curiosity in her manner; "we heard here that they were in a good deal of society. Mrs. Falconer told me they were at a concert at Prince B's, where they saw the countess G. and Lady A. and all the great people; and they were presented at court—and—I don't know where they were not."

"Oh, my dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Fielding, as it too much amused by their assurance to utter more on the instant.

"But was it not so?" pursued Miss Collingwood.

"They may have been at a charity concert at the Prince B's," replied Mrs. Fielding; "I think it very probable—for these poor nobles are very glad to sell tickets on such occasions to any one who can afford to buy them; and, indeed, they prefer Americans, as people they never can come in contact with again. But in no other way, I assure you, could they ever have been at the Prince B's. As to being presented at court, anybody can—that is, I mean, who takes letters to our Ambassador. Poor Mr. L., I used to pity him, for the people he was obliged to present! I do assure you, one often blushes for one's countrymen abroad!" continued Mrs. Fielding. "Such looking, such dressed creatures as they are! And talking so loud, too! And it is so difficult to make foreigners understand that these vulgarians are not first class Americans. I have often tried to explain it; but I seldom found Europeans, even of the highest rank, who understood our society."

"But that would not apply to the Falconers," persisted Miss Collingwood. "They had as much right to good society abroad as anybody."

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Fielding; "I did not mean them, particularly. But, my dear Miss Collingwood, it amuses me to hear these people talk of the society they were in abroad. Now, they were in no society at all. It's not the easy matter to get in society in Europe, that it is in this country. People do not throw their doors open to Americans, I assure you, unless, indeed, under very extraordinary circumstances."

"But I understood the Falconers had excellent letters," continued Miss Collingwood; "and, then, their fortune would give them every facility, you know, that could be desired."

"Letters!" repeated Mrs. Fielding, contemptuously. "It does amuse me to hear you Americans talk of letters. I should like to know who has a right to give them! They might as well have taken so much waste paper abroad! And, as to their fortune! What is an American fortune in Europe?" continued Mrs. Fielding, warmly, (for her husband's means were quite limited;) just enough to make them conspicuous without being sufficient to give them consequence! Of all the people one meets traveling, there are none so ridiculed or ridiculous as our millionaires, who think their money must carry them through every thing. They are cheated and fleeced, and laughed at by the very people who are cheating them. No, my dear Miss Collingwood, I do not deny that it is a very pleasant thing to have money abroad, as well as at home; but don't suppose that it is going to give you any *consequence* there. In a polished society like that, education, accomplishments, personal qualifications, are all an American can hope to rest any claim upon at all. Now, I do not mean to say that we had any superior claims of any kind; but, owing to some circumstances, we saw society that few Americans are ever admitted in. My mother's English relatives

treated us with the utmost kindness, and through Sir Frederick T., we really had opportunities that were very gratifying, of seeing every thing that was desirable. We could not have traveled under more delightful auspices."

This was said with an air of careless modesty, as if announcing a fact about which there was no dispute.

"How charming it must have been!" exclaimed Miss Collingwood. "And did you really find the higher classes so superior to ours, Mrs. Fielding?"

"Oh, my dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Fielding, "unfortunately there's no question about it! I sometimes almost regret our visit to Europe, on that account. It does spoil one so for home."

While she was still speaking, the Falconers entered. They and Mrs. Fielding had not met (being residents of different cities) since their return from Europe. They greeted each other with great cordiality, and were, during the first few minutes of their interview, so occupied with what really seemed the pleasure of seeing each other, that Miss Collingwood, the lady on whom they were calling, seemed in a fair way of being forgotten. After having, however, inquired and taken the address of the Falconers, Mrs. Fielding took her leave of the party. After a few minutes' general conversation, Miss Collingwood said,

"I observed you at the opera, last night, Miss Falconer; how were you pleased?"

"Very well," replied the young lady. "It is not a first-rate company, of course—but very fair."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Miss Collingwood, eagerly, "for it struck me as such; but Mrs. Fielding spoke of its being so very inferior, that I supposed I must be mistaken. Indeed, I take it for granted, that hearing such music as she has heard at the opera, in Paris, must make one fastidious."

Miss Falconer smiled as she replied,

"I do not think Mrs. Fielding heard music enough at the Italian Opera, in Paris, to spoil her for any she may hear in this country."

"Why," returned Miss Collingwood, with the sudden expression of one who has caught a new light, "she tells me she has heard Lablache, Tamburini, Persiani, &c."

"Of course," replied Miss Falconer. "Everybody hears them once or twice. But what is it to hear an opera once?"

"But why only once or twice?" inquired Miss Collingwood.

"It's so expensive," replied Miss Falconer. "I forget what our box cost us—but something enormous. I know papa said it was one of our principal expenses in Paris. And the Fieldings, you know, are in very moderate circumstances. I doubt whether Mrs. Fielding was ever a second time at the Grand Opera. The minor French theatres are cheap enough; but to hear these great singers repeatedly, really costs a young fortune. Indeed, Mrs. Fielding," she continued, laughing, "may go

and hear this company with profit, if not pleasure; for she knows nothing of music. It was the *spectacle*, I do believe, she enjoyed, more than the music, when she was there."

"She seems to have enjoyed her visit to Europe excessively," returned Miss Collingwood.

"Yes, so she says," replied the other; "and I am surprised at it, too."

"Indeed! Why so?"

"Oh, they traveled with no advantages; and I should not think there was much pleasure in seeing merely the outside of places."

"But I understood they had peculiar advantages," persisted Miss Collingwood; "particularly with regard to society. Their cousin, Sir Frederick T., was very kind to them."

"I know—they are forever talking of Sir Frederick T. But, after all, who is Sir Frederick T.? A mere country baronet! The idea of his introducing American cousins, is amusing!"

Miss Collingwood laughed.

"You throw quite a new light on the subject, Miss Falconer. Here Mrs. Fielding has been quite dazzling poor simple me, who took it all for gospel. She really made me feel as if I knew nothing of either music, men or manners. I was ignorant enough to suppose that Sir Frederick T. or sir anybody could introduce whoever they pleased."

"It's just as much as those people, the poorer branches of the nobility, I mean, can do to keep their own footing," replied Miss Falconer, "let alone bringing in American relations. On the Continent, if you have money, the thing is easier. Democracy and poverty have made greater strides there. The golden key is a *passée partout* in Paris. Without it, to be sure, there is little to be enjoyed; with it, much, indeed."

"Did you see much of the Fieldings, abroad?" inquired Miss Collingwood, amused, and curious to hear what version Miss Falconer would give of the acquaintance with her country people in Europe.

"No," she replied. "It was such a journey to get up to their rooms in Paris, that I only called a few times. Climbing those Parisian stairs is no small exertion, I assure you, without you are really interested in the people you are visiting."

"I was asking Mrs. Fielding if it was not a fatiguing way of living, but she said, 'No—that you become so accustomed to it, that you never think of it, and that, though her apartments were *au troisième*, she lived in such a state of excitement she was not conscious of undergoing more fatigue than when at home.'"

"Her apartments *au troisième*!" exclaimed Miss Falconer, laughing heartily. "Now, Miss Collingwood, did Mrs. Fielding really speak of being *au troisième*—are you sure?"

"Yes, certain. Why—were they not? I thought everybody lived somewhere between heaven and earth, in Paris," said Miss Collingwood.

"To be sure they do," replied Miss Falconer;

"and the Fieldings were considerably nearer heaven than earth. Why, *we* were *au troisième*. The Fieldings were *au huitième*, just under the roof; the very attics, I believe, for I am sure there could not possibly have been another story above. I know I never climbed so high in my life, except when I went up Mount Vesuvius, as I did when I called to see the Fieldings. I should think they must be glad to be home, to some of the comforts of life, again."

"But I thought Paris was such a cheap place," continued Miss Collingwood.

"Cheap! Yes, so it is, if you are willing to live as Parisians live—that is, with no luxuries, and scarce any comforts. I suppose you can live cheap here, if you take attic rooms, with hardly any furniture, and eat in all sorts of odd places. That is the way half the French people live, and Americans *can* do it too, if they please, abroad—which they cannot do at home. Pleasures are cheap, to be sure; that is, of the inferior sort. But I should say there was scarce enough to compensate people accustomed to a different style of living, in French vaudevilles and street amusements, for such sacrifices."

"Hardly," replied Miss Collingwood; "but how is it, then, that you are so delighted with Europe?"

"Why, in the first place, we don't *all* live exactly in the way I have described. You can have luxuries and comforts too, beside exquisite pleasures, if you please to pay for them. But then the expense is enormous." And so Miss Falconer continued to let Miss Collingwood know that what she had been saying only applied to other Americans, not to themselves at all. "And, moreover," she continued, "there is much of excitement and novelty abroad, that carries one through a great deal. And perhaps most of us think it was pleasanter in looking back than it was in the reality. I dare say Mrs. Fielding actually believes she enjoyed herself excessively. But I should say the pleasantest part of her trip was the getting home," she added, smiling.

"Then you do not think she need be spoilt for America, by all she has seen abroad?" pursued Miss Collingwood.

"She spoilt! No, indeed!" replied Miss Falconer. "I do not deny that there is a great deal to be enjoyed there, that can't be enjoyed at home. But I think Mrs. Fielding may enjoy a great deal at home, she certainly never enjoyed abroad." And so saying, Miss Falconer rose and bid Miss Collingwood good morning.

"It's very strange," observed Miss Collingwood, afterward, to her sister, "that so few Americans give the same story of themselves and each other abroad. They all tell you that they only were in society, and that others were not. It is really amusing to hear them. I wonder, now, who tells the truth, the Fieldings or the Falconers?"

"Both, and—neither," replied her sister, laughing.

"How so?"

"They tell truth of each other, but not of themselves, I mean," continued the younger Miss Collingwood.

"That may be it!" exclaimed Miss Collingwood. "*That* never occurred to me before. And then, how they all talk of being 'spoilt for this country,' by their travels."

"So they are," rejoined the younger sister—"truly spoilt. How few of them you find return really improved! They are spoilt, though not from excess of fastidious refinement, but from absurd airs. Of all things, I dread hearing, 'When I was abroad.' I am always sure some absurd impertinence is coming. Then the fine acquaintances they all have; when, depend upon it, they know nobody who is anybody. There's Mrs. Ashland, who woud let you admire even a beauty she don't happen to fancy; but she'll tell you, 'It is such an American taste;' or, 'In this country you do n't understand

this, that and the other.' Ah! that 'In this country,' is the worst of all. Just as if '*this* country' was not their country! And then, if they have only been in Paris a fortnight, they are omnipotent on fashions for the rest of their days."

"But, surely," resumed the elder sister, "there must be a great deal that is improving and delightful in foreign travel."

"I have no doubt," replied the other, "that there is a great deal to be enjoyed, as Miss Falconer says; and a great deal to be suffered, too," she added, laughing, "if the whole truth were known. Much to be learnt, too. Intelligent, well-educated people, find pleasure everywhere—a great deal, no doubt, abroad—and, as Miss Falconer says, more in getting home. One thing, I am sure of, however. I never found anybody who *had improved abroad, who was spoilt for home.*"

THE STATUE IN THE SNOW.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

NUMB and chill the Savoyard wandered
By the banks of frozen Seine,
Oft, to cheer his sinking spirit,
Singing low some mountain strain.

But, beside the wintry river,
Rose the songs of green Savoy,
Sadder than 'mid Alpine valleys,
Sung by many a shepherd boy!

From the bleak and distant Voeges
Swept the snowy whirlwind down,
Flinging wide its shifting mantle
Over slope and meadow brown.

Like a corpse, the silent landscape
Lay all stark and icy there,
And a chill and ghostly terror
Seemed to load the leaden air.

Still that shivering boy went forward,
Though his heart within him died,
When the dreary night was closing
Dull around the desert wide.

Sobbing wild in lonely sorrow,
On his numb cheek froze the tear;
And his footstep, faint and weary,
Heeded not the gathering fear!

Through the desolate northern twilight,
To his home-sick pining, rose
Visions of the flashing glaciers,
Lifted in sublime repose.

Horns of Alp-herds rang in welcome,
And his mother kissed her boy!—

Back his bounding heart was hurried
From the vales of dear Savoy!

For, amid the sinking darkness,
Colder, chillier, blew the snows,
Till but faint and moaning whispers
From his stiffening lips arose.

Then beside the pathway kneeling,
Folded he his freezing hands,
While the blinding snows were drifted
Like the desert's lifted sands.

As in many an old cathedral,
Curtained round with solemn gloom,
One may see a marble cherub
Kneeling on a marble tomb!

With his face to heaven upturning,
For the dead he seems to pray,
While the organ o'er him thunders,
And the incense curls away!

Thus he knelt, all pale and icy,
When the storm at midnight passed,
And the silver lamps of heaven
Burned above the pausing blast.

In that starry-roofed cathedral
Knelt the cherub form in prayer,
While the smoke from snowy censers
Drifted upward through the air.

Though no organ's grand vibration
Shook the winds that lingered near,
Think ye not the hymns of angels
Trembled on his dying ear?

A COQUETTE CONQUERED.

OR THE TRIALS OF A HEART OF PRIDE.

BY JAMES S. WALLACE.

CHAPTER I.

"—— I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn hide sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd."—SHAKESPEARE.

"THERE was a sound of revelry by night"—music and the dance—the twin-born daughters of fashionable enjoyment presided o'er the scene. Amy Laverty shone like a blaze of beauty; it was almost impossible for a casual observer to decide in what particular grace or elegance she so excelled her compeers as to queen it over all. One admired the glossy ringlets, which fell in profusion over a brow and neck which would have defied the pencils of Inman or Sully, or the chisel of Powers; another, the intellectuality which beamed from her full eye, "soft as when the blue sky trembles through a cloud of purest white." Each beauty of feature and of form had its admirer, and though all differed as to her style of charms, still opinion was unanimous as to her transcendent perfection.

Rich in all these profuse gifts of nature's bestowing, the world had likewise been bountiful in its distribution of favors. Her parents were wealthy, and her life flowed on in one unbroken stream of careless, ceaseless pleasure. Scene after scene in the drama of life passed before her, heightened in its fairy, dream-like influence, by the continual good-humor and complacency of both the actors and auditors. The gilding and tinsel, which irised every view, and which that skillful artist, Fashion, presented with ever-varying hue, concealed the misshapen mass on which the coloring was laid. Art caused the plain canvas of life to glow with gaudy tints, and luxury, with unsparing hand, laid on her rainbow pigments.

All was gay and joyous in the mansion of Mr. Laverty, on the night when Amy entered her eighteenth year. A splendid ball, unrivaled in brilliancy even in that *recherche* circle, had brought together the young and beautiful. The glare had attracted the fluttering insect and the ephemera of fashion, as well as those whose positions in society gave them the entrée where "exclusiveness" set her potent seal. Amid the wreath of loveliness which graced the apartments, the fairest flower was Amy; to the stately grandeur of the dahlia she added the softest delicacy of the rose—the air seemed

redolent of gaiety where'er she moved, and the beaming joyousness of her smile won hearts in adoration.

And yet, was this bright, this gifted girl entirely happy? The world called her so, in its hollow acceptance of the term; she thought herself so. But there was a canker beneath all this brightness. An overbearing pride—a dependence on wealth and flattery for happiness, was all-essential to her existence. She was surrounded by all that fortune and its attendant luxuries could give, and yet something was wanting—it was a heart to love or contract a friendship—it was that sacred mellowing of our natures, which experience of salutary chastening alone can impart. The sunbeam of the world does not produce this ripeness of heart, clouds and gloom will best mature it; like the perfumed shrub, which is scentless until crushed, so from the soul most deeply wrung by woe, rises the incense most grateful to divinity. Though Amy dwelt in a paradise of the world's planting—amid it a demon was stalking—an insatiate fiend, whose presence was death to true happiness—the same which tempted our first parents to transgress, and this was—pride!

"He really looks well to-night—a more manly form I never saw," whispered a fair young friend to Amy.

"Yes, he is passable," was her reply, "but, then, *who is he?* Nobody—his father I am told is a small farmer in the interior of Lancaster county, and a certain proportion of the yearly proceeds of the dairy and the stock is exclusively set apart, I suppose, to enable my young gentleman to pursue his studies at the University here."

"Really—quite a pity!" was all the "exclusive" young lady could draw out in reply.

"And would you believe it," continued Amy, "he has had the assurance to interpret a little past politeness of mine into something more tender, and has actually dared to tell me that he loved me!"

"Really—how sentimental! He is quite romantic for a clodpole," was again drawled out in response.

The hands of both the ladies were now claimed for quadrilles, and the conversation was interrupted. In the mean time the object of their remarks was leaning against the folding-door of the apartment, and contemplating with an abstracted air, the gay group around him. And yet Henry Stanton was not of a disposition to allow pleasure to fleet away without claiming his allotted share. But now

thought was burning within him, and he felt that a decisive moment had arrived in his destiny. He loved Amy Laverty deeply and purely. Unaccustomed to the frivolities of the world of fashion, and judging only from his own ardent impulses, he fancied that he had discovered an answering chord in Amy's heart which vibrated to the tone of his own. He knew not the difference between the conventional politeness of the ball-room, and those purer feelings which can be nurtured only by the fire-side. Stanton was skilled in the lore of books, but not in the inexplicable mysteries of the human heart. Being, however, of a decided disposition, and having resolved to woo, he determined without delay to make a more explicit declaration of his attachment to Amy.

He accordingly embraced the first opportunity which transpired, during the evening, to draw the fair girl into a favorable train of conversation, and reiterated his love in that style of mingled deference and fervor, which always gushes to the lips from the promptings of a manly heart. Amy listened in silence, and as he ceased, her clear, silvery laugh rang in his startled ear, as she exclaimed:—

"Really, Mr. Stanton, the repetition of this honor is so unexpected, that I am at a loss how to reply, or how to thank you. What jointure, besides a green-vegetable stall in High Street Market, to retail your papa's cabbages, and your mamma's cream-cheeses, am I to expect with your hand and heart?"

Stanton, for a moment, felt a death-like chill curdle his blood; but reassuring himself, he replied calmly, and with the impressiveness of deep feeling: "I could bring you nothing, Miss Laverty, but an honest name; talents, which friends are partial enough to say I possess, and the ardent aspirations, which are the heritage of young manhood's resolution to win its way to honorable distinction in a profession, which has been adorned by the proudest names in the world's annals."

"Well, sir," said the proud beauty, with a toss of the head, "you offer lavishly of your abundance! In works of charity, I grant you, fair sir, your mite would be recorded with the millionaire's ostentatious subscription, but Amy Laverty's heart is not a 'poor-box,' to receive with equal gratitude either which may be offered. No, I prefer equipage, and an establishment which shall be the envy of all, in actual possession, to your slow accumulation of legal fees in abeyance—and so, Mr. Attorney, you are answered a la Blackstone! But don't despond, Mr. Stanton, nor revolve over any of the dozen schemes of suicide which the alternate flush and pallor of your cheeks tell me you are meditating. I can be a generous friend, if not your devoted affianced, and my waist is yours for the next waltz, although I see one approaching to ask the favor, who thinks his money can buy a claim to it, as his father did military bounty-lands during the last war."

They joined the whirl of dancers. Amy waltzed like a sylph. It does not require heart to waltz

well. Stanton admired her graceful postures, and twined with her the mazes of the voluptuous dance; but the spell of the enchantress was broken—he was heart-whole and free. He could, as a young and ardent lover, have forgiven any personal slight; but the cold sneer upon the quiet and unostentatious occupation of his parents, wounded him to the quick. When they separated for the night he had taken his first lesson—read the first leaf in the mysterious volume of woman's heart, and he gleaned wisdom from its perusal. The midnight lamps may assist lovers as well as law-students in the prosecution of their respective occult sciences. The chandelier irradiates the volume of human nature, as does the taper the intricacies of Coke upon Littleton.

CHAPTER II.

Yes,—maidens, fair or brown,
Lofly or lowly,
Light as the thistle down,
As cypress holy—
When poets whisper near,
Go join the dancers;
And turn a stony ear
To all romancers.—JAMES SMITH.

Why should I toil in such a fruitless cause,
To serve a flirt, who only heeds the laws
That folly and caprice suggest?—BERNAL.

Four years had flown by. All Washington had assembled at the grand gala ball, which celebrated the re-election of Gen. Jackson to the Presidential chair. From every part of the Union, wealth, beauty and talent seemed to meet in this common centre of attraction; and the family of Mr. Laverty, the rich Philadelphia merchant, formed one of the most important integers of the great unit, Fashion.

Amy was lovelier far, than when we saw her last. Every petal of the bud had unfolded—she was radiant as the very impersonation of beauty's self—her mien was queen-like—her arched brow and forehead had been sung as the ebon bow of Cupid reposing on a tablet of alabaster. Amid the gay revel, every eye was turned upon her. Ladies pronounced her stiff and formal, while the gentlemen protested that "Venus, when she rose, fresh from the soft creation of the wave, was not more beautiful!"

Amy must have possessed charms of no common order, or this unanimity of the female censure would have been destroyed. Panegyric, on the part of gentlemen, is not so certain a criterion, for we have known Sheridan Knowles drawn upon for a comparison, as above, when Shakspeare's "starved executors, the greedy crows," would have been more apposite, and have heard Moore quoted—

Why doth azure deck the sky
But to be like thine eye of blue,

and applied to the veriest green gooseberry optics we ever saw! Such comparisons, if not "odorous," as Mrs. Malaprop would have them, are nevertheless generally picked from the most forced hot-

beds in the garden of compliment, and loom large, like the sunflower, with a special care always to face about to the rising beams of the sun of riches or fashion.

"I believe, Miss Lavery, I have engaged the pleasure of your hand for the next set?" said the gay, noble and fine-looking Frank Pennant, coming up to the belle of the ball-room.

"Certainly, sir, with all my heart," was the reply, as she rose.

"Fortunate dog that I am—then I have both your hand and your heart," laughed Frank.

A slight sigh escaped Amy. Why? Was she in love? Was the place where her heart ought to have been, touched? "*Nous verrons*," as the politicians quote from the venerable father of the trans-Mason and Dixon line press.

"Others might sigh, my dear Miss Lavery," continued Frank, as he was leading Amy to their place in a cotillion, "for such a confession as you made just now! He will indeed be a happy man, who asks your hand for the grand promenade of life, and receives it with all your heart!"

"Do *you* think so, Mr. Pennant?" archly asked Amy, with a glance from her eye, which might have made Diogenes turn his tub bottom upward, to hide himself under—"why, when you ask it, it would be almost heresy to refuse."

"Upon my word, Miss Lavery!—are you sharp-shooting, or do you mean to canonize me? Heresy to refuse me! Why, my catalogue of rejections rivals in length that of an old operative friend, Don Juan's conquests! Through all the grades in the navy, up to my present rank, I have been tossed to and fro by bright eyes and obdurate hearts, like a nautical shuttlecock, by the battledores of the fair sex! One has disliked my long voyages—the other my short pay; one has had a soul above a middy, and passed me with a cut direct, just as I was entered "passed" by the commissioners—another left me, it being a losing game to love a simple lieutenant; while another—ah! she would have eloped with me to the world's end, at the risk of the rope's end, if I had but been a poor cabin boy, with a touch of the romantic in my disposition; whereas, unfortunately, that very day the President had promoted me, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate!" So you see fate, professional promotion, the President and Congress, have all been against me, and I have been declined as often as any common noun in the entire language!"

"But now, Mr. Pennant," interrupted Amy, "as you have attached yourself to me—"

"Attached myself! My dear Miss Lavery, how could I help it? Are we not,—we poor devils, all and singular, the captives that swell your triumph? Look, now, at Walton, how he eyes me, half cannibalish, half wolfish, because I have unconsciously retained your hand after the last balancer! Excuse me!"

"Come, Mr. Pert, don't interrupt me. I was

about to say—as you have attached yourself to our party for the last three weeks, and have been trying to make yourself exceedingly agreeable in my eyes. I shall demand that you report to me in future, and I will prevent you from being entangled in any of the labyrinths of our sex's wiles or whims!"

"Will you, indeed! What a sweet Ariadne!"

"I can give you the clue to escape the monsters!"

"And entangle me yourself, at last,—to weave a web and detain me for your own amusement, I trust!"

"Nay, Frank!—pray excuse me, Mr. Pennant; I did not mean—do you really wish that I may entangle you in any web I may have the skill to weave?"

"Well, my dear Miss Lavery," replied Pennant. "three weeks have glided away very delightfully in your meshes, and I am free to confess the silken bondage pleases me. I love a flirtation, where no heart can be broken! I like to tilt against breasts of adamant, and shiver the spears of repartee against the solid barrier!"

"And judge you, I have a heart of adamant, Mr. Pennant?"

"I have been told so, Miss Lavery."

"And pray, by whom?"

"My old friend and class-fellow, Harry Stanton."

"Henry Stanton!"

"Yes, you remember him? The son of one of our Lancaster county farmers, who has made such a sensation the past winter, as a member of your Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg."

"Oh, yes! Cabbages and cream cheeses, I remember!"

"Madam!"

"He made love to me four years ago, and I was compelled to reject him."

"I know it, Miss Lavery. He told me you were without a heart, and therefore I have been under no restraint in our little innocent flirtations, as no life-chord can be cracked."

"Henry Stanton is a friend of yours, then?"

"Yes, Miss—almost a brother. I shall marry his sister Kate, next May."

"You, Mr. Pennant!"

"Yes—she came, saw and conquered, the past fall, as I returned from my last cruise. A sweet girl she is, Miss Lavery."

"Mr. Pennant, will you step and find my father, and ask him to order the carriage? I have danced enough, to-night, and will retire."

Frank withdrew, and Amy sighed again! That night tears wet her pillow. Tears around the couch of youth, and wealth and beauty! Ah! gold may purchase the gorgeous bouquet, to adorn the opera box, even in mid-winter; but all the wealth of India cannot buy one single shoot of heart's ease! It is a fairy plant, and blossoms loveliest in the humble shades of life!

And Amy slept at last; but she slept uneasily, amid confused dreams that Kate and Henry Stanton

were attempting to poison her! About the same time, Queen Mab was with Frank Pennant, too, and he laughed happily in his sleep, as he dreamed that Kate was pelting him, in mimic play, with rose-buds and myrtle leaves, while his dear friend Harry looked on smilingly. If dreams are an index to our waking thoughts, it needs no somnosophist to interpret what was passing in the dark chambers of their thoughts!

CHAPTER III.

Though each young flower had died,
There was the root—strong, living not the less
That all it yielded now was bitterness;
Yet still such love as quite not misery's side,
Nor drops from guilt its ivy-like embrace,
Nor turns away from death's, its pale heroic face.

MRS. HEMANS.

ANOTHER four years passed away! The whirlwind which wrecked many tall a commercial house, and strangled many a long accumulated fortune, had passed over Philadelphia, carrying dismay, desolation and anguish. The firm of which Mr. Laverty was the head, bent, but did not break. Confidence in him was not impaired, for he was an unexceptionable business man; but it was well known that he had sacrificed more than half his fortune to secure the remainder.

And who that visited, during the summer of 1837, the various fashionable watering-places, does not remember that pale girl, who, attended by a doating father, sought a restoration of impaired health. Amy was lovely still; true, the sunny smile was gone—but, in the place of that garish splendor of radiance, which was wont "to burn like the mines of sulphur," there remained the calm and dreamy beauty of the moonlighted sky. The rose had fled her cheek, but the lily, in all its purity, shone from her Parian brow. She had felt, at last, that she possessed a heart. She was no longer "a lump of ice in the clear, cold morn." But her heart was an unwritten scroll, upon which none of late dared attempt to inscribe the word "love." Many admired, some adored,—but her name had gone forth, as of a heartless coquette. To win her love, would have been ineffably sweet; but, like the French gallant, no one thought it reasonable to thrust his head into a hive in search of the honey!

"Amy Laverty looks better, to-night, and begins to beam radiantly again, Walton," said a gay loungee, to his friend.

"Yes," was the reply, "chaste as the icicle, and every whit as cold! Like the henchman of Harold the Dauntless, she has, or had, the faculty of chilling all who ventured within her influence!"

"Oh! you speak feelingly," laughed Withers, "for I remember, now, that she had you 'within her influence,' some years since, when you held a clerkship at Washington; and then she placed her icy fingers on you! A frozen child dreads the frost, I perceive, as much as a burned child does the fire!"

"Rail away, Tom! With honest Grumio, 'I confess the cupe!'" replied our old friend Stanton, who, at the Jackson Inaugural Ball, had been the subject of Pennant's remarks to Amy, during the flirtations of the dance. "The undeniable fact is, I was jilted." In those few words are embodied the history of Amy's life. "Van Buren never had so many applications for office, since he was inaugurated, in March last, as she has had proposals, and the disappointed applicants have been about as numerous under one administration as the other. I was deeply, desperately, madly in love with her, but she cured me—chilled me off!"

"Has she a heart, think you, Stanton?" continued Withers, with mock solemnity. "I have read of a French surgeon, who dissected a man, and found him without that organ. Do you not think that 'the Laverty' might be coupled with him, in this Noah's ark of a world, as the two of a kind?"

"Nay, hardly as bad as that! Amy has been thoughtless, ambitious, and possessed of the pride of Lucifer—like him, she is a fallen angel; fallen from the effects of that pride, but I sincerely believe she has been humbled in a measure—that she has a heart, and that it has been touched. I have seen much of her; for my dismissal as her lover, never interrupted our friendly relations; and she has been an altered woman ever since Frank Pennant married Kate Stanton;—but the change came too late, and she now stands a fair chance to "lead apes," for I know not the man who would venture to address her! The days of your Petrucios and Duke Aranzas are past, and live but in the drama. And so she attained the reputation of a coquette, and therefore—"

"Yes, I understand," interrupted Withers; "but see, yonder goes Mr. Stanton, another of her discarded ones. I am told she passed some bitter slight on him."

"Yes, she made no secret of her scorn at the humble lot of his parents. But she little knew the brilliant career which destiny and perseverance had marked out for him. Henry Stanton goes to Congress this winter; and no man of his age was ever elected under such brilliant auguries of success. He has never married, and I have reason to believe that her conduct has had a marked influence upon his whole past life."

"How so?"

"Shortly after his rejection by her his father died. A frugal life had done as much as all the stock speculations at the Exchange could have effected, and he was found to be extremely rich—a round hundred thousand at the least. Stanton could have lived in ease and independence; but his honorable pride was stung, and he seemed determined to win his way to eminence, that the proud beauty might see that mind, not money, was the true standard of nature's nobility."

"And do they ever meet now?"

"Oh, yea—as cold friends. I have sometimes

thought—and were it any other man than Henry Stanton, I should be certain—that he loves her still. I have watched him gaze upon her, when he thought himself unobserved, and having known myself what it was to feel an unrequited passion, have been almost convinced that the old flame was only smothered or concealed, but not burned out.”

This conversation details what “the world” thought upon the persons in whose fate our story is interested. And how was it with Amy Laverty? Was the proud, imperious beauty brought to feel the nothingness of pride when it would shut out from the heart the pleadings of youth, talent, and high chivalric honor. Had a miracle been wrought? It had, indeed; she would now have exchanged the world’s wealth for the love of Henry Stanton. She had watched his brilliant career, at first with indifference, but at length the thought would intrude itself, that he, upon whose eloquence admiring listeners hung enraptured; whose fame was ringing through the land, and whose smile was courted by all, might have been hers. At such times the monitor within would say, what a noble pride it would have been to call such a man all her own. By almost imperceptible degrees the imperious girl was changed to an humbled and deep-loving woman.

This change of feeling, from one extreme to the other most opposite, is a curious constitution of human nature. It is only in the mysterious workings of Providence, and its various applications for the benefit of mankind, that we can trace the solution of this apparent paradox, that actions or feelings frequently produce effects the very reverse of those which we would have expected. Thus joyous sensations often leave a tinge of pain, and sorrows bring a cordial balm to the afflicted heart. Tell the mother, who weeps the ruin of her hopes and joys over the grave of a darling child, that her offspring is now reaping the fruits of an innocent life in a world of never-ending bliss, and her rising sobs will show that these consoling reflections strongly augment her grief. The angry man is more deeply incensed at every mark of favor, and the conduct of the lover assures us, that “fears and sorrows fan the fire of joy.”

The influence of this converted passion, if the term may be allowed, is co-existent with all our thoughts and actions, and occurs when the mind is occupied by some powerful feeling, whose commanding influence seems to subdue every inferior emotion. The patriot forgets individual wrongs in his love of country; the soldier knows not fear, anxiety, or hope, when the “big war” makes “ambition virtue.” Even religion itself is not uninfluenced by this principle. The apostles, we are told, when confined in the prisons of Thyatira, sang praises unto God at midnight; as if the darkness and gloom of their dungeon, and the aggravating circumstances of their confinement, heightened the triumph of their devotion, and enabled them, notwithstanding the fearful earthquake which shook the

foundations of their prison, to conduct with moderation and fortitude. The flames of persecution, while consuming the bodies of suffering martyrs, seem to have given new energy to the pious emotions of their minds, and enabled the fervency of their devotions to rise superior to every external object. The design of such a constitution of our nature is easily seen; it is thus the powers of the human mind are made to correspond with the occasion on which they are excited. It is a principle salutary in its effects upon ourselves, and illustrative of His character who has established all things in benevolence and wisdom.

Thus we may see how the chastening hand can convert the proudest scorn to the timidity of love, feeling itself hopelessly unrequited; and by tracing the arcana of the heart’s mysteries, discover how natural was the process, or rather the retribution, which turned the pride of Amy, and made her recoil from the contemplation of her former self.

CHAPTER IV.

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours,
Each from the voiceless grave.

— The lady’s heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.—SHELLY.

Again turn we to Washington—that mighty capital, that great political heart of our Union, from whose pulsations are supplied the entire arteries of our body politic. It was the memorable session of 1840, when the halls of legislation were turned into a hustings, and Whig and Democrat broke their lances in defence of Harrison or Van Buren, as their political predilections dictated; that session, when grave legislators took an inventory of the furniture of the presidential mansion, from the “gold spoons” down to the napkins of the pantry; when the horrors of a standing army were so vividly displayed, and guns, bayonets, and boarding-pikes bristled out from every line of Mr. Secretary Poinsett’s annual report from the War Department; when the conqueror of Proctor, and the victor at Tippecanoe was proved a “granny” and a “coward,” by men who had never smelt gunpowder in their lives, save in the homœopathic compounds of their boyish squibs and India crackers; when both parties succeeded, by most overwhelming arguments, in convincing their friends that the country would “go to the bow wows,” if their antagonists succeeded; when the halls of legislation were stripped of every leaf, branch and limb, of their original design, and the hickory and the buckeye were formed in fantastic garlands around “the stump” which alone remained; when blood-hounds and conscience-keepers, tabourets and petticoats, British gold and bank bribes, were household and familiar words; when every man, woman, and child, was possessed of the devil of partisan malignity, and we staid United States.

sang songs, drank hard cider, held conventions, got up torch-light processions, and shouted for our candidates as if Bedlam had been keeping holyday, with its inmates all out electioneering.

One morning, in early spring, the galleries of the House of Representatives were thronged to suffocation, long before the mallet of the Speaker, called the members to *Order*, by a quasi "*lucus a non lucendo*" process! Time never seemed to lag so tardily, as did the hands of the clock, opposite R. M. T. Hunter's chair—it appeared as if they would never point zenith-ward to the hour of high noon! Had it been the last night of a session when those hands have a prescriptive right to "hasten slowly" to the witching church-yard hour, lest in the hurry of the closing scene, something might be omitted, which the law makers had no time to think of during the seven or eight preceding months—had it been the close of a session, we affirm that those "tardy paced hands would have acquitted themselves to admiration—but now, never did Juliet when she had "bought the mansion of a love but not possess'd it" wish the "fiery footed steeds" to "gallop apace" with more intensity of expectation, than did the attending crowd long for the hour of twelve. At last it came—the humdrum voice of an assistant clerk was heard reading "yesterday's minutes" as monotonously as the sounds of a "woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree!" When Corwin of Ohio rose and moved that the further reading of the minutes be dispensed with, bright eyes in the gallery voted him thanks, and when the "morning hour" was over and the Speaker called the "orders of the day"—then, "mute expectation spread its anxious hush" over the entire auditory!

"When the House adjourned with this bill under consideration, the gentleman from Pennsylvania was entitled to the floor," said the Speaker.

And Henry Stanton rose to the question. He who but a few years before had "no jointure but a green vegetable stall in the market" to offer the rich and proud Amy Lavery in exchange for her love! Calm, dignified and self possessed he rose, though a thousand eyes were bent fixedly upon him. This was the calmness of confident mastery of his subject—the dignity of conscious intellectual greatness. Slowly, emphatically and unostentatiously he pronounced his exordium—then with consummate skill, he combatted all the arguments of his opponents and fortified his own position. Warmed with his subject "rapt, inspired," he commenced his peroration. Brilliant as the lightning flash; glowing as the lava flow; bold, dashing, impetuous as the mighty mountain torrent was the character of his eloquence! Scarcely could the listening crowd restrain themselves from open applause and many rising indications of an almost irrepressible movement, were silenced by the Speaker's hammer.

Edward Stanton surpassed even all his former brilliant efforts! Was it caused by the excitement of

the subject, the intellectual intoxication of success? No:—his hour of triumph had arrived, the goal he had struggled for years to attain was won!—for in the Ladies' Gallery, immediately over the Speaker's chair, and directly in front of the orator, sat Amy Lavery; she who, in early youth, had so cruelly scorned him; she who had withered the freshness of his heart, and dried up the gushing fountains of love in his soul! He saw not the crowd around him—he heard not the murmurs of applause—he heeded not the triumphant glance of political friends nor the gloomy looks of discomfited opponents—his soul was on his tongue, and as the jewels of rhetoric, the brilliant gems of oratory, and the diamond shafts of satire fell from his lips—he poured them all,—prodigally, and with a feeling of supernatural power, as an offering before the shrine of his young, blighted and cruelly crushed love!

At length he closed amid the plaudits of the privileged few on the floor of the House, and the waving of snowy 'kerchief from the gallery. In the midst a stifled sob was heard, then a piercing shriek! "A lady in the gallery had fainted—from the heat!"

Strange, inexplicable mystery of the human heart! Two wells of passion, long sealed up and apparently dried, had burst their confines!

Oh fame! oh popular applause! how little knew any in that Hall, why the young orator was so transcendently brilliant that day!—How little divined the companions of Amy what was the cause of that sudden fainting fit!

The hospitable mansion of Secretary Woodbury was thrown open that evening. Gay forms crowded every room and silvery voices resounded through every hall. In a remote corner of one apartment, within the recess of a window, stood Henry Stanton and Amy Lavery. Their hands were intertwined; his eyes beamed with pride and hers with happiness. We have but a few words of their conversation to chronicle.

"Why—why, ask me if I love you?" said Amy.

"Why?" responded Stanton in that deep voice and choking utterance which are only assumed when the heart speaks audibly; "why? that I may feel that my day dreams are now reality: that I may know that time has worn away those faults of early education, which clouded the brightness of your native excellence; that I may be assured that we have both come out purified from the crucible of suffering, the fuel to which has been supplied from our very hearts! I would know that you love me, that I may be supremely happy."

"Be happy then, as far as the knowledge of my love can make you so," frankly replied Amy—"but oh Henry, in our after life, I fear me, I shall often have occasion to resist the tempter against which you have this day warned me, and to whose power over me, time, more than your words, had opened my eyes! I feel that while I have life I must have pride!"

"Amy!"

"Yes Harry:—pride in thee!"

GENERAL TAYLOR'S GALLOP.
COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE LADIES OF
MISS CARPENTER'S DANCING ASSEMBLY.
BY A. J. R. CONNER.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, NO. 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

[Copyright secured.]

INTRODUCTION.

Vivace. *ff*

Gallop

Repeat this strain. Once.

The musical score is written for piano and violin. It begins with an introduction marked 'Vivace' and 'ff'. The piano part uses a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The violin part is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The score includes several measures of music, with a section marked 'Gallop' and a repeat sign. A final instruction 'Repeat this strain. Once.' is followed by a double bar line and a repeat sign.



LINES TO A JEWS-HARP.

BY L. B. M.

W~~ERE~~ burlesque on the minstrel's line !
Unsung by bard in lay divine,
Unconsecrate to fane or shrine.
In theme most lowly ;
Thou tiny, uncouth, jingling thing !
Scarce big enough for Elfin king,
Thou joy of childhood's sunny spring,
And treasure holy.

How oft, in sooth, I've wonder'd who
He could have been, that famous Jew
Who gave thee birth and name, and threw
No doubt around thee,
Of the soul's wealth, all that he had,
And then, perchance, went music-mad,
And died at last of joy ; so glad
That he had found thee.

Was he some Smithy, grim and old,
Whose anvil iron changed to gold,
And, forging thee, turned *he to mould*,
O'erpowered with glory ?
Alas ! such fate doth quick befall
Spirits too ripe for earthly thrall ;
Fame, of her children, great and small,
Tells oft such story.

Or was he one in youth's glad prime,
When Hope trips arm in arm with time,
Who hit upon thy frame sublime,
And when he placed thee

First to his lips, with urchin pride,
And heard thy tinkling murmurs glide,
"Eureka !" in his spirit cried,
Is 't true I've traced thee ?

Then thanks from all his countless tribe,
(Henceforth their joy to him ascribe,)
When in their pockets sly they bribe,
'Neath school-dame's glances,
With bits of string, wi' top, and ball,
Thy cannie self, thou Harp so small,
Watching the sun creep on the wall,
Till noon advances.

Ah ! relic of that guileless day !
As ~~now~~ I list thy humble lay
Beneath my windows, far away
In thought I 'm winging ;
And, lo ! I see a brighter land,
I meet the clasp of many a hand,
And seem to listen as I stand,
To voices singing.

And, oh ! thou gleesome harper, still
Thy little strain my heart must fill,
When thou, o'er mead and distant hill,
Art gayly hieing,
Oh ! that its note had power to fling
Far from the soul its sorrowing,
And wake it to a *second* spring,
Nor leave it sighing.

FANNY'S FIRST SMILE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It came to my heart—like the first gleam of morning,
To one who has watched through a long, dreary night—
It flew to my heart—without prelude or warning—
And wakened at once there a wordless delight.

That sweet pleading mouth, and those eyes of deep azure,
That gazed into mine so imploringly sad,
How faint o'er them floated the light of that pleasure,
Like sunshine o'er flowers, that the night-mist has clad !

Until that golden moment, her soft, fairy features
Had seemed like a suffering seraph's to me—
A stray child of Heaven's, amid earth's coarser creatures.
Looking back for her lost home, that still she could see !

But now, in that first smile, resigning the vision,
The soul of my loved one replies to mine own :
Thank God for that moment of sweet recognition,
That over my heart like the Morning light shone !

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Prose Writers of America. With a Survey of the History, Condition, and Prospects of American Literature. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Illustrated with Portraits from Original Pictures. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is more able than any of Mr. Griswold's preceding books. It contains biographical and critical notices of seventy American prose writers, with judiciously selected extracts from their various writings. These notices display an unusually extensive acquaintance with American literature, conscientiousness in forming opinions, and boldness in stating them—and they are written in a flowing and vigorous style. A large portion of the information they convey, respecting our literary men, can be found in no other place. The most carefully written of the biographies are those of Edwards, Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Wayland, Brownson, Hooker, Emerson, Willis, and Dana. The defect in the book, as regards American writers, is the omission of some ten or twelve who could present good claims to admittance. Toward the end the editor seems to have been cut short in his selections by the growing size of his work. In his critical estimates Mr. Griswold is independent and decided. We have noticed but one or two cases where his personal feelings have at all intruded to exalt the objects of his criticism. There is no doubt that the book is honest—and this is saying a great deal, when we reflect how many inducements the editor of such a work has to gratify his amabilities or resentments.

Mr. Griswold has prefaced his book with fifty pages of disquisition on the intellectual history, condition, and prospects of the country. In this he takes a comprehensive view of American literature, and discusses the aids and obstacles to its advancement. Some of the obstacles commonly urged as barriers to its improvement, he considers as aids. These are the form of our government, the nature of our institutions, and the restless and turbulent movements of the democracy. Literature, indeed, has flourished best in those countries where the people have been most alive, and engaged in the tumults which attend life. The fierce democracy of Athens presented no obstacles to the genius of Æschylus, Sophocles, or Plato. The author of the "Divine Comedy" passed his life amid the shock of contending factions. The Reformation gave an impetus to the literature of every country in which it was felt. It would be useless to multiply examples. Another obstacle to intellectual progress is found by some in the absence of a wealthy and privileged class, who have leisure for literary pursuits. Now, without adopting Mr. Griswold's remark, that "the privileged classes of all nations have been drones," it is still evident that the greatest works in philosophy, literature, and art, which adorn the world, have not proceeded from them. As far as regards English literature, indeed, authors have been poor men writing for a subsistence. Provision for physical necessities has ever been the strongest spur to intellectual action. But the value of a wealthy class, of persons who have leisure to read if not to write, is, that they are the natural patrons of authors. Hundreds of books are yearly published in England, which could not find sufficient readers here to pay for the paper.

The chief difficulty in the way of American literature,

according to Mr. Griswold, is a want of patriotism, or an "intelligent and earnest effort to foster the good we possess and acquire the good we need;" and he thinks the defect mainly proceeds from the absence of a just law of copyright. In other words, there is no absence of intelligence in the United States, but the intelligence sufficient to write a good book can find a better remuneration by being devoted to other pursuits. Mr. Griswold expresses himself in very plain language regarding copyright. All arguments against copyright, he contends, "as universal and perpetual as the life of the book, are but insults to common sense." He thinks that literary property is that to which a man's right is most unquestionable and exclusive. "The feudal chief by rapine, or the speculator by cunning, wins an estate, and the law secures him and his heirs in its possession while there are days and nights. An author creates a book, which, beside diffusing a general benefit, yields a revenue as great, perhaps, as that from the estate which has been acquired by force or fraud, and the law, without alleging any fault, seizes it, and bestows it on the mob." The remarks, also, on the effect of our present law of copyright, in flooding the country with the monstrosities and immoralities of the French mind, are worthy of attention from every practical statesman. Indeed, it is for the interest of every person who has any stake in a country, that its literature should be high and pure. Demoralize the mind of a nation by bad books, and you undermine its social and political institutions. It is of some importance to know what Mr. Prettyman peruses in the parlor, but of more importance what Dick cons over at the plough, or what Sally reads in the kitchen.

We have not space to follow Mr. Griswold in his rapid and interesting view of what has been done so far in the United States in the establishment of a sound national literature. He proves that in the face of all discouragements, we have done as much in "the fields of Investigation, Imagination, Reflection, and Taste, in the present century, as any other twelve million of people—about our average number for this period—in the world." He supports the assertion by a long array of names and works in all departments of literature, and the aggregate impression which his catalogue leaves on the mind, is one of pride and hope. We commend Mr. Griswold's book to everybody who wishes to think well of his country, in that which is the noblest boast of a nation—its literature.

Songs of the Sea, and other Poems. By Epes Sargent. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Sargent's poems have such peculiar and original merits, that we are glad to see them in their present elegant form. As a writer of songs, he is full of vigor and life, pouring out the emotion he desires to express in free flowing verse, and touching with a sure sagacity the very point in the reader's mind at which he aims. His lyrics, especially "A Life on the Ocean Wave," have consequently been extensively popular. As a descriptive writer, he possesses even superior claims to consideration. The scene he attempts to portray is reflected in his verse with exquisite artistical skill. The object is painted distinctly to the eye as it is in nature, with an imaginative atmosphere superadded. "Like a green field reflected in a

calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre." His poems relating to the sea are full of descriptions, which have the effect of fine paintings; and they awaken feelings similar to those which the real scene would rouse in the mind. All his poems, whether relating to emotion, description, or action, are distinguished by a sweetness and genial beauty of sentiment, which evidence a healthy mind, in which grace and strength, elegance and elevation, harmoniously dwell together. His writings borrow no interest from any morbid moods of his own mind, and are "sicklied o'er" by no egotism or whining whimsies. We could instance many beautiful poems in the volume, illustrating our remarks, but it would be needless. The book will commend itself and its author to the best sympathies of the reading public.

The Battle of Life. By Charles Dickens. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The cheapest and most popular method of acquiring reputation as a critic, is to declare that the last work of a popular writer is his worst. A large number of such reputations have been made since the appearance of Dickens's "Battle of Life." It has been received with an almost universal sneer. The truth is, that, though certain portions of the story are unnatural, and the whole book rather carelessly written, yet it contains more wit, humor and pathos, more subtil characterization, and finer felicities of style and description, than any other novelist of the day could have produced. We trust that Dickens will write a great many books as good. He can do better.

The Countess of Rudolstadt. (Sequel to Consuelo.) By George Sand. Translated by F. G. Shaw. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

Consuelo is undoubtedly the best and purest book of its distinguished authoress. In the present work the long story of the heroine is concluded. It has great merits as a delineation of life and character, and evidences a wider sweep of mind than belongs to any other woman of the time; but it is deformed by the writer's peculiar philosophical, ethical, and social system, and toward the end rather fades away into a dramatic statement of opinions. Perhaps, however, it is the best expression yet given of the whole mind of the authoress, and it might be profitably studied as an expression of the opinions and objects of the extreme radical party of Europe—the party which aims to supplant not merely political but social institutions—the party which would take the world upon its knee, as a Yankee does a stick, and whittle it into a new shape. George Sand, of course, with all her masculine habits of thought and action, is still rather ignorant of many of the topics she confidently discusses, and not unfrequently suggests that portion of the old song, which expresses pity that charming women should talk about what they do not understand; but she grapples with a large number of debatable subjects as well as most male reformers. Mr. Shaw's translation is very well done.

Cyclopædia of English Literature. Edited by Robert Chambers. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This work is now in the course of publication in semi-monthly parts, to be concluded in sixteen numbers at twenty-five cents each. It contains a history of English literature from the earliest period to the present day, and a biography and criticism of each author, together with extracts from his writings. It thus gives a view of the whole broad field of English literature, through five centuries of time, and in every department of thought in which

the genius and talent of the nation have been exercised. The American edition is printed, we believe, from the English plates, and contains an immense number of portraits and illustrative pictures. It is one of the cheapest books ever printed, and one, too, calculated to afford instruction and delight to every order of mind. We trust that it will have a large circulation in the United States. It will be a good guide to the reading public in the choice of books, and enable them to see at a glance the relative value of English authors. It is both a library in itself, and a friendly adviser in the selection of a library. About a thousand authors are referred to in the work, and from most of them the editor has made extracts.

Travels in Peru. By Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi. Translated from the German, by Thomasini Ross. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 parts. 12mo.

To that large portion of the reading public who delight in narratives of travel and descriptions of foreign scenery and manners, this work will be very acceptable. It is the production of an honest and learned German scholar, and relates to a country whose population and natural characteristics are full of materials to interest the general reader, the student, and the man of science. The author is not a brilliant writer, and his narrative presents none of those flashing imaginations which delight the reader of *Lamartine* and *Kinglelake*, but he is uniformly solid, judicious, and pleasing. He contrives to convey a clear impression of every thing which came under his notice, during a long residence in Peru, and gives the results of the most extensive researches and careful observations.

Ballads and other Poems. By Mary Howitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mary Howitt well characterised her own works when she declared that the ruling sentiment of her soul was the love of Christ, of the poor, and of little children. The mingled simplicity and intensity of her nature makes her a good writer of ballads—a species of composition which peculiarly demands unsophisticated feeling and simple expression. There is a certain quaintness, purity and youthfulness—a command of those words which picture incident, emotion, and character, immediately to the eye and heart—and an overflowing affectionateness of nature, in most of the ballads composing this volume, which will recommend them directly to the best feelings of her readers.

The Dog. By William Youatt. With Illustrations. Edited by E. S. Lewis, M. D., &c. 1 Vol. Crown 8vo.

This beautiful little volume will fill a vacancy long acknowledged and deplored by the lover of dogs in this country. It is strange that no treatise on this subject should have before appeared here, to satisfy the desires of the innumerable owners and fanciers of dogs. Knowing, as we do, but little of these matters, we will not pretend to pronounce authoritatively on its value. We can answer, however, for the interest of its style and manner, while it seems to us to bear the impress of one who is thoroughly master of his subject. Youatt, indeed, is the highest authority in all veterinary matters among those who know most, and Dr. Lewis has well seconded him. The volume, indeed, seems to contain every thing of interest or importance relating to the natural history of the Dog, his numerous varieties and uses—his breeding, breaking, and training; as much of his anatomy as is necessary to be known by those who would properly understand him; a full description of the numerous diseases and accidents to which he is liable, with the means to palliate or cure.



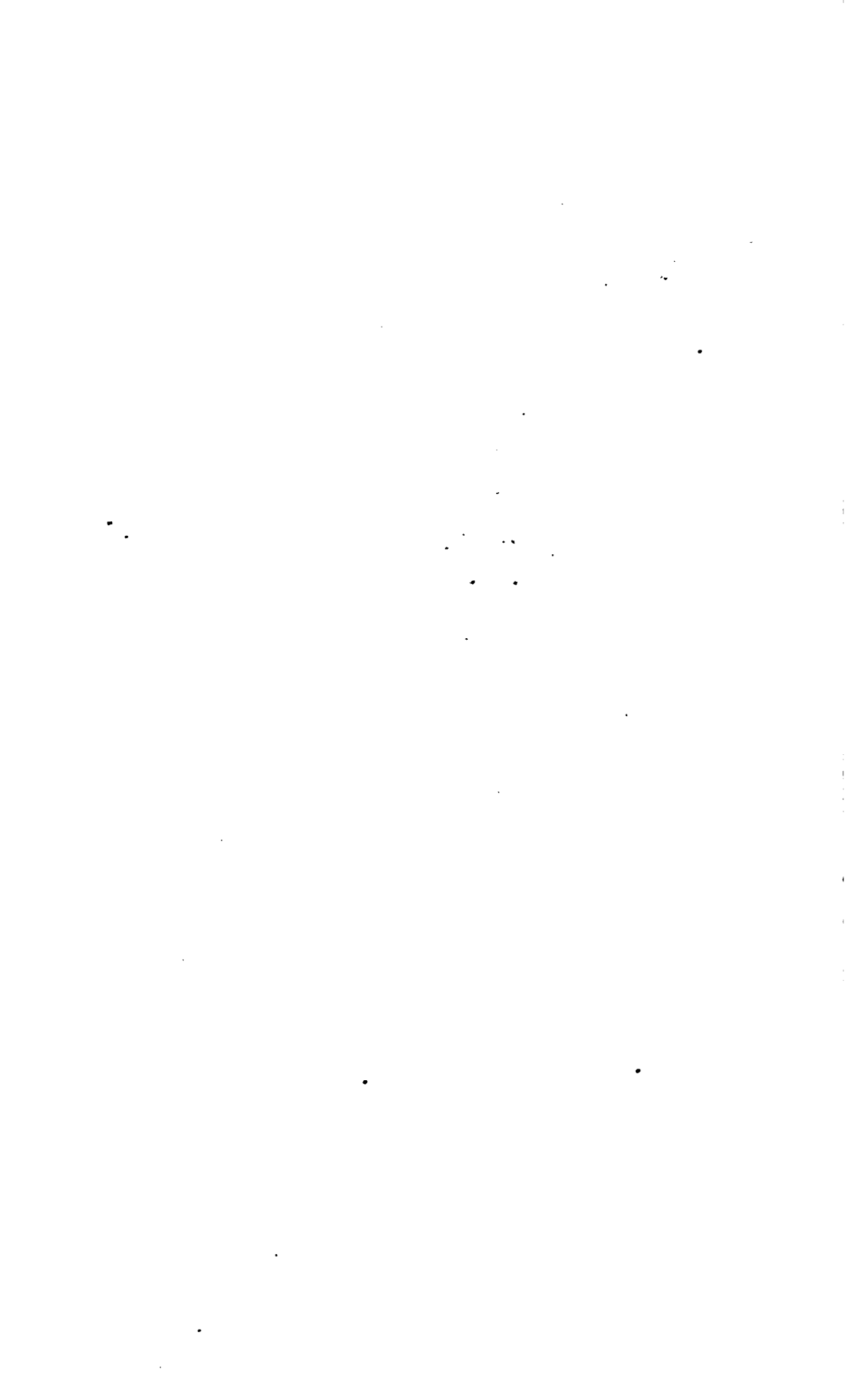


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THE LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE world-renowned city of Paris, always gay, was, perhaps, never more so than in the autumn of the year 1776. Most prominent among the exciting topics of its excitable populace, at that period, was the American war. Possessed of an innate love of liberty, and a generous sympathy for its oppressed supporters, and acting, doubtless, in part, under the influence of an habitual opposition to the British government, the citizens of Paris, and, to a less extent those of all France, had watched with anxiety the growing rupture between the colonies and their parent country, and now hailed with unconcealed delight the prospect of their final separation. Each item of intelligence which gave token of the spirit of the republicans, or the prospect of their success was sought with avidity, and discussed with animation. Not a city in the colonies themselves could boast of a populace so united in their opinion, or more enthusiastic in their anticipations on this engrossing subject. Whatever mistaken ideas of loyalty there might be in America, to arrest the cause of popular freedom, no such obstacle existed in France. They at least owed no fealty to the House of Hanover.

The feeling upon this subject at Paris had been brought to its height by the appearance of Franklin in that capital. Never, perhaps, had an untitled foreigner attracted so much attention, or been received with such distinction. In addition to the cause of his country, his personal reputation as a philosopher, his venerable years, his singular costume and manners, combined to throw around him that charm of novelty so seducing to the multitude. Wherever he appeared in public, crowds gathered to admire. The hotels and club-rooms resounded

with the name; the gazettes were filled with his aphorisms and *bon-mots*; and in every place of public resort, conspicuous among the embellishments the portrait of the American envoy, with grave and sage-like countenance, arrested attention.

That the presence of so decided a *lion* should be eagerly sought for at the fashionable parties and *levees* was quite a matter of course. Nor was the American backward in availing himself of all legitimate means to increase the popularity of his cause.

The *clairvoyance* of imagination, more potent than that of Mesmerism, shall unroof for our benefit the marble and pillared mansion of the Countess De Berne, and give to us a bird-eye view of its interior, on the evening of one of her most brilliant *fêtes*. A flood of light, a blaze of beauty meets the eye. Sitting, standing, promenading, the votaries of fashion, in numberless brilliant groups, are seen. Eminent among this throng for his personal appearance, and his graceful and agreeable manners, was Mr. Francis Gansevoort. American by birth, he had been spending several years in travel on the eastern continent, and only for a few weeks past had been a sojourner in the French metropolis, where he had gained, not without desert, ready access to the first circles of society. The son of a distinguished and wealthy loyalist of New York, he had left his home before the commencement of hostilities, and until his arrival in Paris, had heard but little to awaken his sympathies in behalf of his native land. He had for the last year been traveling in the eastern states of Europe, ignorant of the great events which had taken place at home, and unconscious of the rapid development of those great political principles for which his country was contending. The state of feeling which he found exist-

ing in Paris on this subject, the enthusiasm, the ardor with which every thing American was spoken of, operated with an electric effect upon his mind. If any thing were wanting to fan his emotions into a flame, a letter, which he at this juncture received from a much loved sister at home, was that *desideratum*. It had been written many months before, and although its general intelligence was not new, its details were full of the most exciting interest.

Standing beside Mr. Gansevoort, and engaged in animated discussion with him, was a French gentleman of about his own age, who had been the companion of his more recent travels. Their acquaintance had commenced at Paris, about a year previous to the time now spoken of, and had ripened into a warm friendship. Louis De Zeng was a count of the French empire, and a gentleman of the most unsullied reputation. Like Gansevoort he was a tall and commanding person, and possessed of that rare grace of manner which compels admiration.

Central amid another group, beheld with reverence, addressed with respect, listened to with the most profound attention, numbering the highest nobility among his admirers, was Benjamin Franklin. The winters of more than seventy years had left their frosts upon his brow, without impairing the strength of his intellect. Conspicuous among those who thronged about the philosopher, was a youth of about nineteen years, himself the object of no inconsiderable degree of respect. Evidently of exalted rank, his fascinating manners and address were well calculated to adorn his elevated station. None listened with more earnest and polite attention to the envoy, none asked more minute and pertinent questions than the young Marquis de La Fayette. It is needless to say that the struggles of the revolutionists, their exploits, and their prospect of success were the principal topics of conversation. The circle was soon joined by De Zeng and Gansevoort, both of whom hastened to pay their respects to the American minister, and afterward to the marquis, with the latter of whom each appeared to be upon terms of considerable intimacy.

"Our friend, the marquis, calls this the American camp, Mr. Gansevoort," said Dr. Franklin; "I am happy to see that you are disposed to join it."

This was no random remark. The speaker had been made acquainted, in a few words, with the peculiar history of his young countryman, and designed to sound his views. The friends of Gansevoort, all of whom were in equal doubt as to his intentions, listened eagerly for his reply.

"I fear the points of resemblance between this ~~different~~ assemblage and the American camp are but ~~few~~," was the answer. "I design, however, that a few months shall enable me better to institute a comparison."

A thrill of pleasure pervaded the breasts of the listeners at this remark; and the venerable patriot did not hesitate openly to express his delight, and

promise his personal influence with the American commander-in-chief in his young friend's behalf.

"You are of those who 'forsake father and mother' to follow the good cause," he said; "May your reward be proportionate."

Count De Zeng came to the relief of his friend, by remarking that if the latter forsook, father and mother, there was one at least whom he was not required to forsake, but who was herself among the pioneers of liberty. He then spoke enthusiastically of the letter of Miss Gansevoort, which he had been allowed to see, and begged a similar favor for Dr. Franklin. This having been granted, the latter, after perusing a few lines, asked the privilege of reading a portion of it aloud. The request was so earnest, and so heartily seconded by the bystanders, that it would have been uncourteous to refuse. The best educated classes of France, it is well known, fully understand the English language when spoken, although but few can converse in it with precision or elegance. The part selected for perusal was a brief description of the battle of Bunker Hill, of which Miss Gansevoort had had the extraordinary fortune to be a witness, while on a visit at Boston.

The crowd thickened around the majestic form of the ambassador, as with distinct but slightly trembling voice, amidst a general silence he read the following extract from Miss Gansevoort's letter:

"The British army, under Gen. Howe, crossed the Frith about noon, in a multitude of sloops and boats. Every house-top in the northern part of the city, every steeple, and dome, and hill, was crowded with spectators. The anxiety of all classes was most intense, and especially of those who, like myself, sympathized with the patriots. It seemed as if on the passing hour hung the final destiny of our land. It was the first real struggle, and its issue was to animate or forever dampen the hopes of her gallant defenders.

"The attacking army had formed on the opposite side, and advanced in solid column toward the American redoubt. How breathlessly I awaited the shock! I was in the midst of my loyalist friends, and on every side I heard nothing but confident predictions of an immediate rout of the Americans.

" 'Now, now,' were the whispered words, 'in a moment you'll see them fly.' I could not reply—my voice was choked. I could only send up silent prayers to the Throne of Power; and I firmly believe that tens of thousands of petitions were at that moment ascending simultaneously to Heaven in behalf of our army.

"The British approached nearer and nearer to the cloud-like cluster which hung upon the summit of the hill, without an opposing gun being fired. A death-like silence prevailed in the American camp. 'They'll surrender without a blow,' exclaimed one. 'They *have* surrendered,' said another. In the midst of these remarks, a flash of lightning seemed to pour down the sides of the hill; one long, continuous, rapid roll of musketry was heard, while shouts, and

charging cheers rose wildly on the air. Ceaseless, unrelenting, deadly, was that fearful discharge of musketry from the camp. The ranks of the assailants were decimated at a breath. Appalled at this unexpected reception, they wavered, and rallied, and wavered again. Still downward poured the iron hail. Vain was their valor. No human courage could have withstood the shock. The British army retreated rapidly down the hill, and one wild shout of triumph rent the sky. From every roof, from every dome and height, those thrilling cheers went up. So great was the consternation of the retreating army that many fled precipitately to their boats. But their officers, with indomitable skill and courage, succeeded in rallying them at length to a second attack. In the mean time the flames of Charlestown were illuminating the heavens. A detachment of the British had fired that beautiful town, and its pillars of flame and smoke, 'volumed and vast,' formed a terrific background to the tragedy enacting on the hill. The charge was renewed with increased ardor. Heedless of their galling fire, the Americans, as before, silently awaited the near approach of the enemy, and again greeted them with the same resistless deluge of balls. Completely broken and routed, the British a second time fled to the shore. Their dauntless general, Sir William Howe, remained for some time alone on the field of battle—all the other officers being either killed or wounded.

"But the contest was not yet decided. The well-disciplined troops of Sir William were rallied to a third attack, and by the aid of Gen. Clinton, who, witnessing from the city their imminent peril, had crossed rapidly to their relief, another and more judicious assault was planned. There is little reason to doubt that even this, although made with tremendous force, might have been successfully sustained, but for a most unfortunate and unforeseen event. The ammunition of the patriots began to fail. They were also unprovided with bayonets; and, after a brief resistance, they abandoned the works, and retired with but little loss.

"That the Americans were virtually victorious in this contest is allowed even by many of their enemies; but however that may be, the effect of the battle upon the people is quite the same as that of a victory. It has inspired them with the fullest confidence in their powers, and will lead, beyond doubt, to still nobler achievements. The whole country rings with the tidings."

A murmur of approbation succeeded the silence which had prevailed during the reading of this epistle. Conversation at once became animated, and the compliments, which were showered with a lavish hand, were divided between the American army and its fair encomiast.

"When do you embark?" inquired De Zeng of his friend.

"Within a few weeks," said the other.

"I will go with you," was the sententious reply.

He who had watched the excited bearing of the young marquis at this moment, and the proud flashing of his eye, would not have doubted that in his breast also was forming that lofty resolution which was subsequently carried to so glorious a fulfillment.

CHAPTER II.

The city of New York was at this period in the possession of the British. Forced to evacuate Boston, and glad of permission peaceably to depart, Sir William Howe had retired with his troops, temporarily, to Halifax, and soon after, landing at Sandy Hook, had fought his way to New York. Naturally most anxious to visit his relations in that city, Gansevoort had resolved on crossing to London, for the purpose of embarking at that place. But here a difficulty occurred. The English government, irritated by the evident encouragement which France had given to the revolutionists, kept a vigilant eye upon the movements of her military men, and gentlemen of rank. Numbers of these had already enlisted in the American army, and no French officer could at that period have ventured within any of the colonial cities, which were in possession of the British, without liability to arrest and detention. It is true that such an one, so far from being regarded as a prisoner of war, would doubtless have been allowed to re-embark for his own or any foreign shore; but this, in the case of De Zeng, would have been to defeat the very object of his mission. Neither himself nor Gansevoort could endure the idea of separation from each other, nor could the latter possibly forego his design of visiting his friends before entering the army. If another and still more potent cause influenced the count in persisting at all hazards to accompany his friend, it will be readily surmised by the reader. Miss Gansevoort had already taken full possession of his glowing imagination. Incidentally he had become acquainted with the prominent traits of her character, and had learned her surpassing beauty by the accidental sight of a miniature in her brother's possession. He earnestly desired to form her acquaintance, without any well defined idea of the motives that influenced him. Unless, however, he could meet her before entering the army, there was but little probability that any subsequent opportunity would occur. Let not the sedate reader be alarmed with the idea of being entrapped into the perusal of a love tale, abounding with disguises and stratagems, when informed of the expedient resorted to by the volatile Frenchman in this dilemma. He resolved to accompany Gansevoort as a *valet-de-chambre*, indignantly protesting that the latter should not impose duties upon him beyond those absolutely essential to the sustaining of his assumed character. To this seemingly absurd proposition his companion with great reluctance, was prevailed on to accede. In deed, De Zeng would not be denied, and for the purpose of overcoming the scruples of the other,

frankly acknowledged the motives that actuated him.

The plan was duly carried out. The friends proceeded to London, and took passage in an armed packet for New York. Their fellow-passengers were but few in number, and as fortunately none of them were familiar with the French language, they were enabled to maintain nearly as unrestricted an intercourse as usual. A few weeks brought them safely to port. It is unnecessary to depict the delight which marked the re-union of the young American and his friends, whose attachment to each other, years of separation, so far from diminishing, had tended only to increase. It was not, therefore, without deep regret that Gansevoort thought of the pain which he should be obliged to inflict upon his father, by avowing his political principles, and his determination to support them.

In this trying crisis his sister proved a ministering angel. She reminded him of the paramount claims of his country, and of the great probability that, by the course he had chosen, he would render an essential service, ultimately, to the parent whose wishes he was now obliged to contravene. With a degree of natural eloquence, unusual among her sex, she recounted briefly, but feelingly, all those deep and burning wrongs which had been heaped by British arrogance upon our land. She spoke of the martyrs who had already laid down their lives in its behalf, and the self-denying labors and perils of those great men who were still engaged in the cause, and who were destined, she said, to an immortality of fame, and to the unceasing gratitude of posterity.

"Do not think, dear Frank," she concluded, "that I am transcending my proper line of duty. I talk only to you. But if propriety must seal my mouth in the presence of others, I only *feel* the more deeply."

The Count De Zeng, in his assumed character, was a witness of this interview. Ellen had been told by her brother that she need not hesitate to talk in his presence, and inasmuch as he himself spoke only in the French language, she had inferred that he could comprehend no other; there was, therefore no restraint upon her feelings.

As, with a heightened color, and eye lighted with strong emotion, she concluded, her brother smiled and replied: "You are the same artless, impulsive girl as ever; but, as usual, you are in the right. Do not believe that your persuasive powers were needed in my behalf. I have not traveled three thousand miles to engage in this war with a faint heart and a hesitating mind. But there is another, an ardent lover of liberty, on whom they may not be entirely so far away. Allow me to introduce you to my friend and fellow-traveler, the Count Louis De Zeng. He travels, as you perceive, under a cloud at present; but I think I may safely trust to your discretion."

Astonished and bewildered, Ellen could not be-

lieve that she had heard aright; and it was not until some moments after De Zeng, with entire selfpossession, had advanced to pay his respects, which he did in unexceptionable English, that she found words to reply.

"I know that I have made myself very ridiculous," she said, blushing deeply; "but if Count De Zeng is really a republican at heart, he will make due allowances."

Count De Zeng *was* a republican at heart, but at that moment he felt that there was something at his heart besides republicanism. If ever, in the course of his approaching warfare, he should have occasion to storm a citadel, he could ask no better success than had attended Miss Gansevoort's undesigned assault. She had carried the outworks, glacis, fosse, and parapet, at a single blow, and stood at that moment in the centre of the works completely victorious. What terms she would be disposed to allow the vanquished, was a question yet to be settled.

Gansevoort hastened to explain to his sister the necessity of his friend's disguise, and the importance of preserving the secret; and Ellen, delighted, as she believed, at this accession to the American ranks, promised to use all necessary discretion.

CHAPTER III.

The senior Mr. Gansevoort was himself a military man. He had been engaged in the last war between France and England, prior to the period now spoken of, which, as is well known, was prosecuted with no inconsiderable warmth on this continent. He had held the rank of colonel in the British service, and acquitted himself with credit; and although now unfitted for a military life, his zeal in the royal cause was none the less ardent. His acquaintance among the English officers resident in New York was extensive, and for several of them his house was a place of frequent resort. Sir William Howe himself was occasionally seen at his table. Among his most frequent visitors, however, was Sir Philip Bender, a gentleman who held the rank of major in the army, but who had seen no actual service. He had come to this country in the *suite* of Lord Howe, and was supposed to be secretly connected with the mission of that nobleman, and Sir William, to establish peace by negotiation. Profligate and unprincipled, he was a fit agent for some of those disgraceful schemes which were set on foot by the British government, to acquire by fraud what they could not gain by conquest. Major Bender had early manifested a partiality for Miss Gansevoort, nor was either the colonel or his daughter left long in doubt as to his wishes. To the one he was as acceptable as to the other odious. Yet another individual, whom it is necessary to introduce to the reader, was, a young American, who had attached himself warmly to the royal cause, and who held an ensign's commission in the army. To say that Edward Wiley was a

friend and confidant of Sir Philip may perhaps be a sufficient indication of his character. In boyhood he had been a companion and schoolmate of young Gansevoort, but even at that age his conduct had been characterized by cunning and deceit. There were of course others among the officers with whom Gansevoort now found himself in occasional communication, who were in every respect worthy and excellent men. From these, as well as from those first named, he met with frequent solicitations to enter the army; and although it was no difficult matter resolutely to decline the alluring offers that were held out to him, the necessity of concealing his sentiments was a source of continual pain and mortification. Suspicion was already aroused, and if confirmed might lead to his detention. He therefore prepared to depart. Convinced that it would be unsafe to acquaint his father with his intentions, he resolved that he should learn them first from the camp of the enemy. Nearly a fortnight had now elapsed since his arrival, nor had De Zeng allowed the time to pass entirely unimproved. Occasional opportunities were afforded him of interviews with Ellen, which had resulted on his part in the fullest confirmation of his first impressions. Unfortunately, however, Count De Zeng knew but little of the female character, and hardly daring to hope for a prize which he valued so highly, he construed reserve into aversion, and failed to discover any sufficient encouragement in the conduct of Miss Gansevoort, to justify a direct avowal of his feelings. Thus, unfortunately, they parted; each uncertain of the other's sentiments, but both painfully conscious of their own.

The theatre of war at this period was exclusively in New Jersey. But war in reality there was none. That celebrated campaign of Washington, by which, with an inferior and enfeebled army, he had driven Howe and Cornwallis from almost all their strongholds in that state, had drawn to a close. The severity of the season was an effectual bar to further military operations, and by tacit consent, hostilities, with the exception of a few slight and occasional skirmishes, were suspended. The quarters of the American commander-in-chief were at Elizabethtown, and thither, without delay, Gansevoort and De Zeng repaired. The reader may perhaps be aware that the time now spoken of was that critical period of the war, in which, for the sake of the common safety, Congress had invested General Washington with a degree of dictatorial authority. Among other plenary powers, he had been authorized to levy and organize a very large force, in addition to those already in existence, and to appoint and remove all officers under the rank of brigadier-general.

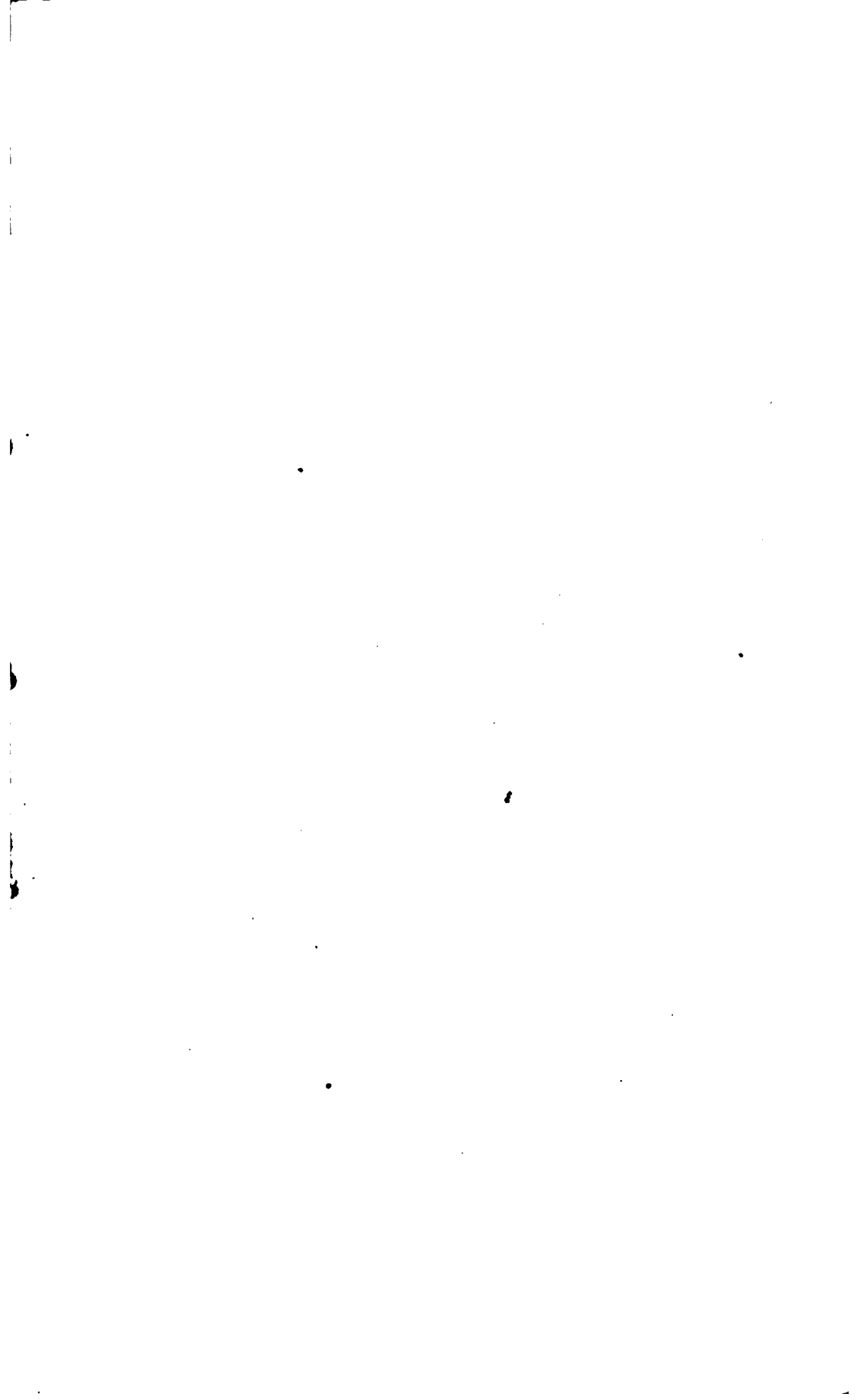
Franklin had not failed of his promise to commend Gansevoort to the special attention of the commander-in-chief, nor was a recommendation from so high a quarter ineffectual. Both himself and friend immediately received a colonel's commission in a regiment of light-horse, of which sev-

eral were then being formed, but which were not designed for service until the ensuing spring. In a skirmish which soon after took place between a small party of the Americans under Gansevoort, and a foraging, or rather pillaging party of the enemy, the young officer displayed so extraordinary a degree of skill and courage as to elicit the particular commendation of Washington. It led to an unexpected result. The commandant at Fort Constitution had signified his desire to retire temporarily from that station, by reason of ill health; but it was difficult, at that juncture, to supply his place. Washington would have offered it, unhesitatingly, to Count De Zeng, who, although scarcely twenty-six years of age, had brought with him a distinguished military reputation from abroad, but he could not conceal from himself the fact that there was a growing dissatisfaction among the people, at the number of foreigners already promoted in the army. The appointment was to be but temporary. The fort, completely garrisoned, was considered entirely invulnerable, and could be safely entrusted to any officer of integrity and common skill. He resolved to place it in the hands of Gansevoort, and, in order that the latter might be able to have the advantage, if necessary, of a larger experience than his own, signified his desire that the count should accompany his friend. It is needless to say that this arrangement was most acceptable to both. It led to results but little anticipated.

CHAPTER IV.

Fort Constitution, has been not inaptly termed the Gibraltar of America. Situated in an almost inaccessible fastness, about thirty miles above New York, and commanding the Hudson river, as well as the passes of the mountains on its western shore, its possession was considered a matter of the utmost moment to both parties. At this period it was most earnestly coveted by General Howe, for a reason unknown as yet to Washington. The northern expedition of Burgoyne, although not yet undertaken, had been fully planned, and was to be set on foot in the ensuing spring. General Howe was, of course, cognizant of these intended operations, to the full and complete success of which, nothing seemed wanting but the ability on his part to form a timely junction with Burgoyne on the banks of the Hudson—the one army descending from Quebec—the other ascending from New York. Fort Constitution, the key of the county of Albany, as it was termed, would be the principal impediment to this movement on the part of General Howe. Thus, it will be seen, circumstances combined to render its possession, at this period, the very point on which the issue of the whole war might depend. Its fall would have struck terror into the whole country.

Count De Zeng, who, with the commandant, had immediately repaired to the fort, did not hesitate to express the liveliest gratification at the condition of the works. The garrison also was complete, and





King and Congress were discussed for some time in a semi-jocular vein.

"Colonel Gansevoort is now in the camp of the enemy," Miss Wilton at length remarked; "if I could expect him to speak the truth under such circumstances, I should be disposed to trouble him with a very serious question."

"Colonel Gansevoort will speak the truth, if he speaks at all," replied the latter, smiling, "even in the enemy's camp."

"Tell me, then, Frank," she rejoined, assuming a familiarity that their acquaintance in early life may possibly have justified, "tell me if you really desire to see the independence of these colonies established."

For a moment Gansevoort was too much astonished at this question to reply. While he hesitated, a light of startling intensity broke upon his mind; but subduing every sign of emotion, he still remained silent.

"I know," she continued, "that although Congress has declared independence, there are many of its supporters who in reality desire nothing more than an honorable peace with Great Britain, as her subjects. Suppose, then," she added, "that you had it in your power to contribute to that end, and thus to promote the best interests of your country, and spare the effusion of human blood—would you not do it?"

Still Gansevoort did not reply.

"Suppose, also," she continued, "that in so doing an honorable, praiseworthy action, you could secure to yourself affluence and distinction, would you not do it?"

Her companion at length spoke. "Why should we waste time in these idle hypotheses?" he said; "I know of no such opportunities."

"But would you avail yourself of them if presented to you?"

"If Miss Wilton believes that I would not act in accordance with what was at once just and honorable, best for my country, and most advantageous to myself, she certainly gives me but little credit for discretion."

"You have spoken at last, sir oracle, and like a man of sense and spirit. You seek the substantial good of your country. For this alone you have taken up arms; and for this, when it can be best accomplished by so doing, you are willing to lay them down. You are ready to take part in that patriotic and spontaneous movement which is every where making to promote a permanent peace. You are a prominent and influential man, whose example will lead others to return to their duty; and as such, his majesty is ready to testify his regard for you, in a particular and most gratifying manner."

"His majesty has long had the reputation of being a gentleman of benevolence," replied Gansevoort. "May I inquire in what manner he proposes to display it toward so insignificant a personage as myself?"

"Francis Gansevoort," said Miss Wilton, "it is not unknown to the officers of the king, that your patriotism has brought upon you the curse of a loyal father, and that you are a disinherited and penniless man. You shall see that your sovereign is more easily propitiated than your sire. The royal exchequer will furnish an ample substitute for a forfeited patrimony. A free gift of ten thousand pounds will testify the approbation of our most gracious sovereign for his friend and subject, Sir Francis Gansevoort."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Gansevoort; "Is it possible?" now carried away by real surprise. "But," he continued, after a pause, "is there nothing expected from me in return for such munificence, besides renewed allegiance?"

"Nothing," replied Miss Wilton, "literally nothing. It is true, that merely as a proof of your sincerity, you will be expected to give up this useless air-castle of yours, which, now that the war is exclusively in another quarter, is in reality of no value either to King or Congress."

"It is an air-castle, truly," exclaimed Gansevoort, glancing momentarily from the window at the flag which floated among the dark clouds of night. "Have I not reason to suspect that your dazzling project is also a castle in the air, and of less substantial texture? Kings do not usually employ such agents in their negotiations."

"His majesty does not lack an agent far more worthy to represent him than myself. When you are prepared to enter upon the negotiation, he shall be forthcoming. Ensign Wiley—"

"Enough!" cried Gansevoort; "I do not treat with ensigns. My own rank, and the importance of this transaction demand an envoy of far higher station, and one whose word is capable of binding the British government."

"Be satisfied, then," said Miss Wilton; "at this hour to-morrow, and at this place, you shall meet with one, to whose name, and rank, and authority, the utmost fastidiousness could not object."

"Doubt not I will meet him," was the reply. And thus they parted.

A few hours later in the evening now referred to, two individuals were seated in the cabin of the British sloop-of-war Dragon, engaged in earnest conversation. Both were in military undress. The one was young, slight, and good looking, with an air, however, of recklessness and audacity, that spoke the fitting agent of dark and hazardous deeds. The other was a middle-aged man, of more dignified and gentlemanly deportment. His demeanor was one that denoted station and influence, but his countenance bore that sinister expression, which nature often stamps upon the vile, and which no effort of assumed honesty can fully eradicate or conceal. Like the mark of Cain, it is indelible; but, unfortunately, unlike that sign, it is perceptible only to an eye practiced in the study of the human visage. An animated discussion had been followed by a

prolonged silence, when the latter, after rising and rapidly pacing the floor, turned suddenly to his companion, and said,

"If you have made sure of success in this matter, Wiley, we shall have accomplished a work of the utmost magnitude, and your reward will be proportionate."

"I assure you there is no room for doubt," was the reply. "I have felt my way step by step. Our conversations have been frequent and prolonged. He believes that his cause is declining; that the leaders are rapidly giving in their adhesion to the crown; that all oppressive measures will be aban-

doned, and thus the chief object of the war attained. What wonder, then, that he should hasten to be among the earliest penitents, and thus secure to himself so brilliant a reward. In truth, I begin to regret that you bade so high."

"It is too late to think of that," said the other, musing. "And Miss Wilton is his affianced bride. Well, well—we have played for a heavy stake, and won. How will these tidings rejoice Sir William!" Thus muttering to himself, he continued to pace his limited apartment, until his companion reminded him of the lateness of the hour.

[Conclusion in our next.

THE IRISH MATCH-MAKER.

A STORY OF CLARE.

BY J. O'NEAGHTY M'TEAGUE.

THOSE of my readers, (and particularly of my fair readers,) who may expect to hear a love story, will, I am afraid, be grievously disappointed; for though my legend certainly treats of that which, in most countries, is the *consequence* of the contrivances of the cunning little god, yet we will hazard our affirmation that the course of true love, as it runs through the hearts of the lads and lasses of Columbia, is widely different in its manner among those of the west of Ireland, and of all places in Ireland, the county of Clare.

To those who are familiar with the truly glorious tales of William Carleton, all this is unnecessary; for these, with wonderful humor and pathos, faithfully portray the endless peculiarities of Irish character. "Who that has alternately roared with merriment which he could not suppress, and sobbed with strong emotion at the history of the "Poor Scholar," can ever forget it?

Among all Carleton's delineations of Irish character, that of the Shanahus is the one which chiefly bears on our present subject. "And who is the Shanahus?" you ask. Well, I will tell you a few of his characteristics from my own personal knowledge and observations.

In most countries under the sun, the getting of a wife is no such railroad-speed kind of affair; and, (dating from the *first* eloquent glance of a bright eye, or sly *squeeze* of a lily hand, to the happy day when a certain little ceremony is performed,) occupies some little time, and, as many probably will be inclined to admit, no little anxiety, interlarded with a thousand little disappointments, &c.; all very well known,

and very delightful in their way, no doubt, *when all comes right at last*. But in the land we are treating of, unlike all others, except in some particulars the Eastern nations, from whom many of our customs are derived, affairs are carried on in another kind of manner.

The week before Lent, or Shrove, is the great time in Clare. And, oh! what a study is here for the plenipotentiary, the *attaché*, or the financier. A young man, (suppose, for instance,) hears of the "great fortune" of some young lady in the neighborhood, or, what generally happens, he is waited on by one of his friends, (*quite by accident*) when a conversation to the following purport occurs:—

"Well, Jimmy, who do you think I've in my eye for you?"

"Why, then, how do I know, Corny?"

"What do you think of Judy Tucker?"

"Oh, that would be *great*, Corny! I hear she has a good stockin' full?"

"Is it her? Two hundred pounds—no less; she 's no great beauty, but—"

"Oh, never heed, Corny. Do you think you could manage it?"

"Oh, let me alone."

Corny then mentions it to his wife, and she takes an early opportunity to go over to Judy's residence, where she (quite casually) mentions Jimmy Melish.

"Oh, but that's the nice boy, Judy, agra!"

"Is it Jemmy Melish you mane, that lives beyond the old church of Kilbricken?"

"Yes, agra! (softly.) Oh, but it's he would make you the dashin' husband!"

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THE LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY P. HAMILTON MEYERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE world-renowned city of Paris, always gay, was, perhaps, never more so than in the autumn of the year 1776. Most prominent among the exciting topics of its excitable populace, at that period, was the American war. Possessed of an innate love of liberty, and a generous sympathy for its oppressed supporters, and acting, doubtless, in part, under the influence of an habitual opposition to the British government, the citizens of Paris, and, to a less extent those of all France, had watched with anxiety the growing rupture between the colonies and their parent country, and now hailed with unconcealed delight the prospect of their final separation. Each item of intelligence which gave token of the spirit of the republicans, or the prospect of their success was sought with avidity, and discussed with animation. Not a city in the colonies themselves could boast of a populace so united in their opinion, or more enthusiastic in their anticipations on this engrossing subject. Whatever mistaken ideas of loyalty there might be in America, to arrest the cause of popular freedom, no such obstacle existed in France. They at least owed no fealty to the House of Hanover.

The feeling upon this subject at Paris had been brought to its height by the appearance of Franklin in that capital. Never, perhaps, had an untitled foreigner attracted so much attention, or been received with such distinction. In addition to the cause of his country, his personal reputation as a philosopher, his venerable years, his singular costume and manners, combined to throw around him that charm of novelty so seducing to the multitude. Wherever he appeared in public, crowds gathered to admire. The hotels and club-rooms resounded

with the name; the gazettes were filled with his aphorisms and *bon-mots*; and in every place of public resort, conspicuous among the embellishments the portrait of the American envoy, with grave and sage-like countenance, arrested attention.

That the presence of so decided a *lion* should be eagerly sought for at the fashionable parties and *levees* was quite a matter of course. Nor was the American backward in availing himself of all legitimate means to increase the popularity of his cause.

The *clairvoyance* of imagination, more potent than that of Mesmerism, shall unroof for our benefit the marble and pillared mansion of the Countess De Berne, and give to us a birds-eye view of its interior, on the evening of one of her most brilliant *fêtes*. A flood of light, a blaze of beauty meets the eye. Sitting, standing, promenading, the votaries of fashion, in numberless brilliant groups, are seen. Eminent among this throng for his personal appearance, and his graceful and agreeable manners, was Mr. Francis Gansevoort. American by birth, he had been spending several years in travel on the eastern continent, and only for a few weeks past had been a sojourner in the French metropolis, where he had gained, not without desert, ready access to the first circles of society. The son of a distinguished and wealthy loyalist of New York, he had left his home before the commencement of hostilities, and until his arrival in Paris, had heard but little to awaken his sympathies in behalf of his native land. He had for the last year been ~~travelling~~ in the eastern states of Europe, ignorant of the great events which had taken place at home, and unconscious of the rapid development of those great political principles for which his country was contending. The state of feeling which he found exist-

wet, boggy place, to the great detriment of the nice clothing of his nether man; but what still more astonished him was, that just when he was about to leave off work, he saw Aidey, as he was coming to the farmer's hopping and jumping as he neared the trench, and clearing it at a bound.

Mehicle, who as I have hinted, was ever inquisitive, could at last no longer bear to see Aidey going on in this manner, and determined not only to inquire the reason of this strange behavior, but also to try to have his hand in the making of the match, if such was in view; and accordingly, when Aidey appeared next morning, after having as usual covered himself with bog-dirt and mud, in blundering through the trench, he went forward to meet him, and they addressed each other with the usual salutations. Let me detail their conversation, as Mehicle used to relate it, and fond was that very same boy to tell over all the adventures, schemes and diplomacies, in his life of *Shanahusy*.

"Good morrow, Mehicle! God bless your work."*

"And you likewise, Aidey. How are you today?"

"Why, then, middlin', only! but there's no use in complainin'!"

"Indeed, faix, Aidey, you're airy up! but an' sure they say it's the airy thrushes get the airy worms. Whisper! what are you about above here at big house?"

"What house? Is it Brian Mungavan's you the mane?"

"Yes, to be sure!"

"Ah! *myself* that knows that! Maybe, though, I might tell *you*, in the course of time, and maybe yourself might assist me for a bit."

"Oho! is that the way? Well *that* it may thrive with you! *That's* a business, at any rate, that serves all men, includin' the priests!"

"And Shanahuses?" said Aidey, grinning, "and I ever knew you to be a capital one!"

"Well, I'm glad you're going to make a trial of me, and I say again, *that* it may thrive with you! But, aisy awhile, and answer me one question. I've been noticing you, and I've seen you passing backward and forward, these few days past, being, as you see, diggin' the place of a half acre of pratees for myself, and every morning, when you used to be coming out of owld Brian Mungavan's house, and over that wet place beyant, you used to walk straight through it, and not mind the wet one straw; but when you used to be going in to Brian's when I was lavin' off work for the day, and when I was wairy and tired enough myself, it's then I used to see you give a hop and a jump, and clear the trench in flyin' colors. And faith it's not such a bad jump aither, not at all; and it's no wonder (so it is n't) that you'd like to carry a dry shoe in to *herself*; but why should n't you do the same when you're comin' out?"

* The invariable salutation, in the West of Ireland, on approaching one who is at work.

"Why, then," answered Aidey, mournfully, "I'll tell you. Every word of what you say is true; and I'm much afeard it 'll be the cause of my giving up Brian Mungavan's house; and what's worse, Eileen herself; and what's worse again, her *fortune*—for the rale honest fact is, I *must* do it; I can't stand it any longer—for, indeed, when I come out of Brian Mungavan's house, Mehicle, I am not able to jump over the trench."

"Why, man alive, why not? Would n't one think now, that the good dinner you'd get, and good supper, and good sleep, *and the sight of herself*, would put you in the best of spirits, and that you'd clear the trench in a jiffy? But, God help you! Sure you're in love, I suppose. As Larry Burk says in the song,—

Love, she is a killin' thing!"

"Ah, let me alone! Faith, then, that's not what's killin' *me*, I can tell you. Little you know what a place that house above is. Little you know what sort of a man is Mungavan. There! reddin' the pipe, and let's sit down behind the rock, and I'll tell you all about it, and let you know the hobble I'm in."

"Very well, out with it," said Mehicle, as he drew a puff of his pipe; "and if I can serve you, you know *me*, and what *I am*."

"Oh, well I know who and what you are; and that the dickens a better Shanahus than your four bones ever stood in shoe leather to undertake a bargain of the kind; and so I'll ask your opinion. And, first and foremost, you must know that there's not such a kinnadt* in the province of Munster, than that same Brian Mungavan—and himself knows it well; and it's an unhappy life he lades his poor wife, and his nice girl of a daughter, he's such an owld crust himself; and, indeed, myself believes he begrudges even the crusts to the poor dogs. In fact, I'd have run off with Eileen long ago—for I could do it in a minute—only I know if I did, I'd never finger a penny of her fortune, which is pretty nice, too."

"But," said Mehicle, "What, in the name of goodness, has this to do with jumping over the trench?"

"Every thing," said Aidey, groaning—"wait a minute. When I go in, you see, at night, I'm in tolerable good spirits; and then I think nothing of the trench—so much for that. Well—that's all very well. I go in, and after a while, we all sit down to dinner; and, to be sure, to do the man justice, it's not a very bad dinner at all that he gives us. Well, we begin; and all of us pelt, and cut, and tear, and ate away at the dinner, as hard as ever as we can; but all wont do, Mehicle. Brian ates twice faster nor any of us; and in less than five minutes he purtends to be done, and—'Here, now,' says he, 'take away,' says he. 'Remove those dishes immediately,' says he. 'The Lord be praised, *we've* had enough! and thousands of the poor starvin' all over the country,' says the big rogue; and all the while,

* Old stingy fellow.

Mehicle, we have n't half enough to ate, nor a quarter; and then it's a poor night's rest a man gets on an empty belly, Mehicle. So, then, for fear of bein' starved intirely, I start off before breakfast. I do n't go home at night, (because she and I can get a great dale of talk before bed-time, and then it's too late to be goin' home so far.) I go, I say, before breakfast, for then I'm lost altogether with the hunger, and I'm not able hardly to move, and I come to the trench, and it bothers me entirely, and I'm *obligated* to *wade*. And, Mehicle, Eileen tells me it's the same way at breakfast, and he allows them but the two meals a-day; *but*, and listen to me, now. She says he gets up in the night, and gets things that's left from the dinner, and ate them within in his bed, the dirty, unmannerly brute! Now, did you ever hear of such a rascal? Oho! Muvrone! if I ever get the fingerin' of any of his cash, it's I'll show him how a good boy can spend good money. But how can we manage it, Mehicle? Can you give me any resate to cook the old scoundrel with?"

"Faix, I can *so*!" said Mehicle, handing him the pipe, "and a good way. It's easily known that you've not the laste sperrit, though, indeed, you're a fine, likely lad—but, to be sure, you're in love? You can't do a single ha'porth. No, if you really want to *cook* that chap, you must get an *old trainer* like me, and then, maybe, if both of you help me right, we may get some good out of him; at any rate we'll have diversion, and, Aidey, my boy, take courage, and if you *do* lose her, *and* her dirty fortune, I'll be bound, by the pipe in your mouth, to secure as good a one for you in the space of one month."

"O, Mehicle, I do n't doubt that in the least; but my heart is for Eileen, and you must try and get her first, any how."

"Very well, Aidey, we'll try. 'Worse than lose we can't,' as Mike Gorman said, when the doctor pulled out his tooth; do you stop diggin' here along with me to day, it's the least you can do. I have a famous dinner here in the basket—we'll ate that soon, and then we'll have a tremendous, grand, famous appetite by evening; and my hand and word to you, we shall have enough and lavins at dinner to-day."

"Do you think so, Mehicle? God bless you for sayin' so! I always heard you had a great head for these things."

"Yes, maybe I have; but two heads are always better than one, even supposin' they were no better than a couple of boiled pigs' heads."

With this profound reflection, they set to work, and with the help of the dinner which Mehicle had brought, and the tibbacky, managed to dig a good piece of the stubbles; and when evening came on, they made their way over the hill to Brian Mungavan's house.

"And now," said Mehicle, "do you introduce me just as your friend, but say nothing whatever about the match; leave all that to my management.

They went in accordingly, and were welcomed, civilly by Mrs. Mungavan, coolly enough by Mr. Mungavan; but as for Miss Mungavan, it may not be too great a presumption to suppose that the fault would not lie in *that* quarter, were the match not made.

Dinner, the much dreaded dinner, was announced; and, as faithful historians, we must say, too, *what* was for dinner. There were, then, a couple of good sized fat fowls, a turkey, too, and some bacon, with a proportionate supply of cabbage. Miss Mungavan, on being asked the dish of her choice, preferred, for certain reasons of her own, the delicate *breast* of the turkey; Mehicle, before whom were placed the fowls, not a little to the astonishment of all, who stared at so unusual a proceeding, clapped one on Aidey's plate, and kept the other himself, observing that "it was n't worth while to be dividin' them for birds."

Mr. Brian Mungavan, from old custom, gobbled up his bacon and cabbage with all celerity; but when he raised his eyes, and beheld the fierce and determined attack on the good things, he evidently foresaw it was useless to give the accustomed order to "take away;" for that if given, it would remain perfectly unheeded.

A fowl a-piece, with the bacon and various other appurtenances, was not a bit too much for men who possessed such keen appetites as Aidey and Mehicle; Miss Mungavan, as she had some one to keep her in countenance, also transgressed the rules, and doubtless enjoyed her share; the old woman, her mother, had enough; in short, it was a great day for that family. A dinner so completely discussed, was there, a rare occurrence. Such a day had never before been seen; but it was but a trifling forerunner of what was to come.

In fact they eat enough, and after they had eaten, they drank, all but the old kinnadt; he seemed quite lost in amazement at the quantity eaten, and bewildered at the assurance of Mehicle, who laughed, and talked, and played all sorts of antics, and cracked lots of jokes, as he always did, when engaged in an adventure just to his mind, as this was.

At length night came on, and bed-time was declared. All separated to their respective rooms, with the exception of Mehicle, who was to remain where he was, and to be content with occupying a "settle-bed" near the kitchen fire—and a not uncomfortable berth it is. But not long had Mehicle O'Kelopauthrick enjoyed his first sleep, when as he was, I believe, chuckling inwardly, while he dreamt of the tricks he was playing, a slight noise near the fire attracted his attention, and rousing him from his slumbers, caused him to raise his head cautiously. Peeping over the side of the settle-bed, he discovered Brian's wife in the act of kneading on the table a cake of wheaten flour.

"Oho!" thought Mehicle, "this must be the supper that Brian gets every night, the scoundrel. He begrudges honest people the bite, and the sup, and it

would be only a proper good deed to chate him out of it himself."

So Mehicle waited until he saw the old woman finish her cake, and cover it carefully in the hot ashes that still remained red on the hearth; and as soon as she had gone in to her room, he got up, slipped on his clothes, took his seat at the fire, and in a short time, out came the old woman, thinking the cake was now almost ready.

"O," said Mehicle, "good morning, ma'am. I heard the cock crowing, and I thought it was break-of-day, and then I got up and sat here; and after that I considered it *could n't* be day, or you'd be up; but now I see it is."

"See *that*, now," said Mrs. Mungavan, "you're wrong all the while. Our cock always crows at twelve o'clock, and it's not one at present; but my husband has a *great tooth-ache*, and he says he'd be the better for a smoke, and I just came in for a red coal, and I'd advise you to go to bed again."

"So I will, ma'am, by and bye; but as I'm up at all, I'll wait until he's done smokin', and when I've got a puff of the pipe myself, I'll go to bed."

"O, wisha, wisha!" thought she, "what'll I do? I'll be kilt both ways. I'd be ashamed to take up the cake, and it'll be burned entirely—and what'll *he* say?"

"What are we to do?" said she, going in to her husband, "there's that man, bad manners to him, up, and sittin' near the fire; and I do n't like to let him see me take up the cake, but he says he'll go to bed when he smokes; he heard our old cock, bad luck to him, bawlin' and he thought it was day."

"Well, here," said Brian, "take him the pipe, and make haste and bring me the cake; but do n't let him see you takin' it up."

"Here, sir," said she, "here's the pipe; his tooth-ache's *greatly* better. Well, now, to be sure, tibbacky is a fine thing. Myself takes a sly puff now and again, to comfort me; can you tell me, sir, where it grows? I heard it grew up in Ulster?"

"O, not at all ma'am, but in *Americky*, ma'am, where there's plenty av land idle, and wantin' occypation; and, faix, indeed, ma'am, that's not the way here, when we're a'most starved, and it's so scarce, and wonderful dear; sit down here, if you plaze, ma'am, and I'll tell you all about *my own* land, and how I lost it, and the hobble I'm in. Will we put down some turf, and make a good rousin' fire?"

"O, yeh, no, sir!" getting frightened about the cake, "we'd never get to bed if we'd a good fire."

"Well, then, never mind, ma'am. You see, about my farm. I was tellin' you, ma'am, my farm (puff) was just like *that*, pointing to the ashes smoothed down quite flat over the *cake*; well, my farm was quite smooth, and level, and flat, just like *that*; but if it was, ma'am, my second brother, Pat, ma'am, (p-p-fff)—here, ma'am, here's the pipe for you, and smoke for a bit."

"Thank'e, sir. Well! well, what about your brother Pat?"

"O, I'll tell you. My second brother, Pat, ma'am,

went to a blackguard 'orney, and got *an advice*, and found out that he'd as good a right to the farm as I had myself; and he went to law with me, and he bate me, ma'am; and then it was all left to arbitration, ma'am, and," said Mehicle, taking a piece of broken scythe in his hand, as if to illustrate his description, "the rascals were bribed, I'm sure; but, however, they made me divide the land into two halves, just now as I might divide *this*," making a desperate cut across the ashes, and, of course, through the centre of the cake.

"O, dear, sir! *that* was terrible," said she. "I hope they did n't do *any more* to your land?"

"O, yes; that was *nothing*, ma'am. The next brother, Terry, then, ma'am, says, says he, 'Why has n't myself as good a right as them two?' says he. 'I'll go to law,' says he; and so *he* went to law, and we did our best, but he bate us, and it was left to arbitration; and then we had to divide our land somehow *so*," cutting across again, "or, stop, I'm wrong, there was more of a corner cut off than that—it was more like *this*," another sliver, "and there was a wall running across, as it might be *so*," and here followed another slice; by this time, too, the cake was pretty well minced.

"O, dear, dear!" said she, "it must have been *spylte entirely* for you, then, sir," said she, thinking of the cake.

"O, musha, then! indeed it was, ma'am, not worth one fraction. But that was n't half of the misfortune; my youngest brother, Jack, ma'am, says, says he, 'Why, says he, why is n't it mine as much as theirs?' says he. 'I'll go to law,' says he; and *he* went to law, and it was left to arbitration; and *they* were bribed, and if they were, they made us turn, and mix, and twist it all to and fro, higgeldy piggeldy, in and out, this way and that way, just for all the world like *that*," said Mehicle, mixing ashes and cake all up together with the bit of scythe; "and see, now, it's all destroyed and ruined, and broken up, just like *that*," pointing down at the fire.

Mrs. Mungavan was, to be sure, grievously vexed, but said nothing till she went in to her husband.

"O, Brian," said she, "that's a terrible man, that man at the fire. He has cut up and spylte your elegant cake, tellin' me a story;" and here she told her husband how it happened.

"Well, Molly, accidents can't be helped; but, indeed, faith, I'm very hungry. What else is there in the house?"

"Nothing, agra, nothing. Them lads eat every bit that we had at dinner—howld on, there's the cabbage that was boiled with the bacon, and maybe some av the bacon itself."

"O, that's right. Is that man in bed?"

"O, I'm sure he is."

"Well, where's the bacon and cabbage?"

"In the skillet, near the settle-bed."

It was rather dark in the room; however, he found the right skillet, which Mehicle watched him putting down, determined, however, to cheat him of it if he

could. As soon as Mr. Mungavan had put down the cabbage, he retired to bed, and Mehicle hopped up.

Seeing another skillet near him, he examined it, and, O, joy! it was half full of tar.

In one minute the bacon and cabbage had vanished down his own throat, and in another the tar was beginning to hiss slightly in the skillet on the fire. Just then, said Brian to Molly, "do n't you think, Molly, agra, but the cabbage is near bein' warm enough?"

"I think it ought to be now, Brian," said Molly, "will I get a spoon for you?"

"O, no—was n't fingers made before forks."

So out he came, and walking straight up to the fire, sat down on his heels, and flopped down his hand into the now nearly boiling tar, but quickly drew it up, all covered with the horrid stuff, and was hardly able to bear the pain.

"O, the devil carry it away for a skillet! O, Monum un uatha, but my fingers are all destroyed! Oh! oh!—I put down the wrong skillet! Well, I'll not bawl out, I'd waken this honest man, and all the people—and they'd only laugh at me; O, voh! what'll I do at all?"

In his agony, he bolted out into the garden, while Mehicle slipped out of the window, shillelah in hand, and though it was dark, saw Mr. Mungavan run to the cabbages, and begin stripping off the leaves, while he rubbed them to his fingers, in his vain attempts to cool his hands, and get the tar off."

"Hallo!—who's this?" said Mehicle, running up with the stick, "who's this?"

"O, dear! *so you've caught me*," said Brian, "who are you?"

"Ah, ha! I've caught you, have I? I'll let you know who I am. Here, Mr. Mungavan! Mr. Mungavan! quick! come out! jump up! here's a man staylin' your cabbages! Take that, you scoundrel; how dare you come here!" And here Mehicle began whacking him as hard as he could.

"Do n't strike me!" said Brian, "dont! *I'll do any thing you like*. Oh! Oh! do n't! Do n't you see it's *me* that's here?"

"O, I see you well enough! Come out, Mr. Mungavan!" said Mehicle, continuing to beat him.

"O, stop! and God reward you! stop! Sure *I'm Mr. Mungavan!*"

"O, thunder, and pratees, and buttermilk! Why

didn't you tell me so before! Sure I would n't do such a thing if I *did n't* know it was you. Come in to the house. Poor man! are you *much* hurt?"

And now, many were the explanations on both sides. When they came in, Brian set to work, and called up all that were in the house, as it was now daylight. "And," said he, "here, in the name of all that's good and bad, let's have breakfast, for I'm famished, not to spake of the scaldin' and batin' I got; but sure it's all accidents, and can't be helped."

Breakfast was prepared and finished, and Brian got, gradually however, into better humor. But when that was over, his wife called him aside, and said,

"Now, Brian, all these accidents happened through your own fault; so, by all the books in Connemara, you must take my advice to-day. Have a fine dinner, and make them ate and drink enough; and and if it's Eileen that boy wants, faith, he's a smart young man, and we could n't do better. Say you'll give her a hundred pounds, or two, if one wont satisfy him; but, for goodness sake, give that Mehicle enough to ate."

What a truly sensible speech was this. Here was the proper view of the question. Brian Mungavan overcame himself for once, and was generous. And there was *such* a dinner! Eileen took good care of *that*. Turkeys, geese, and all manner of delicacies, graced the board. Take the words of a contemporaneous poet:—

"Mutton, and good fat bacon
Was there, like turf in creels."

Or rather in the language of the old song:—

"There was *lashins* of beef there,
And *stammins* of sheep there,
And whiskey came pourin' *galore*."

And then it was, when all, including Mr. Mungavan, were in that happy state denominated *soft*, that Mehicle opened his unerring batteries, never yet known to fail.

Let us merely now wish them a happy wedding; but we somehow cannot help thinking there is in this tale a

MORAL.

Be *ever* hospitable; but, if you invite a friend or two, *beware*, when you say "Take away;" for you know not whether some time or another you may not fall in with a MEHICLE O'KELOFAUTHRICK.

SONNET.

My wandering feet have trod those paths to-day,
Where I so late with thee in joyance went,
And gladly thitherward my steps I bent,
Turning me from the dust and din away,
And tracing with a quiet joy each spot
Hallowed by some remembrance dear to me,
A smile, a tone that cannot be forgot—

Places whose every charm was won from thee;
And therefore do I love that grassy way,
And every spot which thou hast wandered o'er,
And as a miser counts his secret store
When darkness has obscured the light of day,
So in thy absence, which is my heart's night,
Thy treasured words and smiles tell I with deep delight.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"There's a glory over the face of Youth—
And Age as fair a light displays,
When beautiful Love and spotless Truth
Have guided all her ways!

"But Sin is a hideous thing to see,
His eyes are dulled before his prime,
And each year leaveth the mark of three,
For he hurries the hand of Time!"

Thus spake the awaiting Angel Death,
By a way-side beggar-crone,
Who wrestled with the reluctant breath
On a pillow of broken stone!

'T was a fearful sight to see her gasp,
And clutch the air in her sinewy palms
As if forcing from a miser's grasp
The miserable alms!

But a sight to bring the tear-drops down
Was the little maiden pale and thin
Who stood by her side in a tattered gown
Which let the sharp air in!

Hatless and shoeless she stood in the rain,
And shivered like autumn's leaf,
Trembling with very hunger and pain,
And weeping with fear, not grief!

"What ails you, mother?" the maiden cried,
"What makes you tremble and stare?
Why do you look so angry-eyed
As you strike the empty air?"

"I fear you mother! Your angry brow!
Your wild and piercing eye!
Oh, do not, do not hurt me now,
There is no one to see me cry!

"Oh, mother, why do you beat me so?
And why do we walk all day,
And rest at night, if it rain or snow,
In cold, wet beds of hay?"

"Oh, why do the village children play
And seem so very glad?
And why are they dressed so clean and gay
While I am so meanly clad?"

"Do not their parents beat them too,
To make them moan and cry?
Or are their mothers weaker than you,
And the children stronger than I?"

"I've seen the parents kiss and hold
Their little ones on the knee!
I, mother, am well nigh ten years old,
You never did so with me!

"Why am not I as pretty and good
As the little girls in the town?
Are mine the meaner flesh and blood
Because I am burnt so brown?"

"And why do they go with happy looks
Up where the chapel stands,
Some with their little shining books
And flowers in their hands?"

"Oh, mother, I wish you would take me there!
For often as we go by
Their voices come through the happy air
As if from the open sky!

"Oh, mother, I wish I could join the strain,
And learn their beautiful words;
I am sure they do not sing for pain
No more than the little birds!

"You know how once we followed them out
To the forest green and gay;
How they danced and sang a song about
The beautiful flowers of May!

"Oh, they seemed like a band of angels, free
From hunger, pain and strife;
As a lady once told me I should be
If I lived an honest life!

"Then I wondered if we were to die that night,
If we should be angels fair!
But, mother, what makes your cheeks so white,
Why, why do you shiver and stare?"

"Oh, mother, mother! you have often said
You'd kill me yet in some lonely place
If I did not steal—and did not shed
More tear-streams down my face!

"And when in the prison cell we lay,
Because you took the purse,
I remember how I heard you say
A very dreadful curse!

"How then you threatened to take my life
Because I lied not more!
And I remember still the knife
You said you had used before!

"I fear you, mother! more and more!
You groan and give such fearful starts,
Ah, spare me now! and at every door
I'll cry till I break all hearts!

"But, mother, see, arise, arise!
A carriage comes up the vale;
They cannot, I'm sure, refuse our cries,
Now that you look so pale!"

Thus spake the maid—and the carriage came,
And she stood as with hunger wild;
While suddenly burst from the coach a dame
Crying "*my child! my child!*"

The crone half rose from her dying place,
With her mouth and eyes all wide!
And she knew the injured mother's face,
Then fell on her own and died!

PART II.

One day in the summer garden fair
The mother and daughter strayed;
With trembling tongue and timid air
Thus spake the little maid.

"Oh, must I call you mother, indeed?
And are you really so?
And may a useless way-side weed
In a beautiful garden grow?"

"Yes, you have told me all the tale,
How I was stolen away,
And how you grew all thin and pale,
Grieving for many a day!"

"Day after day my heart repeats
The story o'er and o'er!
And when you say you love me, it beats
As it never did before!"

"Oh, what are all these flowers that load
The bushes with red and white?
There are many growing beside the road,
But none so large and bright!"

"Along the fence the alder grows,
To shade the dusty way,
And by the brook the briar blows
Where the cat-bird sings all day!"

"Down by the meadows long and wet,
The willow-walks are made;
And now and then a violet
Grows in the willow's shade."

"The dandelion and mullin bloom
By the glossy buttercups' bed;
And the thistle looks like a soldier's plume
With its beautiful tip of red!"

"The blackberries grow by the stony wall,
You may pick them as you pass;
The strawberries, too, but so scattered and small
You must hunt them in the grass!"

"All these along the highway shine;
And as I see from here
The turnpike's long and winding line,
My heart sends up a tear!"

"For they were the only things to cheer
The long and weary mile!
The only things for many a year
That ever wore a smile!"

"Oh, mother, in our idle hours
We'll wander down the glen,
And I'll show you some of the simple flowers
That smiled upon me then!"

"Come, let us walk by the road and search,
There where the poplars stand;
That I may carry some flowers to church
To-morrow in my hand!"

"Then, where the old woman is doomed to lie
In the mound so new and bare,

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I'll slip aside, as we go by,
And quietly lay them there.

"So that if she is up in Heaven,
Singing the angels' psalms,
She may know that all has been forgiven
By these beautiful bright souls!"

"The good man told us, the other day,
We must forgive our foes!
And I forgive her; though she, you say,
Was the mother of my woes!"

"I love to hear the church organ blow
When the people rise from their places!
And the children stand in a shining row
And sing with happy faces!"

"Their sweet hymns make my heart rejoice
Like a blue-bird in the spring;
But when I try to raise my voice
I weep; for I cannot sing!"

"Their strain has a sweet and delicate tone;
But mine has none of such;
It seems more like the winds low moan
Of which I have heard so much!"

"Then, since my voice will not join with theirs,
In my heart I try to pray,
And I whisper o'er those little prayers
You taught me how to say!"

"Say, mother, why did the preacher place
His dripping hand on the little child?
And did you not mark its rosy face
How angel-like it smiled?"

"When I was so very, very small,
Did you carry me up the aisle,
And when I felt the waters fall,
Say, did I weep or smile?"

"And then again in the afternoon
They brought another there,
The while the organ's solemn tune,
Hung heavy on the air."

"But this one in its coffin lay,
While its mother sobbed aloud;
And its little hands were cold as clay,
And its face was white as its shroud."

"Then they slowly lowered it into the ground,
While the pebbles down after it slid;
And, mother, I still can hear the sound
Of the gravel upon the lid!"

"Asleep or awake I hear it fall,
And its grown to a pleasant noise;
It seems like a loving angel's call—
And I must obey the voice!"

Thus spake the child—And the Sabbath calm
Brought the loud organ's sorrowful sound,
And the great bell tolled its solemn psalm
As they laid her in the ground!

MARGARET'S WELL:

A TALE OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

Ay me! For aught that I did ever hear,
Did ever read in tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

It was toward the close of a lovely summer's day, in the eventful year of 1643, that a young cavalier might have been seen riding at a slow pace, and in a somewhat sad and thoughtful mood, through a green and winding lane in the pleasant county of Warwick, not far distant from the pastoral banks of famous Avon.

But though the young man's brow was now overcast and clouded, though his fine gray eye was fixed abstractedly on the mane of his charger, and though a heavy shadow, such as is believed by the superstitious to arise from the prescience of coming fate, gloomed over all his features, it was evident that such an expression was alien to the face, such a mood unusual to the character of the man.

He was as handsome a youth as you might see in a twelvemonth, even in that land, so justly famed for the manly beauty of its sons; tall and well-made, and giving promise of uncommon strength and vigor, when mature manhood should have swelled and hardened his slender form and yet unfurnished muscles. His face was frank and open, with a fair broad forehead, a well-opened, laughing, deep gray eye, and a mouth, the dimpled angles of which could not be divested of their natural tendency to smile, even by the heavy despondency which seemed now to weigh upon his spirit, and alter his whole countenance, even as a sunny landscape is altered by the intervention of a storm-cloud, blotting out all the laughing rays, which gave it mirth and radiance.

He was well-mounted on a horse that seemed adapted, by its mingled blood and bone, to bide the shock of armies, and caparisoned with demipique and holsters, as became the war-steed of an officer. Nor did the rider's dress, though not what we should now call military, contradict the inferences that would be drawn from the charger's make and accoutrements; for in his steeple-crowned slouched beaver he wore a single long black feather, and across the left breast of his velvet jerkin a baldric of blue silk, sustaining a sword of heavier and more warlike fabric than the court rapiers of the day—the baldric and the feather indicating a partisan of the king, as clearly as the sword and war-horse showed that he was bound on some longer and more perilous adventure than a ride through rich green meadows and among flowery hedge-rows.

He rode quite alone, however, which was at that day something unusual; for the custom of going forth accompanied by several armed servants or retainers, even in times of profound peace, was still prevalent among men of any pretension to gentle birth, and such, unless every indication of natural appearance, gentle bearing, and free demeanor failed, was evidently this young cavalier.

The sun was perhaps still an hour high, and the skies were filled with rich yellow lustre, while all the face of the green country was checkered with bright gleams and massive shadows, according as the level rays streamed gayly over the open fields, or were intercepted by the undulations of the ground, the frequent clumps of trees and patches of dark woodland, or the thick hawthorn hedges which diversified that pleasant landscape, when the lane which the young man followed began to rise rapidly over the eastern slope of a steep hill or down, the summit of which, a bare wild sheep-pasture, cut clear and solid against the rich gleam of the sunset heavens.

Here, for the first time, the youth raised his eyes, and after casting a rapid glance over the evening skies, as if to read the hour in the fading hues of day, checked his horse with the curb, and touching him at the same time lightly with the spur, cantered up the ascent with more animation in his air than he had hitherto displayed, and with a slight gesture of impatience, as if at the unexpected lateness of the hour.

A few minutes rapid riding brought him to the edge of the bare down, which was in fact a mere ridge, with but a few level yards at the summit, beyond these, sinking down almost precipitately into a singular lap or basin of land, nearly circular in form, and about two miles in diameter, walled in as it were from the external world, on every side, by tall, bare, grassy downs, treeless and bleak, without a sign of human habitation or of human culture, and limiting the range of the eye to that narrow and cheerless horizon.

Looking downward into the hollow, the scene was, however, entirely different; for all the bottom of the basin, and all the lower slopes of the hills were covered with dark shadowy woods, the gigantic trees and massive foliage of which bore witness alike to their great antiquity, and to the

mild and favorable situation, sheltered from every wind of heaven, which had induced their unusual growth. The hills at this hour intercepted all the light of the setting sun, and the whole space within the valley was filled with a misty purple shadow; through which, from out the glades and skirts of the black woods, the silvery gleam of many clear, still ponds met the eye; and beyond these, nearly in the centre of the landscape, the tall gables and twisted chimneys of an old dark-red Hall, with a solitary column of blue smoke soaring up straight into the cloudless sky, arose the only indication in that wild scene of the vicinity of any human being.

But although we have paused a moment on the bare brow of Clavering Edge, to point the reader's eye to this sequestered spot, the youth in whose company we have journeyed hither made no such pause; but, too familiar with the scenery, perhaps too impatient to reach the end of his ride, turned his horse's head short to the left, and trotted, as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, along a faintly marked foot-path which traversed the hill-side in a diagonal line, the steepness of the declivity forbidding any more direct progress to the bottom, leading to a narrow gorge which ran half way up the ascent, feathered with rich dark timber.

As soon as he reached the covert of the woodland he dismounted, and leading his horse a little way aside from the path, fastened him by the chain of his cavalry head-stall to a tall ash-tree in the centre of a thick coppice. Then, with a rapid step, he hurried down the path, which became every moment more clearly defined, as it followed a clear, rapid brook of slender volume along the gorge, which gradually widened into a beautiful wooded valley. Within ten minutes he came to a tall park paling of solid oaken plank, at least ten feet in height, all overrun with the giant ivy which flourishes so verdantly in such moist situations, affording access to the park within only by a low wooden portal, closed by an antique iron lock of large dimensions.

This formidable barrier was, however, easily passed by the cavalier; the lock giving way readily, and notwithstanding its rusty guise smoothly enough, to a key which he drew from the bosom of his jerkin. Before opening it altogether he paused, however, for a moment, and gazed anxiously through the chink, to see, as it would seem, if there was any one observing him. Then, satisfied that all was safe, he passed in quickly, closing the door with a noiseless hand behind him, but taking especial care not to lock it against his own egress.

Within, the scenery was very beautiful, though still impressed with the same character of loneliness, and almost weighing on the spirits by its unnatural and almost awful silence and repose. The glea expanded rapidly, sloping from the park palings downward toward the mansion, but so thick were the woods on either slope and in the bottom, that nothing could be distinguished in the foreground

but the huge trunks of the giant oaks and beeches, with the tall lady fern growing in rank luxuriance under them, nor any thing in the distance but the twilight foliage of their heads, as they descended rank below rank in the great amphitheatre. Even at this early hour, indeed, that deeply wooded dell would have already been as dark as midnight, save that adown its centre there ran a chain of long, narrow, shallow fish-ponds, each raised by a dam above that next below it, until they reached the level bottom-ground; all overarched, it is true, with shadowy branches, but all reflecting the last western gleam which stole in through the arch of leaves, dark as the portal of some gothic aisle, through which the eye caught a glimpse of a smooth grassy lawn, glimmering in the dewy twilight.

Between the young man and the head of this chain of ponds there lay a belt of thick alders, with here and there a stunted willow, fringing the margin of the brook which fed them, and separating it from the path which gave access to them from above, and to the lawn below, and thence to the gardens and the Hall.

Along this path he now bounded with a fleet and impatient step, as if anxious to discover something which might be hidden from his eye by its leafy barrier; a few paces brought him to the termination of the brake, and to a large clear tank, immediately beyond it, fed by the brook, and itself the feeder of the calm pools below. It was perhaps three yards in length, by two in breadth, walled on all sides with solid masonry, and partly covered at the head over the inlet of the stream by a groined arch of stone-work; on every side the ground sloped down to it, covered with deep rank grass; and above it six or seven enormous elm trees shadowed it with a constant gloom. The water within was as transparent as glass, showing the sandy bottom in all parts, though of extraordinary depth, with the pure cold springs boiling up from a dozen little whirlpools, and sending their trains of sparkling bubbles, like the tails of so many comets, through the limpid darkness of the pool.

And here, once more, the young man paused, and gazed anxiously about him, and down the walk toward the quiet lawn. Then seeing that he was alone, and that there was no person in sight, even at a distance, he cast himself down on the turf at the foot of one of the great elms, where the shadows would conceal him from any casual observer's glance; crossed his arms on his breast with a sort of impatient resignation, and muttered to himself half angrily—

"It is past the hour, and yet she is not here. Oh! if she knew, if she but knew what a hell it kindles in my heart to be kept waiting, to be set doubting, to be tormented thus. But no!" he added in a moment, as if reproving his own vehemence. "No, no! something has fallen wrong—something has hindered or delayed her. And yet what should it be? Can we have been betrayed, discovered?"

God!" he exclaimed, springing again to his feet, "Great God, forgive me! as I cannot endure this any longer. Away with my word, when hers is broken thus! away! I will go seek her even in—"

But as he made the first motion to take the path leading toward the house, his impetuosity was arrested, and his rash speech cut off, by the apparition of a figure entering the verdant arch from the lawn, and advancing with a slow and hesitating step, as if timid or reluctant, toward the tank and the upper glen.

The young man's heart beat rapidly and high, as that form, distinguishable only in the increasing duskiness of evening by its relief against the twilight sky, entered the green arcade; and it was a minute or two before he could discern with any certainty the sex, much less the identity of the person approaching him.

There is, however, in the senses of a lover something intuitive, that can for the most part discern unerringly the presence of the beloved object, by sounds, by signs, perhaps even by perfumes, so slight as to be imperceptible to any one, whose every nerve were not supernaturally sharpened by the influence of passion. Something it must have been of this amorous prescience, which rendered the cavalier almost certain, long ere the eye could inform him, that the figure approaching was no other than the person to meet whom he had ridden hither, and whose delay had caused him so much anxiety.

Nor was he deceived; for ere long the fluttering of female habiliments, might be distinguished clearly, and in another moment the well-known sounds of the light gentle footstep, and the silvery tones of the soft low voice assured him.

He bounded from his covert to meet her, and she too quickened her step, as she saw and recognized her lover.

She was as beautiful a girl, of some eighteen or nineteen years, as ever gladdened the eye of man. Considerably taller than the ordinary height of women, her figure, although very delicate and slender, with feet and ankles of the smallest and most fairy model, was yet so exquisitely rounded, so perfect in the rise and fall of every graceful and voluptuous outline, that it was not until you stood beside her, and compared her stature with your own, that you perceived how far she overtopped her fellow fair ones in height as in beauty. Her face was of perfect Grecian outline, with large soft gentle eyes, like violets surcharged with dew, and a mouth the most beautiful that ever adorned a female face, both for shape, color and expression; an expression so soft and so wooing that it would almost have been thought sensual, but for the candid artless innocence, not all unblended with a touch of pensive melancholy, which breathed from every other feature of that most lovely and love-inspiring countenance.

Her hair, profuse even to redundancy, of the richest and sunniest brown, with a golden tinge

running through it where it met the light, fell down in soft and silky masses on either side of the pale oval face and the swan-like neck, and waved in floods of heavy ringlets over the splendid arch of her falling shoulders, and the dazzling fairness of her bust, so far as it was shown by the square cut boddice of her dark velvet dress.

"Margaret," said the young man, as he sprang forward joyously to meet her, "my own sweet Margaret, is it at length thou? Oh! I have so long tarried, and so—"

"Sorely tormented thyself, Lionel," interrupted the fair girl, "is it not so? tormented thyself with fears of I know not what, and doubts of poor Margaret, that thou wert even half mad, between jealousy and apprehension! Now out upon thee for a self-tormentor, and most discourteous knight, to misdoubt thus thy true lady's word! For did I not promise thee, Lionel?" she added, laying aside the playful air in which she had at first addressed him, and speaking now in the gentle but earnest tones of pure calm affection, "did I not promise that I would meet you here this evening, and when did I ever fail in my promise? Oh! Lionel," she continued, laying her hand fondly on his arm, and looking full into his eyes with those large dark orbs of hers swimming in mournful languor, "how, when I see you thus fiercely moved, thus rendered doubtful and suspicious and unhappy by things of so slight moment, how can I hope that you will bear the real crosses and afflictions, the genuine woes and trials, of which so great a portion of life is composed, with that serene and manly dignity, that resolute and noble patience which alone in the end can make yourself or those who love you happy? Oh! cast this temper, Lionel, nay but subdue it altogether; and do not, do not, my beloved, make me too doubt and tremble for my future."

"Beautiful counsellor," he answered, "I listen to your eloquent words, your womanly and graceful counsels, and while I listen, I would swear to guard them as my soul's best guides; would swear to abide by them forever; but when once your lovely face has vanished from before my eyes, when once your sweet voice sounds in my ears no longer, when I am once again alone, and all around me is left void and cheerless, then my heart burns apace, and my imagination darkens, and of my very craving and insatiate desire for your dear presence grows fear of every thing on earth, and almost doubt of every thing in heaven. But be once mine. let the dark dread of losing you forever be effaced from my mind, and you shall see me calm and patient as—as thyself, my own Margaret."

"Ah you are selfish, Lionel," she answered. "Your very love makes you selfish, and in the warmth of your own passions, in the anxiety of your own impatience, you forget that I too have my trials to endure, that I too wax at times impatient under the cold constraints, the small punctualities that fetter me, that I too—" and she paused in

beauteous hesitation for a moment, until she marked the pleading glance, which he cast to her eyes—"that I too love, and dare not disclose that love, Lionel."

"Ay, that is it," he replied moodily. "All my requests are ever met with 'I dare not;' all my affections cast back coldly on my heart with 'my duty.' I know not how these things should be; I am a poor casuist, Margaret, but I can *feel*; and I *do* feel that to genuine, honest, deep-souled true love, there is nothing that may not be dared—that to the plighted there can be no higher duty—"

"Peace, Lionel," returned the fair girl, gravely, almost severely; "for if you *will* speak thus to me, I must not, and I will not hear you. You know that, from the first, when I owned that my heart was yours, and promised that my hand should be so likewise, I told you plainly that although nor force, nor flattery, nor fraud, should ever make me the wife of another, yet never would I swerve from a daughter's obedience, though my heart-strings should burst asunder in the strife between my love and my duty. You know all this of old, dear Lionel; then wherefore torture yourself thus, and afflict me, by these wild and unprofitable outbreaks. You are assured that I love you, with all the truth and strength of a young maid's first affection; you have my promise to be yours, or to die a heart-widowed maiden; you know, that the obstacles between us are no wise insurmountable; that my good father, although somewhat over tenacious, and self-willed on points which he deems essential, is kind and gracious; that he loved you well—"

"Loved me!" exclaimed the young man, impetuously, "loved me! ay! fondled me when I was a curled stripling, as one would fondle an ape or a popinjay! loved me, forsooth! until he found that I aspired to his fair daughter's hand, and then—spurned me—spurned me from his door like a nameless cur! Loved me! Great God! I marvel at you, Margaret!"

"And I both marvel at you, and grieve for you, Lionel," cried the fair girl, indignantly. "You are unkind, unreasonable, and ungenerous. I thought you had come hither to say farewell, before riding forth to win honor in the field of loyalty; I thought you had come hither to speak kindly with the woman you pretend to love, the woman whom you may not see again for months, for years, perhaps forever. I thought you had come hither as a man, to console a fond girl's sorrows, to point a sad girl's hopes, to strengthen a frail girl's weakness. I thought you had come hither, nobly and manfully, and generously, as it should becom the king's cavalier, to give and to derive strength for the endurance of long separation, the struggling against hard trial—and how do I find you, captious, unreasonable, jealous-spirited, unkind—seeking to afflict, not to console; to take away, not to give hope; to unnerve, not to strengthen. Now, out upon you, Lionel, I say—out upon you, and for shame! Is this the frame of mind wherein a gentleman should part from the lady of

his love? Is this the high prophetic spirit which pointed you erewhile to fields of honor, and to deeds of glory, which should perforce win the consent—the reluctant consent, if you will—of my father, and compel him to be proud of his daughter's chosen husband, even as he was fond of his daughter's youthful playmate? Out upon you, I say, Lionel. It almost shames me to confess that I have loved, to confess that I still love one so high and spirited to aim at great things afar off, so faint-souled when it comes to the touch to win them."

She spoke fervently, indignantly; and as she spoke her tall form seemed to dilate to a grander and more majestic height, and her soft blue eye flashed, and her pale cheek kindled with the glow of proud and generous emotion.

Lionel gazed at her half in admiration, half in wonder; for though he had seen her in many moods, and admired her loveliness in many guises, never had he seen so much of animation, so much of high-born, haughty fire in her air, as at this moment; yet, though his mind was moved by her eloquent words, and his heart touched by the justice of her tender, although spirited remonstrance, he answered again ungenerously, resisting the promptings of his better nature, which would have led him to cast himself down at her feet, and confess his injustice and ill-temper; but no, man to the last, unjust to woman, he kicked against the pricks of conscience, and said harshly,

"Proud! proud!"—you are proud, too, Margaret. There spoke the temper of Sir Hugh! There spoke the haughty heart of the proud Claverings."

"And God forbid," she replied, meeting his gaze with a firm yet melancholy eye, "that in my tongue should not speak the temper of my noble father—for it is a temper all of loyalty, and nobleness, and honor. God forbid that in my breast there should not beat the haughty heart of the Claverings, for in their haughtiness to the high they ever have borne themselves humbly to the low; and in their pride toward the proud and great, they ever have protected the poor and the forlorn. God forbid, I say, Lionel Thornhill, God forbid that I should not be proud—for I am proud only of gentle blood, and gentle deeds, and honorable bearing. And you, too, sir, should rejoice in that pride of mine; for had I not been proud, too proud to value wealth, or rank, or title, apart from that nobility of soul which alone gives them value, proud enough to esteem the man of my choice, honored by his own virtues only, and his innate and natural grandeur, far above loftier suitors, then had I never said to thee, '*I do love, Lionel,*' never had brought my pride to be humbled thus, by reproach whence I should have met gratitude; by insult, whence I should have looked for support. But it matters not. If I have erred, I can retrace my steps; and I have erred, sir, erred fearfully, if not fatally. I fancied you all that was high and great, all that was generous and gentle, all that was true and tender, all that was chivalrous and cour-

teous. I worshiped you almost as a god; my eyes are opened, and I find you—a mere man!—and a man of no manly mould. We have both been mistaken, Lionel. You never have known me in my strength, nor I you in your weakness. But I will neither upbraid nor explain. Better to part now forever, with warm hearts, and no unkindly feelings, than to be linked irretrievably together, and find, too late, that we are uncongenial souls, and wear out years of bickering and growing coldness, and hate, perhaps, before we die—”

“Hate!” exclaimed Lionel, now alarmed by her earnestness, despite his wayward mood, and fearful, at length, that he had gone too far—“and could *you* hate? could you hate *me*, Margaret?”

“I could do more,” she replied, “I told you that you know me not. I could despise, if I found you worthless.”

“But I am not—I am not worthless, Margaret. Great God! I worthless! I who would lay down life to win honor, honor itself to win you—”

“To lay down honor were the way to lose, not win me.”

“You are unjust now, Margaret. You go about to put constructions on my words, to warp my phrases from their meaning, to torture my thoughts into evil. You are unjust and ungenerous, and unkind. I will waste neither words nor affection on you any longer—hate me you may, despise me if you can, proud girl; but you shall not wring my heart thus. I cast you from me in your pride—I renounce you. Go, go, unkind and haughty creature, go to your gothic halls, and gaze upon your long descended portraits, cherish your little pride with the details of bygone greatness; go, and confess to your overbearing father that you have been but a degenerate daughter, to stoop even in thought so low as to a beggarly Thornhill; go, and console his wounded pride by your repentance; go, and profess your willingness to be the bride of titled imbecility and noble baseness, in *his* chosen suitor. Go, I say, go, Margaret Clavering. Go, and forget that Lionel Thornhill, whom you once swore to love forever—that Lionel Thornhill, who now gives you back your oath. Go, Margaret Clavering, go; and farewell for ever.”

“Farewell, Lionel Thornhill.”

And with a calm demeanor and firm step, but with a heart so full that she fancied it would burst at every step she made to leave him, the fair girl turned away. It was a mighty, mighty effort, and her brain reeled dizzily, and a mist darkened her eyes. “My God,” she moaned within her heart, “My God, how have I loved this man, that he should thus deal with me; but it is better, it is better so to part, and God will give me strength to bear it.” And without looking once behind her, she walked in bitterness of spirit down that dim walk, which she had not an hour before ascended full of glad thoughts and joyous aspirations; convinced in her own mind that this was, indeed, a final rupture between her

self and her impetuous and reckless lover, and thoroughly determined that she would neither return nor relent, unless on the exhibition of an altered and amended spirit on the part of him whom she indeed loved with all the sincere and earnest depth of a mind as powerful as it was pure, but of whose many faults of character and temper she was already but too painfully aware.

Nor was this resolve on her part in any degree the result of any idle coquetry, or weak and unworthy desire to try her lover's patience, or exert her influence over him. It was rather the consequence of a perception which had been long gaining upon her, that the spirit of Lionel, although high-toned and ambitious of good and high ends, and full of noble aspirations, was yet altogether deficient in stability and self-reliance; that his character was marred by a sort of jealous irritability and impatience, and that he was in no small danger of becoming in the end that most unhappy and unamiable of beings, a self-doubter, and a doubter of all around him.

It had been well, perhaps, for her, had nothing occurred to break her resolution, but so it was not, not so was it like to be; for the quarrels of lovers are proverbially of brief duration, and the temper of Lionel was as placable as it was easily excited.

Margaret Clavering had not, therefore, gone twenty paces on her homeward path, ere a fleet foot sounded behind her, an arm was thrown about her slender waist, and her repentant lover was at her feet.

Five minutes more and all was forgiven and forgotten; and, arm-in-arm, the young and beautiful pair sauntered back to the edge of the deep tank, and there seated beneath the shade of the gigantic elms, sat till the evening had closed in dark around them, weaving a tissue of gay prospects for the future, exchanging protestations of eternal faith, and consoling and confirming each the other with promises of perfect confidence, and resolute endurance of whatever should befall them.

Before they parted, neither of the two entertained a doubt that Lionel's career under the banner of his lawful monarch, displayed, alas! in civil war against his own rebellious subjects, and the glories which he would achieve with his good sword, would reconcile Sir Hugh, in due season, to the comparatively obscure birth and lowly fortunes of his daughter's suitor; and that time alone and constancy were needed to insure to both ultimate and eternal happiness. Rings were exchanged, and locks of dark and golden hair; and it was understood between them, that in case of any sudden need, or perilous emergency, at sight of his ring returned to him by a trusty messenger, Lionel Thornhill should return hither with all speed of horse and man, and look to meet his faithful mistress—faithful through life and unto death, by that same tank, on whose green edge they parted. They parted, with many a tear, and

many a fond embrace. They parted! When shall they meet again, and how?

A year had passed since Margaret and her lover parted; a year of incessant strife and warfare throughout England; a year of suffering and sorrow and trial to the fair young girl, such as she never had endured before, since the day of her joyous childhood. The war, which had raged at first so fiercely in the western counties, had now, by the partial success of the royal arms, swept inland; and the royal host lay at Oxford where the court was assembled, and where the loyal parliament, for there were now two parliaments in the distracted kingdom, held their sittings. Tidings were, it is true, in those days carried to and fro with difficulty; split up as the whole country was by borough towns and hamlets, by the castles of the great, and the cottages of the poor, between the two contending factions; still, in spite of this, those who were interested in the fortunes of the contending armies, or in the fate of friends or relatives engaged on either side, contrived to ascertain which way the tide of events was setting, and of which host on every stricken field, the more and nobler victims had gone down before the merciless surge of civil fury.

On the latter point, unhappily, the tale, for the most part, ran one way; for while the parliamentarians, even in their most gallant and disastrous ropts, lost only a few low-born fanatics, pimple-nosed serving-men, as Oliver himself has set down the bulk of the rebel forces, small shop-keepers, or broken farmers; the king's army, even in its most glorious victories, had to deplore the fall of the good, the great, the far-descended, and the noble; so that for one man of quality and parts, and education, who had gone down on the rebel side, twenty of higher rank, and equal merit, probity, and valor, had been lost to the king's supporters.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, what must have been the constant agony of Margaret, as day after day brought tidings of some desperate skirmish or well-fought pitched battle, or some fierce onslaught, or slow famished leaguer; while weeks, perhaps, nay, months, elapsed before the names of those who had fallen were clearly ascertained, to relieve the breasts of the happy from anguish for a while, and to plunge their hapless neighbors in that only sorrow for which there is no earthly medicine.

Thus far, that last stroke had been spared to Margaret; nay, hitherto from all that she had learned of her lover's career in arms, she had derived unmixed satisfaction, and had been led at first to form sanguine hopes of the accomplishment of all her wishes.

From his first action to the last of which the tidings had arrived at Clavering-in-the-Hollow, he had distinguished himself by his spirit, his coolness and judgment in the council-chamber, and his fiery, impetuous ardor on the battle-field. From a captain in Colonel Bagot's regiment of horse he had risen so rapidly, as to be given the command of that regi-

ment, on the appointment of the gallant officer who raised it to be governor of Litchfield.

For a while, as Sir Hugh Clavering noted the encomiums passed on the conduct of the young man, whom he had, indeed, loved until he discovered what he considered his presumption, in aspiring to his daughter's hand, he had expressed some pleasure; for he was of a generous and noble temper, although stern, unyielding, and exacting, and had even, on the occasion of his promotion, declared at the supper-table, when the news reached him, not without something of self-gratulation at his own prescient sagacity, that he had always foreseen that Lionel Thornhill, would do great things, and rise to honor, should opportunity be vouchsafed, and fortune favor him.

Unfortunately, however, poor Margaret, delighted at hearing her lover's praises flowing from that unaccustomed tongue, had displayed her emotion and her joy so visibly in her flushed cheeks, clasped hands, and sparkling eyes, that the stern old baronet at once perceived his error—an error into which he would not have fallen, had he not been well assured, from the unconscious manner and absolute tranquillity of his sweet child, that absence, and time, joined to the knowledge of his determination, had eradicated all the traces of her misplaced and, as he hoped, transient passion from the maiden's breast.

Once satisfied that such was not the case, with the decisive, energetic obstinacy, which was his principal characteristic, he had resolved to compel her at once to an union which he had long desired to bring about, but which was so repugnant to his daughter, whom, in spite of his severity, he loved more dearly than any thing else on earth, that although he had often given her to understand that it must be at some future time, he had yet so continually delayed, and so entirely forbore to press it, that she had begun to regard it rather in the light of an old story adhered to from pertinacity, but in truth signifying nothing, than as a real peril, immediate, and threatening her happiness.

Now, however, changing his plans on the instant, he constantly invited the suitor of his choice to Clavering, though still without speaking on the subject at all to Margaret; encouraged him to persist in his attentions, in spite of the coldness, and sometimes of the aggressive impertinence of the overwrought maiden, and directed the servants to treat Sir Andrew Acton in all respects as the future husband of his daughter, and as their future master.

Margaret was not slow to perceive the meaning of these machinations, yet she hoped still, although they wrought upon her spirit fearfully, wrought even on her health, and dimmed the resplendence of her dazzling beauty, that by patience and self-control, and the calm endurance of a noble mind, she should be enabled to protract matters at least until something should fall out which might give her an advan-

tage over her persecutors, in the deep and wily game they were playing against her.

Thus time wore onward, until the latter days of autumn, the autumn of 1644, were fast approaching. The dark woods of Clavering-in-the-Hollow had changed their deep garniture of summer greenery for the sere and melancholy russet; the dead leaves came whirling slowly down through the still and misty atmosphere, and lay in thick decaying masses, red and rank, over the steamy grass. The solitary fish-ponds were veiled by the white vapors which hung over them even at noonday; and a faint mouldering, earthy odor, reminding those who perceived it of the scent of a burial-vault, dwelt heavily among the deep, moist woodlands, and rendered those wild wood-paths, which were so cool and attractive in the budding days of early spring-time, and the fierce heats of summer, loathsome and almost insalubrious.

Even in the open lawns and trim terraced gardens which surrounded the old hall, the faint and sickly sunshine fell but for a few hours at mid-day, and then with a melancholy and as it would seem reluctant lustre.

A gloomy place, and solitary at the best, in such a season, was Clavering-in-the-Hollow; but now it was doubly so, from the total absence of all animation, all sound, or show of human life within its precincts. Old age, and fast growing infirmities had long since debarred Sir Hugh from his once loved field-sports; sons he had none, nor nephews, nor kindred, except his one fair daughter; and thence it was, that no baying of the merry fox-hound was ever heard in those deep glades and tangled dingles; no ringing report of the birding-piece or carbine awoke the echoes of the bare downs above; no merry cavalcades of gorgeous cavaliers and merry ladies, with falcon on fist, and spaniel at heel, were ever seen sweeping over those solitary lawns, and filling those lonely places with sounds and sights of beauty.

Sir Hugh mused ever by the hearth, or pondered over some huge tome of heraldry, or told old legends of his youth, sternly and briefly, and with none of the garrulity of complacent old age, to the dull ears of Sir Andrew, who, now almost a constant inmate of the Hall, listened unmoved and stolid to tales intended for the most part to urge him on to something of action or exertion; too indolent and listless for field sports, too dull and unintellectual to take delight in books or paintings, he would lounge away half the morning playing at shovel-board, his right hand against his left; or setting the terriers and mastiffs by the ears, or quaffing mighty tankards of toast and ale, until the dinaner hour should subject poor Margaret to the petty persecution of his unmeaning speeches, his simpering smiles, and his impertinent assumptions, which she affected not to perceive, and treated with indifference, unless absolutely thrust upon her, and then with cool contempt.

Meanwhile it was observed by the old servants,

who worshiped the very ground on which she trod, that, although in the presence of her father and of that hated suitor she bore up with a brave front against those small, and mean, and irritating persecutions, which act on a high and noble spirit as the incessant drip of water on the intrenchant granite, that although she was calm and self-possessed, and dignified, nay, at times quick and high-spirited, and prompt at eloquent and cutting repartee, she was, when left alone, another creature.

She, whose whole nature, in old days, was gentleness and woman mirthfulness, who never could walk across a room, or athwart a grassy lawn, but her gay soul would send her bounding like a happy fawn in some unpremeditated dance-steps; she, whose lips poured forth, not from the lack of thought, but from the very superfluity of fancy, one constant stream of blithe imaginative song, would now sit brooding for whole mornings in dark silence, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes, hard and tearless, and abstracted, riveted on those thin, wan, burning fingers; hearing no sounds from without, and if forced to lend her attention, starting with a wild stare from her reverie, and gazing around her like one awakened suddenly from a deep sleep, and answering sullenly, querulously, and at times even harshly to addresses of the kindest meaning.

Evening after evening, when she could escape, favored by the deep musings of her father, and the deeper potations of Sir Andrew, she would wander away into the deep, moist woods, heedless of the chill dews and loathsome mists, roaming the desolate paths like an unquiet ghost, and terminating still her melancholy walks at the margin of that deep, transparent tank, beside which she had parted from her lover.

The old forester at first, who had known and loved her mother when she was as young and as fair, and almost as wretched as her miserable child, was wont to follow her steps at a distance, so deeply was he impressed with the idea that all was not right with her gentle spirit; and he had whispered once into the ear of a fellow-servitor, as old and as faithful as himself, that he had seen her make strange gestures with her hands, and noticed that her lips moved constantly without giving utterance to a sound.

But it was not long before she discovered that she was watched; and the moment she discovered it, assuming instantly her usual calm and graceful dignity, she turned about, left the path which she was following, and walked directly up to the old man, where he stood half concealed by the boll of a huge oak, and alarmed now at the consequence of his own precaution.

Fixing her soft eyes mournfully, and with half reproachful glance, on those of the old servant, she laid her hand lightly on his arm, and said, with an attempt to be playful, as of old, which was in truth most melancholy, "Ah, I have found you out for all your hiding, Jeremy. So you were watching me in these wild woods;" and then altering her tone

in an instant, as if she had become aware that the effort was in vain, "but no," she added, "no, no—you are mistaken; I am not mad, indeed I am not mad, only most miserable; though God knows, and he only, how soon they may make me mad also. Now listen to me, Jeremy, you must promise me here, and now, that you will do from this time forth whatever I may ask of you. I know that in old times you were good to my mother, and now, God help me, unless it be you alone, there is no one left to be good to her daughter. Say, will you promise me, old Jeremy?"

"I will—I will, Mistress Margaret," replied the old man, moved even to tears by the earnest incoherency of her address. "I will, if they kill me for it! I will do what you bid me, though it be to lose my own life, or—" and he bent his brows darkly, and clenched his hand and repeated in a deep whisper, "or—to take that of others!"

For one moment she gazed at him so wistfully and so wildly, that he imagined that he had hit upon her meaning, and that she only lacked the nerve to speak out her desire openly. He fixed his eye, therefore, firmly and confidently on hers, and tapping the butt of the heavy cross-bow, which lay in the hollow of his left arm, with the fore-finger of his right, "There is no doubt," he said, "nor any danger. I can send a broad arrow through his heart, as he rides home some night in his cups, I warrant me, and none the wiser."

"Hush! hush!" replied the girl severely. "You must not speak of such things, nor I think of them. You misunderstand me, and offend me." But it was remarkable that her cheek did not pale, nor her lip quiver, nor her soft eye blanch, nor any start of disgust or horror shake her frame, at that dark and bloody proposition. A little month before, and she had recoiled in awe and loathing, had fled in utter scorn and hatred from any one who should have dared to impute such meaning to her words. But now she listened calmly, and though she refused and rebuked the offer, she did so with an unmoved and deliberate demeanor, as if she were herself familiar with thoughts of blood and death; as if she had accustomed herself to envisage such ideas calmly, perchance herself to look at man's worst enemy or best friend, as it may be, no longer through a glass darkly, but steadily, and face to face.

It must have been, indeed, strange misery, awful despair, which had changed a being so merry and innocent, so delicate and womanly, and gentle, into one so resolved and stern, and so calm in her resolution, whether for good or evil.

"No, no," she continued, "you must promise me, in the first place, never to follow or watch my steps any more, but, on the contrary, to observe others, lest they do so; and if you see or suspect any one attempting it, frustrate or intercept him. Do you promise me this?"

"I swear it."

"It is well. Now tell me, how long shall it take,

with the utmost speed of man and horse, taking relays wherever they may be had, to reach Oxford."

"I will be bound to do it, Mistress Margaret, between sunrise to-morrow and noon the third day hence; a younger man might do it quicker by well nigh a day; but I am near to fourscore years old now, and my limbs grow stiff, and my breath fails, but my will is good, lady, and my heart is as stout as ever."

"I doubt it not, Jeremy; and that will do right well. Now mark me. I may have need to send ere long to Oxford a messenger whom I can trust, and may have no occasion to speak with you. See, here is gold, thirty broad pieces. Now observe this ring which I wear; if I send it to you at any hour of night or day, or give it you myself, or drop it in your path that you find it, tarry not for one moment, but take horse and ride—and ride for life, for life, and—" here she dropped her voice, and caught the old man by his hand, and whispered in his ear—"bear it to Lionel Thornhill, and with your own hand place it in his hand. Do you mark?—Do you comprehend? Will you do my bidding?"

"If life and limb hold out, I will."

"Enough! I ask no more. God's blessing on your head, and a lone orphan's prayers for your spirit's rest, if you be true—the curse of Judas on your soul if you betray me. Farewell, and remember."

She wrung his hard hand, and turned away abruptly, and rushed homeward with a heart perhaps a little lighter that it had unbosomed thus to a true ear something of its sorrows. In the meantime events were drawing on rapidly, and the crisis was at hand yet more nearly and more suddenly than she imagined.

When the supper-bell rung, which it did within ten minutes after her return, and she descended into the great hall, she found her father, instead of sitting, as usual, in his large arm-chair by the fire-side half dozing, was striding to and fro across the oaken floor, speaking with great animation, and holding in his hand a news-letter, as the rare and incomplete gazettes of the time were called, while Acton, listless as usual, and without one spark of animation apparent in his inert but handsome features, sat toying with a terrier dog, and provoking it to bite at his fingers, and then beating it for doing so.

"Have you news from the host, father," cried she, as she saw how he was employed, "is it well for the good cause?"

"Great news, and gallant doings, daughter," replied the old man quickly. "Basing-House has been gloriously relieved by valiant Colonel Gage, and a small band of partisans, who have slain thrice their number of the Roundheads; and the king's army has gone into winter-quarters with higher hopes than it has yet had cause to entertain of bringing this war to a close in the next campaign."

"Great news, indeed, and happy. Let me see the news-letter, father."

"Not now, not now, darling," replied the old man;

"let us to table now, the goose-pie is growing cold, and your lover here has been looking angrily at the baron of beef these ten minutes."

"My lover!" she exclaimed, in tones of ineffable disdain, and gazed on him with wide eyes of cold astonishment.

"A very true, if a very humble one, fair Mistress Margaret," replied the indolent baronet, sauntering up to her, and offering his hand to lead her to the table.

"No one can be a lover of mine, Sir Andrew," she replied, very shortly, "who is not a lover of honor also. In times like these, no lady should smile on any suitor but him who dares the furthest, and does the most for the king's cause;" and refusing his offered hand, she walked by herself to her place, and did the honors of the coming meal, which passed in gloomy and unsocial silence.

When it was ended, however, and they had all retired into the withdrawing-room where the lamps were lighted, and a wood-fire sparkling cheerfully, Margaret possessed herself of the forgotten news-letter, while her father returned to his heraldic musings, and the baronet applied himself to seek consolation for his late rebuff, in the ample spiced posset, which was set, with wine and comfits and manchet-bread, on the board before him.

Suddenly, springing to her feet in great excitement, and letting the news-letter, which she yet held in her hand, fall by her side at arm's length, Margaret cried out in shrill tones,

"Why, father, dearest father, why, I beseech you, did you not tell me this, for this is, indeed, great news"—and she burst into a flood of passionate tears; but they were tears of joy. Alas! alas! poor Margaret, the last tears of joy that she should thenceforth shed forever.

"What, what!" cried the old man, startled by her vehemence, and by her sudden fit of weeping, "what tidings? I did tell you, surely."

"Not," she returned, forgetting every thing in the joy of the moment, "not that our friend and neighbor, Colonel Thornhill, has been stricken a banneret by the king's own hand, for his glorious deeds in the relief of Basing-House; not that he has been ennobled, and created a baronet—Thornhill of Thornhill-Royal. Oh, happy, happy day!"—and again she burst into tears, and clasped her hands to her heart, as if she were fearful that it would burst from the excess of happiness.

"And, I beseech you, what may it concern Mistress Margaret Clavering," asked silly Andrew Acton, "that a beggerly gentleman, scarcely a gentleman, indeed, at all, should be rapped over the costard with the flat of an old rapier, under a rag of painted bunting?"

"What does it concern me, sir?" she burst forth, her eyes lightning glorious indignation as she spoke, "that my promised husband has won deathless honor, by his good sword, in a great and righteous cause? Whom should it, then, concern—or what should concern me more than such tidings?"

"Your promised husband, Mistress Margaret!"

"Your promised husband, minion!" thundered Sir Hugh, in almost inarticulate fury.

"My promised husband!"

"I thought I had that honor!" faltered the witless baronet.

"You thought, sir—you *thought*!" she replied, contemptuously. "This is the first time I have ever heard that *you thought* at all! Now, mark me well, Sir Andrew Acton, and let it, I pray you, be once and for all. I think you never asked me to become your wife; and I know, that if you had done so, and if you had been a man and a gentleman, instead of a paltroof and a winebibber, and almost an idiot, I had made answer, as I make answer now—never! never! never! The wife of the grave, if God will it so, but the wife of Sir Andrew Acton, never! Now are you answered, sir? If you are, and if you have one drop of gentle blood in your veins, one touch of gentle feeling in your heart, you will torment me no further, but begone, and leave me, as you have made me, wretched."

But he simpered, and stood there unabashed, dangling his bonnet, and shuffling his feet, and making no movement to withdraw, until Sir Hugh, who saw that the decisive moment had arrived, bowed his head gravely and said, "I pray you leave us awhile, now, Sir Andrew; I would confer alone with my daughter. I will see you again to-morrow."

Then he attempted a sort of shuffling bow, and left the room awkwardly, like a cowed cur, fearful of the lash; but when they were left alone, the obstinate old man stood up, and walking straight to his daughter, shook his fore-finger sternly in her face, and said,

"You know me, Margaret. I am not a man of many words, but when I have spoken, I never go backward from my speech."

"I know it," she said, firmly, "and I am of your own blood, father, and not base-born."

"And I have said that you shall marry Andrew Acton."

"And I, that I will die sooner."

"Enough of this!" he replied. "I am no dotard, to be driven from my just purpose for a silly girl's love-sick fancies."

"Nor I," she answered, "a mere puppet, to be driven to misery, and perchance to sin, for a father's prejudice. Oh, hear me!" she cried the next moment, altering her tone, and throwing herself at his feet, "oh, hear me, beloved father! spare me, but spare me this one thing! force me not, for God's sake, to be this odious varlet's wife! bind me not to this life of anguish! and I will swear never to marry any one without your free consent; nay, I will swear never to ask for your consent; never to meet, or see, or speak to the only man on earth whom I can love. Oh, grant me, grant me, father, this one, this reasonable prayer. I adjure you, by your own gray hairs, by my dead mother's soul, do not, do not drive me to madness and despair."

"Margaret, listen. It is now Wednesday at evening. A ship sails from Bristol one week hence this day, for St. Maloes. At Rennes there is a nunnery of Ursulines, wherein my sister is the prioress. On Wednesday next, by that ship you sail, to take your vows in that nunnery, or you accept Sir Andrew Acton as your husband. Are you answered? I have spoken."

"I am answered," she replied, rising slowly to her feet. "And I, too, have spoken—I will die sooner. May God forgive you, father, you know not unto what you drive me."

She moved away as if to leave the room, but ere she reached the door she turned again, and stretching out her arms, cried in a piteous voice, "One boon, at least, one boon, my father. On Tuesday night you shall have my answer; but, oh! for the love of God, let me not during this one week, be tormented by his hateful presence."

"Be it so," replied the old man, thinking that she was about to yield. "Whither go you now?"

"To bed, to bed. Would that I never might rise thence any more."

But ere she laid her down, she took a large pair of scissors and clipped the circle of her ring asunder, unseen by her waiting-woman; and then giving it to her, bade her carry it to old Jeremy, the forester, and let him bear it to the goldsmith at Stratford the next morning."

Day after day lagged on—night after night crept on, in cloud or in starlight, over her sleepless couch; and she waxed paler every day, and thinner, and more ghost-like. She never spoke, or smiled, or left her chamber, except to go through the wretched semblance of partaking her father's meals; but sat muttering inarticulate words, and sometimes wringing her hands, when she was alone; but when others were present, perfectly calm and tranquil, though very sad and silent.

The third day came, and she grew restless and eager. There was a hard, red spot on her cheek-bones, and an unnatural glitter in her clear, ghastly eye. Her hand trembled nervously; she was quick in her mood, and irritable to her attendants—a quenchless and insatiate thirst tormented her.

The fourth day came. It was the blessed Sabbath; but for the first time in her life she refused to accompany Sir Hugh to the village church, and kept her chamber during the noon-day meal. As sunset drew near she became more impatient; and as the early twilight settled down on the sere woods and silent waters, she donned her cloak, and sallied forth alone, and took her way up the accustomed path toward the tank, which still bears her name—Margaret's Well.

It was quite dark when she returned, wet with the night-dew, and shivering with cold; but she declined all refreshment, knelt down by her bed-side, and prayed fervently, and laid her down, not to her sleep, but to think, to hope, to despair.

The fifth day came, and again she went not forth

until evening; again took her sad, fruitless walk; again returned, colder and sadder and more silent than before, again dismissed her woman, and prayed, and laid her down in mute and tearless agony.

The next day came—the last; and she must either accept Acton's hand this night, or on the morrow quit her native land forever.

Meanwhile anxiety had grown into fear, concerning the absence of the old forester, who had not been seen for a week; and the country was searched far and near, but no tidings were had of him, and it was whispered that the old man had been murdered. But the secret had leaked out among the household of the terrible decision which was that day to be made by their young mistress; and the fate of the forester was forgotten in the horrid anticipation of something more awful yet.

At noon, Sir Andrew Acton returned to the Hall, for the first time that week, and was closeted with Sir Hugh in his own study. But Margaret knew not, heeded not—she was immersed in the deepest and most awful meditation.

Just before sunset, she braided her hair firmly, trained her beautiful ringlets to fall down over her shoulders, arrayed herself from head to foot in spotless white, as a virgin bride, and then wrapping a heavily-furred mantle round her, and covering her head with its capuchin, or hood, stole forth softly, and sped with a quick, silent step up the dank, gloomy wood-path.

"I will fly with him—I will fly with him, if he be here," she muttered. "This absolves me from all duty; and if not—Jesu, Jesu have mercy, and forgive!"

She reached the tank, and gazed about her earnestly. All was lonely and dark and silent as the grave.

"Lionel!" she shrieked aloud. "Lionel!—Lionel Thornhill!" and her wild, thrilling tones were re-echoed many times from wood and hill, but no answer came—and again all was silent.

The sun had already set—the distant clock from the stable turret struck seven.

"It is past the time," she said calmly. "And thou, too, hast forsaken me. But I will wait—I will wait yet one hour. When we last met here, I chid him for impatience; I will not, therefore, be—impatient."

And she laughed bitterly. Oh! what an awful sound was that! how fearfully indicative of a broken and disordered spirit? and she folded her arms on her bosom, and sat down at the base of the very tree beneath which he had sat at their last meeting—sat down awaiting the next chime of the distant clock.

The dews fell heavily around her; the sere leaves dropped upon her motionless head; an aquatic bird cried several times hoarsely and fearfully from the ponds below, but she moved neither hand nor foot, nor spoke, nor sighed, nor trembled—but sat there a dark statue.

What awful thoughts passed through her mind in that strange place, in that terrific hour, one knows

alone; what fearful misery it was that drove that gay and innocent young spirit to such despair, one knows alone.—may he be merciful.

The stable clock struck eight. Then she arose and cast off her shrouding cloak, and stood in the murky night pure in her virgin vestments, cold and resolved, and—was she fearless?

She knelt her down, and buried her face in her hands, and prayed, or seemed to pray, for a little space. Then she arose again, listened one little moment—

"It is too late—too late. Jesu, forgive us both! Jesu, sweet Jesu!"

There was a heavy plash, a sullen plunge! two or three bubbling sobs, and dull undulations of the water followed, and all again was solitude and silence.

The dew fell heavily, the leaves dropped silently into the tank above her, once more the aquatic night-bird shrieked in the sedges—but that immortal soul had gone before its Maker and its Judge.

It was, perhaps, half an hour later, when the clang of a horse's hoof came thundering at mad speed down the steep hill-side—it ceased—a rapid foot-step followed it, bounding in frantic haste along the rugged path. A loud voice, trembling with anxiety, cried—"Margaret! Margaret!" but Margaret was not—to hear those beloved accents.

Lionel Thornhill rushed into the little space, but all was vacant. A nameless feeling led him to the base of that tree; he trod on something, he knew not what, of a strange texture, stopped—it was Margaret's mantle.

One bound to the tank's marge, and there, revealed in the gloom of night, in the blackness of those awful waters, by the brightness of her own purity, he found his lost one.

At that same hour, in Margaret's withdrawing-room, sat two men by a blazing hearth, with cheerful lamps above, and a steaming posset cup between them.

They talked, they laughed, they were merry.

Sir Hugh Clavering and Sir Andrew Acton.

There came a strangely sounding footstep, fleet as the wind, yet heavy as lead, on the road before the house. The hall door was cast violently open—the strange step came direct across the oaken hall, across the antechamber, along the corridor, every door dashed open with rude force—the door of the withdrawing-room the last; and in the door-way, with that snow-white, dripping figure, its long locks of gold, lank and disheveled, its white robes clinging to the unrivalled form, cast a dead weight upon his shoulder, stood Lionel Thornhill, the brave banneret, the successful soldier.

One stride brought him to the table, one stroke swept posset-cup and goblets from the board. Then, reverentially he composed the dead form thereon, while the soul-stricken pair gazed on him, scarcely conscious, and aghast, and at a single motion removing his hat and unsheathing his rapier,

"If that," he said, pointing to the body, "if that sight slay not, swords are useless. For the rest, you, who have done this thing, and another that is yet to be, look to it! Margaret! Margaret! I tarried not; and if I came too late—nor do I tarry now—Margaret! Margaret! my wife, I come!"

And with the word, he drove the sword into his own breast with so true an aim, and a hand so steady, that the point cleft his heart, and he was a dead man, while yet he stood upon his feet.

They lie in nameless graves—their murderers beneath emblazoned monuments. No record is preserved of them, save in this humble tale, and in these touching words carved on the brink of that fatal tank:—

Margaret's Well.

*Stranger,
who drinketh here,
Pray for the soul of Margaret.*

NIGHT.

BY ALICE GREY.

NIGHT on the mountain—the beautiful night!
The bright stars are beaming with silvery light;
And the pale crescent moon, sailing calmly on high,
Looks down on the earth from her home in the sky;
Oh the sunniest day has no lovelier sight,
Than the tranquil repose of the beautiful night.

Night in the valley—the tall forest trees
In whispers reply to the voice of the breeze;
The streamlet glides softly amidst its green bowers;

The air is perfumed by the night-blooming flowers;
And the song of the bulbul, the fire-fly's light,
Proclaim through the valley, night, beautiful night.

For soon—far too soon—comes the loud busy day;
Slowly and sadly the stars fade away,
As if even they, in their glory, could grieve
A world of such exquisite beauty to leave;
But with eve they'll return, and their pure holy light
Long, long shall illumine the beautiful night.

SETTLEMENT OF THE GENESEE.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

Let Ruin lift his arm, and crush in dust
The glittering piles and palaces of kings,
And, changing crown and sceptre into rust,
Doom them to sleep among forgotten things!—
Let Time o'ershadow with his dusky wings,
Warriors who guilty eminence have gained,
And drank renown at red, polluted springs—
Sacked peaceful towns—the holy shrine profaned
And to their chariot-wheels the groaning captive chained!

But the self-exiled Britons, who behind
Left Transatlantic luxuries, and gave
Their parting salutations to the wind,
And, scorning the vile languor of the slave,
Rocked with the little May Flower on the wave,
To immortality have prouder claim:
Let the bright Muse of History engrave
Their names in fadeless characters of flame,
And give their wondrous tale an everlasting fame!

No empty vision of unbounded power—
No dream of wild romance—no thirst for gold,
Lured them from merry England's hall and bower—
Her Sabbath chime of bells, her hamlet old;
At home religious bigotry controlled
The struggling wing of thought; a gloomy cloud,
Charged with despotic wrath, above them rolled;
And haunts they sought where man might walk unbowed,
And sacred Truth might raise her warning voice aloud.

No waving flag, gay plume or gleaming casque
Proclaimed them masters of war's bloody trade;
Less daring spirits from the mighty task
In terror would have shrunken: tender maid,
And daughter gently reared, for God to aid
Their feeble natures, breathed the words of prayer,
And in Heaven's panoply their soul's arrayed—
Speeding the good work on, though frail and fair,
When sterner manhood felt the faintness of despair.

Old Sparta in exulting tones may boast,
Of ancient matrons who could deck the bier
Of sire and husband, slain where host met host,
And, in the flush of pride, forget the tear:
Our pilgrim mothers, too, could conquer fear,
And stifle sorrow; but their hearts enshrined
The soft affections: Who loves not to hear
Their praises sung?—their constancy of mind,
Amid thy daughters' Greece, we strive in vain to find!

White lay the snow flakes on the lonely shore,
And Winter flung his banner on the blast—
Behind swept angry waters, and before
Spread waving woods, dark, limitless and vast,
When a new continent received at last
Our houseless sires. The red man, gaunt and grim,
On the strange scene his falcon vision cast;
And nameless terror shook his tawny limb
While, drowning ocean's roar, went up their triumph-hymn;

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And when the bold survivors of the band
Reached the decaying autumn-time of life,
And locks were white, and palsied was the hand,
Barbaric swarms, with axe and deadly knife,
And painted, plumed, and quivered for the strife,
Rushed from their trackless lairs to burn—despoil—
Butcher the cradled babe, the pleading wife;
Then swept the nodding harvest from the soil,
And scattered on the wind the fruits of patient toil.

When the green, shrouding moss of time o'ercrept
Mounds in the vale and on the mountain-side,
Where the stern founders of our empire slept,
Improvement, moving with gigantic stride,
Still hurried onward:—patient Labor plied
The ringing axe; and from his old domain
Fled drowsy Solitude; while far and wide
The scene grew bright with fields of golden grain,
And orchards robed in bloom on hill and sunny plain.

The wand of Enterprise to queenly states
Gave wondrous being; rivaling the spell
That reared round Thebes a wall of many gates
When proud Amphion* swept his chorded shell,
The tuneful gift of Hermes: pastoral bell,
With tinkling murmurs, woke savannahs green,
And roused wild echoes in the woody dell,
Where late the cougar, of terrific mien,
Devoured the fawn, or rocked upon his perch unseen.

With his penates, to the distant shores
Of our broad western streams, Adventure hied,
And pierced the soil for rich metallic ores,
Or, with a keen, prophetic vision, spied
An unborn mart upon the river-side;
While Traffic trimmed her bark to brave the gale,
And meet the terrors of a chartless tide—
In nameless havens furled her tattered sail,
Or toward Pacific seas, pursued the red man's trail.

The buskined lords of bow and leathern quiver
Were thy admiring sponsors long ago,
And named thee "Genesee," my native river, (1)
For pleasant are thy waters in their flow!
Though on thy sides no bowers of orange grow,
The free and happy in thy valley throng,
O'er which the airs of health delight to blow—
No richer, brighter charms than thine belong
To streams immortal made by proud Homeric song.

Although thy tide that winds through pastures now,
By fleecy flock and lowing kine is drank,
A river of the wilderness wert thou,
When mixed in deadly combat on thy bank
The yelling Savage and impetuous Frank:†

* Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. *Hor. de Art. Poet.*

† Allusion to De Nouville's invasion, in 1657, of the Genesee valley.

Thy wave lifts up no murmuring voice to tell
Where the red, bubbling stream of carnage sank,
When rattling gun, loud groan and fiendish yell
Thy hollow murmur drowned, and gasping valor fell :

And Nature, in the moss of time attired,
On her green throne of forest sat, when came
The host of Sullivan, with vengeance fired,
To rouse upon thy shore the beast of game,
And wrap the lodges of fierce tribes in flame,
Fresh from unhappy Wyoming, and red
With scalps of hoary age and childless dame :
Gone from thy borders are the oaks that spread
Their yellow, autumn palls above the martial dead.

Eastward the soldiers of that campaign bore
Glad tidings of unpruned but pleasant lands,
Washed by thy surges, like those spies of yore
Who brought ripe grapes from Eschol to the bands
By Moses led across the desert sands.
Regardless of the sons of Anak, soon
Bold men, of dauntless hearts and iron hands,
Left home, while life was in its active noon,
To hear the forest wind thy flood's deep voice attune.

They fled not, like scourged vassals in the night,
From dungeon, rack and chain, with footstep fleet :
The halls of their nativity were bright,
And fraught with recollections, fond and sweet,
Of childish hours ; and hearts that loved them beat
Beneath their pleasant roofs : forsaking all—
They roused the wood-wolf from his dim retreat,
And boldly reared the gloomy cabin wall
Of rude, misshapen logs, amid the forest tall.

They little thought, while roving near the site
Of thy proud city,* deafened by the sound
Of waters tumbling from a fearful height,
And darkened by the wilderness around,
'That soon its hollow roaring would be drowned,
By the deep murmur of the mighty crowd,
Amid thick domes, with tower and turret crowned ;
The din of whirling cars, and clatter loud
Of mills by human art with iron lungs endowed :

Nor did they dream that, in communion grand,
Broad Erie's wave, and Hudson's mighty tide,
Within a channel shaped by mortal hand,
Ere half a century elapsed, would glide :
That soon fair Buffalo, in queenly pride,
Would spring the Carthage of our inland seas,
And wave her sceptre o'er the waters wide—
To shipping change the patriarchal trees,
And launch a thousand barks to battle with the breeze.

The foreign tourist gazing on thy vale,
By rural seat and stately mansion graced,
Stands mute with wonder when he hears the tale
Of thy redemption from the sylvan waste :
That only fifty years their rounds have traced
Since Phelps, the Cecrops of thy realm (2) forsook
The peopled haunts of Genius, Art and Taste,
While doubting friends with apprehension shook,
And love upon his form fixed sad, regretful look.

On the broad green acclivities that round
The lovely lake of Canandaigua rise,
The groves in deep, majestic grandeur frowned,
Hiding their gloomy secrets from the skies,
And scarred and worn by storms of centuries,
When painted hordes, with streaming locks of jet,

Terrific garb, and wildly glancing eyes,
Him and his daring band in treaty met
Though late with Christian gone the tomahawk was wet.

A magic mirror girt by emerald,
In shade embowered, the diamond waters lay ;
While the proud eagle, king-like, fierce and bald,
Throned on the blasted hemlock, eyed his prey :
Sweet wild-flowers, guarded from the blaze of day,
Delicious odor on the soft air flung ;
And birds of varied note and plumage gay
On shrubs and vines, with ripening berries hung,
Folded their glittering wings, and amorously sung.

The water-rat and darting otter swam
Amid the reedy flags that fringed the shore ;
And the brown beaver to his rounded dam,
With patient toil, the tooth-hewn sappling bore :
The lonely heron, surfeited with gore.
Smoothed on the pebbly beech his plumage dank :
Earth, sky and wave an air of wildness wore,
And nimbly down the green and sloping bank
Came stag and timid hind, on silver hoof and drank.

The pen of voiceful narrative may well
That solemn congress in the forest call
A thrilling and romantic spectacle :
The trunks of oaken monarchs, huge and tall,
Were the rough columns of their council hall ;
Thick boughs were interwoven overhead,
And winds made music with their leafy fall :
Below a tangled sea of brushwood spread,
Through which, to far-off wild, the beaten war-path led.

Few were the whites in number, and about
The council-fire were gathered dusky throngs,
From whose dark bosoms time had not washed out
The bitter memory of recent wrongs.
Some longed to wake their ancient battle-songs,
And on the reeking spoils of conflict gaze—
Bind the pale captive to the stake with thongs,
And hellish yells of exultation raise,
While shriveled up his form, and blackened in the blaze.

The compact for a cession of their land
Was nearly ended, when a far-famed chief
Rose with the lofty bearing of command,
Though lip and brow denoted inward grief :
Nought broke the silence save the rustling leaf,
And the low murmur of the lulling wave ;
He drew his blanket round him, and a brief,
But proud description of his fathers gave,
Then spoke of perished tribes, and glory in the grave.

"And who be ye ?" he said, in scornful tones,
And glance of kindling hate—"Who offer gold
For hunting-grounds made holy by the bones
Of our great seers and sagamores of old ?
Men who would leave our hearths and altars cold—
Unstring the bow, and break the hunting-spear—
Our pleasant huts with sheeted flame infold,
Then drive our starving, wailing race in fear
Beyond the western hills, like broken herds of deer.

"Wake, On-gue-hon-we !* Strike the painted-post.
And gather quickly for the conflict dire ;
Yon Long-knives are forerunners of a host,
Thick as the sparks when prairies are on fire ;
Let childhood grasp the weapon of his sire—
Arm, arm for deadly struggle, one and all

* Rochester.

* A title assumed by the Iroquois, or Five Nations, meaning "men who surpass all others."

While wives and babes to secret haunts retire :
The ghosts of buried fathers on ye call
To guard their ancient tombs from sacrilege or fall !"

Dark forms rose up, and brows began to lower,
While many a savage eye destruction glared ;
But one came forth in that portentous hour,
Ere shaft was aimed, or dagger fully bared,
And hushed the storm. Old Hounneyawus dared
His voice upraise ; and by his friendly aid
The knife was sheathed—the pioneer was spared ;
Above that humane warrior of the shade
Let marble tell the tale in lines that cannot fade.

All hail our early settlers ! though with storm
Their sky of being was obscured and black,
And Peril, in his most appalling form,
Opposed their rugged march, and warned them back :
They faltered not, or fainted in the track
That led to empire ; but with patience bore
Cold, parching thirst, and fever's dread attack ;
While ancient Twilight, to return no more,
From far Otsego fled to Erie's rock-bound shore.

They toiled, though Hunger with his wasted mien,
Stalked through their infant settlements, and night
Lured from the gloomy cavern, gaunt and lean,
Droves of disturbing wolves, that hated light,
Some wan and trembling mourner to affright
With their dismaying howls, around the place
Where coldly still, and newly hid from sight,
Earth folded loved ones in her damp embrace,
Without recording tomb their forest mounds to grace.

From clearing rude, and dismal swamp undrained,
Fumes of decaying vegetation rose ;
While the fell genius of distemper reigned,
And filled the newly-opening realm with woes ;
Brave manhood smiting—though his lusty blows
Tall ranks of warrior oaks in dust had bowed,
And robbing widowed beauty of her rose,
Or weaving, while the voice of wail was loud,
Round childhood, early lost, the drapery of the shroud.

Born in the lap of plenty and of wealth,
Mindless, too oft, are children of the air
Who purchased at the fearful price of health,
And even life, their heritage. The lyre
Should call forth music from its proudest wire
In praise of men who brave, to bless their kind,
Tempest, the sword, foul pestilence and fire ;

Their names in grateful hearts should be enshrined,
When crumbled are their bones—their ashes on the wind :

And those who left the venerated breast,
And soil of proud New England, to reclaim
Our smiling El Dorado of the West
From centuries of gloom, and haunts of game
Change to Arcadian loveliness, and tame
The virgin rudeness of the shaded mould,
Should not be unremembered :—on the same
Eternal page where Fame, in lines of gold,
Hath *pilgrim virtue* traced, their names should be enrolled.

NOTES.

(1) "And named thee Genesee," &c.

The word Genesee is of Seneca origin, signifying "Pleasant Valley," or "Valley of Pleasant Waters."

(2) "Since Phelps, the Cecrops of thy realm."

It may seem strange to many of the millions who are now reveling in the comforts and prosperity which the last half century has diffused through western New York, that the course of Oliver Phelps and his associates should have been then considered so hazardous, that the whole neighborhood of Granville, Mass., their native town, assembled to bid them adieu—a final adieu, as many thought ; for it seemed a desperate chance that any of that intrepid band should ever return from their enterprise through a region to which the Indian title had not been extinguished. The wilderness was penetrated as far as Canandaigua Lake, and I am indebted to an old number of the New York American for the description that follows, of a treaty held on its banks with the Senecas by Phelps and his companions.

"Two days had passed away in negotiation for a cession of their land. The contract was supposed to be nearly completed, when Red Jacket arose. With the grace and dignity of a Roman senator, he drew his blanket around him, and with a piercing eye surveyed the multitude. All was hushed. Nothing interfered to break the silence, save the rustling of the tree-tops under whose shade they were gathered.

"Rising gradually with his subject, he depicted the primitive simplicity and happiness of his nation, and the wrongs they had sustained from the usurpations of the white man, with such a bold but faithful pencil, that his Indian auditors were soon roused to vengeance, or melted into tears. Appalled and terrified, the white men cast a cheerless gaze upon the hordes around them. A nod from the chiefs might be the onset of destruction. At that portentous moment Hounneyawus, known among the whites as Farmer's Brother, interposed.

MANDAN INDIANS—LOVER'S LEAP.

We present our readers this month with two beautiful American plates. The Mandan Indians is one of a series of the spirited pictures of Bodmer, who, in a visit through the west and south-west, made sketches from nature of the most striking scenes, and of incidents in Indian life and warfare. We have still on hand several very fine pictures by this artist ; and we think we hazard nothing in saying, that, for artistic effect and skill, these engravings are far superior to any thing that is met with in the Magazines. The dance of the Mandan women was taken, as represented, from a group, by Mr. Bodmer.

Our other engraving, is one of the fine series of Georgia views that we are running through the Magazine ; and the "Lover's Leap" is another evidence of the charming bits of scenery with which that state abounds. We have now in the hands of artists, sketches of scenery in Virginia, North Carolina, Ohio, and other states, and purpose in coming volumes, to present to the readers of Graham, views of every state in the Union, engraved in a style to do credit to the country and the work. The American character of the embellishments and literature of Graham, are rallying around the work thousands of true friends yearly.

FRANK BEVERLY.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

LATE in the evening of the last day of September, A. D. 18—, a stage stopped at a small inn, and deposited two trunks, with their two owners: then rattled on to its final stopping-place, six miles further.

The two trunks with their two owners were shown into the best sleeping-room the house afforded, and left with a "dim, religious light" for company. The light showed them (the trunk's owners, not the trunks) to be men—good-looking and young. Their conversation proved them to be cousins, and on their way to Beverly Park, the home of the handsomer of the two, whom the less handsome addressed as Frank.

"But, Ned, speaking of pictures, and furniture," continued Frank, interrupting himself in his description of Beverly Park and its picture gallery, "you never have seen Clara. Three years ago she bid fair to be a beauty. To-morrow will prove whether time has or has not fulfilled his promise. Three years ago she was a fairy thing of sweet fifteen. I say, Ned, did you ever see a more horrid place than this inn?"

"Yes, many."

Frank laughed. "Any way," said he, "you must acknowledge it is a most dismal apology for a 'house of entertainment for man and beast.' I wonder if his godship, Mr. Morpheus, ever deigns to visit it. I feel wonderfully like making the trial. What say you, Ned, shall we court him to wrap us in his mantle of oblivion?"

"With all my heart."

The friends resigned themselves to sleep. Blessed be the man who first invented *sleeping*. There is poetry in sleep: there is music in it.

Have you never watched the young child, with its fair hair reposing so quietly in clustering curls around its cherub, happy face. Its low, soft-breathing—one little dimpled hand grasping a toy—one fair, rounded arm pillowing its young head. The little rosy mouth in a half smile—smiling to the fairies that come whispering to its heart? This is poetry. Were you never in a stage-coach with an old man for one of its passengers, clad in the greasiest snuff-colored coat and vest imaginable; and bearing upon them any quantity of dull brass buttons—a round-crowned, dirty white beaver upon his red-haired Medusa-like head: he himself fast "locked in the arms of *omnibus*," and snoring loud enough to awake the seven sleepers? This is music.

Morning came. The landlord was duly paid, and the cousins proceeded on their way to Beverly Park.

"Three years seems a long time to be away from

one's home, eh! Ned?" said Frank, after they had ridden a long way in silence. "I hope you will like my sister Clara."

"I do not doubt that I shall, if she is anything like her brother."

"Thank you. These are fine old elms; are they not? I like elm trees; I like them in the moonlight, when the silver-tipped shadows flit among their dark green leaves; they bring to mind old ruined castles. I can fancy ivy-clad turrets, and the soft eyes of fairy maidens gazing from them. Their eyes, as they gleam forth from amid the night-colored boughs, look dreamy and fitful. I see them twine, with snowy, shadowy arms the dark green ivy amid their coal-black tresses. I love elm trees thus bathed in moonlight, they remind me of all the wild things I have ever read, thought or dreamed."

"Have a care, Frank, or some one of these same moonlight nights your imagination will carry you off *vi et armis*."

"Never fear, Ed. But here is my home. My father had taste, had he not?"

"All around is the perfection of taste. Your father must have spent much of his time in planning such a Paradise."

Francis made no reply; but with all the impetuosity of his ardent nature rushed into the house. When Edward, left to the guidance of a servant, entered the hall, he found a fair-haired girl clasped to his cousin's heart—a mild-eyed matron, he knew was Frank's mother, so strongly did she resemble him, looking love and joy upon him.

That was a happy family assembled at Beverley Park. Within a week from the arrival of its heir, the many chambers of the old Hall were nearly filled with friends and relatives of the Beverly's, who had come to spend the winter with them. So mirth was the order of the day at Beverley Park.

"Cousin Ed," said Frank, one sunny morning, "you and Clara seem so happy in each other, and have so much to say, there is not room for me to put in a word: I see I am *une de trop*. Mamma is reading, I cannot talk with her; Kate and George are at that everlasting chess-board; the Miss Linwoods and the rest of our party are out riding, so poor I have nothing to do, nor no one to talk with."

"A sad case, brother mine," said Clara, laughing.

"I'll be revenged some way. I'll go out on an exploring expedition, all alone. *Au revoir!*" . . .

Upon the grass-green banks of a flower-fringed, dancing stream, a little child, of four bright summer suns, was playing with the pebbles at its edge. She had the "curling" little head of gold-brown

hair in the world. Her form was faultless: her eyes—warm, soft hazel.

As the child threw the shining pebbles into the water, and laughed with delight to see the bubbles and dimples she created, the step of a man sounded on the mossy sward.

The child looked up but evinced no fear.

"Come here, pretty one."

The child came bounding toward him, and peered up into his face so winningly, that he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her young brown eyes, and fair round cheek, until she put her little hand upon his mouth and told him he was naughty.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Nina: What is yours?"

"Frank," replied the other smiling. "What is your mother's name, pretty Nina?"

"Mamma. What is yours?"

"What is her other name beside mamma?"

"Papa calls her Agnes," lisped the child.

"*Agneth*," said the man; "and what, pretty one, is thy father's name?"

"Tell me the name of yours first."

"I have no papa, little one."

"No papa!"

"None, little Nina; he is dead."

"Dead! What does that mean?"

"Nina, where do you live?"

"My papa's name is William: now tell me what dead means."

"You could not understand me, dear child, if I were to tell you, show me where you live and I will come and explain it all for you."

"Over there we live," and the child pointed to a cottage half hid among the trees. It seemed a perfect love of a cottage. Frank felt irresistably tempted to go and see "*Agneth*;" but he merely kissed the little Nina good-by and put her down. The child went to her pebbles and Frank turned toward his home. He had gone but a few steps on his homeward path, when a slight scream caused him to look around, his little friend in attempting to cross the small bridge of planks, had slipped and fallen into the brook. An instant more and Frank was on the way toward Nina's home, with Nina in his arms.

The little girl was wet and frightened, but did not seem hurt. She nestled tremblingly in his bosom, making no complaint, save a low sob that came less and less frequent.

"There is my mamma!" exclaimed she, as Frank entered the garden gate.

Nina sprang from his arms and ran up to her mother. Frank thought he had never seen so beautiful a creature; she did not seem older than his sister Clara.

"See, mamma!" eagerly said the little Nina. "Here is Frank. I fell into the brook and he took me out. Was n't he a nice Frank? You must love him, mamma."

The mother rested her eyes, full of gratitude upon the young man: her eyes, so dark and earnest,

spoke to his soul. He felt a new life spring up within him; a life he had only dreamed of till then. Her eyes were of that peculiar shade of hazel, neither light nor dark, sometimes both, at times almost blue: a ring of heaven enclosing a world of earthly love.

Agnes led the way into the cottage, and asked Frank, with a voice as sweet as her eyes were beautiful, to follow her. She left him in the drawing-room, taking with her the little Nina.

Frank had time to admire the rooms, as he stood drying his clothes by the cheerful grate; the days had then begun to be somewhat chilly. All around bespoke the most elegant simplicity, the utmost refinement. The eye of the young man was delighted as it wandered around the room—books, music, flowers—all was softness and ease. Frank was enchanted. Still more was he enchanted when, all radiant, the sweet mistress of the cottage entered. A thousand smiles of joy beamed from every part of her face. "She brightened all over," like Moore's *Nourmahal*. Her face was of that strictly classic mould, so beautiful even unaccompanied by expression. Expression was her chief attraction: the color came and left her face as shadows do beside a bright fire. Soul was in all she did. *Her* soul was like a blazing mass of pearls—bright and soft. Frank was completely charmed. She thanked him so prettily for rescuing her child—was afraid he would take cold—were his clothes perfectly dry?"

"Perfectly," replied Frank.

They glided from one topic of conversation to another, scarcely knowing they were talking, with so little constraint did their words flow. What she said came so from her heart. Frank had heard the same things uttered, but there was an indefinable charm accompanied her every word, however commonplace the subject was.

Music came up at length. Both her piano and harp were brought into requisition. Agnes played and sung well. Frank was an enthusiastic lover of music, and just what and all he loved did she play. Never sung so sweet a voice as hers.

Music! dear Music! What nurse like thee will soothe the world-worn, weary soul? When we are sad and sullen, what will bring us to ourselves—to *hope* again—like music? Soft, wild music. Bellini music!

Agnes played, Frank listened. Agnes talked, Frank listened—his heart beat a young whirlwind. Time flew by unheeded—unmarked.

Francis recollected himself before it was quite midnight, and rose to go.

"I am so sorry William is not at home; you would like him. He is very much like you. He went this morning to the city, and will not be home till to-morrow."

"William?"

"Yes. My husband."

"True. I had forgotten."

"But you will come again?"

Frank smiled a *bon soir*, and went home feeling as he never felt before. He did not own to himself he was in *love*, but he *did* own *she* was a most lovely creation.

Clara rallied him next morning on his silence.

"You seem but moody, brother mine; what change has clouded the spirit of your dream?"

"A spirit of beauty that ministered to my dreams last night."

"In what shape did it come?"

"In the guise of a mermaid I suspect. Frank is very fond of such mysterious beings," Edward laughed as he said it. Frank thought there was a little mischief in his cousin's eye.

"I don't envy him his visitant," said Cousin George. "Mermaids are cold creatures, I doubt if they have hearts."

Frank tried hard to enjoy the party at Beverly Hall, but his thoughts would wander to the cottage, and the afternoon found him again by the side of Agnes.

Some part of every day at length saw him at the cottage; the little Nina learned to welcome him with a wild cry of delight.

He always found some good excuse for going. Agnes was to sing him some new song, from some new opera—or he had promised Nina a ride on his pony—or he had not finished a discussion with the father upon some political question.

Agnes had said right when she told Frank he would like her husband: he *did* like him, and the husband liked Frank, and was as glad to see him as was either Agnes or Nina.

Little did the husband and wife dream of the chain fastened and tightening around his heart—gnawing to that very heart's core. He was in a dream—a nightmare. He would have given worlds to have been able to keep away from the cottage, from seeing Agnes, but the more he resisted the fascination the less could he overcome it, and the more often did he find himself at the cottage.

Agnes had too pure a heart, and loved her husband too entirely, to dream even that Frank had other feelings for her than those of friendship. The husband was unsuspecting—he knew not, could not know, how all in all his bright Agnes was to the heart of Frank.

The husband and wife loved each other so truly there was no room for doubt in the heart of either.

The winter months had nearly passed. Each day the little fairy Nina grew more interesting and lovely: and then she loved Frank so—he *must* go and see her. The pretty Nina.

"How remarkably fond your brother seems of solitary rambles," said Miss Linwood to Clara one day.

"Very," quietly responded Clara.

"He is a very singular young man: he has grown so melancholy and reserved, so different from what he used to be. Do n't you think so, Clara?"

Clara *did* think her brother had altered. He

looked so pale and seemed so sad. Something must be the matter with him.

Something *was* the matter with him undoubtedly. At home he was gloomy, silent, abstracted. He lived only in the light of the brown eyes at the cottage. He loved without owning to himself he loved. And to *her*! He would sooner have torn out his tongue than to have sullied her pure ear with a whisper of the maddening love that devoured his soul.

The cousins seemed to have changed characters. Edward chatted and laughed with his lively cousin Clara from morning to night. Frank was silent and thoughtful.

The gay party at the Hall wondered not a little at the repeated absences of Frank.

Edward declared his cousin had found some sweet simplicity of a being at whose shrine to worship.

"I would be willing to wager my happiness for a year to come, that you *are* in love, brother mine," said Clara, one day when the inmates of the Hall were assembled in the library. "You are not the same brother Frank you were last autumn. I shall have to call you Francis, for you are not *frank*."

Frank smiled, made some gay repartee—half acknowledged, in a laughing way, Clara was right.

The party grew more merry, and Francis, from being very low-spirited, became the merriest there. Sparkling words fell from his lips, and sparkling glances fell from his eyes, in uncontrolled profusion.

"Let me take your hand, Francis," said Clara. "Did you know I was a seer? No! then listen."

The laughter-loving girl took his hand, and putting on an *awful* look, she began—"Where grow the tall elms greenest, lies hid a vine-covered cottage. Ha! you start, brother mine. I am right! That we will take for granted. We will also take for granted that the said cottage is a paragon of a cottage. Within—ah! there's the charm. What! blushing, Frank! Am I not a good diviner? Let me see—oh! she is beautiful! A Peri come down on earth to live. A fairy—for naught but a fairy—no mortal maiden could be fashioned fair enough to suit my *perfectionist* of a brother. Here is a line I do not quite comprehend. Ah! I see—there is some difficulty: it only proves what the great bard said—'The course of true love'—you know the rest. The fairy maiden does not look kindly on you. See! these lines cross one another: but the cross line is short; after that all is clear. Her eyes will yet look love on you. Her home will yet be in your heart. So, courage, brother!"

All were now eager to hear their fortunes, but the capricious girl turned to the piano; before she had half finished her song she abruptly asked,—

"Mamma, what is love?"

"Love, my dear?—why it is a principle inherent within us. The feeling I have for you is love. God is love, and all his creation is ruled by the laws of love."

"Cousin Edward, what is *your* definition of love?"

"Love," said Edward, looking into the depths of her laughing blue eyes, "love is love."

"Good!—that will do for you. So now, Frank, it is your turn Francis—brother."

"What, Clara?"

"Where are you wandering?"

"To the vine-covered cottage you were telling me of."

"Well, come back from there, and tell me what love is."

"Love? Love is the devil! An angel of light—madness—gladness! Gladness in the presence of the loved one, and—"

"And madness away from the dear one. Is that it? Yes, you *are* in love."

Miss Linwood was appealed to for *her* opinion of what love was.

"Never having experienced the mysterious influence of the blind deity," said she, "I feel myself totally unprepared to give an opinion on the all important subject."

Miss Laura Linwood giggled and said nothing.

Mr. Ralph Linwood gave it as his belief that love was animal magnetism. Much more he said by way of illustration; hardly worth repeating however.

Kate and George agreed with Edward, viz., that *love was love*.

Another cousin, little Lilla, they called her, a sister of Kate's—a child—a very pretty one, too, said that love was the son of Venus, and that he was named Cupid—for her Heathen Mythology said so; and that he always kept a bow and arrow to shoot into the hearts of mortals.

The child was right.

One maintained that love was friendship continued, the allegory of a metaphor.

"Love is like a dizziness, confound it, 't wont let a fellow go about his business," said George.

And so the merry party kept rattling on;—nonsense, to be sure—but what is this world good for without some nonsense?

The group at length became divided—the conversation less general. Edward and Clara sat over on a lounge by the window, talking with each other in a very animated strain. The rest cut up in small cliques were equally full of life. Frank alone seemed sad. His buoyant spirits had deserted him. He rose to go.

"What, off again, my brother?"

"Yes, I am going in search of that cottage you described. I am impatient to see the lovely fairy it contains."

"Then you never have seen her? Say not no," said Clara, shaking the fore-finger of her little hand at him.

Frank was off. He mounted his horse, and as though he were on his way to his last ride.

"I have come to say, good by," said he, on entering the conservatory at the cottage, where Agnes was tying up her flowers.

"What! are you going? Where?"

"To—to Lapland."

"Lapland!"

"Yes! to see if I cannot freeze the burning weight at my heart."

Agnes looked surprised. The truth half flashed upon her, and when she saw how wretched Frank looked, a thousand little things he had done and said that she thought nothing of at the time, came suddenly to her mind, as though to corroborate her suspicions.

"No, it cannot be," said she to herself, blushing at having even *thought* she was beloved by Frank. She warmly expressed her regrets for the departure of her friend. And the little Nina—she hardly knew what to make of it. She crept up to Francis, and climbing upon his knee, hid her face in his bosom, to hide her own tears.

"Is good Frank going to leave his poor Nina? Naughty Frank."

"Yes, pretty one," said he, fondly passing his hand through her clustering curls. "Give me one of these sunny ringlets, Nina; I will keep it always."

Quicker than thought the child sprang down, and ran to her mother. "Mamma, where are your scissors? Frank wants one of my curls."

The mother gave her the scissors. Nina, selecting the prettiest curl she could find, off it came.

"Here," said she, handing it to Francis. "Now give me one of your nice curls, and I will keep it forever."

Frank let her cut off the lock that pleased her best. The child actually screamed with delight; and dancing round the room with true childish glee, she held it up for her mother to admire, and said she would "show it to papa as soon as he came home."

Francis Beverly went.

Twelve or thirteen years after, a solitary equestrian was seen to enter the tangled avenue leading to Beverly Park.

He was fine-looking, very. There was a calm, almost subdued look about him; yet the great blue eyes that looked out upon the world through their long, dark lashes, told of passions deep and strong. The brow above them was clear, open, and broad. A mass of chestnut curls clustered around his brow, glancing out from under the thick folds of his traveling cap. Such was the master of Beverly Park. All around the Hall looked overgrown and neglected, as though the place had long stood sadly in want of a master.

"Do you know, Mr. Bev—"

"Call me Frank. You always did when you were a child, sweet Nina."

"Frank," repeated the soft voice of Nina.

"What were you going to say?"

"Oh, I have forgotten."

"Nina, when I went away you begged some of my hair—have you it yet?"

"Why, Mr. Bev—, Frank, I mean, how *do* you

think I could keep a little lock of hair thirteen long years?"

"Then you have lost it, or thrown it by; yet I remember, you *said* you would keep it forever."

"I did not say I had thrown it away, or lost it. for I have done neither. I had it imprisoned right away in this little locket, and have worn it around my neck ever since, for fear of breaking the promise I made."

"That was the only reason of your wearing it?"

"Certainly, if I except a strong childish liking I had for 'Frank.'"

"Your hair has grown darker, dear Nina. See! I have worn this bright tress upon my heart ever since you gave it to me. I would, dearest Nina, its owner would make *her* home there. Nina—"

Just then the door opened and Agnes entered. Thirteen years had trodden lightly over her head. She was scarce altered from the bright Agnes of his first love-dream.

The inmates of the cottage had warmly welcomed Frank, after his long absence. Since his return he had gradually gone more and more often to the cottage, until he had almost become its inmate. The charm *now* was not Agnes, or rather it *was* Agnes—a *second* Agnes. Francis could hardly persuade himself that the gentle, playful Nina, was not the Agnes he once loved so madly. The wild, unsettled years that had passed; the thirteen restless years of wandering through foreign lands in search of happiness—of oblivion, seemed like a troubled dream to him. He lived again in the present—in the sunshine of Nina's warm, brown eyes. He was happy in the present, with the sunny-hearted Nina beside him, playing for him, singing for him, laughing for him. Frank told her he was going to have her laugh set to music by the fairies, and have it sung by the brightest birds of Eden.

The afternoon was warm and dreamy; a soft haze shrouded the air; the softest breeze floated through the thick summer foliage.

Nina was mounted upon her coal-black Zephyr—a most *zephyrial* little piece of horse-flesh, fleet as the wind. Frank was by her side.

"Which way to-day, dear Nina?"

"Which ever way Zephyr takes."

Zephyr took the road to Beverly Park. The Hall had been refitted, and looked itself again. The two rode through the park and grounds, viewing the improvements that had been made, alighting at length before the great door of the Hall.

"Stay, sweet Nina; there is one spot I wish to show you, you never have seen it. It was not completed till yesterday."

Frank led her through the garden to the most poetic little arbor ever Eastern dame sighed in. Recal to your mind the most beautiful poetry you ever read or dreamed of—your beau-ideal of poetry—whether it be Byron's, Shelly's, Shakspeare's, your

own, or Mother Goose's, and the little poem of an arbor stands in its beauty before you.

Nina's delight was rapturous. After exhausting all the known adjectives in its praise, Nina sat quietly down within it, Francis by her side, and talked with him about music, and flowers, and poetry, and all the bright things in nature. She was playful and enthusiastic by turns. Every thing by fits, and nothing long.

Frank took her hand at last—her little, soft, warm hand—and calling up a serious, tender look—

"Nina," said he, "I have traveled the world over, ay, more than once; I have seen many, very many beautiful beings; but never one like thee, sweet Nina. I will not *say* thou art the most beautiful, but I *will* say, thou art the most necessary to my existence, to my whole nature, of all earth contains. I love thee. *Dearest* Nina, may I call thee mine?"

"Whew! The girl and her fleet Zephyr were gone.

"Gone!—well—"

"Well-what, good Sprite?"

"Is that all?"

"Yes, my very good Sprite. What then?"

"I may be allowed to criticise?"

"Certainly."

"I do not like your story. It is not—"

"No!"

"It is neither well expressed, nor well arranged, nor at all satisfactory. The *sequel*! Were they, Frank and Nina, married? What's a story without a wedding?"

"The sequel thou shalt have; the wedding too. They *were* married, just three weeks after the arbor scene—Frank and Nina."

"What became of Edward and Clara?"

"They became one, shortly after Frank started on his thirteen years pilgrimage."

"Frank's mother?"

"Went to live with Edward and Clara. She died at a happy old age, blessed with good children, and good grand—"

"Kate and George?"

"Were united in the holy bands of wedlock."

"The Miss Linwoods?"

"Miss Linwood, never having made up her mind on 'the all-important subject,' remained in *statu quo*. Miss Laura Linwood eloped with a younger son's younger son."

"Was Edward a Beverly?"

"Yes."

"What was Nina's name? Nina *what*, before she became a Beverly?"

"Nina—I have forgotten what."

"Strange."

"Any thing more, good Sprite?"

"Much more; you seem to forget the great importance of a moral."

"Not in the least, good natured Sprite. The moral is, doing right is its own exceeding great reward."

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 228.)

PART VII.

Thou art the same, eternal sea!
The earth has many shapes and forms,
Of hill and valley, flower and tree;
Fields that the fervid noontide warms,
Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,
Or bright with autumn's golden store;
Thou coverest up thy face with storms,
Or smilest serene,—but still thy roar
And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

LUNT.

WE shall now advance the time eight-and-forty hours. The baffling winds and calms that succeeded the tornado had gone, and the trades blew in their stead. Both vessels had disappeared, the brig leading, doubling the western extremity of the reef, and going off before both wind and current, with flowing sheets, fully three hours before the sloop-of-war could beat up against the latter, to a point that enabled her to do the same thing. By that time, the Swash was five-and-twenty miles to the eastward, and consequently but just discernible in her loftiest sails, from the ship's royal yards. Still, the latter continued the chase; and that evening both vessels were beating down along the southern margin of the Florida Reef, against the trades, but favored by a three or a four knot current, the brig out of sight to windward. Our narrative leads us to lose sight of both these vessels, for a time, in order to return to the Islets of the Gulf. Eight-and-forty hours had made some changes in and around the haven of the Dry Tortugas. The tent still stood, and a small fire that was boiling its pot and its kettle, at no great distance from it, proved that the tent was still inhabited. The schooner also rode at her anchors, very much as she had been abandoned by Spike. The bag of doubloons, however, had been found, and there it lay, tied but totally unguarded, in the canvas verandah of Rose Budd's habitation. Jack Tier passed and repassed it with apparent indifference, as he went to and fro, between his pantry and kitchen, busy as a bee in preparing his noontide meal for the day. This man seemed to have the islet all to himself, however, no one else being visible on any part of it. He sang his song, in a cracked, *contre alto* voice, and appeared to be happy in his solitude. Occasionally he talked to

himself aloud, most probably because he had no one else to speak to. We shall record one of his recitatives, which came in between the strains of a very inharmonious air, the words of which treated of the seas, while the steward's assistant was stirring an exceedingly savory mess that he had concocted of the ingredients to be found in the united larders of the Swash and the Mexican schooner.

"Stephen Spike is a capital willian!" exclaimed Jack, smelling at a ladle filled with his soup—"a capital willian, I call him. To think, at his time of life, of such a handsome and pleasant young thing as this Rose Budd; and then to try to get her by underhand means, and by making a fool of her silly old aunt. It's wonderful what fools some old aunts be! Quite wonderful! If I was as great a simpleton as this Mrs. Budd, I'd never cross my threshold. Yes, Stephen Spike is a prodigious willian, as his best friend must own! Well, I gave him a thump on the head that he'll not forget this v'y'ge. To think of carryin' off that pretty Rose Budd in his very arms, in so indecent a manner! Yet, the man has his good p'int, if a body could only forget his bad ones. He's a first-rate seaman. How he worked the brig till he doubled the reef, a'ter sho got into open water; and how he made her walk off afore the wind, with stun'sails alow and aloft, as soon as ever he could make 'em draw! My life for it, he'll tire the legs of Uncle Sam's man, afore he can fetch up with him. For running away, when hard chased, Stephen Spike has n't his equal on 'arth. But, he's a great willian—a prodigious willian! I cannot say I actually wish him hanged; but I would rather have him hanged than see him get pretty Rose in his power. What has he to do with girls of nineteen? If the rascal is one year old he's fifty-six. I hope the sloop-of-war will find her match, and I think she will. The Molly's a great traveler, and not to be outdone easily. 'T would be a thousand pities so lovely a craft should be cut off in the flower of her days, as it might be, and I *do* hope she'll lead that bloody sloop on some sunken rock."

"Well, there's the other bag of doubloons. It seems Stephen could not get it. That's odd, too, for he's great at grabbin' gold. The man bears his age well; but he's a willian! I wonder whether he or Mulford made that halfboard in the narrow channel. It was well done, and Stephen is a perfect sailor; but he says Mulford is the same. Nice young man, that Mulford; just fit for Rose, and Rose for him. Pity to part them. Can find no great fault with him, except that he has too much conscience. There's such a thing as having too much, as well as too little conscience. Mulford has too much, and Spike has too little. For him to think of carryin' off a gal of nineteen! I say he's fifty-six, if he's a day. How fond he used to be of this very soup. If I've seen him eat a quart of it, I've seen him eat a puncheon full of it, in my time. What an appetite the man has when he's had a hard day's duty on't! There's a great deal to admire, and a great deal to like in Stephen Spike, but he's a reg'lar willian. I dare say he fancies himself a smart, jaunty youth ag'in, as I can remember him; a lad of twenty, which was about his years when I first saw him, by the sign that I was very little turned of fifteen myself. Spike *was* comely then, though I acknowledge he's a willian. I can see him now, with his deep blue roundabout, his bell-mouthed trowsers, both of fine cloth—too fine for such a willian—but fine it was, and much did it become him."

Here Jack made a long pause, during which, though he may have thought much, he said nothing. Nevertheless, he was not idle the while. On the contrary, he passed no less than three several times from the fire to the tent, and returned. Each time, in going and coming, he looked intently at the bag of doubloons, though he did not stop at it or touch it. Some associations connected with Spike's fruitless attempts to obtain it must have formed its principal interest with this singular being, as he muttered his captain's name each time in passing, though he said no more audibly. The concerns of the dinner carried him back and forth; and in his last visit to the tent, he began to set a small table—one that had been brought for the convenience of Mrs. Budd and her niece, from the brig, and which of course still remained on the islet. It was while thus occupied, that Jack Tier recommenced his soliloquy.

"I hope that money may do some worthy fellow good yet. It's Mexican gold, and that's inemy's gold, and might be condemned by law, I do suppose. Stephen had a hankerin' arter it, but he did not get it. It come easy enough to the next man that tried. That Spike's a willian, and the gold was too good for him. He has no conscience at all to think of a gal of nineteen! And one fit for his betters, in the bargain. The time *has* been when Stephen Spike might have pretended to Rose Budd's equal. That much I'll ever maintain, but that time's gone; and, what is more, it will never come again. I should

like Mulford better if he had a little less conscience. Conscience may do for Uncle Sam's ships, but it is sometimes in the way aboard a trading craft. What can a fellow do with a conscience when dollars is to be smuggled off, or tobacco smuggled ashore? I do suppose I've about as much conscience as it is useful to have, and I've got ashore in my day twenty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, of one sort or another, if I've got ashore the valie of ten dollars. But Spike carries on business on too large a scale, and many's the time I've told him so. I could have forgiven him any thing but this attempt on Rose Budd; and he's altogether too old for that, to say nothing of other people's rights. He's an up-and-down willian, and a body can make no more, nor any less of him. That soup must be near done, and I'll hoist the signal for grub."

This signal was a blue-peter, of which one had been brought ashore to signal the brig; and with which Jack now signaled the schooner. If the reader will turn his eyes toward the last named vessel, he will find the guests whom Tier expected to surround his table. Rose, her aunt, and Biddy were all seated, under an awning made by a sail, on the deck of the schooner, which now floated so buoyantly as to show that she had been materially lightened since last seen. Such indeed was the fact, and he who had been the instrument of producing this change, appeared on deck in the person of Mulford, as soon as he was told that the blue-peter of Jack Tier was flying.

The boat of the light-house, that in which Spike had landed in quest of Rose, was lying alongside of the schooner, and sufficiently explained the manner in which the mate had left the brig. This boat, in fact, had been fastened astern, in the hurry of getting from under the sloop-of-war's fire, and Mulford had taken the opportunity of the consternation and frantic efforts produced by the explosion of the last shell thrown, to descend from his station on the coach-house into this boat, to cut the painter, and to let the Swash glide away from him. This the vessel had done with great rapidity, leaving him unseen under the cover of her stern. As soon as in the boat, the mate had seized an oar, and sculled to an islet that was within fifty yards, concealing the boat behind a low hummock that formed a tiny bay. All this was done so rapidly, that united to the confusion on board the Swash, no one discovered the mate or the boat. Had he been seen, however, it is very little probable that Spike would have lost a moment of time, in the attempt to recover either. But he was not seen, and it was the general opinion on board the Swash, for quite an hour, that her handsome mate had been knocked overboard and killed, by a fragment of the shell that had seemed to explode almost in the ears of her people. When the reef was doubled, however, and Spike made his preparations for meeting the rough water, he hove to, and ordered his own yawl which was also towing astern, to be hauled up alongside, in order to be

hoisted in. Then, indeed, some glimmerings of the truth were shed on the crew, who missed the light-house boat. Though many contended that its painter must also have been cut by a fragment of the shell, and that the mate had died loyal to roguery and treason. Mulford was much liked by the crew, and he was highly valued by Spike, on account of his seamanship and integrity, this latter being a quality that is just as necessary for one of the captain's character to meet with in those he trusts as to any other man. But Spike thought differently of the cause of Mulford's disappearance, from his crew. He ascribed it altogether to love for Rose, when, in truth, it ought in justice to have been quite as much imputed to a determination to sail no longer with a man who was clearly guilty of treason. Of smuggling, Mulford had long suspected Spike, though he had no direct proof of the fact; but now he could not doubt that he was not only engaged in supplying the enemy with the munitions of war, but was actively bargaining to sell his brig for a hostile cruiser, and possibly to transfer himself and crew along with her.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the welcome Mulford received when he reached the islet of the tent. He and Rose had a long private conference, the result of which was to let the handsome mate into the secret of his pretty companion's true feelings toward himself. She had received him with tears, and a betrayal of emotion that gave him every encouragement, and now she did not deny her preference. In that interview the young people plighted to each other their troth. Rose never doubted of obtaining her aunt's consent in due time, all her prejudices being in favor of the sea and sailors, and should she not, she would soon be her own mistress, and at liberty to dispose of herself and her pretty little fortune as she might choose. But a cypher as she was, in all questions of real moment, Mrs Budd was not a person likely to throw any real obstacle in the way of the young people's wishes; the true grounds of whose present apprehensions were all to be referred to Spike, his intentions, and his well known perseverance. Mulford was convinced that the brig would be back in quest of the remaining doubloons, as soon as she could get clear of the sloop-of-war, though he was not altogether without a hope that the latter, when she found it impossible to overhaul her chase, might also return in order to ascertain what discoveries could be made in and about the schooner. The explosion of the powder, on the islet, must have put the man-of-war's men in possession of the secret of the real quality of the flour that had composed her cargo, and it doubtless had awakened all their distrust on the subject of the Swash's real business in the Gulf. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it did appear quite as probable that one of the parties should reappear at the scene of their recent interview as the other.

Bearing all these things in mind, Mulford had lost

no time in completing his own arrangements. He felt that he had some atonement to make to the country, for the part he had seemingly taken in the late events, and it occurred to him, could he put the schooner in a state to be moved, then place her in the hands of the authorities, his own peace would be made, and his character cleared. Rose no sooner understood his plans and motives, than she entered into them with all the ardor and self-devotion of her sex; for the single hour of confidential and frank communication which had just passed, doubled the interest she felt in Mulford and in all that belonged to him. Jack Tier was useful on board a vessel, though his want of stature and force, rendered him less so than was common with sea-faring men. His proper sphere certainly had been the cabins, where his usefulness was beyond all cavil; but he was now very serviceable to Mulford on the deck of the schooner. The first two days, Mrs. Budd had been left on the islet, to look to the concerns of the kitchen, while Mulford, accompanied by Rose, Biddy and Jack Tier had gone off to the schooner, and set her pumps in motion again. It was little that Rose could do, or indeed attempt to do, at this toil, but the pumps being small and easily worked, Biddy and Jack were of great service. By the end of the second day the pumps sucked; the cargo that remained in the schooner, as well as the form of her bottom, contributing greatly to lessen the quantity of the water that was to be got out of her.

Then it was that the doubloons fell into Mulford's hands, along with every thing else that remained below decks. It was perhaps fortunate that the vessel was thoroughly purified by her immersion, and the articles that were brought on deck to be dried were found in a condition to give no great offence to those who removed them. By leaving the hatches off, and the cabin doors open, the warm winds of the trades effectually dried the interior of the schooner in the course of a single night, and when Mulford repaired on board of her, on the morning of the third day, he found her in a condition to be fitted for his purposes. On this occasion Mrs. Budd had expressed a wish to go off to look at her future accommodations, and Jack was left on the islet to cook the dinner, which will explain the actual state of things as described in the opening of this chapter.

As those who toil usually have a relish for their food, the appearance of the blue-peter was far from being unwelcome to those on board of the schooner. They got into the boat, and were sculled ashore by Mulford, who, seaman-like, used only one hand in performing this service. In a very few minutes they were all seated at the little table, which was brought out into the tent-verandah for the enjoyment of the breeze.

"So far, well," said Mulford, after his appetite was mainly appeased; Rose picking crumbs, and affecting to eat merely to have the air of keeping him company; one of the minor proofs of the little

attentions that spring from the affections. "So far, well. The sails are bent, and though they might be newer and better, they can be made to answer. It was fortunate to find any thing like a second suit on board a Mexican craft of that size at all. As it is, we have foresail, mainsail and jib, and with that canvas I think we might beat the schooner down to Key West in the course of a day and a night. If I dared to venture outside of the reef, it might be done sooner even, for they tell me there is a four-knot current sometimes in that track; but I do not like to venture outside, so short-handed. The current inside must serve our turn, and we shall get smooth water by keeping under the lee of the rocks. I only hope we shall not get into an eddy as we go further from the end of the reef, and into the bight of the coast."

"Is there danger of that?" demanded Rose, whose quick intellect had taught her many of these things, since her acquaintance with vessels.

"There may be, looking at the formation of the reef and islands, though I know nothing of the fact by actual observation. This is my first visit in this quarter."

"Eddies are serious matters," put in Mrs. Budd, "and my poor husband could not abide them. Tides are good things; but eddies are very disagreeable."

"Well, aunty, I should think eddies might sometimes be as welcome as tides. It must depend, however, very much on the way one wishes to go."

"Rose, you surprise me! All that you have read, and all that you have heard, must have shown you the difference. Do they not say 'a man is floating with the tide,' when things are prosperous with him—and don't ships drop down with the tide, and beat the wind with the tide? And don't vessels sometimes 'tide it up to town,' as it is called, and is n't it thought an advantage to have the tide with you?"

"All very true, aunty, but I do not see how that makes eddies any the worse."

"Because eddies are the opposites of tides, child. When the tide goes one way, the eddy goes another—isn't it so, Harry Mulford? You never heard of one's floating in an eddy."

"That's what we mean by an eddy, Mrs. Budd," answered the handsome mate, delighted to hear Rose's aunt call him by an appellation so kind and familiar,—a thing she had never done previously to the intercourse which had been the consequence of their present situation. "Though I agree with Rose in thinking an eddy may be a good or a bad thing, and very much like a tide, as one wishes to steer."

"You amaze me, both of you! Tides are always spoken of favorably, but eddies never. If a ship gets ashore, the tide can float her off; *that* I've heard a thousand times. Then, what do the newspapers say of President —, and Governor —,

and Congressman —? Why, that they all 'float in the tide of public opinion,' and that must mean something particularly good, as they are always in office. No, no, Harry; I'll acknowledge that you do know something about ships; a good deal, considering how young you are; but you have something to learn about eddies. Never trust one as long as you live."

Mulford was silent, and Rose took the occasion to change the discourse.

"I hope we shall soon be able to quit this place," she said; "for I confess to some dread of Capt. Spike's return."

"Capt. Stephen Spike has greatly disappointed me," observed the aunt, gravely. "I do not know that I was ever before deceived in judging a person. I could have sworn he was an honest, frank, well-meaning sailor—a character, of all others, that I love; but it has turned out otherwise."

"He's a willian!" muttered Jack Tier.

Mulford smiled; at which speech we must leave to conjecture; but he answered Rose, as he ever did, promptly and with pleasure.

"The schooner is ready, and this must be our last meal ashore," he said. "Our outfit will be no great matter; but if it will carry us down to Key West, I shall ask no more of it. As for the return of the Swash, I look upon it as certain. She could easily get clear of the sloop-of-war, with the start she had, and Spike is a man that never yet abandoned a doubloon, when he knew where one was to be found."

"Stephen Spike is like all his fellow-creatures," put in Jack Tier, pointedly. "He has his faults, and he has his virtues."

"Virtue is a term I should never think of applying to such a man," returned Mulford, a little surprised at the fellow's earnestness. "The word is a big one, and belongs to quite another class of persons." Jack muttered a few syllables that were unintelligible, when again the conversation changed.

Rose now inquired of Mulford as to their prospects of getting to Key West. He told her that the distance was about sixty miles; their route lying along the north or inner side of the Florida Reef. The whole distance was to be made against the trade wind, which was then blowing about an eight-knot breeze, though, bating eddies, they might expect to be favored with the current, which was less strong inside than outside of the reef. As for handling the schooner, Mulford saw no great difficulty in that. She was not large, and was both lightly sparred and lightly rigged. All her top-hammer had been taken down by Spike, and nothing remained but the plainest and most readily-managed gear. A fore-and-aft vessel, sailing close by the wind, is not difficult to steer; will almost steer herself, indeed, in smooth water. Jack Tier could take his trick at

* We suppress the names used by Mrs. Budd, out of delicacy to the individuals mentioned, who are still living.

the helm, in any weather, even in running before the wind, the time when it is most difficult to guide a craft, and Rose might be made to understand the use of the tiller, and taught to govern the motions of a vessel so small and so simply rigged, when on a wind and in smooth water. On the score of managing the schooner, therefore, Mulford thought there would be little cause for apprehension. Should the weather continue settled, he had little doubt of safely landing the whole party at Key West, in the course of the next four-and-twenty hours. Short sail he should be obliged to carry, as well on account of the greater facility of managing it, as on account of the circumstance that the schooner was now in light ballast trim, and would not bear much canvas. He thought that the sooner they left the islets the better, as it could not be long ere the brig would be seen hovering around the spot. All these matters were discussed as the party still sat at table; and when they left it, which was a few minutes later, it was to remove the effects they intended to carry away to the boat. This was soon done, both Jack Tier and Biddy proving very serviceable, while Rose tripped backward and forward, with a step elastic as a gazelle's, carrying light burdens. In half an hour the boat was ready. "Here lies the bag of doubloons still," said Mulford, smiling. "Is it to be left, or shall we give it up to the admiralty court at Key West, and put in a claim for salvage?"

"Better leave it for Spike," said Jack, unexpectedly. "Should he come back, and find the doubloons, he may be satisfied, and not look for the schooner. On the other hand, when the vessel is missing, he will think that the money is in her. Better leave it for old Stephen."

"I do not agree with you, Tier," said Rose, though she looked as amicably at the steward's assistant, as she thus opposed his opinion, as if anxious to persuade, rather than coerce. "I do not quite agree with you. This money belongs to the Spanish merchant; and, as we take away with us his vessel, to give it up to the authorities at Key West, I do not think we have a right to put his gold on the shore and abandon it."

This disposed of the question. Mulford took the bag, and carried it to the boat, without waiting to ascertain if Jack had any objection; while the whole party followed. In a few minutes every body and every thing in the boat were transferred to the deck of the schooner. As for the tent, the old sails of which it was made, the furniture it contained, and such articles of provisions as were not wanted, they were left on the islet, without regret. The schooner had several casks of fresh water, which were found in her hold, and she had also a cask or two of salted meats, besides several articles of food more delicate, that had been provided by Señor Montefalderon for his own use, and which had not been damaged by the water. A keg of Boston crackers were among these eatables, quite half of which were still in a state to be eaten. They

were Biddy's delight; and it was seldom that she could be seen when not nibbling at one of them. The bread of the crew was hopelessly damaged. But Jack had made an ample provision of bread, when sent ashore, and there was still a hundred barrels of the flour in the schooner's hold. One of these had been hoisted on deck by Mulford, and opened. The injured flour was easily removed, leaving a considerable quantity fit for the uses of the kitchen. As for the keg of gunpowder, it was incontinently committed to the deep.

Thus provided for, Mulford decided that the time had arrived when he ought to quit his anchorage. He had been employed most of that morning in getting the schooner's anchor, a work of great toil to him, though everybody had assisted. He had succeeded, and the vessel now rode by a kedge that he could easily weigh by means of a deck tackle. It remained now, therefore, to lift this kedge and to stand out of the bay of the islets. No sooner was the boat secured astern, and its freight disposed of, than the mate began to make sail. In order to hoist the mainsail well up, he was obliged to carry the halyards to the windlass. Thus aided, he succeeded without much difficulty. He and Jack Tier and Biddy got the jib hoisted by hand; and as for the foresail, that would almost set itself. Of course, it was not touched until the kedge was aweigh. Mulford found little difficulty in lifting the last, and he soon had the satisfaction of finding his craft clear of the ground. As Jack Tier was every way competent to taking charge of the fore-castle, Mulford now sprang aft, and took his own station at the helm; Rose acting as his pretty assistant on the quarter-deck.

There is little mystery in getting a fore-and-aft vessel under way. Her sails fill almost as a matter of course, and motion follows as a necessary law. Thus did it prove with the Mexican schooner, which turned out to be a fast sailing and an easily worked craft. She was, indeed, an American bottom, as it is termed, having been originally built for the Chesapeake; and, though not absolutely what is understood by a Baltimore clipper, so nearly of that mould and nature as to possess some of the more essential qualities. As usually happens, however, when a foreigner gets hold of an American schooner, the Mexicans had shorted her masts and lessened her canvas. This circumstance was rather an advantage to Mulford, who would probably have had more to attend to than he wished under the original rig of the craft.

Everybody, even to the fastidious Mrs. Budd, was delighted with the easy and swift movement of the schooner. Mulford, now he had got her under canvas, handled her without any difficulty, letting her stand toward the channel through which he intended to pass, with her sheets just taken in, though compelled to keep a little off, in order to enter between the islets. No difficulty occurred, however, and in less than ten minutes the vessel was clear of the

channels, and in open water. The sheets were now flattened in, and the schooner brought close by the wind. A trial of the vessel on this mode of sailing was no sooner made, than Mulford was induced to regret he had taken so many precautions against any increasing power of the wind. To meet emergencies, and under the notion he should have his craft more under command, the young man had reefed his mainsail, and taken the bonnets off of the foresail and jib. As the schooner stood up better than he had anticipated, the mate felt as all seamen are so apt to feel, when they see that their vessels might be made to perform more than is actually got out of them. As the breeze was fresh, however, he determined not to let out the reef; and the labor of lacing on the bonnets again was too great to be thought of just at that moment.

We all find relief on getting in motion, when pressed by circumstances. Mulford had been in great apprehension of the re-appearance of the Swash all that day; for it was about the time when Spike would be apt to return, in the event of his escaping from the sloop-of-war, and he dreaded Rose's again falling into the hands of a man so desperate. Nor is it imputing more than a very natural care to the young man, to say, that he had some misgivings concerning himself. Spike, by this time, must be convinced that his business in the Gulf was known; and one who had openly thrown off his service, as his mate had done, would unquestionably be regarded as a traitor to his interests, whatever might be the relation in which he would stand to the laws of the country. It was probable such an alleged offender would not be allowed to appear before the tribunals of the land, to justify himself and to accuse the truly guilty, if it were in the power of the last to prevent it. Great, therefore, was the satisfaction of our handsome young mate, when he found himself again fairly in motion, with a craft under him, that glided ahead in a way to prove that she might give even the Swash some trouble to catch her, in the event of a trial of speed.

Everybody entered into the feelings of Mulford, as the schooner passed gallantly out from between the islets, and entered the open water. Fathom by fathom did her wake rapidly increase, until it could no longer be traced back as far as the sandy beaches that had just been left. In a quarter of an hour more, the vessel had drawn so far from the land, that some of the smaller and lowest of the islets were getting to be indistinct. At that instant everybody had come aft, the females taking their seats on the trunk which, in this vessel as in the Swash herself, gave space and height to the cabin.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Budd, who found the freshness of the sea air invigorating, as well as their speed exciting, "this is what I call maritime, Rosy dear. This is what is meant by the Maritime States, about which we read so much, and which are commonly thought to be so important. We are

now in a Maritime State, and I feel perfectly happy, after all our dangers and adventures!"

"Yes, aunty, and I am delighted that you are happy," answered Rose, with frank affection. "We are now rid of that infamous Spike, and may hope never to see his face more."

"Stephen Spike has his good p'intse as well as another," said Jack Tier, abruptly.

"I know that he is an old shipmate of yours, Tier, and that you cannot forget how he once stood connected with you, and am sorry I have said so much against him," answered Rose, expressing her concern even more by her looks and tones, than by her words.

Jack was mollified by this, and he let his feeling be seen, though he said no more than to mutter, "He's a willian!" words that had frequently issued from his lips within the last day or two.

"Stephen Spike is a capital seaman, and that is something in any man," observed the relic of Capt. Budd. "He learned his trade from one who was every way qualified to teach him, and it's no wonder he should be expert. Do you expect, Mr. Mulford, to beat the wind the whole distance to Key West?"

It was not possible for any one to look more grave than the mate did habitually, while the widow was floundering through her sea-terms. Rose had taught him that respect for her aunt was to be one of the conditions of her own regard, though Rose had never opened her lips to him on the subject.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the mate, respectfully, "we are in the trades, and shall have to turn to windward, every inch of the way to Key West."

"Of what lock is this place the key, Rosy?" asked the aunt, innocently enough. "I know that forts and towns are sometimes called keys, but they always have locks of some sort or other. Now, Gibraltar is the key of the Mediterranean, as your uncle has told me fifty times; and I have been there, and can understand why it should be,—but I do not know of what lock this West is the key."

"It is not that sort of key which is meant, aunty, at all—but quite a different thing. The key meant is an island."

"And why should any one be so silly as to call an island a key?"

"The place where vessels unload is sometimes called a key," answered Mulford;—"the French calling it a *quai*, and the Dutch *kaye*. I suppose our English word is derived from these. Now, a low, sandy island, looking somewhat like keys, or wharves, seamen have given them this name. Key West is merely a low island."

"Then there is no lock to it, or anything to be unfastened," said the widow, in her most simple manner."

"It may turn out to be the key to the Gulf of Mexico, one of these days, ma'am. Uncle Sam is surveying the reef, and intends to do something

here, I believe. When Uncle Sam is really in earnest he is capable of performing great things."

Mrs. Budd was satisfied with this explanation, though she told Biddy that evening, that "locks and keys go together, and that the person who christened the island to which they were going, must have been very weak in his uppe^r story." But these reflections on the intellects of her fellow-creatures, were by no means uncommon with the worthy relict; and we cannot say that her remarks made any particular impression on her Irish maid.

In the meantime, the Mexican schooner behaved quite to Mulford's satisfaction. He thought her a little tender in the squalls, of which they had several that afternoon, but he remarked to Rose, who expressed her uneasiness at the manner in which the vessel lay over in one of them, that "she comes down quite easy to her bearings, but it is hard forcing her beyond them. The vessel needs more cargo to ballast her, though, on the whole, I find her as stiff as one could expect. I am now glad that I reefed, and reduced the head sails, though I was sorry at having done so when we first came out. At this rate of sailing, we ought to be up with Key West by morning."

But that rate of sailing did not continue. Toward evening, the breeze lessened almost to a calm again, the late tornado appearing to have quite deranged the ordinary stability of the trades. When the sun set, and it went down into the broad waters of the Gulf a flood of flame, there was barely a two-knot breeze, and Mulford had no longer any anxiety on the subject of keeping his vessel on her legs. His solicitude, now, was confined to the probability of falling in with the Swash. As yet, nothing was visible, either in the shape of land or in that of a sail. Between the islets of the Dry Tortugas and the next nearest visible keys, there is a space of open water, of some forty miles in width. The reef extends across it, of course; but nowhere does the rock protrude itself above the surface of the sea. The depth of water on this reef varies essentially. In some places, a ship of size might pass on to it, if not across it; while in others a man could wade for miles. There is one deep and safe channel—safe to those who are acquainted with it—through the centre of this open space, and which is sometimes used by vessels that wish to pass from one side to the other; but it is ever better for those whose business does not call them in that direction, to give the rocks a good berth, more especially in the night.

Mulford had gleaned many of the leading facts connected with the channels, and the navigation of those waters, from Spike and the older seamen of the brig, during the time they had been lying at the Tortugas. Such questions and answers are common enough on board ships, and, as they are usually put and given with intelligence, one of our mate's general knowledge of his profession, was likely to carry away much useful information. By conversations of this nature, and by consulting the charts,

which Spike did not affect to conceal after the name of his port became known, the young man, in fact, had so far made himself master of the subject, as to have tolerably accurate notions of the courses, distances, and general peculiarities of the reef. When the sun went down, he supposed himself to be about half way across the space of open water, and some five-and-twenty miles dead to windward of his port of departure. This was doing very well for the circumstances, and Mulford believed himself and his companions clear of Spike, when, as night drew its veil over the tranquil sea, nothing was in sight.

A very judicious arrangement was made for the watches on board the Mexican schooner, on this important night. Mrs. Budd had a great fancy to keep a watch, for once in her life, and, after the party had supped, and the subject came up in the natural course of things, a dialogue like this occurred:

"Harry must be fatigued," said Rose, kindly, "and must want sleep. The wind is so light, and the weather appears to be so settled, that I think it would be better for him to 'turn in,' as he calls it,"—here Rose laughed so prettily that the handsome mate wished she would repeat the words—"better that he should 'turn in' now, and we can call him, should there be need of his advice or assistance. I dare say Jack Tier and I can take very good care of the schooner until daylight."

Mrs. Budd thought it would be no more than proper for one of her experience and years to rebuke this levity, as well as to enlighten the ignorance her niece had betrayed.

"You should be cautious, my child, how you propose any thing to be done on a ship's board," observed the aunt. "It requires great experience and a suitable knowledge of rigging to give maritime advice. Now, as might have been expected, considering your years, and the short time you have been at sea, you have made several serious mistakes in what you have proposed. In the first place, there should always be a mate on the deck, as I have heard your dear departed uncle say, again and again; and how can there be a mate on the deck if Mr. Mulford 'turns in,' as you propose, seeing that he's the only mate we have. Then you should never laugh at any maritime expression, for each and all are, as a body might say, solemnized by storms and dangers. That Harry is fatigued I think is very probable; and he must set our watches, as they call it, when he can make his arrangements for the night, and take his rest as is usual. Here is my watch to begin with; and I'll engage he does not find it two minutes out of the way, though yours, Rosy dear, like most girl's time-pieces, is, I'll venture to say, dreadfully wrong. Where is your chronometer, Mr. Mulford; let us see how this excellent watch of mine, which was once my poor departed Mr. Budd's, will agree with that piece of yours, which I have heard you say is excellent."

Here was a flight in science and nautical language that poor Mulford could not have anticipated, even in the captain's relict! That Mrs. Budd should mistake "setting the watch" for "setting our watches," was not so very violent a blunder that one ought to be much astonished at it in *her*; but that she should expect to find a chronometer that was intended to keep the time of Greenwich agreeing with a watch that was set for the time of New York, betrayed a degree of ignorance that the handsome mate was afraid Rose would resent on him, when the mistake was made to appear. As the widow held out her own watch for the comparison, however, he could not refuse to produce his own. By Mrs. Budd's watch it was past seven o'clock, while by his own, or the Greenwich-set chronometer, it was a little past twelve.

"How very wrong your watch is, Mr. Mulford," cried the good lady, "notwithstanding all you have said in its favor. It's quite five hours too fast, I do declare; and now, Rosy dear, you see the importance of setting watches on a ship's board, as is done every evening, my departed husband has often told me."

"Harry's must be what he calls a dog-watch, aunty," said Rose, laughing, though she scarce knew at what.

"The watch goes, too," added the widow, raising the chronometer to her ear, "though it is so very wrong. Well, set it, Mr. Mulford; then we will set Rose's, which I'll engage is half an hour out of the way, though it can never be as wrong as yours."

Mulford was a good deal embarrassed, but he gained courage by looking at Rose, who appeared to him to be quite as much mystified as her aunt. For once he hoped Rose was ignorant; for nothing would be so likely to diminish the feeling produced by the exposure of the aunt's mistake as to include the niece in the same category.

"My watch is a chronometer, you will recollect, Mrs. Budd," said the young man.

"I know it; and they ought to keep the very best time—that I've always heard. My poor Mr. Budd had two, and they were as large as compasses, and sold for hundreds after his lamented decease."

"They were ship's chronometers, but mine was made for the pocket. It is true, chronometers are intended to keep the most accurate time, and usually they do; this of mine, in particular, would not lose ten seconds in a twelvemonth, did I not carry it on my person."

"No, no, it does not seem to lose any, Harry; it only gains," cried Rose, laughing.

Mulford was now satisfied, notwithstanding all that had passed on a previous occasion, that the laughing, bright-eyed, and quick-witted girl at his elbow, knew no more of the uses of a chronometer than her unusually dull and ignorant aunt; and he felt himself relieved from all embarrassment at once. Though he dared not even seem to distrust Mrs. Budd's intellect or knowledge before Rose, he did not scruple to laugh at Rose herself, to Rose. With *her* there was no jealousy on the score of capacity,

her quickness being almost as obvious to all who approached her as her beauty.

"Rose Budd, you do not understand the uses of a chronometer, I see," said the mate, firmly, "notwithstanding all I have told you concerning them."

"It is to keep time, Harry Mulford, is it not?"

"True, to keep time—but to keep the time of a particular meridian; you know what meridian means I hope?"

Rose looked intently at her lover, and she looked singularly lovely, for she blushed slightly, though her smile was as open and amicable as ingenuousness and affection could make it.

"A meridian means a point over our heads—the spot where the sun is at noon," said Rose, doubtfully.

"Quite right; but it also means longitude, in one sense. If you draw a line from one pole to the other, all the places it crosses are on the same meridian. As the sun first appears in the east, it follows that he rises sooner in places that are east, than in places that are further west. Thus it is, that at Greenwich, in England, where there is an observatory made for nautical purposes, the sun rises about five hours sooner than it does here. All this difference is subject to rules, and we know exactly how to measure it."

"How can that be, Harry? You told me this but the other day, yet have I forgotten it."

"Quite easily. As the earth turns round in just twenty-four hours, and its circumference is divided into three hundred and sixty equal parts, called degrees, we have only to divide 360 by 24, to know how many of these degrees are included in the difference produced by one hour of time. There are just fifteen of them, as you will find by multiplying 24 by 15. It follows that the sun rises just one hour later, each fifteen degrees of longitude, as you go west, or one hour earlier each fifteen degrees of longitude as you go east. Having ascertained the difference by the hour, it is easy enough to calculate for the minutes and seconds."

"Yes, yes," said Rose, eagerly, "I see all that—go on."

"Now a chronometer is nothing but a watch, made with great care, so as not to lose or gain more than a few seconds in a twelvemonth. Its whole merit is in keeping time accurately."

"Still I do not see how that can be any thing more than a very good watch."

"You *will* see in a minute, Rose. For purposes that you will presently understand, books are calculated for certain meridians, or longitudes, as at Greenwich and Paris, and those who use the books calculated for Greenwich get their chronometers set at Greenwich, and those who use the Paris, get their chronometers set to Paris time. When I was last in England, I took this watch to Greenwich, and had it set at the Observatory by the true solar time. Ever since it has been running by that time, and what you see here is the true Greenwich time, after allowing for a second or two that it may have lost or gained."

"All that is plain enough," said the much interested Rose, "but of what use is it all?"

"To help mariners to find their longitude at sea, and thus know where they are. As the sun passes so far north, and so far south of the equator each year, it is easy enough to find the latitude, by observing his position at noon-day; but for a long time seamen had great difficulty in ascertaining their longitudes. That, too, is done by observing the different heavenly bodies, and with greater accuracy than by any other process; but this thought of measuring the time is very simple, and so easily put in practice, that we all run by it now."

"Still I cannot understand it," said Rose, looking so intently, so eagerly, and so intelligently into the handsome mate's eyes, that he found it was pleasant to teach her other things besides how to love.

"I will explain it. Having the Greenwich time in the watch, we observe the sun, in order to ascertain the true time, wherever we may happen to be. It is a simple thing to ascertain the true time of day by an observation of the sun, which marks the hours in his track; and when we get our observation, we have some one to note the time at a particular instant on the chronometer. By noting the hour, minutes, and seconds, at Greenwich, at the very instant we observe here, when we have calculated from that observation the time here, we have only to add, or subtract, the time here from that of Greenwich, to know precisely how far east or west we are from Greenwich, which gives us our longitude."

"I begin to comprehend it again," exclaimed Rose, delighted at the acquisition in knowledge she had just made. "How beautiful it is, yet how simple—but why do I forget it?"

"Perfectly simple, and perfectly sure, too, when the chronometer is accurate, and the observations are nicely made. It is seldom we are more than eight or ten miles out of the way, and for them we keep a look-out. It is only to ascertain the time where you are, by means that are easily used, then look at your watch to learn the time of day at Greenwich, or any other meridian you may have selected, and to calculate your distance, east or west, from that meridian, by the difference in the two times."

Rose could have listened all night, for her quick mind readily comprehended the principle which lies at the bottom of this useful process, though still ignorant of some of the details. This time she was determined to secure her acquisition, though it is quite probable that, woman-like, they were once more lost, almost as easily as made. Mulford, however, was obliged to leave her, to look at the vessel, before he stretched himself on the deck, in an old sail; it having been previously determined that he should sleep first, while the wind was light, and that Jack Tier, assisted by the females, should keep the first watch. Rose would not detain the mate, therefore, but let him go his way, in order to see that all was right before he took his rest.

Mrs. Budd had listened to Mulford's second ex-

planation of the common mode of ascertaining the longitude, with all the attention of which she was capable; but it far exceeded the powers of her mind to comprehend it. There are persons who accustom themselves to think so superficially, that it becomes a painful process to attempt to dive into any of the *arcana* of nature, and who ever turn from such investigations wearied and disgusted. Many of these persons, perhaps most of them, need only a little patience and perseverance to comprehend all the more familiar phenomena, but they cannot command even that much of the two qualities named to obtain the knowledge they would fain wish to possess. Mrs. Budd did not belong to a division as high in the intellectual scale as even this vapid class. Her intellect was unequal to embracing any thing of an abstracted character, and only received the most obvious impressions, and those quite half the time it received wrong. The mate's reasoning, therefore, was not only inexplicable to her, but it sounded absurd and impossible.

"Rosy dear," said the worthy relict, as soon as she saw Mulford stretch his fine frame on his bed of canvas, speaking at the same time in a low, confidential tone to her niece, "what was it that Harry was telling you a little while ago. It sounded to me like rank nonsense; and men *will* talk nonsense to young girls, as I have so often warned you, child. You must never listen to their *nonsense*, Rosy; but remember your catechism and confirmation vow, and be a good girl."

To how many of the feeble-minded and erring do those offices of the church prove a stay and support, when their own ordinary powers of resistance would fail them. Rose, however, viewed the matter just as it was, and answered accordingly.

"But this was nothing of that nature, aunty," she said, "and only an account of the mode of finding out where a ship is, when out of sight of land, in the middle of the ocean. We had the same subject up the other day."

"And how did Harry tell you, this time, that was done, my dear?"

"By finding the difference in the time of day, between two places—just as he did before."

"But there is no difference in the time of day, child, when the clocks go well."

"Yes, there is, aunty dear, as the sun rises in one place before it does in another."

"Rose, you've been listening to nonsense now! Remember what I have so often told you about young men, and their way of talking. I admit Harry Mulford is a respectable youth, and has respectable connections, and since you like one another, you may have him, with all my heart, as soon as he gets a full-jiggered ship, for I am resolved no niece of my poor dear husband's shall ever marry a mate, or a captain even, unless he has a full-jiggered ship under his feet. But do not talk nonsense with him. Nonsense is nonsense, though a sensible man talks it. As for all this stuff about the time of

day, you can see it is nonsense, as the sun rises but once in twenty-four hours, and of course there cannot be two times, as you call it."

"But, aunty dear, it is not always noon at London when it is noon at New York."

"Fiddle-faddle, child; noon is noon, and there are no more too noons than two suns, or two times. Distrust what young men tell you, Rosy, if you would be safe, though they should tell you you are handsome."

Poor Rose sighed, and gave up the explanation in despair. Then a smile played around her pretty mouth. It was not at her aunt that she smiled; this she never permitted herself to do, weak as was that person, and weak as she saw her to be; she smiled at the recollection how often Mulford had hinted at her good looks—for Rose was a female, and had her own weaknesses, as well as another. But the necessity of acting soon drove these thoughts from her mind, and Rose sought Jack Tier, to confer with him on the subject of their new duties.

As for Harry Mulford, his head was no sooner laid on its bunch of sail than he fell into a profound sleep. There he lay, slumbering as the seaman slumbers, with no sense of surrounding things. The immense fatigues of that and of the two preceding days,—for he had toiled at the pumps even long after night had come, until the vessel was clear,—weighed him down, and nature was now claiming her influence, and taking a respite from exertion. Had he been left to himself, it is probable the mate would not have arisen until the sun had reappeared some hours.

It is now necessary to explain more minutely the precise condition, as well as the situation of the schooner. On quitting his port, Mulford had made a stretch of some two leagues in length, toward the northward and eastward, when he tacked and stood to the southward. There was enough of southing in the wind, to make his last course nearly due south. As he neared the reef, he found that he fell in some miles to the eastward of the islets,—proof that he was doing very well, and that there was no current to do him any material harm, if, indeed, there were not actually a current in his favor. He next tacked to the northward again, and stood in that direction until near night, when he once more went about. The wind was now so light that he saw little prospect of getting in with the reef again, until the return of day; but as he had left orders with Jack Tier to be called at twelve o'clock, at all events, this gave him no uneasiness. At the time when the mate lay down to take his rest, therefore, the schooner was quite five-and-twenty miles to windward of the Dry Tortugas, and some twenty miles to the northward of the Florida Reef, with the wind quite light at east-southeast. Such, then, was the position or situation of the schooner.

As respects her condition, it is easily described. She had but the three sails bent,—mainsail, foresail

and jib. Her topmasts had been struck, and all the hamper that belonged to them was below. The mainsail was single reefed, and the foresail and jib were without their bonnets, as has already been mentioned. This was somewhat short canvas, but Mulford knew that it would render his craft more manageable in the event of a blow. Usually, at that season and in that region, the east trades prevailed with great steadiness, sometimes diverging a little south of east, as at present, and generally blowing fresh. But, for a short time previously to, and ever since the tornado, the wind had been unsettled, the old currents appearing to regain their ascendancy by fits, and then losing it, in squalls, contrary currents, and even by short calms.

The conference between Jack Tier and Rose was frank and confidential.

"We must depend mainly on you," said the latter, turning to look toward the spot where Mulford lay, buried in the deepest sleep that had ever gained power over him. "Harry is so fatigued! It would be shameful to awaken him a moment sooner than is necessary."

"Ay, ay; so it is always with young women, when they let a young man gain their ears," answered Jack, without the least circumlocution; "so it is, and so it always will be, I'm afraid. Nevertheless, men is willians."

Rose was not affronted at this plain allusion to the power that Mulford had obtained over her feelings. It would seem that Jack had got to be so intimate in the cabins, that his sex was, in a measure, forgotten; and it is certain that his recent services were not. Without a question, but for his interference, the pretty Rose Budd would, at that moment, have been the prisoner of Spike, and most probably the victim of his design to compel her to marry him.

"All men are not Stephen Spikes," said Rose earnestly, "and least of all is Harry Mulford to be reckoned as one of his sort. But, we must manage to take care of the schooner, the whole night, and let Harry get his rest. He wished to be called at twelve, but we can easily let the hour go by, and not awaken him."

"The commanding officer ought not to be served so, Miss Rose. What he says is to be done."

"I know it, Jack, as to ordinary matters; but Harry left these orders that we might have our share of rest, and for no other reason at all. And what is to prevent our having it? We are four, and can divide ourselves into two watches; one watch can sleep while the other keeps a look-out."

"Ay, ay, and pretty watches they *would* be! There's Madam Budd, now; why, she's quite a navigator, and knows all about weerin' and haulin'. and I dares to say could put the schooner about, to keep her off the reef, on a pinch; though which way the craft would come round, could best be told after it has been done. It's as much as I'd undertake myself, Miss Rose, to take care of the schooner,

should it come on to blow; and as for you, Madam Budd, and that squalling Irish woman, you'd be no better than so many housewives ashore."

"We have strength, and we have courage, and we can pull, as you have seen. I know very well which way to put the helm now, and Biddy is as strong as you are yourself, and could help me all I wished. Then we could always call you, at need, and have your assistance. Nay, Harry himself can be called, if there should be a real necessity for it, and I *do* wish he may not be disturbed until there is that necessity."

It was with a good deal of reluctance that Jack allowed himself to be persuaded into this scheme. He insisted, for a long time, that an officer should be called at the hour mentioned by himself, and declared he had never known such an order neglected, "marchant-man, privateer, or man-of-war." Rose prevailed over his scruples, however, and there was a meeting of the three females to make the final arrangements. Mrs. Budd, a kind-hearted woman, at the worst, gave her assent most cheerfully, though Rose was a little startled with the nature of the reasoning, with which it was accompanied.

"You are quite right, Rosy dear," said the aunt, "and the thing is very easily done. I've long wanted to keep one watch, at sea; just one watch; to complete my maritime education. Your poor uncle used to say, 'Give my wife but one night-watch, and you'd have as good a seaman in her as heart could wish.' I'm sure I've had night-watches enough with him and his ailings; but it seems that *they* were not the sort of watches he meant. Indeed, I did n't know till this evening there were so many watches in the world, at all. But this is just what I want, and just what I'm resolved to have. Tier shall command one watch, and I'll command the other. Jack's shall be the 'dog-watch,' as they call it, and mine shall be the 'middle-watch,' and last till morning. You shall be in Jack's watch, Rose, and Biddy shall be in mine. You know a good deal that Jack don't know, and Biddy can do a good deal I'm rather too stout to do. I don't like pulling ropes, but as for *ordering*, I'll turn my back on no captain's widow out of York."

Rose had her own misgivings on the subject of her aunt's issuing orders on such a subject to any one, but she made the best of necessity, and completed the arrangements without further discussion. Her great anxiety was to secure a good night's rest for Harry, already feeling a woman's care in the comfort and ease of the man she loved. And Rose did love Harry Mulford warmly and sincerely. If the very decided preference with which she regarded him before they sailed, had not absolutely amounted to passion, it had come so very near it as to render that access of feeling certain, under the influence of the association and events which succeeded. We have not thought it necessary to relate a tithe of the interviews and intercourse that had

taken place between the handsome mate and the pretty Rose Budd, during the month they had now been shipmates, having left the reader to imagine the natural course of things, under such circumstances. Nevertheless, the plighted troth had not been actually given until Harry joined her on the islet, at a moment when she fancied herself abandoned to a fate almost as serious as death. Rose had seen Mulford quit the brig, had watched the mode and manner of his escape, and in almost breathless amazement, and felt how dear to her he had become, by the glow of delight which warmed her heart, when assured that he could not, would not, forsake her, even though he remained at the risk of life. She was now, true to the instinct of her sex, mostly occupied in making such a return for an attachment so devoted as became her tenderness and the habits of her mind.

As Mrs. Budd chose what she was pleased to term the 'middle-watch,' giving to Jack Tier and Rose her 'dog-watch,' the two last were first on duty. It is scarcely necessary to say that the captain's widow got the names of the watches all wrong, as she got the names of every thing else about a vessel; but the plan was to divide the night equally between these *quasi* mariners, giving the first half to those who were first on the look-out, and the remainder to their successors. It soon became so calm, that Jack left the helm, and came and sat by Rose, on the trunk, where they conversed confidentially for a long time. Although the reader will, hereafter, be enabled to form some plausible conjectures on the subject of this dialogue, we shall give him no part of it here. All that need now be said, is to add, that Jack did most of the talking, that his past life was the principal theme, and that the terrible Stephen Spike, he from whom they were now so desirous of escaping, was largely mixed up with the adventures recounted. Jack found in his companion a deeply interested listener, although this was by no means the first time they had gone over together the same story, and discussed the same events. The conversation lasted until Tier, who watched the glass, seeing that its sands had run out for the last time, announced the hour of midnight. This was the moment when Mulford should have been called, but when Mrs. Budd and Biddy Noon were actually awakened in his stead.

"Now, dear aunty," said Rose, as she parted from the new watch to go and catch a little sleep herself, "remember you are not to awaken Harry first, but to call Tier and myself. It would have done your heart good to have seen how sweetly he has been sleeping all this time. I do not think he has stirred once since his head was laid on that bunch of sails, and there he is, at this moment, sleeping like an infant!"

"Yes," returned the relict, "it is always so with your true maritime people. I have been sleeping a great deal more soundly, the whole of the 'dog-watch,' than I ever slept at home, in my own excel-

lent bed. But it's your watch below, Rosy, and contrary to rule for you to stay on the deck, after you've been relieved. I've heard this a thousand times."

Rose was not sorry to lie down; and her head was scarcely on its pillow, in the cabin, before she was fast asleep. As for Jack, he found a place among Mulford's sails, and was quickly in the same state.

To own the truth, Mrs. Budd was not quite as much at ease, in her new station, for the first half hour, as she had fancied to herself might prove to be case. It was a flat calm, it is true; but the widow felt oppressed with responsibility and the novelty of her situation. Time and again had she said, and even imagined, she should be delighted to fill the very station she then occupied, or to be in charge of a deck, in a "middle-watch." In this instance, however, as in so many others, reality did not equal anticipation. She wished to be doing every thing, but did not know how to do any thing. As for Biddy, she was even worse off than her mistress. A month's experience, or for that matter a twelvemonth's, could not unravel to her the mysteries of even a schooner's rigging. Mrs. Budd had placed her "at the wheel," as she called it, though the vessel had no wheel, being steered by a tiller on deck, in the long-shore fashion. In stationing Biddy, the widow told her that she was to play "tricks at the wheel," leaving it to the astounded Irish woman's imagination to discover what those tricks were. Failing in ascertaining what might be the nature of her "tricks at the wheel," Biddy was content to do nothing, and nothing, under the circumstances, was perhaps the very best thing she could have done.

Little was required to be done for the first four hours of Mrs. Budd's watch. All that time, Rose slept in her berth, and Mulford and Jack Tier on their sail, while Biddy had played the wheel a "trick," indeed, by lying down on deck, and sleeping, too, as soundly as if she were in the county Down itself. But there was to be an end of this tranquillity. Suddenly the wind began to blow. At first, the breeze came in fitful puffs, which were neither very strong nor very lasting. This induced Mrs. Budd to awaken Biddy. Luckily, a schooner without a topsail could not very well be taken aback, especially as the head-sheets worked on travelers, and Mrs. Budd and her assistant contrived to manage the tiller very well for the first hour that these varying puffs of wind lasted. It is true, the tiller was lashed, and it is also true, the schooner ran in all directions, having actually headed to all the cardinal points of the compass, under her present management. At length, Mrs. Budd became alarmed. A puff of wind came so strong, as to cause the vessel to lie over so far as to bring the water into the lee scuppers. She called Jack Tier herself, therefore, and sent Biddy down to awaken Rose. In a minute, both these auxiliaries appeared on deck. The wind just then lulled, and Rose,

supposing her aunt was frightened at trifles, insisted on it that Harry should be permitted to sleep on. He had turned over once, in the course of the night, but not once had he raised his head from his pillow.

As soon as reinforced, Mrs. Budd began to bustle about, and to give commands, such as they were, in order to prove that she was unterrified. Jack Tier gaped at her elbow, and by way of something to do, he laid his hand on the painter of the Swash's boat, which boat was towing astern, and remarked that "some know-nothing had belayed it with three half-hitches." This was enough for the relic. She had often heard the saying that "three half-hitches lost the king's long-boat," and she busied herself, at once, in repairing so imminent an evil. It was far easier for the good woman to talk than to act; she became what is called "all fingers and thumbs," and in loosening the third half-hitch, she cast off the two others. At that instant, a puff of wind struck the schooner again, and the end of the painter got away from the widow, who had a last glimpse at the boat, as the vessel darted ahead, leaving its little tender to vanish in the gloom of the night.

Jack was excessively provoked at this accident, for he had foreseen the possibility of having recourse to that boat yet, in order to escape from Spike. By abandoning the schooner, and pulling on to the reef, it might have been possible to get out of their pursuer's hands, when all other means should fail them. As he was at the tiller, he put his helm up, and ran off, until far enough to leeward to be to the westward of the boat, when he might tack, fetch and recover it. Nevertheless, it now blew much harder than he liked, for the schooner seemed to be unusually tender. Had he the force to do it, he would have brailled the foresail. He desired Rose to call Mulford, but she hesitated about complying.

"Call him—call the mate, I say," cried out Jack, in a voice that proved how much he was in earnest. "These puffs come heavy, I can tell you, and they come often, too. Call him—call him, at once, Miss Rose, for it is time to tack if we wish to recover the boat. Tell him, too, to brail the foresail, while we are in stays—that's right; another call will start him up."

The other call was given, aided by a gentle shake from Rose's hand. Harry was on his feet in a moment. A passing instant was necessary to clear his faculties, and to recover the tenor of his thoughts. During that instant, the mate heard Jack Tier's shrill cry of "hard a-lee—get in that foresail—bear a-hand—in with it, I say."

The wind came rushing and roaring, and the flaps of the canvas were violent and heavy.

"In with the foresail, I say," shouted Jack Tier. "She flies round like a top, and will be off the wind on the other tack presently. Bear a-hand!—bear a-hand! It looks black as night to windward."

Mulford then regained all his powers. He sprang to the fore-sheet, calling on the others for aid. The violent surges produced by the wind prevented his

grasping the sheet as soon as he could wish, and the vessel whirled round on her heel, like a steed that is frightened. At that critical and dangerous instant, when the schooner was nearly without motion through the water, a squall struck the flattened sails, and bowed her down as the willow bends to the gale. Mrs. Budd and Biddy screamed as usual, and Jack shouted until his voice seemed

cracked, to "let go the head-sheets." Mulford did make one leap forward, to execute this necessary office, when the inclining plane of the deck told him it was too late. The wind fairly howled for a minute, and over went the schooner, the remains of her cargo shifting as she capsized, in a way to bring her very nearly bottom upward.

[To be continued.]

TO MRS. P——, OF CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLE as Aurora's dawning,
Ere she wakes the blushing day,
Broke the light of girlhood's morning
O'er her bright exulting way :
All her hopes were buoyant—glowing ;
Rapture plumed the winged hours ;
And, with mirth and music flowing,
Every foot-print filled with flowers.

Such was E—'s spring-day dreaming
As her path, through smiles and tears,
Beckoned her to visions beaming
On the front of after years :
O'er her form while Time was breathing
All of Beauty's affluence now,
Grace and loveliness were wreathing
Garlands round her sunny brow.

'Midst her tresses archly smiling,
Love, the wily urchin, played ;
Through her eyes he peered beguiling,
Round her lips he ever strayed :
In each limb, o'er every feature,
Unrestrained he seemed to move,
Till at length the peerless creature
Yielded all her soul to love !

Again her bark is on the billow,
Where the pageant Pleasure glides ;
Not a thought disturbs her pillow
As she skims its sparkling tides :
Not a shade of earthly sorrow
Dims the wonder of her eye,
While its lustre seems to borrow
Radiance from tranquillity !

Still, at times, a touch of sadness
In its calm expressive beam
Strives to pale the light of gladness
That illumed her early dream :
And 't is said she 's lost to feeling—
Spurning Nature's high behest :
Ne'er by look or word revealing
Aught of passion in her breast !

Nay ! though summer's pride may wither ;
Azure skies may lose their blue,
And the bee no longer gather
From the flower the honey-dew ;
In her world of bright emotion,
Woman's heart must beat the same,
Cherishing some deep devotion
With a pure undying flame !

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

BY ADALIZA CUTTER.

I stood beside the moaning sea one bright autumnal day,
And careless as a singing-bird whiled golden hours away ;
Above me was a sunny sky, the winds were hushed to rest,
Gently the waves arose and fell, upon old ocean's breast.

I gazed into the blue above and saw the sun's rich glow,
I turned, and saw another sun gleam in the blue below,
One fleecy cloud like fairy robe upon the air did ride,
One little cloud, its own fair mate, sailed o'er the glassy tide.

A bright plumed bird was in the sky, its glitt'ring pinions free,
Another tiny bird I saw, far in the azure sea,
Down flew the one, the other up from ocean's coral floor,
They kissed, then lightly flew away, and they were seen no more.

I almost thought a mermaid's form would greet my eager view,
That water nymphs would rise and dance upon the waves so blue,
Or that some little fairy queen, with all her elfin train,
Would come and hold their festivals upon the sunlit main.

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As on that sunny beach I stood, I fancied I could hear
Their voices low and musical, their silvery laughter clear ;
I almost wished myself a fay, that I might join their throng,
To laugh, and dance, and dive with them, and sing the merry song.

I wished I had a little boat—a tiny painted oar,
That I might float upon the sea, far from that sandy shore,
Far, far away, until no sight would meet my kindling eye,
Save the blue ocean at my feet, and the blue boundless sky.

Far off, as far as eye could see, the white-sailed ships did glide
Like spirits o'er the bounding deep, in glory and in pride,
Like light clouds on the ocean's breast these vessels seemed to be,
For thousand times ten thousand waves rolled between them and me.

O pleasant, pleasant were the hours I spent upon that shore,
Their memory within my heart will linger evermore,
Ay, they will live within this heart among the bright and fair,
The beautiful and sunny things which I have garnered there

A D R E A M .

BY FANNY FORESTER.

THERE is a great deal of reading in the world now-a-days, and some strange reading—reading that furnishes food for dreams, and not a little that would starve the intellect of a sleeping butterfly—the *paté de fois gras* for the *gourmand*, and the wholesome brown bread for the multitude. The most, however, is of the first and second kind; both very useful—for even a famine has its uses. Last night I chanced upon a long article which lulled me to sleep in the third paragraph; but its soporific qualities were not sufficiently powerful to put the mind at rest entirely. Oh! how the busy little sprites from dream-land raced through the corridors and tripped it in the dark saloons of my poor brain! And what queer phantasies they braided! An it pleaseth thee, reader mine, a page or two shall be broidered with the shreds they left, when they scampered off at the first day-dawn of waking reason peeping through the windows of their festal palace. It will serve as a clue to the kind of printed lullaby which furnished the wine for their revels.

It seemed a day in winter, chilly and boisterous, and as I drew my stuffed-chair to the window, I mentally thanked God for the comforts of a quiet, happy fireside; and thought with more uneasiness than I should have cared to express of one who, could he have divined my thoughts, would have laughed at me for the womanly sympathy. It is impossible to comprehend a strength or power of endurance beyond our own; and my young brother, with his ready scoff, on the very mention of the word *fatigue*, and his strong hand playfully pinioning me as with a chain of iron, had always been a perfect marvel to me. I looked out upon the scudding clouds, and whirling snow, and upon the trackless road, and wondered if there were any sufferers abroad; but before the thought had fairly flitted across my brain I caught a glimpse of the figure of a woman. A woman out on such a day! poor creature! Yet—*could* I be mistaken? No, it was—it surely was—MY COUSIN 'BEL! I did not wait to wonder whence she came; it was enough to see her there, and in such woful plight. On she came, now nearly buried in an enormous snow-drift, now rising, the mark for the bold wind's buffetings, her cloak unclasped, and flapping about her like the wings of some great bird, her hood made fast to the back of her neck by the strings which seemed cutting into her reddened throat, her loosened hair streaming out in every direction, all powdered over with the fleecy snow, and her veil caracoling high in air, performing all the antics of a tumbler's pony. The snow was deep—so deep! ugh! it makes me

shiver to think of it! But flouncing on she came, her beautiful face distorted and purple with the cold and exertion—on, unaided, but not alone. Close behind her, leisurely walking in the path she was making, who should I see but *big Sam Jones*! Everybody knows Sam Jones, at least everybody about Alderbrook, with his brawny shoulders and long, strong locomotives. He might have tucked poor 'Bel into the hollow of his arm, and fancied he was carrying a kitten. But not he. He folded his arms on his tough sinewy chest, and sauntered along, till 'Bel, worn out with toiling and tugging and battling with wind and storm, sunk down at last exhausted.

"Lost footing, Miss? It is n't much of a storm," observed Sam, with the most good-natured, though contemptuous indifference; and on he passed, leaving the lady to *find footing* as best she might. Poor 'Bel! She was (not poetically, but literally) in "snowy vestments, pure and white," when, panting and struggling, she resumed her way; and, by that time, the tracks of big Sam, "far between" at best, were nearly filled with snow.

"Bless me! 'Bel Forester! What *can* have brought you out on such a day as this?" I exclaimed, drawing her through the half-opened door, and shivering as the cold air burst in at the gap, and whisked about my ears. "Anybody sick? Any—"

"No-h! no! wait—till—uh!—till—I—get breath—uh!"

Great alarm were we in, and there was rubbing of hands, and chafing of temples, and screaming among the children, and running for salts, till finally the steaming cup was brought from the kitchen, and poor 'Bel was scalded back to life.

"What is it, 'Bella?" I again inquired, when a proper time had elapsed. "Do tell us what has happened!"

"Nothing. I thought I would just step in and bring you a paper. The critics have taken you up."

"ME!"

There *was* something shocking in it, inconceivably shocking; and my heart cut an involuntary pigeon-wing, (it has n't learned the Polka,) while I mechanically stretched out my hand for the paper. But there was a look on the face of Cousin 'Bel, unlike the one she wore when she first encouraged my first timid sketch; and I felt that I should have but partial sympathy. (Thank Heaven, it was only a dream!) Under such circumstances, it was best not to appear too anxious.

"Is the criticism so very important," I inquired,

turning my eyes with desperate resolution from the paper, which rustled in my shaking hand, "that you should come to bring it me on such a day as this?"

"Pretty important, as things go now; and, of course, the storm would have no influence in keeping me in doors."

"Of course!"

"Ay! you act as though you had not heard of the GREAT REFORM."

How my curiosity was divided between the news and the criticism!

"Alderbrook is an out-of-the-way place," interposed my mother.

"And so you really have not heard of the mighty revolution—the establishment of principles of equality—the practical adoption of that great first truth upon the face of our constitution, which is the cornerstone of our liberties, declaring that not merely all men, but all mankind are created free and equal."

How eloquent 'Bel had grown! what *could* it mean!

"In a word," said my mother, rather entreatingly, "soberly and simply, 'Bella, we do not understand all this. What is the Great Reform?"

"In a word, then, aunty," ('Bel forgot for a moment her pompous tone,) "the establishment of WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

"Indeed!" (I thought I detected a pleased look even in my mother's calm eye; and for myself I turned a *pirouette*. Why, I did not exactly know, but there was something in the words to tickle the ear.) "Indeed! and what has that to do with your exposing your health in such a storm as this?" (Ah! I was mistaken. My mother was older and wiser than 'Bel and I)

"Health! Never fear; we are not to be so whimsical as to mind those things any more. Since we have succeeded in making men acknowledge, not only our intellectual equality, but our entire fitness for the performance of all the duties which have hitherto devolved on them exclusively, we have set about establishing another point. Indeed, we never shall be secure in the possession of our *rights* till this point is gained. We find that the general impression concerning our physical weakness and delicacy of constitution is of great disadvantage to us, a drawback on our enterprise, and we intend now to prove that we have as much muscular strength as the other sex. We are their equals *in every respect*; and if the truth be not willingly acknowledged, it must be done upon compulsion."

"Bless me, 'Bel!" But I broke off suddenly. *Could* that be Cousin 'Bel? If so, how metamorphosed! What an unnatural expression had crept over her face! And how completely indurated were the once flexible muscles!

"Our new theory concerning this," resumed my cousin, "is that the imagination—"

But I lost 'Bel's explanation, for by this time I had dipped into the criticism, and the GREAT REFORM,

thrilling as the news had been, was forgotten. She talked on, and my mother replied, but their voices sounded like the murmur of a sea-shell. I had no ear nor eye for any thing but the great iron-shod foot that had suddenly planted itself on my violet-bank.

"Sentimental." True; but is sentiment, pure sentiment, a sin?

"Young-womanly." Well, what else should the doings of a young woman be?

"Commonplace." Ay; so is the poetry written by God the world over. I did not profess to bring original creations—I but copied, here and there, a touch from the simple things I loved.

"No depth of thought or strength of expression."

I read on. Heavier and thicker came down the stunning blows, till I could think of nothing so like it as Saturn among the poor frightened fairies. I finished, and lifted my hand to see if my head were safe.

"Why this is preposterous!" at last I exclaimed, gaping in utter amazement at the Procrustean bed on which I found my poor little fancies stretched. "Every word is true; but who would think of whipping the poor fawn into becoming an elephant, or of *faulking* (as the New-lights say) the same timid little trembler for not having the strength and courage of the lion? Robin-red-breasts will not be allowed to fly hereafter, because, forsooth, they have not wings fit to battle with the whirlwind, eyes of flame, and hoarse screaming voices. Why I never professed to be more than a Robin-red-breast, 'Bella."

"True, but you must profess it *now*; and attain to something higher, too, or feel your inferiority. Since the GREAT REFORM, women do not talk of one thing's being proper for *them* and another improper—every thing is proper that they can do; and they *must do every thing that man has done*, for it has been decided that they are fully his equals. Henceforth in literature you must cultivate *strength* at the expense of—"

"But *our tastes*, 'Bel—if there were nothing else in the way—"

"We must correct our false feminine tastes. Recollect that hereafter we are not to be the toys of the drawing-room, nor dawdle away our time in the practice of airs and graces—"

"Ah! 'Bel, 'Bel! that's a masculine accusation—do n't copy."

"Well, then, we are not to lounge by the fireside—rocking cradles, tending flowers, and arranging pretty dresses. Our influence is extended, our sphere is widened. Our voices are to be heard—"

"What a pity, 'Bel, that the election is over; it would be such a charming thing to 'Hurrah for Polk and Dallas!"

"Time enough for that four years hence; and, by the way, you may as well begin to prepare for the next campaign. I intend to adopt oratory as a profession; and you would do very respectably in that line, too, I think."

I looked despairingly at the paper in my hand, and wondered if I *could* make a speech! At any rate, my literary career was ended. I *spoke* of the simplicity of my tastes, but I *felt*

("My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.")

a conscious weakness, as though I had suddenly been called upon to swing an axe or lift a sledge-hammer. I could admire St. Paul's, but (I speak guardedly, lest my capabilities should be questioned,) it would not be in accordance with my taste to conceive the plan or perform the labor of building. So, though I might read some pages of Lord Verulam—nay, actually admire them—their production would not have been to me—*agreeable*. But the plea would do no longer: the mantle of feminine tastes had suddenly been torn from me, and the wren was to be measured by the king of birds.

"To the stump then," thought I. "What a glorious reform this is, after all! From being a scribbler in a small way, who knows but I may in time become the first orator in the land? Women are proverbial for tonguey gifts, and orators do not require very great depth. Like the belle with her chit-chat, it is the tone and manner which do execution. To the stump! Hur—"

I did n't finish the hurrah. I might have done so, but for a little womanly squeamishness, which could not be overcome all in a moment. Then such influences! Up started my birdie with a rustle and twitter, shaking its pretty wing, to tell me I must feed it if I would have it give me music; a "wee toddling thing" tugged at my skirt, and lisped in a way that I thought particularly bright and precocious, "take me up, sissy;" and there was many a thing about the room—the work of my own fingers, the charmed companions of holy hours—many things that laid a finger upon the lip of my spirit. There is an atmosphere hovering about the altar of a happy, love-guarded home, which—no matter! it had a very troublesome, *hush-up* way, in my dream of the GREAT REFORM.

"I must get away from these reminiscences of past days," said I, "before I can *whoop* or *hurrah* to any purpose. I will get father to take me to the city—"

"Take you to the city! TAKE you, you say! And why not take yourself there? What an arrant simpleton! I thought you would have more spirit, Fan."

"And—can I go alone?"

"Alone! certainly; alone and independently. Why, everybody would laugh now-a-days to see you hanging to your father's arm, like a child that is just learning to walk."

"Bless me, 'Bel! how could I—excellent! Then I never shall be obliged to stay at home for lack of company, but can go when and where I please. And I am not to be annoyed any more by officious collectors and captains putting themselves every half hour in my way, to know if I am 'comfortable, Miss?' Alone and independently! Jubilate!"

"Thoughts have wings," poets say; and they have said it so often that parrot prose has taken up the echo, and thinks the sentiment its own property. But "thoughts have wings," nevertheless; and, at a flap of the wing of that last exultant thought, home, Cousin 'Bel, and all vanished; and I was on board a North River steamer, "alone and independent." But did I shout "*jubilats*" now? It was the least bit in the world forlorn—that standing on the deck, with crowds of people all about me, no one caring a clay pipe-stem, whether I was happy or miserable, comfortable or suffering from fatigue and chilliness. I looked down into the water, up at the sky, gazed at the shore (rather vacantly, I must own,) and then turned to the people jostling past each other with a care-for-naught air, as though "number one is the first law of nature" had been the creed of everybody. "Independence may be a fine thing," thought I, "no doubt it *is* a fine thing, but—heigho!"

Somebody stepped on my dress. "Pardon, Miss!" The words popped pertly from the lips, as men make a kind of pretence for an apology to each other, with the head turned the other way. Dear me! what had I done to forfeit my claim to that respectful deference of manner which I had always considered a woman's birth-right? My face reddened, half with anger, half mortification; but luckily I soon remembered that "*we were equal* now;" and that the sacrifice could not all be on one side. There was a *leveling up*, and a *leveling down* in the Reform. Of course, we could not gain an equality of strength and independence and maintain a superiority of delicacy. That would be giving us a decided advantage. On reflection I became reconciled; but the incident had disconcerted me a little, and my position was not made more comfortable by observing that staring had become quite the fashion. It was one of the fruits of *equality*, to be sure; but while I drew my thick green veil, and turned away to gaze into the water, I was very nearly guilty of the heresy of wondering if we had not lost almost as much as we had gained. While I stood here, the bell rang for supper, and there was a general rush to the cabin. I hesitated a moment, (for I was afraid of being knocked down in the confusion,) and then stepped along very timidly behind.

"It will be so awkward to go in and brush about for a seat!" said bashfulness, pinching at my cheeks until there seemed to have been a fire kindled on each.

"Pooh!" answered the Reform-spirit, "elbow your way through the crowd, and allow yourself to be bullied by nobody."

Bashfulness attempted another faint remonstrance, but I choked down the foolish suggestions, as quite unworthy a woman of spirit, and made my way resolutely along. My troublesome timidity had made me slow of foot; for, by the time I gained the door, all the passengers were seated, and the earnest clatter of knife and fork made my heart quake.

"It is nothing," thought I, "I *will* go in." But I did n't; *I was alone*. "This is foolish," urged common sense, "just step in quietly; nobody will mind it."

Ah! that was the thing. Nobody would mind it, except to look up with that rude stare which I had already learned to dread; and if there *should* be any trouble about finding a vacant seat—oh, it would be *too* much! An ounce more of mortification, and I should jump into the river. I was pretty hungry, but supper was nothing in comparison, and I retreated to the deck. By and by, the passengers returned; and by this time I had become sufficiently composed to watch others instead of thinking all the time of myself. Men were sitting, and women standing all about the deck, engaged in arguments which I found partook not a little of the tone and manner which characterized most of the contentions of last autumn. There is less of courtesy; men are more bitter and vituperative in an argument on politics than on any other subject, for the reason that they have not merely that one proposition to defend, but pride of party to support; they are not holding an argument with one man simply to establish a truth, but they are opposing a party which it is conducive to their interest—whether right or not, they *think so*—to put down. Precisely so was it in this case; though a few of the more magnanimous among men, or a few, tired of "making themselves slaves to keep their wives and daughters on a throne," as somebody has it, might not have been annoyed by the GREAT REFORM, yet the generality felt the party-spirit strong within them, and a theory did not gain any thing in their eyes by being broached by a woman. I remembered that in former days women were always the winners in a controversy; though sometimes there was a biting of lips, and a forcing of smiles, and bows, to let it be so; but now it was exactly the reverse. Perhaps you will think the cause of truth gained by the change. No such thing. There was no more impartiality than before. The volubility of the women tried hard to match itself against the stentorian voices of the men, and sometimes succeeded; the former were gainers in the light-artillery of wit, but the latter invariably came in with a heavy cannonade of *put-down-ism*, which would never have been attempted even by a stage-driver, in such a presence, under the *old régime*. While I was watching these doings, and wondering what would become of myself in this new state of things, we were all of us startled by a sudden bustle in another part of the boat—loud, angry voices in altercation, accompanied by blows. The confusion lasted but a moment, and I saw the combatants separated—a very pretty, spirited woman, and a fat elderly gentleman, who looked as though he might, in general, be quite temperate in the matter of treating himself to a fit of anger. But this time he had been provoked beyond endurance, by taunts that would have roused the good old Doubter, and had resorted to *caning*. The

lady did not carry a *cane*, but she used the sharp point of her *parasol* to very good purpose, until the spectators interfered, and the combatants were obliged to content themselves with *looking* canes and parasols. The next *stirring* incident was the ginging of a bell along the saloon, by way of an accompaniment to "Those passengers as has not paid their fare, please step to the cap'n's office and see-et-tle!" What next? I had hoped for a few moments' of quiet, and now to commit myself to the tender mercies of the crowd! I saw a great broad-shouldered woman thrust a baby into the arms of a sheepish-looking man, probably her husband, and pull from her capacious pocket, with some ostentation, an enormous leathern-wallet. "She is going to the cap'n's office," thought I, and I twitched her sleeve.

"Will—will you, madam, be kind enough to procure a ticket for me?" To make such a request of a woman! But she smiled and bowed very condescendingly, flattered by the compliment I had paid her superiority. "This is a little too bad," thought I, as the woman put the ticket in my hand, "I do not care to pass for an idiot, and I must make an effort; I see what it is that I need." So I thought all night of the landing, and resolved, and resolved to "act worthy of myself" on that occasion.

"Have a cab?" "ve cab?" "ve cab?" "cab?" "carriage?" "cab?" Fifty voices, and fifty whips pointing, and twice fifty arms extended in a manner which seemed to me at least threatening. Oh! what could "a poor lone woman" do? I was stunned, frightened—it was very silly, and I knew it was, but that consciousness did not make me wiser. Trifles became matters of mighty import, now that I was alone, and should be obliged to look after every thing myself. I made a great effort, and at last got ashore, my baggage beside me.

"Ve cab?" "ve cab?" "have a cab?" Somebody was peremptory, and I might as well answer. I opened my mouth, but something choked back the sound.

"Ve cab?" "carriage?" "cab?" It was like being amid a troop of yelling savages; I could bear it no longer, and I pronounced "*yes*," with something between a shriek and a howl. On the instant, together went a half-dozen bent heads with a tremendous thump; five recoiled—*not* speaking very gently—and left my trunk the prey of one, who was probably superior to the others in hardness of skull. I was very glad to escape that test of equality, at least. The man whisked my trunk lightly over his shoulder, took my carpet-bag in hand, and strode away. If I should lose sight of him! He went very fast, and my trembling limbs were nearly helpless. Then all the men looked alike; all had trunks on their shoulders, and carpet-bags in their hands, and all had very funny caps, and very red ears, so—if I *should* lose sight of him!—If he should carry off my trunk! was my next practice in the use of the mood subjunctive. (Lest it should be thought that ladies

are subject to such fears, which everybody knows would be, like mine of the cabman, a wrongful suspicion, I must again remind the reader that this is *only a dream*.) If he should carry off my trunk! There was something alarming in the supposition; I was sufficiently fatigued and excited before; my limbs were trembling, my face burning, and my heart fluttering; I gave a bound forward and—*fell headlong*. I heard a coarse burst of laughter, and thought of all those red, bloated faces turned toward me; and then my dream became a kind of nightmare, and so ended or changed.

Next, I was before a large public building, around which a crowd of people had gathered, and I was trying to force my way in. Nobody moved. Some dreamer, whose remembrance of past things was assisted by good nature, said something about "a lady;" but the crowd, instead of parting and standing back, as in other times, at the talismanic word, laughed my Don Quixote in the face. How I got in I know not, but I was in, at last.

"Better 'ave staid on the outside!" said a burly individual near me, "there aint no seats to be had for love nor money."

It was easy enough to be seen that nobody would owe a seat to courtesy. So I leaned against a pillar, and tried to forget that I had a body. It was no easy task, for here was an ache, and there a tremor, and there a faintness, which made me very sensible of not being all spirit. I seemed to be in a court-room, and a woman was speaking with great earnestness in behalf of her client, a dog-stealer. She was very red in the face, and very fierce in the eye; her voice, which was roused to its topmost pitch, had a shrill squeak to it, which grated on my nerves like the finger-nail upon dried plaster; and I could see the eyes of her "honorable colleague" intently regarding her dress, from which two or three hooks had bounded, apparently scared from their post by the vehemence of her eloquence. He was undoubtedly meditating a joke at her expense. One of the judges was a very pretty woman, who seemed to have just come in possession of a new bracelet; for she kept up a constant clasp and unclasp, and was evidently very well satisfied with the curve of her arm, whatever she might have thought of the lawyer's speech. Another one observed the arm too—a neighbor on the bench, whom I suspected of being a susceptible sort of a widower—and I thought to myself that I should be very sorry to be a prisoner, looking for justice to those two pre-occupied judges. The jury were half men, half women. But I will not record my observations, lest it should be thought that I dreamed very perversely. Suffice it, that I again pitied the poor prisoner.

Oh! the difficulty of imagining oneself a spirit, with such fleshly reminders! *Could* I stand another moment? I looked as pleadingly as I could about me, but nobody moved. Getting out seemed impossible, for the passage was crowded. Oh! how I longed for "the good old days, the dear old time,

and all my peace of mind"—not forgetting somebody to find me the *best seat*! It was no place to be in love with *equality*. I was (it was very wrong, I know, and I might not be so tempted when awake,) I was ready to sign myself Esau, jun.—barter my birthright of intellect, and power, and independence, in short, every thing we had gained by the Reform, for but the strong arm and protecting presence to take me through that crowd. Luckily, I lacked the means of making my madness practical, for not an arm offered itself, and not a face turned toward me for any better purpose than to favor me with a familiar stare—an expressive acknowledgment of *equality*, which had been one of the first features of the Reform.

"Rather tiresome standing," observed the burly individual before mentioned, seeing me balance on my toes, and twist from side to side, and try by various other methods of equal importance to rid myself of my fatigue. "Rather tiresome standing," and he changed his comfortable position for one of like comfort; and stretched his arms along the back of his seat with provoking complacency. I assented with a sigh.

"Missed it not coming earlier," and he lolled back, resting his big head on his own shoulders. Would n't I have liked to be Robin Goodfellow, to give him a pinch or two? There was no prospect of any body's vacating a seat; my limbs ached, I gasped for breath, reeled, and clutched instinctively at the nearest object. It was the shaggy locks adorning the big head; and they shook like a lion's mane, recalling me to my senses in time to evade the compliment of a doubled fist, which the bewildered and resentful owner seemed inclined to offer me.

"I wonder if anybody would carry me out if I should faint," thought I; but I was not given to fainting, and I doubted whether I could do it with the proper grace, though to be sure, gracefulness was a matter of little moment, since (pardon! sleeping ears are dull, and my harsh word is from Dream-land) *help one's-selffulness* came into vogue. "What *will* become of me?"

"You little trembling simpleton," whispered the Reform-spirit, strengthen up your head, and plant your foot firmly. Your fatigue is all in the imagination. See how patiently those men are standing yonder!—*imitate them*."

"If I could. But what a hero the imagination must be to bring upon me all these tortures!"

"You must control it—though, perhaps, it is expecting rather too much of you at once; particularly as regards the physical woman." (Woman was the new name for the human race, not that the arguments in favor of its adoption had been so very potent, but, luckily, the women had the majority in the Senate.) "There is a barber's shop over the way; you had better walk in and rest yourself."

"But how shall I get out? the passage is crowded."

"Oh, never mind that—you can easily make an

opening. Just put on a look of resolution and walk straight-forward. They will grumble and push some, but they will let you pass."

"Ah! the look of resolution! Where am I to get it?"

"Why, if you are a miserable, paltry coward, of course, the meanness will be visible on your countenance, and you cannot hope to deceive anybody. The truth is, modesty has been stripped of its false charms lately, and shown to be nothing more nor less than rank cowardice. What is it that makes your head droop, and your cheeks redden? Are you afraid anybody will harm you?"

This was a little too much; and my cheeks grew redder, but my head elevated itself. "No! it is a something which God planted in my bosom, something of which no Reform can rob me, an inherent principle to which that judge, that lawyer, and those jury-women, are all doing violence to-day—a light electric chain circling the fairy ring, which Heaven intended should be our sphere; a chain which makes its subtle fluid tell on every nerve, when it is handled too rudely, and which, when broken—oh, wo to those who have the strength or daring to break it!"

"Heresy! rank heresy! Why, you would be

hooted at, mobbed in the streets, if you were heard to avow such sentiments."

"Ay, I know it. That is one of our *rights*, secured to us by the Reform—the right to be mobbed—and behold, another!"

The lungs of the *lawyeress* had been exerted until her voice had broken and sunk into a hoarse whisper. "Louder!" "Louder!" "Louder!" came the cries from every part of the court-room. "Order!" "Order!" "Order!" rung out the echo. The court put on all its dignity, and looked very portentous; the constables exerted themselves manfully (*womanfully*); the *lawyeress* raised a last scream, and the crowd hissed and groaned.

"Carry her out! carry her out! she has swooned!" shouted several voices; and an old seaman at my elbow, gave, with a round oath, his opinion that it was "only a woman's trick to steer clear of the breakers." He added a grumbling word or two about the doings of a certain *captainess* in a late storm; but at this moment I caught a glimpse of the face of the lady-lawyer as she was borne past me; I started with surprise, and awoke. That I should have such a vision of *my cousin "Bel!"* Well,

"If it comes three times, I thought, I'll take it for a sign." OH! IF IT SHOULD!

"ARE THEY NOT ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS?"

BY S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

'Tis sweet to think that spirits pure and holy,
Are often hovering round the pilgrim here,
To banish thoughts of grief and melancholy,
And bid the trembling heart forget to fear.

Bright angel forms, on soft and airy pinions,
Like carrier birds, the messengers of love,
Leave the fair precincts of the blest dominions,
With choicest favors from the world above.

They come, and give to solitude its pleasures,
And throw a hallowed charm around the heart;
Bear up the thoughts to heaven's unfading treasures,
Where kindred spirits meet no more to part.

They come, from those celestial hills descending,
Sent by the bounteous Ruler of the skies;
We feel their presence with our spirits blending,
When evening orisons to heaven arise.

They come, when o'er the sorrowing heart is stealing
The wasting blight of earth's consuming wo;
They come, a ray of heavenly light revealing,
Amidst the darkness of our path below.

They come to dry the mourner's fount of sadness,
To pour their blessings on the drooping head;
And bid the soul awake to hope and gladness,
Along the vistas of the future spread.

The mother, whose beloved infant slumbers,
Cold, in the silent chamber of the tomb,
Oft hears its pleasing voice, like seraph's numbers,
Fall on her ear amidst surrounding gloom.

The lonely orphan, by the world forsaken,
Oft seems the kindness of the dead to share;
And feels a thrill of new-born joy awaken,
As if embraced with fond, parental care.

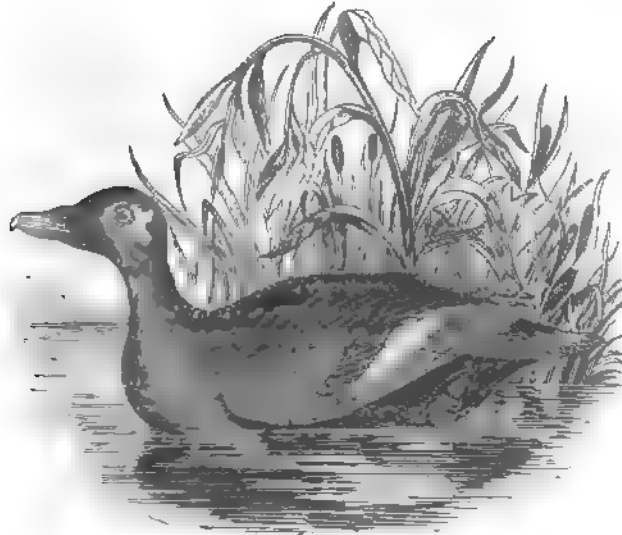
The saddened lover, and the joyless maiden,
Stript of their cherished ones by death's chill hand,
Commune with their returning spirits, laden
With love undying from the glorious land.

Joy for the mission of those guileless creatures—
That Heaven to us such guardians should send;
Oh, wear they not the well-remembered features
Of many an early loved and long lost friend?

Ye sainted forms of dearest ones departed,
Methinks I hear your music in the breeze;
And oft, 'mid scenes of sadness, lonely-hearted,
My spirit's eye your joyful presence sees.

Still, still around my chequered pathway hover—
'T is sweet to hold communion with the pure;
And welcome me at last, when life is over,
Where love and joy eternal shall endure!

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. VI.



VELVET DUCK. (*Oidemia fusca*. FLEMING.)

Another of the family of the Anatidæ, common to the waters of the Chesapeake, is the Velvet Duck. This species, like the Scoter Duck, with which it is often confounded, feeds entirely upon shell-fish, which it procures by diving. Though the flesh of the old birds has a rank, fishy flavor, they are much sought after in some parts of the country; and the young birds, whose flesh affords better eating, meet with a ready sale in our markets. The Velvet Duck is distinguished from the other dark species of the sub-genus *Oidemia*, by the name of the White-winged Coot. The Velvet Duck is nearly related to the Black, or Surf Duck, which breeds along the shores of Hudson's Bay, and extends its migrations as far south as Florida. Its flesh is remarkably red and dark when cooked, is fishy, and has little to recommend it; the young birds are better flavored, but the whole are of little consequence as game. Commonly associated with the Velvet Duck is another kindred species, the Scoter. They are common in the bay and sounds near New York, and in the Chesapeake. Like the American Scoter and the Velvet Duck, their flesh has a rank and oily taste—the young birds only being considered palatable by epicures. All these fishy flavored birds, in the times when the use of flesh was prohibited with great strictness during Lent, were decided by the ecclesiastical authorities to be a sort of fish which might be eaten with impunity. They all have the bill broad and gibbous above the nostrils; its margins dilated; camelliform teeth, coarse; the nostrils large and elevated, and

nearly in the middle of the bill; the tail numbers fourteen feathers. The prevailing color of the plumage is black in the males, in the females brown. They do not come much upon the fresh waters, but keep the shores of the sea, and find great part of their food by diving. Their breeding places are not much known, but it is supposed that they resort far to the northward. Most of them are common to the northern parts of both hemispheres.

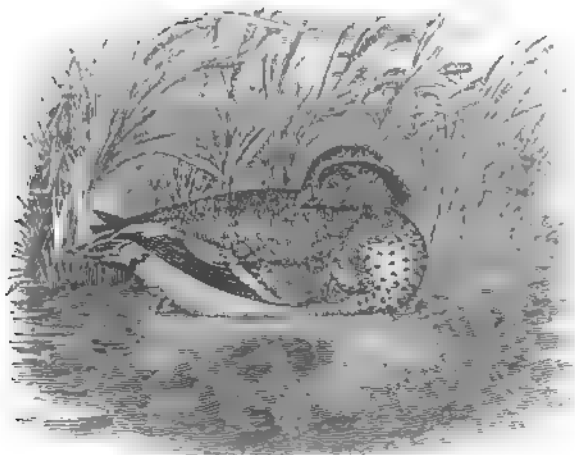
THE SUMMER OR WOOD DUCK.

(*Anas Sponsa*. WILSON.)

Linnaeus has justly conferred upon this most beautiful of all the species of Duck the name of *Sponsa*, or the Bride. The name of Summer Duck it has derived from the circumstance of its remaining with us all the summer; and its habit of breeding in hollow trees, has gained for it the appellation of Wood Duck. It rarely visits the sea-shore, or salt marshes; its favorite haunts being the solitary, deep, and muddy creeks, ponds, and mill-dams of the interior, making its nest in old trees that overhang the water, and carrying its young to the ground in its bill. The food of this duck consists principally of acorns, seeds of the wild oats, and insects. Their flesh is inferior to that of the Blue-Winged Teal; and they are not uncommon in the market of Philadelphia. Latham says that they are often kept in European Menageries, and will breed there. Wilson, from whose account we have extracted the above statements, furnishes a description of the plumage of this duck, which we subjoin, as it is so

exceedingly accurate as not to admit of any improvement. The Wood Duck is nineteen inches in length, and two feet four in extent; bill red, margined with black; a spot of black lies between the nostrils, reaching nearly to the tip, which is also of the same color, and furnished with a large hooked nail; irides, orange red; front crown, and pendent crest, rich glossy bronze green, ending in violet, elegantly marked with a line of pure white running from upper mandible over the eye, and with another band of white proceeding from behind the eye, both mingling their long, pendent plumes with the green and violet ones, producing a rich effect; cheeks and sides of the upper neck, violet; chin, throat, and collar round the neck, pure white, curving up in the form of a crescent nearly to the posterior part of the eye; the white collar is bounded below with black; breast, dark violet brown, marked on

the fore part with minute triangular spots of white, increasing in size until they spread into the white of the belly; each side of the breast is bounded by a large crescent, and again by a broader one of deep black; sides under the wings thickly and beautifully marked with fine undulating parallel lines of black, on a ground of yellowish-drab; the flanks are ornamented with broad alternate semicircular bands of black and white; sides of the vent rich, light violet; tail-coverts, long, of a hair-like texture at the sides, over which they descend, and of a deep black, glossed with green; back, dusky-bronze, reflecting green; scapulars, black; tail tapering, dark, glossy-green above, below, dusky; primaries, dusky, silvery-hoary without, tipped with violet blue; secondaries, greenish-blue, tipped with white; wing-coverts, violet blue, tipped with black; vent, dusky; legs and feet, yellowish-red; claws, strong and hooked.



AMERICAN TEAL. (*Anas Crecca*. WILSON.)

The Green-Winged, or American Teal, (*Anas crecca*, Wilson,) has received the name of American Teal from the naturalists of Europe, as being a distinct species from their own, an error exposed in a satisfactory manner by Wilson. Like the Summer Duck, it prefers fresh water, and frequents ponds, marshes, and the reedy shores of creeks and rivers. It is very abundant among the rice plantations of the Southern States, and its flesh is accounted excellent food. It is said to breed in Hudson's Bay, and to have from five to seven young at a time. It is known, according to Latham and Bewick, to build in France and England, but, so far as we know, it does not breed in the United States. The Common Teal is so highly esteemed in England as to bring five shillings a pound in the London market. We believe that as our sportsmen become in a greater degree scientific naturalists, an advance which cannot be much longer delayed in this progressive age, the highly interesting class of the

Anatidæ will become accurately known, the concealment with which it has hitherto been suffered to cloak its habits and its history, will be torn away, and the artifices of the naturalists exposed, who are far too prone, when unable to point out the proper locality of any duck, at any season, to "send it to Siberia," and put it into sort of Arcus parchment. Thus with many of the ducks, but of those that have been said to rear their broods in the inhospitable climes of the north, very many have never been seen there; and we are greatly inclined to believe that many described as winter visitants are resident birds, passing the summer dispersedly, and in places where they have but little chance of being seen. After the pairing time, the males are peculiarly retired and silent; and the close sitting females do not come abroad until they are able to launch their young ducklings upon that element of which they are in future to be so much the ornament.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By William Hazlitt. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 6 Parts, 12mo.

Hazlitt never mistook his powers more than when he aspired to write history and biography. As a critic and essayist his brilliancy and acuteness compensate, in a considerable degree, for his bitterness and prejudice; but as a historian, his faults of mind and disposition are too glaringly evident to pass without rebuke. He could not have selected a subject where his unfitness was more apparent than that of Napoleon. His admiration of the "child and champion of the Revolution," and his hatred of the established governments of Europe, amounted to a disease. His production, therefore, though containing many striking thoughts, and some splendid composition, reads more like a vigorous party pamphlet than an impartial history. Every thing is seen through a distorting medium of rage and prejudice. The political sins of the monarchs he condemns and inveighs against, were of the same kind which Napoleon himself had no scruple in committing, and we see no reason why an usurper of superior power and abilities, should be puffed for the same crimes for which his adversaries are hooted at. Falsehood and perfidy should be especially branded when they are committed by apostate patriots, and champions of the rights of man. It is well known that Napoleon, among the many "infirmities" of his genius, was one of the greatest liars that ever existed. He not only disregarded truth, but had a contempt for it. One would suppose that such a quality as this ought to give a slightly dark shade to his character, even as delineated by a servile biographer. But Hazlitt's faith in his hero is proof against all sense and propriety; and, in the name of democracy, he baptizes the most tyrannical and infamous acts committed by the most despotic of modern sovereigns.

This book resembles Carlyle's Cromwell in its object—and its object is detestable. If history is to be written to any good purpose, the historian must not adopt the passions of the time he describes as the principles by which he judges of persons and events. History, written on the model of Hazlitt or Carlyle, would become more corrupting than the most licentious novels. Men of great abilities, loaded though they be with offences against human nature, would be held up as appropriate examples; and every ambitious politician would be practically told, that the way to win the gratitude of posterity was to trample on the rights of the governed, and violate every principle of legislation and morals. No historian of any acuteness can be at a loss for plausible excuses for crimes if his love for the criminal exceeds his love for justice and truth. The course by which Carlyle makes Cromwell out the wisest and most religious of men, and reconciles morality with massacre, might be advantageously employed to extenuate the offences of many an unfortunate gentleman whom society exhibits on a gallows, or employs in the business of pounding stone in its prisons. There are already too many temptations in the way of selfish ambition to make it desirable that historians should add another.

American Comedies. By James K. Paulding and William Irving Paulding. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains four comedies, the first of which, entitled "The Bucktails, or Americans in England," is the

production of James K. Paulding, and the remaining three of W. I. Paulding, a young man scarcely one-and-twenty. "The Bucktails" was written shortly after the last war with England. The sentiment of the play, and a good portion of the humor, are somewhat old. The ignorance of the English characters is somewhat overcharged, and the nationality of the American too obtrusively impertinent. The fun of the piece is apt to run either into mere caricature or jokes "which no young lady should read." There is, however, with many defects in plot and characterization, considerable merit in the dialogue, which is sharp, brisk, and terse, and explodes at times, like a series of percussion caps. The last act is very clumsy, and the patches of blank verse put into the mouths of Frank and Jane, positively ridiculous. We are surprised that Mr. Paulding did not re-write the play, and prune it of many obvious absurdities. It contains a great deal that is excellent.

The remaining comedies are "The Noble Exile," "Madmen All," and "Antipathies, or The Enthusiasts by the Ears." They are the production of a young man of evident talent, and give promise of much excellence in the department of literature to which he has devoted his powers; but they are crude in their present shape, and many of the faults and follies they satirize have been repeatedly ridiculed in the same way. We should judge, also, that the writer's favorite author was Ben Jonson—a bad model, though a man of great talents and remarkable character. The most laughable piece of comic writing in the plays, is the second scene in the second act of *Madmen All*, in which Phil, assuming the character of a Vicksburg "screamer," bamboozles an Englishman with stories of the character and manners of the South and West. Phil is asked what were his sensations on being blown up in a Mississippi steamer, and he replies—"Why, sir, it is the pleasantest and most elevating feeling you can imagine. May I be scalped, sir, if it is not just like being kicked into chaos. No man, sir, knows what the sublimity of life is until he has had a bilier burst under him." The whole scene is exceedingly spirited and effective. Indeed, Mr. Paulding wants but culture and practice to make a good dramatist. The present volume is rather an indication than an exponent of his capacity. He does individual scenes well, and here and there hits off a character happily; but he does not so combine his plot and personages as to produce an artistic effect upon the mind.

History of the Roman Republic. By J. Michelet. Translated by William Hazlitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

In this work Michelet displays his usual qualities of style, with, perhaps, more condensation of remark and peremptoriness of judgment. He never writes without having studied his subject thoroughly, and he seems to conceive that this elaborate preparation qualifies him to decide all debateable points. His intellect has some vices of system, and he is too apt to run his facts into the forms of his theories, and generalize where he ought to narrate. He states an event in language which also contains an opinion of the event. He also bothers the unlearned reader by narrating occasionally by allusion and implication, and

this is condensed at the expense of simplicity and clearness. The present work, though very able and interesting, requires a previous knowledge of Roman history to be appreciated, as much almost as Carlyle's "French Revolution" demands a previous acquaintance with French history. It is rather an addition to the other histories of the republic, by a man of original and splendid powers, than a work embodying a complete history in itself.

Michelet's power of picturesque description and delineation of character, and his faculty of applying principles to events, are displayed prominently in this work. His sympathy with the Roman people and their objects, is also strikingly manifested. Nothing but an extended review of the book could do justice to its mingled wisdom and extravagance. The chief defect in this, as in every work of the author, is the obtrusion of his own peculiar personality into every picture and reflection. We cannot get a view of Hannibal, Scipio, Cæsar, Brutus, or Anthony, without seeing Michelet by his side, doing the honors of introduction, and warning us that his is the only shop where the true article may be obtained.

Spaniards and their Country. By Richard Ford. Part 2. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The second portion of this work is as amusing as the first. It does not give us a high opinion of the author, if we except the gratitude we naturally feel to a person who sacrifices his personal dignity for the pleasure of his reader. The book is flippant, light-hearted, and often shallow, with the egotism and arrogance of the Englishman, modified by the graceful impudence of the Parisian; but it is singularly acute in the detection of the qualities which immediately underlie the superficialities of national character, and singularly brilliant in style and description. Without any very sparkling passages, its tone of pleasantry is uniformly sustained, and draws the reader on to the conclusion by the fascination of its volatile spirit. The subject is comparatively new, and rich in materials of interest. These advantages the author has skillfully improved, and made a book worth a hundred "Tours in Spain," written by gentlemen with a philosophical tone of mind. There is a spirit of enjoyment in the book which is communicated to the mind of the reader. As the author, good-naturedly, takes the world as it is, the reader is content to take him as he is; and thus his coxcombry excites no anger, and his pleasantry is left to operate undisturbed.

Hyperion. By H. W. Longfellow. Fourth Edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an elegant and tasteful edition of an exquisite book. It has been deservedly the most successful of the author's prose compositions. Indeed, as a proof of the fertility of Longfellow's imagination, the delicacy and sweetness of his sentiment, and his general poetic view of nature and life, we should appeal to this romance as readily as to his poems. It is full of delicious imagery, beautiful description, and striking thoughts, and the style is richly sensuous and musical. The strain of sentiment running through the book, however, is not strong and bracing enough for our climate. Its general tone is too much that of a sad sweetness, though passages are replete with a firmer and sterner feeling. It reminds one more of Fletcher than Milton; of the "Faithful Shepherdess" than of "Comus." The leading characteristic of Longfellow's mind is that peculiar blending of sensation with imagination, commonly called sensuousness—a characteristic of all poetic genius, but which is apt to bewitch the soul with a sense of the beauty of things, to the forgetfulness of their other qualities and relations, and by this forgetfulness to lead the mind

away from the contemplation of the highest intellectual and moral beauty. "Hyperion," however, ranks among the first books of its kind in English letters, and might be appropriately entitled, "Prose, by a Poet."

Chefs-d'Œuvre Dramatiques de la Langue Française. Par A. G. Colliot. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an excellent French Reader, worth a thousand of the common collections going under the name. It contains whole dramas by Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Molière, Piron, Scribe, and Berquin, carefully edited, with explanations to facilitate the progress of the student. Such a work has long been wanted. It enables the student to study the French language as used by some of the master-spirits among Frenchmen. As a collection of five dramas, also, it will be interesting to many who understand the language, but are unable to purchase the whole works of the authors from whom the plays are selected.

Probabilities: An Aid to Faith. By the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy." New York: Wiley & Putnam.

Tupper seems to have been a little crazed by his popularity, and to have obtained the idea that he was a great philosopher. The result of this self-deceit is contained in the present little book. We confess we have been unable to wade through it. To compel a critic to read a series of works like this, would drive him into the insane hospital in a month. One of the probabilities of Tupper is, that the star Aeyone, which Dr. Madier considers the central sun of the systems of stars known to us, is the place of the Christian Heaven, and that our moon is Hell. This may be classed under those probabilities which are important, if true. To use an austere remark of Dr. Johnson, the elaborate consideration of all the trash in this volume, would be to "waste criticism on unresisting imbecility."

The Amenities of Literature, consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature. By J. D'Israeli. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is the fourth edition of a work peculiarly valuable to the student of English literature. It consists of original investigations into the mines of English letters, with some curious speculations grounded upon the results. D'Israeli, however, with all his merit as a literary antiquary, will never be an interesting author. His works are labor-saving machines to all critics and miscellaneous writers, and will always be read; but they are incurably dull. It is fortunate that he did not write a history of English literature. There is no juice in the man. The dust of old folios has entered into his soul, and given an arid character to every opinion and expression. We say this with many twinges of conscience, for he has spent his life in researches which have saved better writers years of toilsome investigation.

Froissart Ballads. By Philip Pendleton Cooke. Phila.: Carey & Hart.

This is one of the most delightful volumes which we have met with for many a day. We have long known and admired the fugitive poems of Mr. Cooke, and now heartily welcome our old favorites, with their new companions, in the beautiful dress which the publishers have given them. In the "Proem To Emily" there is an exquisite freshness which delights us exceedingly. We hardly know how to characterize the peculiar beauty of its spirit; but it seems, while reading it, as if we were dreaming in

the delicious shade of quiet trees, and looking down upon golden valleys, wherein pass to and fro the valiant knights, stately dames, and lovely maids of the misty days of chivalry. So it *seems* while perusing the poem, but in the "Master of Bolton," we have the reality, and it no longer seems. This poem, while being in Mr. Cooke's peculiar and happiest vein, has about it a dash, which strikes us as Scott-like, and a spice of the "Christabel;" not in a degree, however, which could be said to amount to imitation, but evincing rather, a mind sensitive to the same romantic impressions. What could be more beautiful and graphic than the following characteristic sketch—or rather let us say picture, which we extract from the "Master of Bolton?"

"All heard a merry signal cry,
And a swift heron, from a marsh,
Mounted with sudden scream, and harah,
Beating the air in wild alarm.
Then hawks were cast from many an arm;
And it was a gallant sight to see
The fleet birds tower so valiantly,
Each for the vanguard challenging,
But none went forth so swift of wing—
Mounted so boldly on the wind,
As the brave bird of Jocelind.

With winnow and soar he won the height
At point above the quarry's flight,
And balanced in air, and made his stoop;
But the swift heron shunned the swoop,
And, wheeling aside, a moment stayed,
Just over the gazing cavalcade;
A wild-eyed, terror-stricken bird
The Kentish hawk had canceliered,
But now drove back upon his prey,
Ire-whetted for the fresh assay.
The lady's heart with pity filled,
The quarry's mortal dread to see,
And in her gentleness she willed
To ward its dire extremity;
With uplift hands and eager eyes,
And cheeks bereft of their rosy dyes,
'GAWEN, MY GAWEN! come back,' she cried,
The hawk, true vassal, turned aside,
Doubtful, upon his pinions wide,
Then, like a servant of a charm,
Sank to his perch on the lady's arm,
The damsel in her loveliness,
Maid lovelier by that kind distress,
Repaid the bold bird's loyalty
With gentleness of hand and eye.
That silver call, so sweet to hear,
When will it die on the master's ear?
'My Gawen—come back!' the truth to say,
He pondered the words for many a day."

It must be remembered that the bird had been named in honor of his former owner, the Master of Bolton, and this was he

"Who pondered the words for many a-day."

Mark, too, a little further on, how gloriously our author reproduces the iron-rattle and fiery jostle of the tourney:

"Into the lists Sir Gawen rides,
Manful upon his charger black,"
to break a lance for his lady's sake.

"At signal of a bugle blast—
Sharp and sudden sound,
The knights set forward, fiery fast,
And met in middle ground;

Met with stern shock of man and horse,
And din of crashing spears;
But neither champion won the course,
They parted there like peers.
Again! again! and respite none
Will hot Lord Siampi yield,
Swift he demands, with haughty tone,
Renewal of the field!
Whereto, Sir Gawen urged to speak,
Answers as haughtily,
'By God! sir knight, I nothing seek
So much as strife with thee.'
Thus spake he, and his visor closed,
As to his post he passed;
Again the armed men opposed
Await the signal blast!
Sudden it came, with hearts of flame,
The champions, at the sound,
Drove each his steed at furious speed,
And met in middle ground.
The Frankish champion struck amain—
Struck with a force so dire—
On Gawen's helmet, that his brain
Streamed with a flood of fire.
But Gawen smote the knight of France,
Full on his sturdy breast,
And driven, perforce, the trusty lance
Through shield and corselet prest—
Crashing through steel, the weapon good,
Lord Siampi's bosom found,
Nor broke until the sudden blood
Gushed darkly from the wound.
Manful against the lance's force
Lord Siampi bore him well,
And passed Sir Gawen in the course,
All upright in his selle—
But with the gallop of his horse,
He reeled—and swayed—and fell!"

"The Mountains," "Florence Vane," the poem of "The Bards," and "Young Rosalie Lee," are exquisite gems. Altogether, this volume of "Froisart Ballads, and Other Poems," fully deserves the hearty reception, which we are glad to see so universally extended to it by the press.

—
A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan. Second Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is written by one who has evidently studied intellectual philosophy with all the ardor of a lover. The book presents, in a compact form, a system of metaphysics, whose basis is spiritualism. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Coleridge, Kant, and Cousin. The leading ideas of these philosophers frequently appear in the work. We are aware of no book which gives in a small space, so much that is valuable to the student and thinker. We have been particularly pleased with the analysis of Imagination and Fancy, and the accounts of the various German systems of metaphysics.

—
An Exposition of the Apocalypse. By David N. Lord. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This work is valuable to all theologians, and also to all who desire light on the dark topics it discusses. It is very able, and does honor to the author's learning and ingenuity. We especially admire the courage with which Mr. Lord grapples with the difficulties of his subject. Such a work must have been the result of the patient toil of many years.

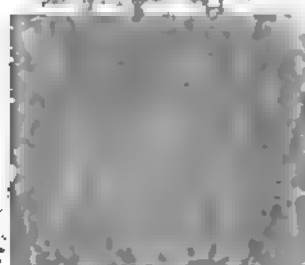


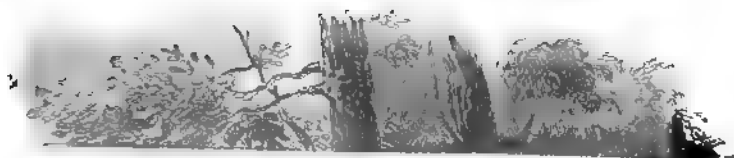
LE FOLLET

Boulevard S^t Martin, 61.

Chapeaux de M^{me} Bauer, M^{lle} S^t Agathe, L. — Robes & Fleurs de M^{me} Colman, & M^{me} L. &
 Robes de Balcon. — Pontellus de Roland & de Chouet & Co
 Contrôle de Sureauchal, S^t Montmartr, 17







LE FOLLET

Rue de S^t Martin, 61.

Chapeaux de M^{me} Lanet, & M^{lle} J^{ne} Augustin G. — Plumes & fleurs de M^{me} Colman, & M^{me} Lenoir,
Rue de Valenciennes. — Portefolles de Brocard & de Chouart, 2 bis
(au-dessus de l'escalier de M^{me} Montmartre).





THE WATERFALL AND THE LAKES. — No. 1.

1840. — 1841. — 1842.





THE HOME BIRD.

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fresh, with just enough of frost about it to give rud-
diness to the cheek and brilliancy to the eye. The
rays of the sun streamed brightly up the street;
knockers, door-plates and bell-handles, beamed with
achieved their breakfasts and had no fear of duns,
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"BOOTS;"

OR THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER FABER.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.



It was a lovely autumnal morning. The air was fresh, with just enough of frost about it to give rudeness to the cheek and brilliancy to the eye. The rays of the sun streamed brightly up the street; knockers, doorplates and bell-handles, beamed with more than usual lustre; while they who had achieved their breakfasts and had no fear of duns, went, according to the bias of their musical fancy, either whistling or singing through the town, as if they had finally dissolved partnership with care,

and had nothing else to do for the remainder of their natural lives but to be as merry as grigs and as frolicsome as kittens. Every one, even to the heavy-footed, displayed elasticity of step and buoyancy of motion. There were some who seemed to have a disposition to dance from place to place, and evidently found it difficult to refrain from a pirouette around the corner or a pigeon-wing across the way, in evidence of the light-heartedness that prevailed within. The atmosphere had a silent music in it, more delicious than orchestral strains, and none could resist its charm, who were not insensible in mind and body to the innocent delight which is thus afforded to the healthful spirit. There are mornings in this variable climate of ours, more exhilarating than the wines of the banquet. There are days which seem to be a fête opened to all the world. The festive hall with its blaze of chandeliers and its feverish jollity has no pleasure in its joys to equal Nature's holiday, which demands no hollow cheek or haggard eye in recompense. Enjoyment here has no remorse.

No wonder, then, that young men slapped their comrades on the back with a merry laugh, and dealt in mirthful salutations. Nor could it cause surprise that old men poked their cronies with a stick, and thought that it was funny. Ay, there are moments when our frail humanity is forgotten—when years and sorrow roll away together—when time slackens its iron hold upon us—when pain, tears, disappointments and contrition cease to bear down the spirit, and, for a little moment, grant it leave to sport awhile in pristine gleefulness—when, indeed, we scarcely recognize our care-worn selves, and have, as it were, brief glimpses of a new existence.

Still, however, this is a world of violent contrasts, and of painful incongruities. Some of us may laugh; but while we laugh, let us be assured of it that there are others who are weeping. It is pleasant all about you here, within your brief horizon, but the distance may be short to scenes most sadly different. Smiles are on your brow, as you jostle through the street, yet your elbow touches him whose heart is torn with grief. Is there a merry-making in your family—are friends in congregation there with mirth, and dance and song? How strange to think that it is scarce a step to the couch of suffering or the chamber of despair! The air is tremulous perchance with sighs and groans; and though our joyous strains overwhelm all sorrow's breathings, yet the sorrow still exists even when we hear it not.

And so it was on this autumnal morning. While the very air had delight in it, and while happiness pervaded the atmosphere, there was a little man who felt it not—poor little man—poor grim little man—poor queer little man—poor little man disconsolate. Sadness had engrossed the little man. For him, with no sunshine in his heart, all outward sunshine was in vain. It had no ray to dispel the thick fogs of gloom that clouded round his soul; and the gamesome breezes which fluttered his garments and played

around his countenance, as if to provoke a smiling recognition, met with as little of response as if they had paid courtship to the floating iceberg, and they passed quickly by, chilled by the hyperborean contact. The mysterious little man—contradictory in all his aspects to the order of the day—appeared as he walked toward the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets—justice's peculiar stand, where "Black Marias" most do congregate, and where his Honor does the honors to that portion of society who are so unfortunate and so maladroit as to be caught in their transgressions and to be arrested in their sins—he appeared, we say, as he approached this awful corner, to be most assuredly under duress, as well as an enlistment under general affliction—a guard of functionaries—a body-guard, though not of honor, seemed to wait upon him—the grim little man and the queer little man. There was a hand too—ponderous in weight—austrere in knuckle—severe in fist—resting clutchingly upon the collar of the little man, as if to demonstrate the fact that he only was the person to be gazed at—the incident, the feature, the sensation of the time—though the little man resisted not. He had yielded to his fate, sulkily, it may be, but submissively. Pale was the little man's face—most pale; while his hat was generally crumpled in its circumference, and particularly smashed in the details of its crown, having the look, abused hat, of being typical of its owner's fortunes—an emblem, as it were, of the ups and the downs, the stumbling-places and the pitfalls wherewith its owner's way through life is diversified. He had a coat, too—though this simple fact cannot be alluded to as distinctly characteristic—most men wear coats whose aspirations go beyond the roundings of a jacket. But our little man's coat was peculiar—"itself alone," speaking of it merely as a coat. There were two propositions—either the coat did not belong to him, or else he did not belong to the coat—one of these must have been true, if it were proper to form an opinion upon the usual evidences which go to settle our impression as to the matter of proprietorship in coats. The fitness of things is the great constituent of harmony in coats, as in all other matters; but here was a palpable violation of the fitness of things, a coat being a thing that ought always to fit, or to come as near to that condition as the skill of the tailor or the configuration of the man will allow. It may possibly be that mischance had shrunk the individual's fair proportions, and had thus left his garments in the lurch—the whole arrangement being that of a very small kernel in an uncommonly extensive shell. It may be mentioned also in the way of illustration, that the buttons behind were far below their just and proper location—that its tails trailed on the ground; while in front, the coat was buttoned almost around its wearer's knees—not so stringently, however, as to impede progression, for its ample circumference allowed sufficient play to his limbs. Thus the little man was not only grim, and queer, and sorrowful, but

was also picturesque and original. There was at least nothing like him to be seen that day, or any other day; and, as he walked, marvelous people held up their hands and wondered—curious people rubbed their eyes and stared—sagacious people shook their wise heads in disapproval; and dubious people, when they heard of it, were inclined to the opinion that it must be a mistake altogether, and "a no such thing." A boy admirably observed that it was his impression that "there was a good deal of coat with a very small allowance of man," like his grandmother's pies, which, according to his report, were more abundantly endowed with crust than gifted with apples; as if the merit of a pie did not consist mainly in its enclosures. To confess the truth, it might as well be candidly granted at once, that but for the impediment of having his arms in the sleeves, the little man might have turned round in his coat, without putting his coat to the inconvenience of turning round with him.

The case—we do not mean the coat, but the case, in general and inclusive—offered another striking peculiarity. In addition to the somewhat dilapidated pair which already adorned his pedal extremities, the little man, or Mr. Peter Faber—for such was the appellation in which this little man rejoiced, when he did happen to rejoice,—for no one ever was lucky enough to catch him at it—Mr. Peter Faber carried another pair of boots along with him—one in each hand—as if he had used precaution against being sent on a bootless errand, and took the field like artillery, supplied with extra wheels. But it was not that Mr. Peter Faber had feloniously appropriated these boots, as ill-advised persons might be induced to suppose. But each man has his idiosyncrasy—his peculiarities—some trait which, by imperceptible advances, results at last in being the master-passion, consuming all the rest; and boots—an almost insane love of boots—stood in this important relation to Mr. Peter Faber. In happier days, when the sun of prosperity beamed brightly on him, full of warmth and cheeriness, Peter Faber had a whole closet full of boots, and a top-shelf full of blacking—in boxes and in bottles—solid blacking, and that which is diluted; and Peter Faber's leisure hours were passed in polishing these boots, in admiring these boots, and in trying on these boots. Peter knew, sadly enough, that he could not be regarded as a handsome man—that neither his face nor his form were calculated to attract attention as he passed along; but his foot was undeniably neat—both his feet wore—and his affection for himself came to a concentration at that point.

Some men there are who value themselves upon one quality—others may be discovered who flatter themselves on the possession of another quality—each of us is a sort of heathen temple, with its peculiar idol for our secret worship. There are those who pay adoration to their hair. Whiskers, too, have votaries. People are to be met with who

attitudinize with their fingers, from a belief that these manual appendages are worthy to be admired, because they are white or chance to be of the diminutive order. Many eyes have double duty to perform, that we may be induced to mark their languishing softness or to note their sparkling brilliancy. To smile is often a laborious occupation to those who fancy they are displayed to advantage in that species of physiognomical exercise; and there are persons of the tragic style, who practice frowning severity in the mirrors, that they may "look awfully" at times. Softnesses of this kind are innumerable, rendering us the most ridiculous when most we wish to please. The strongest have such folly; and the weak point in Peter Faber's character lay in his foot. Men there are who will make puns, and are yet permitted to live. Peter Faber cherished boots, and became the persecuted of society! Justice is blind.

On the previous night, in the very hours of quietness and repose, there came a strange noise of rattling and bumping at the front door of the respectable house of the respectable family of the Sniggss—people by no means disposed to turbulence themselves, or inclined to tolerate turbulence in others. It so happened, indeed, on this memorable occasion, that Sniggs himself was absent from the city; and the rest of the family were nervous after dark, because his valor had temporarily been withdrawn from their protection. Still, however, the fearful din continued, to the complete and terrified awakening of the innocent Sniggsses from the refreshment of balmy slumber. And such a turmoil—such hurrying to and fro, under the appalling influence of nocturnal alarm. Betsy, the maid of all-work, crept in terror to the chamber of the maternal Mrs. Sniggs. Betsy first heard the noise and thought it "washing-day," but discovering her mistake, Betsy aroused the matron with the somewhat indefinite news, though rather fearful announcement, that "they are breaking in!"—the intelligence, perhaps, being the more horrible because of its vagueness, it being left to the excited imagination to determine who "they" were. Then came little Tommy Sniggs, shivering with cold and fear, while he looked like a sheeted ghost in the whiteness of his nocturnal habiliments. Tommy and Betsy crawled under the bed that they might lie hid in safety. Nor were Mary and Sally, and Prudence and Patience slow in their approach; and they distributed themselves within the bed and beneath, as terror chanced to suggest. Never before had the Sniggs family been stowed away with such compactness—never before had there been such trembling and shaking within the precincts of that staid and sober mansion.

"There it goes again!" shivered Mrs. Sniggs, from beneath the blankets.

"They're most through the door!" quivered Betsy, under the bed.

"They'll take all our money!" whimpered Prudence.

"And all our lives, too!" groaned Patience.

"And the spoons besides!" shrieked Mary, who was acting in the capacity of housekeeper for that particular week.

"Pa!" screamed Tommy, under the usual impression of the juveniles, that as "pa" corrects them, he is fully competent to the correction of all the other evils that present themselves under the sun.

"Ma!" ejaculated the others, seeking rather for comfort and consolation, than for fiercer methods of relief. But neither "pa" nor "ma" seemed to have an exorcising effect upon the mysterious bumpings and bangings, and pantings, and ejaculations at the front door.

In process of time, however, becoming a little familiarized to the disturbance, Mrs. Sniggs slowly raised the window, and put forth her nightcapped head, it having been suggested that by possibility it might be a noise emanating from Mr. Sniggs, or "pa" himself, returning unexpectedly.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Sniggs.

"Boots!" was the sepulchral reply.

"Is it you, dear—you, Sniggs?"

"If you mean me by saying you, it is me—but I'm not 'dear'—boots is 'dear'—Sniggs, did you say? Who's Sniggs? If he is an able-bodied man, send him down here to bear a hand, will you?" and another crash renewed the terrors of the second story, which sought vent in such loud and repeated shrieks, that even the watchman himself was awakened, and judiciously halting at the distance of half a square, he made his reconnoissance with true military caution, concluding with an inquiry as to what was the matter, that he might know exactly how to regulate his approaches to the seat of war. An idea had entered his mind that perhaps a ghost was at the bottom of all this uproar; and though perhaps as little afraid of mere flesh and blood as most people of his vocation, he had no fondness for taking spectres by the collar, or for springing his rattle at the heels of a goblin, holding it—the principle, and not the ghost—as a maxim that if such folks pay no taxes and are not allowed to vote, they are not entitled to the luxury of an arrest; for the ordinances of the city do not apply to them.

"Even if it is not a ghost nor a sperrit, and I'm not very fond of any sort of sperrits but them that comes in bottles," said he, having now approached near enough to hear the knocking and to see a dark object in motion at the top of Mr. Sniggs's steps; "perhaps it's something out of the menagerie or the museum—something that bites or something that hooks; and I cannot afford to have my precious corporation used up for the benefit of the city's corporation. The wages is too small for a man to have himself killed into the bargain."

"But maybe it's a bird," continued he, as he caught a glimpse of Peter's coat-tail fluttering in the wind. "Sho-o-o-o!"

But no regard being paid to the cry, which settled the point that there was no bird in the case—

"sho-o!" being a part of bird language, and only comprehensible by the feathered race—the watchman slowly advanced until he saw that the mysterious being was a man—a little man—apparently leveling a blunderbuss and pulling at the trigger.

"Who said shoe, when it's boot?" inquired the unknown figure, still seemingly with a gun at its shoulder, and turning round so that the muzzle appeared to point dangerously at the intruder.

"Halloo! don't shoot—maybe it will go off!" cried the watch, as he ducked and dived to confuse the aim and to avoid the anticipated bullet.

"Don't shute! I know it don't shute—that's what I want it to do—I'm trying to make it shute with all my ten fingers," was the panting reply, as the apparently threatening muzzle was lowered for an instant and raised again—"and as for its going off, that's easy done. What I want, is to make it go on."

Luckily for Charley's comfort, he now discovered that the supposed blunderbuss was Peter Faber's leg, and that the little man had it leveled like a gun, in the vain attempt to pull a Wellington boot over that which already encased his foot. He sighed and tugged, and sighed and tugged again. The effort was bootless. He could not, to use his own words, make it "shute." The first pair, which already occupied the premises, would not be prevailed upon to admit of interlopers, and Peter's pulling and hauling were in vain.

It was the banging of Peter's back against the front door of Mrs. Sniggs's mansion that had so alarmed the family; and now as he talked, he hopped across the pavement, still tugging at the boot, and took his place upon the fire-plug.

"Pshaw!—baint it hot!" said Peter. "Drat these boots! they've been eating green presimmings. I guess their mouths are all drawn up, just as if they wanted to whistle 'Hail Kerlumpy.' They did fit like nothing when I tried 'em on this morning; but now I might as well pull at the door-handle and try to poke my foot through the key-hole. My feet could n't have growed so much in a single night, or else my stockings would have been tore; and I'm sure these are my own legs and nobody else's, because they are as short as ever and as bandy. Besides, I know it's me by the patches on my knees. That's the way I always tell."

"Are you quite sure," inquired the watch, "that you did n't get swopped as you came up the street? You've got boot, somehow or other. But come, now," added he authoritatively, and putting on the dignity that belongs to his station, "quit being redickalis, and tell us what's the meaning of sich goin's on in a white man, who ought to be a credit to his fetching up. If you're a gentleman's son, always be genteel, and never cut up shindies or indulge in didoes. What are you doing with them 'are boots? That's the question, Mr. Speaker."

"Doing with my boots? What could I do without my boots, watchy?" added Peter, in tones of the

deepest solemnity, as he laid his boots upon his lap and smoothed them down with every token of affection. "Watchy, though you are a watchy, you've got a heart with the sensibilities in it—nothing of the brickbat about you, is there, watchy? If you are ugly to look at, it's not your fault, and it's not your fault that you're a watchy. I can see with half an eye that you're a man with feelings; and you know as well as I do that we must have something to love in this world—you love your rattle—I love my boots—better nor they love me, I'm afraid," and Peter grew plaintive.

The watchman, however, shook his head with an expression of "dubiousness," which, like the celebrated nod of Lord Burleigh, seemed to signify a great deal relative to the thoughts existing within the head that was thus shaken. It vibrated, as it were, between opinions, oscillating to the right, under the idea that Peter Faber was insane from moral causes, and pendulating to the left with the impression that he was queer perchance from causes which come upon the table of liquid measure.

Peter's thoughts, however, were too intent upon the work he had in hand and desired to get on foot, to pay attention to any other insinuation than that of trying to insinuate his toes into the calf-skin. Sarcastic glances and nods of distrust were thrown away upon him. He asked no other solace than that of bringing his sole in contact with the sole of his new boot. On this his soul was intent.

"It's not a very genteel expression, I know," said the nocturnal guardian, "and it may seem to be rather a personal insinuation, though I only ask it in a professional way, and not because I want to know as a private citizen—no, it's in my public capacity, that I think you have been drinking—I think so as a watchman, not as David Dumps. Is n't you a little corned?"

"Corned! No—look at my foot—nor bunioned either," replied Peter, as he commenced another series of tugging at the straps; and with a look of suspicion, he added, "That tarnal bootman must have changed 'em. He's giv me some baby's boots. But never mind—boots was made to go on, and go on they must, if I break my back a driving into 'em. Hurra!" shrieked our hero, "bring on your wild cats!"

With this exclamation—which amounts with those who use it, to a determination to do or die—Peter screwed up his visage and his courage to what may be truly denominated "the terrible *feet*," and put forth his whole strength. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension; the tug was tremendous; but alas! Cæsar was punctured as full of holes as a cullender, by those whom he regarded as his best friends; many others have been stuck in a vital part by those who were their intimate cronies, and how could Peter Faber hope to escape the treachery by which all great men are begirt? When exerting the utmost of his physical strength, the traitorous straps gave way. Two simultaneous

cracks were heard; a pair of heels, describing a short curve, flashed through the air, and Peter, with the rapidity of lightning, turned a series of backward somersets from the fire-plug, and went whizzing like a wheel across the street. Now the half doaned boot appeared uppermost, and again his head followed his heels, as if for very rage he was trying to bite the hinder part of his shins, or sought to hide his mortification at his failure, not only by swallowing his boots, but likewise by gobbling up his whole body.

"Why, bless us, Boots!" said the Charley, following him like a boy beating a hoop, "this is what I call revarsing the order of natur. You travel backwards, and you stop on your noddle. I thought you was trying to go clean through the mud into the middle of next week. A'n't you most knocked into a cocked hat?"

"Cocked fiddlesticks!" muttered Peter. "Turn us right side up, with care. That's right—cocked hat, indeed! when you can see with half an eye—if you've got as much—it's my boots vot vont go on. A steam engine—forty horse power—could n't pull 'em on, if your foot was a thimble and your legs a knitting-needle. Do n't you see it was the straps as broke? Not a good watchy!" continued Peter, as he dashed the boots on the pavement, and made a vain attempt to dance on them, and "tread on haughty Spain."

"Well, now, I think I am a good watchy; for I've been watching you and your boots for some time."

"What's a man if he a'n't got handsome boots; and what's the use of handsome boots, if he a'n't got 'em on? As the English General said, what's beauty without bootee, and what's bootee without beauty? Look at them 'are articles—fust I bought 'em, and then I black'd 'em, and now they turn agin me, and bite their best friend, like a wiper. Don't they look as if they ought to be ashamed?"

"Yes, I rather think they do look mean enough."

"Who cares what you think? Have you got a boot-jack in your pocket?—no, not a boot-jack—I want a pair of them 'are hook-em-sniveys, vot they uses in the shops. I don't want a pull-offer; I want a pair of pull-on-ers."

"If you'll walk with me, I'll find you a pair of hook-em-sniveys in less than no time."

"If you will, I'll go, because I must get my boots on somehow, and hook-em-sniveys will do it if anything will. There's no fun in boots what wont go on; you can't make any thing of 'em except old clothes-bags and letter-boxes, and I a'n't got much use for articles of the sort—seeing as how clothes and letters are scarce with me."

"Can't you use 'em for book-keeping by double-entry? That's the way I do. I put all my cash into one old boot, and all my receipts into the other. That's scientific double-entry simplified,—old slip-pers is the Italian method."

"No, I can't. I does business on the fork-out.

system. I don't save up, only for boots; and as soon as I gets any money, I speculates right off in something to eat, and lives upon the principal."

Peter gathered up his boots, and half reclining upon the watchman, wended his way to the common receptacle, where, after discovering the trick played upon him, and finding that the "hook-em-sniveys" were not forthcoming, he shared his wrath between the boots which had originally betrayed him, and the individual who had consequently betrayed him. At length,

"Sweet sleep, the wounded bosom healing,"

restored Peter to himself, and that just estimate of the fitness of things, which teaches that it is not easy—even for a man who is as sober as a powder-horn—to pull a pair of long boots over another pair; particularly if the latter happen to be wet and muddy. Convinced of this important truth, Peter put his boots under his arm, and departed to get the straps repaired, and try the efficacy of hook-em-sniveys where the law could not interfere.

And such was the close of this remarkable episode in the life of the grim little man and the queer little man, whose monomania had boots for its object.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Texas is a lowly mountain home
That nestles near a clear blue stream,
A shady nook—a fitting spot
For pilgrim rest, or poet's dream.
Two tall elm trees their branches fling
Across the humble roof-tree there
While fearlessly the robins sing,
And woodland flowers perfume the air.

Not ten yards from the cottage door
A rocky wall the streamlet meets,
And wildly, quickly dashing o'er
With its rude song the valley greets.
While far and wide the glittering spray
Like showers of diamonds fill the air,
The golden sunbeams with them play
And arch the beauteous rainbow there.

A shelving rock, like semi-bridge,
From the rude bank hangs jutting o'er,
While round the rough and frowning ridge
Twine moss and vine and creeping flower.
A winding pathway, near the stream,
Leads to this wild and dizzy height;
Once gained the waters flash and gleam
Like jewels on the gazer's sight.

Beyond, the hills, in robe of green,
Mount upward to the calm blue sky,
While at their feet the silver sheen
Of a broad river meets the eye.
Here in this cot, a space below,
A widow dwells in silent grief,
Earth has no balm to sooth her wo,
No magic song, no healing leaf.

Long weary years have slowly fled
Since death first filled her home with gloom,
Numbered her husband with the dead
And traced for her a widow's doom.
One sunbeam there, one ray of joy
On that low cottage shed its light,
A fair-haired child, an idiot boy
Was to her heart like stars to night.

I've seen a vine, a fragile vine,
When strong support had failed,
Around a weaker cling and twine,
Till drooping both in dust they trailed.
I've seen a lonely captive find
Sweet solace in his hours of grief,
Yea food for heart, and thought for mind,
In a frail plant—one pale green leaf.

From the damp earth in his lone cell
It sprang to life, sad life awhile,
But there, alas! it could not dwell,
No sunshine shed its cheering smile.
'T was tended well mid hope and fear,
And watched with all a parent's care,
Yea, watered daily with a tear,
But could not stay in darkness there.

So in this cot that idiot boy
Was like that leaf to captive sad,
His guileless ways, and childish joy,
Oft made the broken-hearted glad.
Beside him she on earth had nought,
For him all labor, love and prayer,
And he no other playmates sought,
Save birds and flowers, sunlight and air.

Speech was denied him, and not one
Save she who gave him birth alone
His uncouth gestures e'er could read,
Or learn his sorrows, joy or need,
And as, amid the quiet sleep
Of summer noon, a storm will sweep
In sudden wrath, and blackness cast
O'er skies serene a moment past;
So in the spirit of this child
Dark passion, fitful, quick and wild,
Such inward storm would sometimes wake,
Naught but her gaze its power could break;
Her words could bid its fury cease,
The mother's voice could whisper peace.
Not often thus, but the long hours
Of summer day mid birds and flowers
He'd cheerful spend, or watch the spray
Of dashing waves in their wild play.
And this, indeed, his chief delight,
When airs were bland and skies were bright.
So fixed his gaze, you wondered why,
A child should look so earnestly.
It seemed as if he longed to be
A wave amid those waters free.
His thoughts we know not, but perchance
Some spirit dream was in that glance!
Such as when reason leaves her throne
And fancy reigns supreme alone,
Will lead the helpless captive on
To deeds we fear to think upon.
Some thought as strange, some wish as wild,
We deem possessed this idiot child.
One day he climbed the pathway, where
The rocky bridge seemed hung in air;

Awhile he looked with strange delight
On sparkling wave and rainbow bright;
Then, with a scream so wild and shrill
It made the distant hearer thrill,
He plunged amid those waves and foam,
Like Naiade seeking its lost home.
A moment, and it all was o'er—
He sunk, to rise with life no more.
A schoolboy saw but could not save
The idiot from his watery grave.

Few were the mourners, and some there
With hard heart said, "the widow's care
Would now be less," yes, thought that she
From a great burthen thus was free.
Ill judging ones! ye could not know
The depth of that fond mother's wo.
He surely was not loved the less
Because of his great helplessness—
Nor can we in our weakness tell
He was not loved by God as well—

The smallest bird and flow'ret share
His holy watch and daily care.
That broken link in Nature's chain
May after death unite again.
The fettered mind! Ah! who can tell
What mysteries in that casket dwell,
When God, alone who holds the key
Shall set the darkened captive free?
One gleam of that electric thought,
Which beauty out of chaos wrought;
One touch of that creative hand
Which loosed prime Nature's iron band,
To feeblest mind can give the power
On seraph's wing to mount and soar.
We know not but the soul that lay
Like folded flower in feeble clay,
May open beneath purer skies,
And, fanned by airs of Paradise,
May bloom in beauty fresh and fair
Amid the richer glories there.

E. P.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

"CHILD no longer. I love, and I am WOMAN!"

WHEN first thy face blent with my youthful dreaming,
I loved thee fondly, madly, e'en as now;
Yet to a mossy bank, with careless seeming,
I pressed a woman's heart, a girl's young brow.
I did not dream that thou couldst ever love me,
One that was fondled as a very child!
But as the glorious stars that beamed above me,
I worshiped thee, with love as deep and wild.

Then bending low, thy face was by my pillow:
A kiss was pressed upon my burning cheek—
As floats a flower upon the foamy billow,
Uprose my heart, and yet I could not speak.
I sat beside thee in that pulseless hour,
And gazed into the cloudless vault above.
I learned that o'er thy heart was cast the power—
E'en as on mine—the fatal spell of love.

Unto my soul it came a torrent rushing,
And brought wild thoughts unknown to it before.
Bright hopes and dreams within thy heart were gushing
Of joys the future held for thee in store.
I only knew that, seated now beside thee,
My hand lay trembling, nestling in thine own;
I only felt thy dear voice did not chide me—
Oh, how I treasured every careless tone.

Another hand in fancy thou wert pressing;
Another voice fell softly on thine ear:
And looks of love came—with a low-voiced blessing—
From beaming eyes, that memory brought so near.
While thoughts of a bright meeting on the morrow
Had chased a transient shadow from thy brow—
Unto my heart came the first thrill of sorrow;
An omen of the weight it beareth now.

We parted: I those mournful thoughts to smother
Within a breast till then unknown to care.
I knew thou lovedst only as a brother—
A sister's love I had no wish to share.
In that short hour I had lived many years;
And now, alas! must share the common lot—
The lot of woman—suffering and tears;
While yet a child to those who knew me not.

The wreath of Fame e'en then for thee was twining;
High aspirations urged thee proudly on:
The light of love upon thy path was shining,
A dear hand would be thine when fame was won.
I bade God speed thee; though my heart was breaking
My pale cheek flushed beneath thy parting kiss—
Hope from my soul a final leave was taking—
The future hath no trial worse than this.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH, ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY ALICE GREY.

WHERE is the brow that, with the slightest sigh,
Moved my fond heart, its most devoted slave?
Where the fair eye-lid, and those stars divine,
Which to my life its only lustre gave?
Where is the worth, the wise, accomplished mind;
The prudent, modest, humble, sweet discourse?
Where are the beauties which, in her combined,

So long of all my actions were the source?
The shadow of that gentle countenance
To which the weary soul for rest might flee?
And where my thoughts were written; where is she
Who held my willing life within her hands?
Alas! for the sad world! alas! for my
Still weeping eyes, that never shall be dry.

A CHAPTER ON EATING.

PART I. (THE PHILOSOPHY AND USES OF EATING.)

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

BRILLAT SAVARIN, the immortal author of "The Physiology of Taste," among his axioms has the following: "*Dis-moi ce que tu mange, je te dirai qui tu es.*" (Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are.) If any one doubt the truth of this remark, or has the least objection to it, he must not read my essay; for I judge him utterly incapable of understanding what follows. It was an equally wise saying of Sir John Hunter, that man was what his stomach made him; but he did not carry his investigations far enough. He had reference to the capacity, and, in case of damage, to the recuperative faculty of the stomach, and did not take into consideration the gentle persuasions of the palate—the sense which is slowest of development, but the most faithful companion of old age. The worthy Englishman had drawn his inferences from the stomachs of the livery and aldermen of London; and his beau ideal, in this respect, was no doubt the stomach of the Lord Mayor. But turtle and venison, though excellent things in themselves, are not the only criterion of rank, fashion, and capacity, though they *are* the necessary concomitants of magisterial dignity. Brillat Savarin went much further; he classified men according to their dinners; judging thereby of their tastes, their accomplishments, their refinement, and their scientific pursuits. There is, indeed, no function that man performs in common with the beasts, in which he differs so widely from the brute creation, as in eating, which led Brillat Savarin to another not less important axiom: "*L'animal se repait, l'homme mange, l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger,*" (which, translated into elegant English, means, animals feed, man eats, but the man of education and refinement alone knows how to eat.

The savage merely wants his meat coagulated—civilized man wants it *cooked*; but it requires taste to discriminate between gravies. Gravy is to meat what dress is to man, or rather woman; it not only hides deformities, but sets off and enhances beauty. It dissolves the dissonance which might otherwise exist between boiled and roasted into harmony; it establishes the balance of power between the joints and the *petits pieds*. Talk of man, in his savage state, appreciating gravy; or the man without refinement discriminating between a common *sauce aux capres* and one *aux truffes*, or *au vin de champagne*! Men, in civilized countries, have immor-

talized themselves by gravies; and VERY—I mean the old man, not his son, who has done nothing in the world to entitle him to respect, except marrying a pretty woman, who never peeled a mushroom—has made gravies with which, as Puckler Muscau said, "a man could eat his grandfather!" The prince, being of half royal descent, meant by his grandfather the beau ideal of toughness.

But I must not shoot ahead of my argument. I am to show that we, in this country, lay too little stress on what we eat—do no justice whatever to cooks, and thereby deprive ourselves of a vast deal of enjoyment that would not interfere with our neighbors. A man who tells you he does not care what he eats, might just as well tell you he does not care with whom he associates. You may depend on it that man cannot appreciate beauty. To him one woman is just as good as another—prose just as good as poetry—the sound of a jews-harp equal to that of a harpsichord. Avoid that man, by all means, or your associations will become vulgar, your taste corrupted, and your appreciation of beauty and elegance as dull as a pair of cobbler's spectacles.

But there are those who boast of caring naught for a good dinner. They are so ethereal, scientific, or Spartan-like, as to be just as well satisfied with a piece of beef as with a pair of canvas-backs. Well, what does it mean? Might a man not, for as good a reason, boast of his blindness, and his stoic indifference as to the color of woman's eyes, or the incarnation of her cheeks? Might he not as well boast of liking the smell of tobacco as much as that of a rose or a violet? The man who has no taste, has only four senses instead of five, and is therefore defective in organization. What notion has he of a *sweet* face, a *sweet* disposition, or a *sweet* voice?

Taste may be *cultivated* as much as every other sense. The man who has never exercised his eyes, cannot be a judge of painting, of statuary, or of architecture. The man who has not cultivated his ear, will not easily distinguish between the harmony of Mozart and the tuning of the instruments, which set a musician's *teeth on edge*; and a man who has not practiced his sense of touch, will take no more pleasure in taking a lady's hand, than in handling her glove. Would, can, ought, a lady to give her *hand* to such a man?

But there is yet another still more remarkable

philosophical consideration, which ought to induce us to investigate this subject. What we eat assimilates with us, becomes our own flesh and blood, influences our disposition, our temper, and consequently our amiability. Every living thing in nature longs for incarnation, aspires to become human—to move from its apogee to its human perihelium. But the lord of creation makes his selection; he consults his *taste*, and admits but few of the aspirants to his intimacy.

Nothing but want is an excuse for bad living—for not restoring ourselves in the best manner possible. Only think that every seven years we are made entirely new! Our whole frame is consumed, and new particles of matter accrue in place of the old ones, during that period. Then to reflect that we are made up of half-boiled potatoes, raw meat, and doughy pie-crust! The very thought of it is enough to lower our self-respect, and to diminish very sensibly the regard we owe to others.

It is intended by nature that we should have taste—that we should *select* our food and make it palatable. The infinite variety of plants and animals subject to the human stomach, testify to the superiority of man. Without the power of assimilation, what sympathy could there exist between him and the rest of Creation? To say we are fond of trout, of grouse, of venison, is but another way of expressing our affection for fish, bird, and deer. What would these animals be to us if we did not eat them? What we to them? And does not our love often partake of the same characteristics? Do we not frequently crush that which we tenderly press to our bosoms?

The Germans have a terrible idiom for expressing the highest paroxysm of affection. They say "they love a woman well enough to *eat* her." The idea is monstrous; and yet can it be denied that the greatest intimacy imaginable is the identity produced by assimilation. The idea, in spite of its apparent coarseness, is purely transcendental. And is not the converse of this principle admitted by all civilized nations? What do the terms "distasteful," "disgusting," "nauseating," "sickening," signify? What else but that these things do not agree with our stomachs? there are no stronger similes in the English language. Mark the climax; "distasteful," referring to the tongue; "disgusting," having reference to the palate; "nauseating," applying to the throat; and "sickening," proceeding, *ex profundis*, from the stomach! Here you have the whole gamut of human pathos—in which the stomach is, after all, the key-note—the heart being nothing but the sounding-board.

Even knowledge borrows its terms from the stomach. Our scientific acquisitions are "*crude*" and "*undigested*," when they have not been systematized; and a man is "*raw*," when he has neither tact or experience in the common pursuits of life. One half of our vocabulary is taken from the palate and the stomach—the milky-way of that microcosm

of which man is the universe. Nor have we as yet properly watched that wonderful economy of nature, by which we are constantly consumed and restored—those unceasing pulsations between life and death, which, when undisturbed, are the cause of so much enjoyment. We watch the heavenly bodies, we rejoice over the discovery of a new planet, or an asteroid; we spy comets, and endeavor to account for their movements and perturbations, while a much more wonderful process is going on every day before our eyes, without exciting our astonishment. How comes it that the stomach, out of the most heterogeneous matters treasured up in it, is daily preparing flesh, bones, brains, the enamel of the teeth, the horny substance of the hair and nails, &c.? Can any philosopher explain how the particles of inanimate matter are vivified and thrown from the womb of life—the stomach—into circulation, to perform with the blood those rapid revolutions which mark our existence, and bear such a close analogy to the revolution of our planet round the sun? We look for wonders to the stars, and are a living wonder ourselves—a microcosm much more astonishing and interesting than all above and beneath us. The stomach is the great laboratory of the world, and yet how indifferent are the greater part of mankind to the gentle affinities of that much abused organ! We cultivate a good appearance—a healthy complexion—a clear eye, handsome teeth, and all that, but entirely neglect the gentle admonitions of that organ which alone can impart these virtues. Men talk of hereditary blood; but of what possible use is it without an hereditary good stomach? Give me a good stomach, and the blood will follow as a matter of course.

We talk of improving the breed of cattle, of horses, sheep, &c. But how is it done? By what other principle means than by improved feeding, and taking care that nothing shall interfere with the proper digestion of the improved food. You may use every possible means of improving the breed, without improved feeding the race will degenerate. And so it is with man. Whole nations, as, for instance, the English, wear a better aspect than others, merely because they are better feeders. Meat-eaters have generally a more florid complexion, and, on an average, a greater development of brains. They are, usually, not easily wrought; but when excited, "perplexed in the extreme;" and as slow to back out of as they are to commence a fight. We imagine these qualities inherent in the race; but they are the offsprings of the stomach, and nothing else. Change the diet of that nation, and she will soon lose her distinguishing characteristics. And so it is with certain classes of society. Why is the mob of England cowardly? Because it is badly fed. Increase the wages of the laboring man so that he can obtain beef once a day, and no soldiery in the world will be able to cope with him. He would soon show symptoms of animation; he would, in very characteristic language begin "to

feel his oats." Nothing is equal to the contempt which well-fed people have for those who are badly fed. The former are called respectable, the latter are thought capable of any mischief that can be conceived of. *Pauper ubique jacet.*

Between the stomach and the highest faculty of our souls there is a very close connection, though men have vainly endeavored to disprove it. Heavy food, which calls for undue action of the stomach, paralyzes, for a time at least, all mental action, and destroys the highest power of the mind—imagination. By gentle stimulants, however, we may increase both—provided we are temperate. You see better with a spy-glass than with the naked eye, provided you do not draw it out beyond the proper focus. Again; good cheer promotes cordiality, friendship, benevolence, and charity. Only the highest paroxysm of love is capable of triumphing over the stomach. But how long does it last? And does it not, in the end, warm itself at the chemical fire of good cheer, or die for the want of it? Love does very well during the hey-days of the blood; while the stomach, with its even sway, governs until death, with a power which increases as it goes on. Every passion fades as we pass the meridian of life, or dwells only in that great faculty of the soul, reminiscence, until that even becomes palsied by the gnawing tooth of time; but the sensitiveness of the palate increases—a regular gourmandizer scarcely existing before the age of forty. Our taste becomes matured with our judgment; when reason waits upon the tender passions, they have already flown. Every other passion has a regular rise and fall, and a culmination point, the pleasures of the palate alone are fixed and immovable as the eternal stars in the firmament. The fiery youth may "sigh like furnace," and make "ballads to his mistress' eyebrow," and man "may seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth;" but the sober justice is "*capon lined*," he is the only sensible person among them, and guards against the *bowels* of compassion, by that completeness about the region of the stomach which is generally received as *prima facie* evidence of good nature. The Chinese—the oldest civilized people on earth—require that their justices should be *fat*; and the popular idiom of our own language corresponds to it; for we expect from a judge, *gravity* of deportment, and sedate manners. Lean men seldom inspire the confidence which fat men do. "I wish he were fatter," says Cæsar, of Cassius; for a man who feeds well, and grows fat, has given "hostage to fortune." Corruptness, like marriage, being "a great impediment either to enterprise or mischief."*

There is yet another reason for conceding the ascendancy of the palate over the other organs. The palate and the stomach have had more to do with the establishment of civil liberty than is even suspected by those who have neglected this important

study. The custom for magistrates to feed their clients, is as old as the Roman empire, and has been preserved in all civilized countries. Our Saxon and Anglo-Saxon ancestors were accustomed to do every thing important over a dinner; and to that circumstance, as Alderman Walker, of the English metropolis, very justly remarked, must be ascribed the preservation of English liberty, as contradistinguished from that of France. A people, accustomed to civic festivals, will not easily be reduced to slavery. Good cheer enlivens our attachment to the country, enhances patriotism, and calls for those expressions of sentiment which I look upon as the main pillars of liberal institutions. And if public liberty is consolidated by public feasting and Lord Mayors' dinners in England, where the people only partake of the good cheer, by a liberal construction of the constitutional charter, that is to say, through their legal *representatives*, how much more conducive to public liberty must be those public dinners in our country, where people enjoy the privilege of assisting in person at the banquet! Instead of hearing the herald proclaim, "Now the Lord Mayor is helping himself to turtle—now the Lord Mayor has commenced upon venison—now the Lord Mayor drinks to the queen!" they themselves eat the turtle, the venison, and drink success to popular governments;—with this difference only, that they have less patriotic *cooks*—cooks who, in most cases, have scarcely an interest in common with those to whose patriotism they minister. This is radically wrong, and ought to be looked to. If our Fourth of July dinners have somewhat fallen into disrepute with the fashionables, it is, I trust, not from a want of patriotism on their part, but on account of the atrocious manner in which some of them are prepared. Let venison and turtle, or if these be out of season, the best that the market affords abound, and the *beau monde* of our Atlantic cities will excuse the sentiments for the cook's sake, and wash them down with Champagne and Madeira!

The custom to invite men whom we respect and honor to a public dinner, is as old as the hills, and ought to be carefully handed down to our children. No higher distinction ought ever to be claimed by our public men, and none granted. Political feasts are the highest *stimulants* to action I know of—but in order to ensure their success, an act of Congress ought to prohibit set speeches, and *impromptus* prepared for the occasion. The awkward manner of taking public men by surprise, was strikingly exhibited in the speech of Lord Brougham, at a dinner of the members of the National Institute, which began thus: "*Non-accoutumé quo je suis à parler en publique*," and extorted some smiles even from the furrowed countenances of the French savants. The reading of written addresses, concealed under the plate during dinner, for the purpose of being let loose after the cloth is removed, is a breach of hospitality, and ought to be voted a nuisance; but the greatest latitude might, without danger to public

* I hope that in a chapter on eating I may quote "Bacon!"

safety, be allowed in regard to toasts, especially when they refer to the Eagle, who from his royal toughness has nothing to fear from the barbarism of the cooks. By the by, English writers and reviewers need not feel so squeamish about "that Eagle," as "the British Lion" is quite as tough, if not more so, and when he is finished, there still remains the Unicorn, as a *corps de reserve*. They have two beasts to our one; neither of which is fit to be exhibited in a drawing-room.

Dinners serve scientific and artistical purposes quite as well as they do political ones. Every learned society of England has its annual meetings, at which a public feast is prepared for its officers and members. Turtle and venison are the only means of bringing the members together, just as the suppers at our Philadelphia Wistar parties season the scientific conversation of our own men of learning, and render their entertainments more attractive and cheerful. Dinners and suppers act as the attraction of cohesion among members of the same family. Why should they not promote a feeling of fraternity among men of science and literature?

The practice of patronizing literary men and artists by dining them, has, it is to be regretted, not yet been generally adopted in this country. In England and France it is quite common; but since the remuneration of artists exceeds all bounds in the latter country, the artists, in turn, invite their patrons. There is no better means of spreading useful information than these interchanges of hospitality. Knowledge in general is dry,* and would have few votaries if the stomach did not act as interpreter between the learned and the tyro. At table you may bring the most opposite characters together, and they will agree—as long as they are eating—on most subjects, provided they are but half bred. The elective affinity of viands and gravy, mushrooms and truffles, will establish harmony among them, which may last even for an hour after dinner; but at tea you must be careful. All beverages are deceptive, and are rather apt to exhibit differences than to equalize them. A true diplomat will press you to drink; but he will seldom taste any thing but ice water and lemonade.

What important part the stomach plays in diplomacy, is known to the whole world. Napoleon, when sending the *Abbé de Pradt* to Poland, gave him no other instruction than this: *Tenez bonne table et soignez les femmes*, (keep a good table and take care of the women.) I wonder whether the late administration gave similar instructions to Colonel Todd, when it sent him to St. Petersburg! Our ministers abroad may take care of the women, after a fashion, but I defy them, unless they are rich, to keep a good table.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that ladies are most attractive at a ball. I prefer to see a woman at

dinner. The dinner is the touchstone of her attractions. If she be graceful and agreeable there, she will be so in every position in life, and you may say of her what Napoleon said of Josephine: *elle a de la grâce même en se couchant*. It was whimsical affectation in Lord Byron to pretend that ladies ought not to eat at all. A woman who has no appetite, or is indifferent as to the manner of gratifying it, is but a poor companion for life, whose good nature and agreeable temper will scarcely last through the honey-moon. Byron had in his mind's eye an English woman, who breakfasts on chops and dines on raw joints, which is detestable. But fancy an artistically arranged *salle à manger*, a *parcie quarrée*, (two ladies and as many gentlemen) at breakfast, and the servants handing round *côtelettes à la Maintenon*, (little lambs' ribs that look as innocent as new-born babes, artistically set off and coupled with historical associations of the golden age of French literature!) and you have quite another picture. Then the *abandon* which follows the little cup of Mocca—the sallies of wit and humor—the little attractions of graceful hands and mouths, and fine teeth—the flow of conversation, and the embarrassing intervals and flaws filled up with wine! Then the dessert, which ought never to fail, even at breakfast,—flowers decorating the table, and the women as in the Hesperian garden, touching the forbidden fruit! There you see woman in all her grace, and in all the attractions of her sex,—calm, collected, dignified, observing, listening and perhaps—consenting. What is a ball in comparison? Ladies and gentlemen do not move as ballet-dancers, and make at best but an impression inferior to the latter. Their dilettantism in that respect is no better than that of music, compared with regular performers. At breakfast and dinner, a woman may study attitude, and remain longest in those which are attractive. At the ball-room, she is hurried along, and depends for success on her partner. A clumsy, ungraceful partner in a dance, is enough to ruin her—comparisons will wound her pride—she is agitated, angry, and it is only the queen of a ball who enjoys it and is capable of giving pleasure. At dinner, you possess a woman altogether to yourself,—the impressions which you receive and make are lasting, and you are, by the pleasant occupations of the table, prepared to *relish* them. You cannot become intimate with a woman unless you have taken a meal with her. And then how many thousand opportunities you have of showing your attention, your being captivated by her charms—how much *resignation* you can practice in entertaining her! The impressions made at dinner are indelible; those of a ball are evanescent, for you do not receive them in a proper state of mind, and forget them after a night's rest. The dance deranges a woman's toilet, makes her gasp and pant for breath, and is apt to exhibit those faults which a skillful toilet would have concealed, and which we would have been happier in not knowing. Ladies after a dance

* "Gray, my friend, is all Theory, and Green the Tree of life," says Mephistophiles to the student, in Goethe's *Faust*.

look like victims that have been tortured; and oh! gentle reader, may you never have the misfortune to be behind the scenes at a ballet! The first *ballerina*, after the greatest storm of applause, looks then but like a fallen angel scourged by furies. No, no! give balls and routes to boys and girls. A sensible man scorns at that, and takes it as no mark of respect for him to be invited to them. Let me lead the woman I fancy to dinner, and give me an hour's conversation with her afterward, in the boudoir, and I will gladly resign meeting her in a crowd. Let the cook but half do his duty, and I will not be deficient in mine.

A word, before I part, to the Blue Stockings—(I would *whisper* it if I could do so in print)—It's very well to quote Shakespeare, and Byron, and Milton, (whom nobody reads,) and Mrs. Hemans, who had much better written sermons. But if you want to acquire a lasting reputation, and choke off envy and detraction, have an eye to your cook. The most fastidious critic would sooner forgive a misquotation than the want of seasoning in a favorite dish. As much literary reputation may be acquired by dining literary men, as by imitating or plundering their writings.

MORNING INVITATION.

BY THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR.

Let us go to the dewy mountain, love,
'T is the time of the Maying weather;
The lark is up in the blue above,
The thrush in the briery heather;
From the cottage elm the robin calls—
List, love, to the gentle warning—
We'll away to the mountain waterfalls,
And drink the dew of the morning.

Let us go to the tangled greenwood fair,
The scented buds invite us;
The young red deer will gambol there,
And a thousand songs delight us.
Thy hand in mine, and mine in thine,
In the wood-path we will linger,
Where the dew is bright on the eglantine,
As the jewel on thy finger.

Let us go to the moor and the virgin lake—
I hear the call of the plover;
And the fisherman's song comes over the brake,
With the perfume of the clover.
A bonny boat with a pennon gay,
Like a nymph on the blue is sleeping—
To the fairy lake, oh, let us away,
While the sun from the hills is peeping.

Let us go to the upland airy lea,
Where the silent flocks are browsing;
We'll pass the dale where the honey-bee
His early store is housing.
Our path shall lead through the meadow lane,
Its daisy blooms will meet us;
And the reed-pipe strain on the distant plain,
With the herd-boy's song will greet us.

Let us go abroad at the early dawn,
With the blue sky bending o'er us;
While the mingled music of grove and lawn
Goes up in a grateful chorus;
For sweet is the breath of the morning, love,
And sweet are the opening flowers;
And sweet shall our communion prove,
In the fields and woodland bowers.

Let us go while Nature's holy strain,
O'er the joyous earth is pealing;
My pulse has caught its youth again,
And throbs with the rural feeling.
Each bird, and brook, and dripping bud,
Invites with a gentle warning;
Then let us away to the field and wood,
And drink the health of the morning.

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

WEARY of earth, and tossed
Amid the storms which ever wreck my way,
Thou who canst save the wretched and the lost,
O hear me pray.

Weary of time, which brings
Little of comfort to my bosom now,
Feeble and worn, to Thee my bosom clings,
To Thee I bow.

Deep is the inward strife,
Thou knowest consumes my sick and weary soul,

Deep is that grief still agitates my life,
Beyond control.

Here joy is o'er,
Earth cannot soothe, for life can nothing give,
Take me, then, Father, to that mighty shore.
For Thee I'll live.

Watch me where'er I go,
Guide my faint footsteps through this valley drear;
Father, I weep with more than mortal wo,
But yet can bear.

THE LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY F. HAMILTON MEYERS.

(Concluded from page 274.)

CHAPTER VII.

The ensuing evening was cold, dark, and stormy. The commandant of Fort Constitution was faithful to his appointment. He was received at the door of Captain Wilton's cottage by Arabella, and conducted silently to the drawing-room. A single light faintly illuminated the interior, and scarcely served to reveal the figure of an individual, plainly dressed, and enveloped in an overcoat, seated beside a table in the centre of the apartment. He rose on the entrance of Gansevoort, and advancing hastily to meet him, with extended hand, and a cordial manner, said, "I rejoice to meet you, Mr. Gansevoort, or rather Sir Francis, if you will permit me thus, in anticipation, to address you."

The commandant drew back with evident emotion, and declining the proffered hand of the other, replied; "If I mistake not, I have the honor of addressing Sir Philip Bender. We will waive courtesies for the present, until we more fully understand the relation in which we stand to each other."

"We meet no longer as enemies, Mr. Gansevoort, but as fellow-subjects of the same most gracious sovereign."

"You and I are, indeed, subjects of one sovereign, Sir Philip, but it is that Sovereign whose empire is the universe."

"Very true," replied the other. "My remark, perhaps, was not properly applicable until our business is accomplished."

"If there is business to be transacted between us, Sir Philip will have the kindness to disclose the nature of it."

"Come, come, Colonel Gansevoort," replied Major Bender, with a smile, "let us have no unnecessary formality. I have come to consummate, in every particular, the negotiation already pending between us, through my fair plenipotentiary here, and to learn from you at what hour you will be prepared to deliver formal possession of the fortress under your charge to its rightful and royal proprietor, whom I have the honor to represent."

"You then recognize this lady as your authorized agent in what has heretofore passed between her and myself on this subject, and now renew her propositions."

"I do," eagerly replied Sir Philip; "I see we are fast coming to the point."

"Yes, Sir Philip Bender, we *are* coming to the

point; but it is one of which you do not seem to dream. In the name, and by the authority of the Congress of the United States, *I arrest you as a spy.*"

Simultaneously with these words, which were spoken in a tone sufficiently elevated to be heard without, the door opened, and a serjeant, followed by a dozen men, entered the room. A deadly palor overspread the countenance of Sir Philip. Surprise and consternation for a moment paralyzed his faculties. He made no attempt at escape, but dropping silently into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and remained speechless. Had not Bender considered his success in this intrigue as nearly certain as any human project can be rendered before its fulfillment, nothing would have induced him to run the hazard of a personal exposure. But, notwithstanding his certainty, he had still done all that he could do, to be prepared for what he considered the very remote contingency of a mistake. He had landed thirty men, under command of Wiley, and concealed them at the edge of a wood, about a third of a mile distant; it being impossible to bring them into the village without instant detection. A faithful servant alone had accompanied him to the house, and had received instructions, in case of need, to hasten, if possible, and bring them up in time for a rescue. At the moment of his arrest, Miss Wilton, trembling with terror, had slipped from the room, and hastened to notify the servant of his master's danger. Sir Philip's horse stood saddled at the door, and the clatter of his hoofs, as he dashed down the street, now caught the ear of the prisoner. Hope, therefore, had not entirely deserted him. If by any means he could detain his captor fifteen or twenty minutes, he was yet safe, and not only so, but would have accomplished no slight enterprise in capturing the commandant of the fort. Gansevoort manifested a becoming respect for the feelings of his prisoner, and allowed him to remain some minutes undisturbed. When the latter, however, saw that preparations were making to depart, he resorted to another artifice to gain time. He sought to draw the commandant into a debate on the propriety of his arrest, alledging that if he had been guilty of any offence, he had been decoyed into it by the latter.

"Not so," replied Gansevoort, indignantly. "Did I decoy the Dragon into this harbor, or your emissaries into my presence? If I have made use of

strategy, it has been to *counteract* strategy; to undermine the miner, and 'blow up the engineer with his own petard.' But why should I waste words in justifying myself to a man who has shown himself to be beyond the influence of every honorable feeling. Extraordinary, indeed, must be those measures which I should not have been justified in using, to prevent the accomplishment of an outrage so great, that I can scarcely refrain even here from inflicting signal vengeance for its contemplation. Base, perfidious, cowardly man! the mantling blood upon your cheek tells me that I am understood."

"He rails with safety, who rails at a prisoner," replied Bender, "but let me ask you," he continued, rising and speaking slowly, and with an abstracted air, "let me ask you whether—"

"Another time and place must suffice," said the other.

"One word," rejoined Sir Philip, "only one word!" He paused suddenly, and threw back his head in a listening attitude. A distant tramp was heard. It came nearer—nearer—until a loud "*halt!*" resounded in front of the house. Then, with an air of indescribable exultation, he shouted, "Now, Colonel Gansevoort, the tables are turned. You are *my* prisoner! What think you *now* of 'undermining the miner, and blowing up the engineer with his own petard?'"

"Stand to your arms, my men!" shouted Gansevoort, hastily drawing his sword, "Let one fly and alarm the garrison. Quick! barricade the doors!"

It was too late. The doors were flung violently open, and panting with haste, rushed into the room—not a British officer, but the Count Louis De Zeng! "We heard that you were in danger," he exclaimed, hastily, to the commandant. "A hundred men at the door await your orders."

"Your aid is timely," was the reply. "Take half of your men, and conduct the prisoner immediately to the fort. The rest will remain with me to receive our approaching visiters."

These orders were immediately put into execution. Wiley, however, became apprized of the state of affairs, and retreated with his men rapidly to their boats. They were not pursued.

A few words will explain the secret of Count De Zeng's unexpected appearance. When Arabella gave her orders to the servant of Major Bender, Alice, unperceived, stood trembling by. She was terrified beyond measure at the peril of Gansevoort, in whom the gentle girl was interested to a degree that she would not own, even to herself, and which nothing could have induced her to exhibit to another. She could not give the alarm within, without exposing her predilections, besides which, she supposed the British force to be much nearer than they were, and that nothing but an immediate alarm of the garrison would afford the slightest chance of escape. She ran, therefore, as soon as she was unobserved, hastily to the fort, which was scarcely forty rods distant. A sentinel on duty conducted her

immediately to Count De Zeng, to whom, after exacting a promise of secrecy in regard to her agency in the matter, she briefly communicated the state of affairs at her father's house. The count lost not a moment in acting on her information, with the result which has been described.

CHAPTER VIII.

We will not follow the prisoner to the place of his confinement, or dwell upon his dismal reflections behind the grated bars of a felon's cell. He was not a prisoner of war, entitled to the courtesies and respect due to a brave but unfortunate soldier. He was a criminal, guilty of a most base and ignominious act, for which his thorough knowledge of military law told him he must die. He had landed without a flag, entered the enemy's quarters in disguise, and there sought to bribe an officer to the betrayal of his trust. There was no hope. He felt it. He must die upon the scaffold. In vain, with impotent rage, did he heap curses upon the heads of his imbecile agents. They were at liberty, and he was the victim. If any thing could aggravate his wretchedness, it was the reflection that the day of his arrest was the day of his expected nuptials. No time was lost in his trial. A military court was convened on the ensuing day, before which the prisoner made an ingenious but useless defence. He was convicted, and sentenced to death, and the sentence was immediately forwarded to the commander-in-chief for approval.

The minutes of the trial, which were also sent to General Washington, were fully explanatory of the particulars of his arrest, and of the personal reasons which had influenced Gansevoort in resorting to measures for its procurement, which the latter would otherwise have considered objectionable. To these, the commandant added his express desire, that if the circumstances afforded any ground for a mitigation of punishment, the prisoner might have the full benefit of it.

During the few days that elapsed before a return could be expected, no exertions were spared by the unhappy man that seemed to offer a chance for his escape. At times, inflated with the idea of his personal importance, he indulged the hope that Washington would not dare to proceed to extremities against him. If that distinguished leader entertained any idea of compromising the national quarrel, it certainly would be bad policy to widen the breach between the opposing parties, by unnecessary rigor. He did not, therefore, neglect to magnify his own importance by allusions to his family connections, his expected promotion to the peerage, and, stretching a point for that purpose, his intimacy with royalty itself. He succeeded so well by these means, in at least convincing himself of his security, that he soon began to resent even the indignity of a personal confinement. His first expostulations on this point, addressed to an officer on guard, were met by the assurance that his cause of complaint

would be speedily removed. The order for his execution had arrived. Blanched with terror, he refused to believe the tidings. He had not entertained a doubt that whatever the decision of the commander-in-chief should be, the importance of the transaction would at least induce the personal attendance of that officer. When, however, pursuant to his request, the report of his trial and sentence was shown to him, bearing the simple endorsement, "Approved—Geo. Washington," his humiliation was complete. Losing at once all sense of personal dignity and fortitude, he begged his life in the most abject terms. Resolutely refusing any personal interview with the prisoner, Gansevoort was importuned by letter. Entreaties, threats, and promises, mingled together, and urged with all the energy and earnestness of despair, formed the staple of his epistles. They were read and returned with the simple reply that his execution would take place on the ensuing day at sunset. We will pass over that dreadful interval, in which hope had entirely forsaken the breast of the doomed. Coward-like, he died a thousand anticipatory deaths.

The day and the hour approached. The giant shadows of the western mountains began to stretch toward the environs of Fort Constitution. As the declining sun lingered above the summit of the hills, its rays were reflected by the bayonets of a military guard, encircling a scaffold, a prisoner, and a coffin. To that sun the executioner looked for his signal. Its disk was resting on the horizon, and a hundred eyes were watching its motion. At this moment there was a sudden movement in the crowd—a parting to give way to some new comer, and a messenger, breathless with haste, placed a letter in the hands of Count De Zeng. Not heeding that it was addressed to the commandant, he hastily opened and perused it. The blood forsook his cheeks, as with a trembling hand he passed the note to Gansevoort, and made a signal to the executioner to forbear. As the eyes of the other ran rapidly down the page, mingled rage and terror shook for a moment his manly frame. Recovering himself with an effort, he directed the serjeant in command to approach.

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CHAPTER IX.

Miss Gansevoort's week of dreadful expectation had passed away, and the day of her expected sacrifice arrived. Her father in the meantime had used every means both to persuade and frighten her into a peaceable compliance with his wishes. Fancying he perceived an increased docility in her

conduct, he relaxed a portion of his severity, and tried the effect of kindness. Although closely watched, she was no longer confined to her room. When the appointed day arrived without bringing Sir Philip, she felt a temporary relief; but she then had the additional agony of suspense to endure. Hope, vague and indefinite, began to dawn in her breast; but its light was scarcely more than sufficient to reveal the depth of her despair. Every foot-fall alarmed her. Every voice quickened her pulsation.

In this state of mind, she was astonished and delighted by the unexpected reception of a letter from her brother. It was delivered in the evening to a servant at the door, by a man cloaked and muffled, who immediately departed. It informed her that, having heard of her situation, he had provided means for her immediate rescue; that at the hour of nine in the ensuing evening, a carriage would be in attendance at the corner of the street, displaying a single light in front; and that if she could escape her father's *surveillance* long enough to reach the vehicle, she would be safe. A confidential friend of her brother would there receive her, and convey her before morning to the fort. Every thing, he said, was arranged to avoid detection or arrest upon the route.

There were no bounds to the ecstasy of Miss Gansevoort on the receipt of this letter. She resolved to brave every danger, for the purpose of escaping the one which she dreaded most. Never did time travel so slowly as on the ensuing day. Every moment was an age of fear and suspense. Could she manage to make her escape? Would not Sir Philip arrive? Would there be no failure or mistake on the part of her brother's friend? *Who was that friend?* These, and a thousand similar questions, continually passed through her mind, and kept it in a state of the most violent agitation. She was obliged to confide her secret to one of her maids, who readily promised all the aid in her power, and even consented to be the companion of her flight. Through her agency, when the appointed hour arrived, she was enabled to transfer a few indispensable articles to the carriage; and when she herself tremblingly prepared to depart, it was without an article of dress about her which could create a suspicion of her design. As the clock struck nine, she rose from her seat in the drawing-room, and with careless air approaching the outer door, suddenly opened it, and darted, fawn-like, down the street. She heard the alarm behind. She heard the clattering steps of her pursuers; but she saw the signal-light at hand. The carriage-door stood open, and a cloaked stranger at its side. Without a word he lifted her in—followed—closed the door—and the cracking of the coachman's whip, and the rattling of the wheels, mingled with the shouts and execrations of the pursuers.

"My maid! my maid!" exclaimed Ellen, "she is left!"

strategy, it has been to *counteract* strategy; to undermine the miner, and 'blow up the engineer with his own petard.' But why should I waste words in justifying myself to a man who has shown himself to be beyond the influence of every honorable feeling. Extraordinary, indeed, must be those measures which I should not have been justified in using, to prevent the accomplishment of an outrage so great, that I can scarcely refrain even here from inflicting signal vengeance for its contemplation. Base, perfidious, cowardly man! the mantling blood upon your cheek tells me that I am understood."

"He rails with safety, who rails at a prisoner," replied Bender, "but let me ask you," he continued, rising and speaking slowly, and with an abstracted air, "let me ask you whether—"

"Another time and place must suffice," said the other.

"One word," rejoined Sir Philip, "only one word!" He paused suddenly, and threw back his head in a listening attitude. A distant tramp was heard. It came nearer—nearer—until a loud "*halt!*" resounded in front of the house. Then, with an air of indescribable exultation, he shouted, "Now, Colonel Gansevoort, the tables are turned. You are *my* prisoner! What think you *now* of 'undermining the miner, and blowing up the engineer with his own petard?'"

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"My maid! my maid!" exclaimed Ellen, "she is left!"

"Silence! it is too late!" was the answer in a low voice. The noise made by the rapid motion of the coach, for some time effectually debarred any further attempt at conversation; but thinking only of her escape, Miss Gansevoort easily postponed her curiosity, convinced that their present velocity would soon carry them beyond the danger of pursuit, and admit of a more moderate speed. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she fell into an uneasy sleep, but was soon awakened by the stopping of the coach. Confused noises were heard without. Angry questions and replies were followed by a demand to open the door. Her companion suddenly let down a window and looking out, uttered a few words in a low tone. "Oh, it's you, is it?" was the reply; and without further questions the carriage was allowed to proceed. Ellen strove hard, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of her mysterious companion's face. She again sunk to sleep, and was again awakened to witness a similar scene. Every thing presented itself to her mind in a mystified and unnatural manner. Darkness and drowsiness, commingled dreams and realities, passing lights, strange voices, half understood sentences, beginning close at hand, and dying away in the distance, all contributed to complete her confusion, and prevent the obtaining of one distinct idea. It is not surprising that she yielded herself again and again, contentedly to sleep, for the one dominant hope of her waking moments became a glorious certainty in her dreams, and she smiled in security under the assured protection of him to whom, unawares, she had long since yielded up the priceless treasure of her heart.

Once, on awakening, the gurgling, rippling sound of water reached her ears. They were crossing the river at a ferry. The vehicle being stationary, it was a favorable moment to address her companion, which, with trembling voice, she hastened to do. The long, hard breathing of a sleeper was her only reply. Abashed and alarmed, she desisted from her inquiries, and in a few moments they were again in rapid motion. Fully awakened now by her fears, she slept no more.

Leaving the main route, the carriage at length entered a dark and narrow defile of the mountains, and for more than an hour slowly pursued its labyrinthine course, amidst a gloom rendered tenfold by the surrounding forests. Having stopped at last before a small and obscure looking house, her companion alighted, and was received by several individuals, who seemed to have been awaiting his arrival. Laughter and congratulations ensued. Several of the bystanders approached the carriage, and in no gentle terms requested Ellen to alight. Hurried into the cottage, as soon as her bewildered faculties were enabled to comprehend the answers to her incoherent questions, she learned in substance that she was among a band of Tories and savages, a prisoner, and a hostage for the safety of Sir Philip Bender.

CHAPTER X.

It is needless to say that the letter which had so suddenly arrested the threatened tragedy at Fort Constitution, was from Ellen Gansevoort. Her situation was perilous in the extreme. A prisoner among the most lawless of men, she was held, as has been said, in pledge for the safety of Bender, and was threatened, in the event of his execution, with being carried into remote captivity. A detachment of Indians, belonging to a western tribe, formed part of her captors, and on the fourth ensuing day were to set out on their return to the wilderness, with her, or without, as the fate of Bender should decide. It is unnecessary to say that Wiley was the agent in this infernal transaction. Horror-struck at the arrest of his patron, his terror had given way only to the most vindictive anger toward his supposed dupe, Gansevoort. He knew well the extraordinary affection which that gentleman entertained for his sister, and had also some intimation of Count De Zeng's attachment to Ellen. With the desperate hope of aiding Sir Philip, for whose arrest he considered himself responsible, he had concocted, and, with unrelenting barbarity, carried into effect, the plot which has been detailed; and which his intimate connection with the Tories of Westchester county had afforded him every facility for consummating. His hand had forged the letter which had deceived Miss Gansevoort, and he had been her companion in the carriage. In the further execution of his plan, he had been compelled to disclose himself to his prisoner. But, although it was his exorcism that had conjured up the storm which now impended over the unfortunate Ellen, he had not the power to control its fury. The savages, whose services had been engaged, had been secured by the promise of a large reward from Major Bender, if released, or the person of their prisoner, if the project failed. Wiley had not the means, if he had had the disposition, to purchase her release in the event of failure. It was therefore no idle threat which had been made.

The substance of these facts was briefly communicated in Ellen's letter to her brother, which was written at the request of Wiley, and by him forwarded to Gansevoort. In this he proposed to send Ellen, at once, in safety to the fort, upon receiving a written promise from the commander-in-chief to pardon Sir Philip. Miss Gansevoort expressed her belief that there was no reasonable hope of her rescue, owing to the wild and almost inaccessible nature of the fastnesses among which her captors were lurking. Her language betrayed inadvertently the anguish of fear which overwhelmed her, and which, in pity to her friends, she would fain have concealed. The startling effect produced by this letter on Colonels Gansevoort and De Zeng, will no longer be considered surprising; or that all other considerations were immediately lost sight of in so engrossing a subject. To them the safety of Ellen was a matter of paramount moment; and had they

possessed the power to procure her release by the discharge of Bender, his shackles would have melted at a breath. But, alas! such was not the case. An immediate sally was earnestly urged by De Zeng, in pursuit of the brigand force; but this, without a guide, without any clew to the hiding-places of the enemy, who had their choice of a hundred impregnable positions among the mountains, would have been but wasting time, and rendering the situation of the captive still more perilous. The inflexible character of the commander-in-chief, in matters pertaining to the welfare of the country, left them but little hope that he would sacrifice its interests to any private consideration. But there was no time to be lost in deliberation; and De Zeng himself set out on the same evening, with a small guard, for Washington's quarters. His route lying exclusively through a friendly region, he was enabled to obtain frequent relays of horses, and, by dint of hard riding, arrived at the camp soon after daylight on the ensuing morning. He did not hesitate to disturb the slumbers of the commander with a message, begging an instant audience. In the fewest words he had put General Washington in possession of all the facts, and pale with fatigue, and trembling with anxiety, stood watching the working of his countenance, to catch the first glimpses of a decision which he knew would be final. Benevolence gleamed from the commander's eye, but a stern compression of his lips foreshadowed his reply. It was impossible, he said, to compromise the interests of the whole country for a single life, however precious. Bender's guilt was unmitigated. The example of his punishment must be made. Similar attempts at corruption on the part of the British government had become frequent, and unless checked by some signal act, might be productive of the most disastrous consequences. In vain did the count, with all the earnestness of impassioned feeling, plead the cause of poor Ellen and her distracted brother. A calm rebuke from the commander reminded him that he also possessed the feelings of benevolence common to humanity, but that his decision, painful as it was, had been well weighed, and could not be altered.

After a brief repose, De Zeng, with a heavy heart, prepared to return; but, in the meantime, a second messenger had arrived from the fort, bearing a dispatch for the count. It was from Sir Philip Bender himself, and had been forwarded by permission of Gansevoort. It enclosed a letter to Gen. Washington, in which the prisoner proposed not only the release of Ellen, but also the surrender of his coadjutor, Wiley, to procure his own pardon. He boldly asserted that he had the means to bring about these results. Wiley was well known at head-quarters as a desperate and daring man, whose connection both with the British army at New York, and with the Tories in the river counties, rendered him a formidable adversary. His bitter hatred of the republicans, the frequency and facility of his

disguises, and his utter disregard of every principle of honorable warfare, made him a valuable auxiliary to the enemy, and, not infrequently, a real scourge to the patriots. To accomplish his arrest, scarcely any sacrifice would have been considered inordinate. His life was trebly forfeited even before the affair of Fort Constitution, in which he had prostituted the sacred character of a flag to the most vile and corrupt of purposes.

General Washington avowed his utter disbelief in Bender's ability to fulfill his engagement, which he considered probably a *ruse* to gain time. He, however, to the great delight of Count De Zeng, accepted the proposition; and the latter, with renewed hope, but with many misgivings set out on his return.

CHAPTER XL

The messenger who had brought Miss Gansevoort's letter to the fort, was the same servant of Sir Philip who had accompanied him to the house of Captain Wilton on the night of his arrest. It was through his agency that the prisoner proposed to accomplish his present designs. Base and perfidious to the last, he manifested not the least repugnance to thus sacrificing one, who, whatever were his other faults, had ever manifested the utmost fidelity to him. The servant had come directly from the camp of the brigands, and being fully in their confidence, could guide a detachment from the garrison directly to the spot, and thus probably promote the destruction or capture of the whole band. No time was lost in this enterprise. Count De Zeng in the most earnest manner begged, and obtained, command of the expedition. The outlaws were only about thirty in number, and the count, anxious to make a rapid and secret march, did not consider it necessary or prudent to take more than twice that force. The distance to be accomplished was about thirty miles, and at the hour of ten on the ensuing evening the little army set out. Knowing the vigilant character of his enemy, De Zeng had observed the greatest secrecy, and at the hour of starting not an individual of the company, excepting himself and his guide, had the most remote idea of the object of the expedition. Avoiding the village, which might contain the lurking spies of Wiley, they took the nearest route to the forest, and there, through its wild and unfrequented depths, slowly pursued their way. We will not dwell upon the particulars of this most toilsome march. The cold was intense, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the wind came moaning through the long defiles of the mountains, among which their path must be pursued. To the Count De Zeng, unaccustomed even to the sight of an American wilderness, it was painful in the extreme. But no word or look gave token of impatience. The deep anxiety that pervaded his breast in relation to the result of his mission, on which the life of Miss Gansevoort, and his own future happiness must depend, diminished

every smaller trial. Laughing at every obstacle, he encouraged his followers by his own fortitude and fearlessness. At the dawn of day they had accomplished but little more than half of their journey. Allowing his men a single hour for refreshment and repose, he again pressed forward. They beheld his endurance with surprise, and were ashamed to complain.

At about noon, the guide having informed De Zeng that they were drawing near to Wiley's encampment, he made a brief halt, for the purpose of explaining to his men the nature of the service on which they were bound. He informed them that Wiley was to be taken alive, if possible; but charged them particularly that the chief object of the expedition was the safe recovery of Miss Gansevoort. Having succeeded in animating them with a portion of his own enthusiasm, by a few brief but forcible remarks, he resumed his march.

The camp was situated on a summit which overlooked all the adjacent region, and which, by reason of its steepness, was nearly inaccessible, excepting at a point which was in full view of the enemy. The denseness of the forest was, however, favorable to the secret approach from another direction, and De Zeng resolved at once to scale the height in the rear. With incredible toil this task was performed. The summit having been attained, the panting soldiers were immediately formed and led forward. Against any ordinary approach of an enemy Wiley was sufficiently guarded; but he was not prepared for treachery. He could not anticipate the approach of an army by a way that even a chamois hunter would have hesitated to climb. He was taken so entirely off his guard, that but few of his company were even under arms, and the first intimation of his enemy's approach was a loud demand to surrender. The Tories and savages flew hastily to their arms, but a single volley, and a rapid charge with the bayonet proved decisive. Several were killed, and the rest, excepting only their leader, instantaneously surrendered. He alone, agile as a deer, fled into the forest, and descending the dreadful declivity almost at a leap, once more seemed to bid defiance to his foes. But the avenger was on his path. Nothing could exceed the rage which had burned in the bosom of the young count from the moment when he first caught sight of his enemy. Calling now on a few of his men to follow, but distancing every competitor, De Zeng rushed down the side of the mountain in pursuit, and gaining momentarily upon the fugitive, once more called on him to yield. Wiley turned, and stood for a moment at bay; but beholding the flashing blade of his pursuer at his breast, and numbers of his enemies hastening up, he quietly surrendered. Exulting in his success, the count now returned hastily to the camp; but, alas! he was yet destined to experience a bitter proof how difficult it is to circumvent a vigilant adversary. Notwithstanding Wiley's terror, his countenance had worn a sardonic smile, which gave

token of some unknown calamity. Too soon did the fearful truth transpire. Miss Gansevoort was not in the camp. No words can express the anguish of Count De Zeng at this discovery. Wiley, who was immediately sternly interrogated by his captor, stated that Ellen was a full day's journey in the wilderness, in custody of a band of Hurons. But a moment's reflection convinced the count of the improbability of this story. The time had not yet arrived, when, according to the statement in Ellen's letter, the Indians were to start; and they would not be likely thus to defeat their whole plan by a premature movement. The other prisoners were severally questioned, but no satisfactory information could be obtained. Rage mingled with the grief of De Zeng, when he saw himself thus trifled with. He believed that Miss Gansevoort had been conveyed to some other lurking-place in the forest, by Wiley's direction, and that the latter was fully cognizant of her present position. This hypothesis alone affording him any hope of rescuing her, he resolved to act upon it. Summoning Wiley, therefore, to his presence, he addressed him as follows:

"You alone are accountable for the present captivity and suffering of Miss Gansevoort. Produce her here within two hours or those forest trees shall afford a gallows for you, higher than Haman ever hung. Select any three of your men whom you choose to send upon this errand, and they shall immediately be set at liberty."

Wiley smiled as he replied: "Count De Zeng forgets that he is talking to a gentleman, and an officer of the British army. Such threats may frighten children."

"Decline the proposition," said De Zeng sternly, "and the hours shall be shortened into minutes."

"I repeat," answered Wiley, again smiling contemptuously, "that I am not thus to be intimidated."

De Zeng did not reply, but hastily detailing a dozen men, made known to them his wishes. The preparations went rapidly forward, but still the prisoner laughed. Not for effect, not with affectation, but with real incredulity and scorn, he laughed. He laughed while his hands were being tied. He laughed while the rope was fastened around his neck. A sapling had been bent slightly toward the ground, and secured in that position by a rope, readily formed of twisted bark, and tied around the summit and base of the tree, while another rope of the same material, suspended from the top, received the prisoner's neck. The severance of the first-named cord would allow the tree to return to its upright position, thus simply effecting the design.

When all things were ready, Count De Zeng took out his watch, and solemnly informed the prisoner that he had only five minutes of life remaining, if he continued to refuse the proposed terms.

"You shall yet answer for this foolery," was the only reply. "The law will redress me."

"Outlaw! brigand! kidnapper!" returned the count; "do you talk to me of law?"

Wiley knew that his life was forfeited, and that if carried a prisoner to the American camp, his only chance of escape from death would consist in his being exchanged for Miss Gansevoort, which he entertained sanguine hopes of effecting. He was also infatuated to the last with entire incredulity in regard to De Zeng's threats, having himself before witnessed, and even been a party to similar transactions, where nothing more was intended than to extort some valuable information. He therefore continued unrelenting.

An awful silence for a few minutes prevailed, during which De Zeng's eyes were riveted upon his watch, and an attendant with drawn sword stood ready to sever the cord at the base of the tree. The prisoner again smiled, as he remarked, "The time must be past, Count De Zeng: I suppose the play is now over."

A signal from the count, and a flash of the executioner's blade, was the only reply. The released tree sprang upwards, and, suspended, struggling from its lofty top, Edward Wiley passed into eternity.

Appalled at the awful spectacle, the little company remained for some time silent, but at length one of the prisoners, who seemed in some authority, and who had ventured to remonstrate against the proceedings, remarked that the "tragedy was ended."

"Ended?" exclaimed De Zeng, in a voice of startling tone; "it is but just begun. Your whole number, man by man, shall dangle at those tree-tops, if you still persist in withholding your captive. Who stands next in authority?"

Of course none were anxious to lay claim to so dangerous a dignity; but the majority of the prisoners being Indians, one, who bore the insignia of a chief, was selected and brought forward. Glancing with a slight tremor upward at the suspended body of his leader, he turned to the count, and said,

"The white chief carried a forked tongue; Wind-Wing will bring back the Pale Flower."

A brief parley ensued, during which it appeared that the chief had a son among the prisoners, who agreed to be responsible for the fulfillment of his promise. The compact was duly made. By the time that the shadow of an adjacent maple should fall across the corner of the encampment, Wind-Wing was to return with the maiden, or his son was to die. The time specified was about an hour. It was a period of intense interest to all. The short winter day was fast wasting away, and Count De Zeng felt that if it passed without the rescue of Miss Gansevoort, but little hope would remain of effecting that object. He hardly dared to believe either in the fidelity of the savage, or in his ability to accomplish his task. If Ellen was in reality in the vicinity, she was doubtless in the custody of Tories, over whom the Indian would have no control. More especially, if the latter should be indiscreet enough to divulge the death of Wiley, would that circum-

stance operate against poor Ellen. The more De Zeng reflected the more he despaired. He even began to anticipate an attack of the camp, as Wind-Wing might make use of his fleetness only to arouse the neighboring Tories to the rescue of their friends. Double vigilance was therefore enjoined upon the sentinels. In the meantime the hour dragged slowly along, and the shadow gradually approached the designated line. It was with real pain that De Zeng gave orders to make ready the fatal tree. Wiley's death he had witnessed without the slightest compunction, but the Indian was comparatively innocent. His resolution, however, was fixed. If the chief failed of his promise, there would be nothing further to rely upon, excepting a thorough intimidation of the remaining prisoners.

But the Indian who stood in jeopardy manifested no fear. While others watched the creeping shadow of the maple, his gaze was fixed upon the distant hills. The rope was adjusted, but he did not quail. The executioner took his stand, but still his bright eye, bespeaking an unflinching faith in his sire's fidelity, rested on the distant forests. Choked with emotion, his whole frame moved by the violent pulsations of his heart, Count De Zeng stood silently by. At this moment a sudden ejaculation from the Indian caused all eyes to take the direction of his own, when, bounding down the side of a distant mountain, Wind-Wing, bearing a white burthen in his arms, was perceived. Long, loud, and tumultuous were the cheers that burst from that assembled throng, and awakened the distant echoes of the silent forest. Darting from the midst of his companions, De Zeng once more dashed down the hill, and seeming to surpass all human speed in his flight, in a short time had met and received from the nearly exhausted chieftain, the terrified but yet conscious Ellen. Let us not undertake so idle a task as that of depicting the delight either of the liberated captive, or her generous rescuer.

The conjectures of Count De Zeng had been nearly correct. Anticipating a possible attack, Wiley had taken the precaution to send his prisoner, in custody of a small detachment of Indians, to a secure hiding-place a few miles distant from the encampment. There were, however, no Tories among her guard, and the influence of the chief over his fellow savages was, of course, sufficient to enable him to obtain the maiden without difficulty. They had even accompanied him the greater part of the way, and assisted to transport his gentle burthen.

With a light heart the count now gave orders for his homeward march. A litter was readily formed, in which Ellen was carried; the soldiers, who had begun to idolize their leader for his bold and successful conduct in the late enterprise, vieing with each other in alacrity to perform this duty. With brief intervals of repose, their march was continued through the night, and before noon of the ensuing day they arrived in safety at the fort. The com-

mandant, to whom the period of De Zeng's absence had been one of the most painful suspense, now gave way to the most unbounded delight, which soon, with a contagious influence diffused itself throughout the garrison. He gave orders to celebrate the event by a general salute from the guns of the fort, which were immediately carried into effect, amidst the heartiest and most tumultuous cheering that ever awakened the echoes of Tappan Zee.

Bender, within a few days, was pardoned and released. Thoroughly humbled, yet sufficiently happy in saving his life, he quietly departed.

One result of the remarkable events which have been recorded will be so easily conjectured by the reader, as scarcely to require its relation. Born at remote points of the globe, singularly united in their recent destinies, and long really wedded in affection, Louis De Zeng and Ellen Gansevoort were not henceforth to be separated. But the day which witnessed their union was equally auspicious to another pair of generous and gentle hearts. Colonel Gansevoort had, by some accident, at length discovered his own attachment to the beautiful Alice.

By her seemingly slight agency what momentous results had been effected. A lifetime of devotion could not have repaid the service, which, under the impulse of a generous feeling, she had freely rendered. But a sense of obligation was not necessary to inspire affection for Alice. Her gentle heart elicited a voluntary and perpetual homage, which no sentiment of duty was needed to confirm.

Little remains to be told. The subsequent military career of Colonels Gansevoort and De Zeng were distinguished by the same integrity, sagacity, and courage, which had marked their commencement. If they did not rise to eminence in station, it was less from want of ability than want of ambition. They had drank of that charmed cup of bliss which renders tasteless and insipid all the inferior joys of life.

Colonel Edmund Gansevoort lived to read the proclamation by which his royal master acknowledged the sovereignty and independence of the United States of America, and to behold his own boasted possessions saved from confiscation only by the interest of his once disinherited son.

LINE S

ON VISITING BROAD STREET HOTEL,

HEAD-QUARTERS OF WASHINGTON, WHEN NEW YORK WAS EVACUATED BY CLINTON.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOEKER.

It is a structure of the olden time,
Built to endure, not dazzle for a day;
A stain is on the venerable roof,
Telling of conflict with the King of Storms,
And clings to casement-worn, and hanging eaves,
With thread-like roots, the moss.

Grey shutters swing
On rusted hinges, but the beams of day
Dart with a softening radiance through the bars.
Colossal domes of chiseled marble made,
Religion's fanes, with glittering golden spires,
And Mammon's airy and embellished halls,
Wearing a modern freshness, are in sight,
But a cold glance they win from me alone.

Why do I turn from Art's triumphant works,
To look on pile more humble? Why in thought
Linger around this ancient edifice?
The place is hallowed—Washington once trod,
Planning the fall of tyranny, these floors.
Within yon chamber did he bend the knee,
Calling on God to aid the patriot's cause,
At morn, and in the solemn hour of night,
His mandate, pregnant with a Nation's fate,
Went forth from these plain, unpretending walls.

Here towered, in war-like garb, his stately form,
While marshaled thousands in the dusty street,
Gave ear to his harangue, and inly vowed
To die or conquer with their matchless chief.
Methinks at yon old window I behold
His calm, majestic features—while the sound
Of blessing rises from the throng below.
Have not the scenes of other days returned?
Do I not hear the sentry's measured tramp,
Clangor of mail, and neigh of battle-steed,
Mingling their discord with the drum's deep roll?
No! 't was a dream!—the magic of a place
Allied to memory of Earth's noblest son,
Gives form and seeming life to viewless air.

Relic of our Heroic Age, farewell!
Long may these walls defy dissolving Time,
Mock the blind fury of the hollow blast,
And woo the pilgrim hither, while a voice
Comes from the shadowy caverns of the Past,
Full of instruction to a freeman's soul—
A mighty voice that speaks of Washington,
And prompts renewal of stern vow to guard
Pure fires that on my Country's altar glow.

THE STRAWBERRY-WOMAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"*STRAWB'rees! Strawb'rees!*" cried a poorly clad, tired-looking woman, about eleven o'clock one sultry June morning. She was passing a handsome house in Walnut street, into the windows of which she looked earnestly, in the hope of seeing the face of a customer. She did not look in vain, for the shrill sound of her voice brought forward a lady, dressed in a silk morning-wrapper, who beckoned her to stop. The woman lifted the heavy tray from her head, and placing it upon the door-step, sat wearily down.

"What's the price of your strawberries?" asked the lady, as she came to the door.

"Ten cents a box, madam. They are right fresh."

"Ten cents!" replied the lady, in a tone of surprise, drawing herself up and looking grave. Then shaking her head, and compressing her lips firmly, she added—

"I can't give ten cents for strawberries. It's too much."

"You can't get such strawberries as these for less, madam," said the woman. "I got a levy a box for them yesterday."

"Then you got too much, that's all I have to say. I never pay such prices. I bought strawberries in market yesterday, just as good as yours, for eight cents a box."

"I do n't know how they do to sell them at that price," returned the woman. "Mine cost nearly eight cents, and ought to bring me at least twelve. But I am willing to take ten, so that I can sell out quickly. It's a very hot day." And the woman wiped, with her apron, the perspiration from her glowing face.

"No, I won't pay ten cents," said the lady (?) coldly. "I'll give you forty cents for five quarts, and nothing more."

"But, madam, they cost me within a trifle of eight cents a quart."

"I can't help that. You paid too much for them, and this must be your loss, not mine, if I buy your strawberries. I never pay for other people's mistakes. I understand the use of money much better than that."

The poor woman did not feel very well. The day was unusually hot and sultry, and her tray felt heavier, and tired her more than usual. Five boxes would lighten it, and if she sold her berries at eight cents, she would clear two cents and a half, and that made her something.

"I'll tell you what I will do," she said, after thinking a few moments; "I do n't feel as well as usual to-day, and my tray is heavy. Five boxes sold will

be something. You shall have them at nine cents. They cost me seven and a half, and I am sure it's worth a cent and a half a box to cry them about the streets such hot weather as this."

"I have told you, my good woman, exactly what I will do," said the customer, with dignity. "If you are willing to take what I offer you, say so, if not, we need n't stand here any longer."

"Well, I suppose you will have to take them," replied the strawberry-woman, seeing that there was no hope of doing better. "But it's too little."

"It's enough," said the lady, as she turned to call a servant. Five boxes of fine large strawberries were received, and forty cents paid for them. The lady re-entered the parlor, pleased at her good bargain, while the poor woman turned from the door sad and disheartened. She walked nearly the distance of a square before she could trust her voice to utter her monotonous cry of

"*Strawb'rees! Strawb'rees!*"

An hour afterward, a friend called upon Mrs. Mier, the lady who had bought the strawberries. After talking about various matters and things interesting to lady house-keepers, Mrs. Mier said—

"How much did you pay for strawberries this morning?"

"Ten cents."

"You paid too much. I bought them for eight."

"For eight! Were they good ones?"

"Step into the dining-room and I will show them to you."

The ladies stepped into the dining-room, when Mrs. Mier displayed her large, red berries, which were really much finer than she had at first supposed them to be.

"You did n't get them for eight cents," remarked the visitor incredulously.

"Yes I did. I paid forty cents for five quarts."

"While I paid fifty for some not near so good."

"I suppose you paid just what you were asked?"

"Yes, I always do that. I buy from one woman during the season, who agrees to furnish me at the regular market price."

"Which you will always find to be two or three cents above what you can get them for in the market."

"You always buy in market."

"I bought these from a woman at the door."

"Did she only ask eight cents for them?"

"Oh no! She asked ten cents, and pretended that she got twelve and a half for the same quality of berries yesterday. But I never give these people what they ask."

"While I never can find it in my heart to ask a poor, tired-looking woman at my door, to take a cent less for her fruit than she asks me. A cent or two, while it is of little account to me, must be of great importance to her."

"You are a very poor economist, I see," said Mrs. Mier. "If that is the way you deal with every one, your husband no doubt finds his expense account a very serious item."

"I do n't know about that. He never complains. He allows me a certain sum every week to keep the house, and find my own and the children's clothes; and so far from ever calling on him for more, I always have fifty or a hundred dollars lying by me."

"You must have a precious large allowance then, considering your want of economy in paying everybody just what they ask for their things."

"Oh, no! I do n't do that exactly, Mrs. Mier. If I consider the price of a thing too high, I do n't buy it."

"You paid too high for your strawberries to-day."

"Perhaps I did; although I am by no means certain."

"You can judge for yourself. Mine cost but eight cents, and you own that they are superior to yours at ten cents."

"Still, yours may have been too cheap, instead of mine too dear."

"Too cheap! That is funny! I never saw any thing too cheap in my life. The great trouble is, that every thing is too dear. What do you mean by too cheap?"

The person who sold them to you may not have made profit enough upon them to pay for her time and labor. If this were the case, she sold them to you too cheap."

"Suppose she paid too high for them? Is the purchaser to pay for her error."

"Whether she did so, it would be hard to tell; and even if she had made such a mistake, I think it would be more just and humane to pay her a price that would give her a fair profit, instead of taking from her the means of buying bread for her children. At least this is my way of reasoning."

"And a precious lot of money it must take to support such a system of reasoning. But how much, pray, do you have a week to keep the family? I am curious to know."

"Thirty-five dollars."

"Thirty-five dollars! You are jesting."

"Oh, no! That is exactly what I receive, and as I have said, I find the sum ample."

"While I receive fifty dollars a week," said Mrs. Mier, "and am forever calling on my husband to settle some bill or other for me. And yet I never pay the exorbitant prices asked by everybody for every thing. I am strictly economical in my family. While other people pay their domestics a dollar and a half and two dollars a week, I give but a dollar and a quarter each to my cook and chambermaid,

and require the chambermaid to help the washer-woman on Mondays. Nothing is wasted in my kitchen, for I take care, in marketing, not to allow room for waste. I do n't know how it is that you save money on thirty-five dollars with your system, while I find fifty dollars inadequate with my system."

The exact difference in the two systems will be clearly understood by the reader, when he is informed that although Mrs. Mier never paid any body as much as was at first asked for an article, and was always talking about economy, and trying to practice it, by withholding from others what was justly their due, as in the case of the strawberry-woman, yet she was a very extravagant person, and spared no money in gratifying her own pride. Mrs. Gilman, her visiter, was, on the contrary, really economical, because she was moderate in all her desires, and was usually as well satisfied with an article of dress or furniture that cost ten or twenty dollars, as Mrs. Mier was with one that cost forty or fifty dollars. In little things, the former was not so particular as to infringe the rights of others, while in larger matters, she was careful not to run into extravagance in order to gratify her own or children's pride and vanity, while the latter pursued a course directly opposite.

Mrs. Gilman was not as much dissatisfied, on reflection, about the price she had paid for her strawberries, as she had felt at first.

"I would rather pay these poor creatures two cents a quart too much than too little," she said to herself,—“dear knows, they earn their money hard enough, and get but a scanty portion after all."

Although the tray of the poor strawberry-woman, when she passed from the presence of Mrs. Mier, was lighter by five boxes, her heart was heavier, and that made her steps more weary than before. The next place at which she stopped, she found the same disposition to beat her down in her price.

"I'll give you nine cents, and take four boxes," said the lady.

"Indeed, madam, that is too little," replied the woman; "ten cents is the lowest at which I can sell them and make even a reasonable profit."

"Well, say thirty-seven and a-half for four boxes, and I will take them. It is only two cents and a-half less than you ask for them."

"Give me a sip, ma!—there comes the candy-man!" exclaimed a little fellow, pressing up to the side of the lady. "Quick, ma! Here, candy-man!" calling after an old man with a tin cylinder under his arm, that looked something like an ice-cream freezer. The lady drew out her purse, and searched among its contents for the small coin her child wanted.

"I hav'n't any thing less than a levy," she at length said.

"Oh, well, he can change it. Candy-man, you can change a levy?"

By this time the "candy-man" stood smiling be-

side the strawberry-woman. As he was counting out the fip's worth of candy, the child spoke up in an earnest voice, and said—

"Get a levy's worth, mother, do, wont you? Cousin Lu's coming to see us to-morrow."

"Let him have a levy's worth, candy-man. He's such a rogue I can't resist him," responded the mother. The candy was counted out, and the levy paid, when the man retired in his usual good humor.

"Shall I take these strawberries for thirty-seven and a-half cents?" said the lady, the smile fading from her face. "It is all I am willing to give."

"If you wont pay any more, I must n't stand for two cents and a-half," replied the woman, "although they would nearly buy a loaf of bread for the children," she mentally added.

The four boxes were sold for the sum offered, and the woman lifted the tray upon her head, and moved on again. The sun shone out still hotter and hotter as the day advanced. Large beads of perspiration rolled from the throbbing temples of the strawberry-woman, as she passed wearily up one street and down another, crying her fruit at the top of her voice. At length all were sold but five boxes, and now it was past one o'clock. Long before this she ought to have been at home. Faint from over-exertion, she lifted her tray from her head, and placing it upon a door-step, sat down to rest. As she sat thus, a lady came up, and paused at the door of the house as if about to enter.

"You look tired, my good woman," she said kindly. "This is a very hot day for such hard work as yours. How do you sell your strawberries?"

"I ought to have ten cents for them, but nobody seems willing to give ten cents to-day, although they are very fine, and cost me as much as some I have got twelve and a half for."

"How many boxes have you?"

"Five, ma'am."

"They are very fine, sure enough," said the lady, stooping down and examining them; "and well worth ten cents. I'll take them."

"Thanky, ma'am. I was afraid I should have to take them home," said the woman, her heart bounding up lightly.

The lady rung the bell, for it was at her door that the tired strawberry-woman had stopped to rest herself. While she was waiting for the door to be opened, the lady took from her purse the money for the strawberries, and handing it to the woman, said,

"Here is your money. Shall I tell the servant to bring you out a glass of cool water? You are hot and tired."

"If you please, ma'am," said the woman, with a grateful look.

The water was sent out by the servant who was to receive the strawberries, and the tired woman drank it eagerly. Its refreshing coolness flowed

through every vein, and when she took up her tray to return home, both heart and step were lighter.

The lady, whose benevolent feelings had prompted her to the performance of this little act of kindness, could not help remembering the woman's grateful look. She had not done much—not more than it was every one's duty to do; but the recollection of even that was pleasant, far more pleasant than could possibly have been Mrs. Mier's selfgratulations at having saved ten cents on her purchase of five boxes of strawberries, notwithstanding the assurance of the poor woman who vended them, that, at the reduced rate, her profit on the whole would only be two cents and a-half.

After dinner Mrs. Mier went out and spent thirty dollars in purchasing jewelry for her eldest daughter, a young lady not yet eighteen years of age. That evening, at the tea-table, the strawberries were highly commended as being the largest and most delicious in flavor of any they had yet had; in reply to which, Mrs. Mier stated, with an air of peculiar satisfaction, that she had got them for eight cents a box when they were worth at least ten cents.

"The woman asked me ten cents," she said, "but I offered her eight, and she took it."

While the family of Mrs. Mier were enjoying their pleasant repast, the strawberry-woman sat at a small table, around which were gathered three young children, the oldest but six years of age. She had started out in the morning with thirty boxes of strawberries, for which she was to pay seven and a-half cents a box. If all had brought the ten cents a box, she would have made seventy-five cents; but such was not the case. Rich ladies had beaten her down in her price—had chaffered with her for the few pennies of profits to which her hard labor entitled her—and actually robbed her of the meager pittance she strove to earn for her children. Instead of realizing the small sum of seventy-five cents, she had cleared only forty-five cents. With this she bought a little Indian meal and molasses for her own and her childrens' supper and breakfast.

As she sat with her children, eating the only food she was able to provide for them, and thought of what had occurred during the day, a feeling of bitterness toward her kind came over her; but the remembrance of the kind words, and the glass of cool water, so timely and thoughtfully tendered to her, was like leaven in the waters of Marah. Her heart softened, and with the tears stealing to her eyes, she glanced upward, and asked a blessing on her who had remembered that, though poor, she was still human.

Economy is a good thing, and should be practiced by all, but it should show itself in denying ourselves, not in oppressing others. We see persons spending dollar after dollar foolishly one hour, and in the next trying to save a five penny piece off of a wood-sawyer, coal-heaver, or market-woman. Such things are disgraceful, if not dishonest.

THE SOUL'S SEARCH.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN BRAD.

A WEARY, wandering soul am I,
O'erburthened with an earthly weight;
A palmer through the world and sky
Seeking the celestial gate.

Tell me, ye sweet and sinless flowers,
Who all night gaze upon the skies,
Have ye not in the silent hours
Seen aught of Paradise?

Ye birds, that soar and sing, elate
With joy which makes your voices strong,
Have ye not at the crystal gate
Caught somewhat of your song?

Ye waters, sparkling in the morn,
Ye seas, which hold the starry night,
Have ye not from the imperial bourn
Caught glimpses of its light?

Ye hermit oaks, and sentinel pines,
Ye mountain forests old and gray,
In all your long and winding lines
Have ye not seen the way?

Thou moon, 'mid all thy starry bowers,
Knowest thou the path the angels tread?
Seest thou beyond thy azure towers
The golden gates dispread?

Ye holy spheres, that sang with earth
While earth was yet a sinless star,
Have the immortals heavenly birth
Within your realms afar?

Thou monarch sun, whose light unfurls
Thy banners through unnumbered skies,
Seest thou amid thy subject worlds
The flaming portals rise?

All, all are mute! and still am I
O'erburthened with an earthly weight,
A palmer through the world and sky
Seeking the celestial gate.

No answer wheresoe'er I roam—
From skies afar no guiding ray;
But, hark! the voice of Christ says "Come!
Arise! I am the way!"

TO LIZZIE.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay, in certes, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth. Miss BARRETT.

THERE'S a charm about thee, Lizzie,
That I cannot well define,
And I sometimes think it lieth
In that soft blue eye of thine;
And yet, though pleasant is thine eye,
And beautiful thy lip—
As a rose-leaf bathed in honey dew,
A bee might love to sip—
Yet I think it is nor lip nor eye
Which binds me with its spell,
But a something dearer far than these,
Though undefinable.

When I meet thee, dearest Lizzie.
When I hear thy gentle tone;
When my hand is pressed so tenderly,
So warmly in thine own—
Why then I think it is thy voice,
Whose music, like a bird's,
Can soothe me with the melody
Of sweetly spoken words:
Perchance the pressure of thy hand
This hidden charm may be—
Or the magic, Lizzie, of a sigh
That lures my heart to thee.

Perchance it is thy gentleness,
Perchance thy winning smile,
Which lurketh in such dimples
As might easily beguile;
Or perchance the music of thy laugh
Hath a bewildering flow—

Yet I cannot tell, my Lizzie,
If it be thy laugh or no;
For mirth as musical as thine
Hath met mine ear before,
But its memory faded from my heart
When once the strain was o'er.

Oh! for the wand of fairy
To dissolve the witching spell,
And teach me, dearest Lizzie,
What it is I love so well.
Thy simple truth and earnestness,
Perchance it may be this,
Or the gentle kindness breathing
In thy morn or evening kiss—
Thy care for others' weal or woe,
Thy quickly springing tears—
Or, at times, a quiet thoughtfulness,
Unmeet for thy brief years.

Well, be it either look or tone,
Or smile, or soft caress,
I know not, Lizzie, yet I feel
I could not love thee less.
And something, haply, there may be,
"Like light within a vase,"
Which, from the soul-depths gleaming forth,
Flings o'er thee such a grace.
Perchance, the hidden charm I seek,
That words may not impart,
Is but the warm affections
Of a kind and loving heart.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 313.)

PART VIII.

Ay, fare you well, fair gentleman.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHILE the tyro believes the vessel is about to capsize at every puff of wind, the practiced seaman alone knows when danger truly besets him in this particular form. Thus it was with Harry Mulford, when the Mexican schooner went over, as related in the close of the preceding chapter. He felt no alarm until the danger actually came. Then, indeed, no one there was so quickly or so thoroughly apprized of what the result would be, and he directed all his exertions to meet the exigency. While there was the smallest hope of success, he did not lessen, in the least, his endeavors to save the vessel; making almost superhuman efforts to cast off the fore-sheet, so as to relieve the schooner from the pressure of one of her sails. But, no sooner did he hear the barrels in the hold surging to leeward, and feel by the inclination of the deck beneath his feet, that nothing could save the craft, than he abandoned the sheet, and sprang to the assistance of Rose. It was time he did; for, having followed him into the vessel's lee waist, she was the first to be submerged in the sea, and would have been hopelessly drowned, but for Mulford's timely succor. Women *might* swim more readily than men, and do so swim, in those portions of the world where the laws of nature are not counteracted by human conventions. Rose Budd, however, had received the vicious education which civilized society inflicts on her sex, and, as a matter of course, was totally helpless in an element in which it was the design of Divine Providence she should possess the common means of sustaining herself, like every other being endued with animal life. Not so with Mulford, he swam with ease and force, and had no difficulty in sustaining Rose until the schooner had settled into her new berth, or in hauling her on the vessel's bottom immediately after.

Luckily, there was no swell, or so little as not to endanger those who were on the schooner's bilge; and Mulford had no sooner placed her in momentary safety at least, whom he prized far higher than his

own life, than he bethought him of his other companions. Jack Tier had hauled himself up to windward by the rope that steadied the tiller, and he had called on Mrs. Budd to imitate his example. It was so natural for even a woman to grasp any thing like a rope at such a moment, that the widow instinctively obeyed, while Biddy seized, at random, the first thing of the sort that offered. Owing to these fortunate chances, Jack and Mrs. Budd succeeded in reaching the quarter of the schooner, the former actually getting up on the bottom of the wreck, on to which he was enabled to float the widow, who was almost as buoyant as cork, as, indeed, was the case with Jack himself. All the stern and bows of the vessel were under water, in consequence of her leanness forward and aft; but though submerged, she offered a precarious footing, even in these extremities, to such as could reach them. On the other hand, the place where Rose stood, or the bilge of the vessel, was two or three feet above the surface of the sea, though slippery and inclining in shape.

It was not half a minute from the time that Mulford sprang to Rose's succor, ere he had her on the vessel's bottom. In another half minute, he had waded down on the schooner's counter, where Jack Tier was lustily calling to him for "help," and assisted the widow to her feet, and supported her until she stood at Rose's side. Leaving the last in her aunt's arms, half distracted between dread and joy, he turned to the assistance of Biddy. The rope at which the Irish woman had caught, was a straggling end that had been made fast to the main channels of the schooner, for the support of a fender, and had been hauled partly in-board to keep it out of the water. Biddy had found no difficulty in dragging herself up to the chains, therefore, and had she been content to sustain herself by the rope, leaving as much of her body submerged as comforted with breathing, her task would have been easy. But, like most persons who do not know how to swim, the good woman was fast exhausting her strength, by vain efforts to walk on the surface of an element that was never made to sustain her.

Unpracticed persons, in such situations, cannot be taught to believe that their greatest safety is in leaving as much of their bodies as possible beneath the water, keeping the mouth and nose alone free for breath. But we have seen even instances in which men, who were in danger of drowning, seemed to believe it might be possible for them to crawl over the waves on their hands and knees. The philosophy of the contrary course is so very simple, that one would fancy a very child might be made to comprehend it; yet, it is rare to find one unaccustomed to the water, and who is suddenly exposed to its dangers, that does not resort, under the pressure of present alarm, to the very reverse of the true means to save his or her life.

Mulford had no difficulty in finding Bridget, whose exclamations of "murder!" "help!" "he-l-lup!" "Jasus!" and other similar cries led him directly to the spot, where she was fast drowning herself by her own senseless struggles. Seizing her by the arm, the active young mate soon placed her on her feet, though her cries did not cease until she was ordered by her mistress to keep silence.

Having thus rescued the whole of his companions from immediate danger, Mulford began to think of the future. He was seized with sudden surprise that the vessel did not sink, and for a minute he was unable to account for the unusual fact. On the former occasion, the schooner had gone down almost as soon as she fell over; but now she floated with so much buoyancy as to leave most of her keel and all of her bilge on one side quite clear of the water. As one of the main hatches was off, and the cabin-doors, and booby-hatch doors forward were open, and all were under water, it required a little reflection on the part of Mulford to understand on what circumstance all their lives now depended. The mate soon ascertained the truth, however, and we may as well explain it to the reader in our own fashion, in order to put him on a level with the young seaman.

The puff of wind, or little squall, had struck the schooner at the most unfavorable moment for her safety. She had just lost her way in tacking, and the hull not moving ahead, as happens when a craft is thus assailed with the motion on her, all the power of the wind was expended in the direction necessary to capsize her. Another disadvantage arose from the want of motion. The rudder, which acts solely by pressing against the water as the vessel meets it, was useless, and it was not possible to luff, and throw the wind from the sails, as is usually practiced by fore-and-aft rigged craft, in moments of such peril. In consequence of these united difficulties, the shifting of the cargo in the hold, the tenderness of the craft itself, and the force of the squall, the schooner had gone so far over as to carry all three of the openings to her interior suddenly under water, where they remained, held by the pressure of the cargo that had rolled to leeward. Had not the water completely covered these open-

ings, or hatches, the schooner must have sunk in a minute or two, or by the time Mulford had got all his companions safe on her bilge. But they were completely submerged, and so continued to be, which circumstance alone prevented the vessel from sinking, as the following simple explanation will show.

Any person who will put an empty tumbler, bottom upwards, into a bucket of water, will find that the water will not rise within the tumbler more than an inch at most. At that point it is arrested by the resistance of the air, which, unable to escape, and compressed into a narrow compass, forms a body that the other fluid cannot penetrate. It is on this simple and familiar principle, that the chemist keeps his gases, in inverted glasses, placing them on shelves slightly submerged in water. Thus it was, then, that the schooner continued to float, though nearly bottom upward, and with three inlets open, by which the water could and did penetrate. A considerable quantity of the element had rushed in at the instant of capsizing, but meeting with resistance from the compressed and pent air, its progress had been arrested, and the wreck continued to float, sustained by the buoyancy that was imparted to it, in containing so large a body of a substance no heavier than atmospheric air. After displacing its weight of water, enough of buoyancy remained to raise the keel a few feet above the level of the sea.

As soon as Mulford had ascertained the facts of their situation, he communicated them to his companions, encouraging them to hope for eventual safety. It was true, their situation was nearly desperate, admitting that the wreck should continue to float forever, since they were nearly without food, or any thing to drink, and had no means of urging the hull through the water. They must float, too, at the mercy of the winds and waves, and should a sea get up, it might soon be impossible for Mulford himself to maintain his footing on the bottom of the wreck. All this the young man had dimly shadowed forth to him, through his professional experience; but the certainty of the vessel's not sinking immediately had so far revived his spirits, as to cause him to look on the bright side of the future, pale as that glimmering of hope was made to appear whenever reason cast one of its severe glances athwart it.

Harry had no difficulty in making Rose comprehend their precise situation. Her active and clear mind understood at once the causes of their present preservation, and most of the hazards of the future. It was not so with Jack Tier. He was composed, even resigned; but he could not see the reason why the schooner still floated.

"I know that the cabin-doors were open," he said, "and if they was n't, of no great matter would it be, since the joints ar' n't caulked, and the water would run through them as through a sieve. I'm afraid, Mr. Mulford, we shall find the wreck going from under our feet afore long, and when we least wish it, perhaps."

"I tell you the wreck will float so long as the air remains in its hold, returned the mate, cheerfully. "Do you not see how buoyant it is—the certain proof that there is plenty of air within. So long as that remains, the hull *must* float."

"I've always understood," said Jack, sticking to his opinion, "that wessels floats by virtue of water, and not by virtue of air; and, that when the water gets on the wrong side on 'em, there's little hope left of keepin' 'em up."

"What has become of the boat?" suddenly cried the mate. "I have been so much occupied as to have forgotten the boat. In that boat we might all of us still reach Key West. I see nothing of the boat!"

A profound silence succeeded this sudden and unexpected question. All knew that the boat was gone, and all knew that it had been lost by the widow's pertinacity and clumsiness; but no one felt disposed to betray her at that grave moment. Mulford left the bilge, and waded as far aft as it was at all prudent for him to proceed, in the vain hope that the boat might be there, fastened by its painter to the schooner's taffarel, as he had left it, but concealed from view by the darkness of the night. Not finding what he was after, he returned to his companions, still uttering exclamations of surprise at the unaccountable loss of the boat. Rose now told him that the boat had got adrift some ten or fifteen minutes before the accident befell them, and that they were actually endeavoring to recover it when the squall, which capsized the schooner, struck them.

"And why did you not call me, Rose?" asked Harry, with a little of gentle reproach in his manner. "It must have soon been my watch on deck, and it would have been better that I should lose half an hour of my watch below, than we should lose the boat."

Rose was now obliged to confess that the time for calling him had long been past, and that the faint streak of light, which was just appearing in the east, was the near approach of day. This explanation was made gently, but frankly, and Mulford experienced a glow of pleasure at his heart, even in that moment of jeopardy, when he understood Rose's motive for not having him disturbed. As the boat was gone, with little or no prospect of its being recovered again, no more was said about it; and the widow, who had stood on thorns the while, had the relief of believing that her awkwardness was forgotten.

It was such a relief from an imminent danger to have escaped from drowning when the schooner capsized, that those on her bottom did not, for some little time, realize all the terrors of their actual situation. The inconvenience of being wet was a trifle not to be thought of, and, in fact, the light summer dresses worn by all, linen or cotton as they were entirely, were soon effectually dried in the wind. The keel made a tolerably convenient seat, and the whole party placed themselves on it to await the

return of day, in order to obtain a view of all that their situation offered in the way of a prospect. While thus awaiting, a broken and short dialogue occurred.

"Had you stood to the northward the whole night?" asked Mulford, gloomily, of Jack Tier; for gloomily he began to feel, as all the facts of their case began to press more closely on his mind. "If so, we must be well off the reef, and out of the track of wreckers and turtles. How had you the wind, and how did you head before the accident happened?"

"The wind was light the whole time, and for some hours it was nearly calm," answered Jack, in the same vein; "I kept the schooner's head to the nor'ard, until I thought we were getting too far off our course, and then I put her about. I do not think we could have been any great distance from the reef, when the boat got away from us, and I suppose we are in its neighborhood now, for I was tacking to fall in with the boat when the craft went over."

"To fall in with the boat! Did you keep off to leeward of it, then, that you expected to fetch it by tacking?"

"Ay, a good bit; and I think the boat is now away here to windward of us, drifting athwart our bows."

This was important news to Mulford. Could he only get that boat, the chances of being saved would be increased a hundred fold, nay, would almost amount to a certainty; whereas, so long as the wind held to the southward and eastward, the drift of the wreck must be toward the open water, and consequently so much the further removed from the means of succor. The general direction of the Trades, in that quarter of the world, is east, and should they get round into their old and proper quarter, it would not benefit them much; for the reef running south-west, they could scarcely hope to hit the Dry Tortugas again, in their drift, were life even spared them sufficiently long to float the distance. Then there might be currents, about which Mulford knew nothing with certainty; they might set them in any direction; and did they exist, as was almost sure to be the case, were much more powerful than the wind in controlling the movements of a wreck.

The mate strained his eyes in the direction pointed out by Jack Tier, in the hope of discovering the boat through the haze of the morning, and he actually did discern something that, it appeared to him, might be the much desired little craft. If he were right, there was every reason to think the boat would drift down so near them, as to enable him to recover it by swimming. This cheering intelligence was communicated to his companions, who received it with gratitude and delight. But the approach of day gradually dispelled that hope, the object which Mulford had mistaken for the boat, within two hundred yards of the wreck, turning out to be a small low, but bare hummock of the reef, at a distance of more than two miles.

"That is a proof that we are not far from the reef at least," cried Mulford, willing to encourage those around him all he could, and really much relieved at finding himself so near even this isolated fragment of *terra firma*. "This fact is the next encouraging thing to finding ourselves near the boat, or to falling in with a sail."

"Ay, ay," said Jack, gloomily; "boat or no boat, 't will make no great matter of difference now. *There's* customers that 'll be sartain to take all the grists you can send to their mill."

"What things are those glancing about the vessel?" cried Rose, almost in the same breath; "those dark sharp-looking sticks—see, there are five or six of them; and they move as if fastened to something under the water that pulls them about."

"Them 's the customers I mean, Miss Rose," answered Jack, in the same strain as that in which he had first spoken; "they're the same thing at sea as lawyers be ashore, and seem made to live on other folks. Them 's sharks."

"And yonder is truly the boat!" added Mulford, with a sigh that almost amounted to a groan. The light had, by this time, so far returned, as to enable the party not only to see the fins of half a dozen sharks, which were already prowling about the wreck, the almost necessary consequence of their proximity to a reef in that latitude, but actually to discern the boat drifting down toward them, at a distance that promised to carry it past, within the reach of Mulford's powers of swimming, though not as near as he could have wished, even under more favorable circumstances. Had their extremity been greater, or had Rose begun to suffer from hunger or thirst, Mulford might have attempted the experiment of endeavoring to regain the boat, though the chances of death by means of the sharks, would be more than equal to those of escape; but still fresh, and not yet feeling even the heat of the sun of that low latitude, he was not quite goaded into such an act of desperation. All that remained for the party, therefore, was to sit on the keel of the wreck, and gaze with longing eyes at a little object floating past, which, once at their command, might so readily be made to save them from a fate that already began to appear terrible in the perspective. Near an hour was thus consumed, ere the boat was about half a mile to leeward; during which scarcely an eye was turned from it for one instant, or a word was spoken.

"It is beyond my reach now," Mulford at length exclaimed, sighing heavily, like one who became conscious of some great and irretrievable loss. "Were there no sharks, I could hardly venture to attempt swimming so far, with the boat drifting from me at the same time."

"I should never consent to let you make the trial, Harry," murmured Rose, "though it were only half as far."

Another pause succeeded.

"We have now the light of day," resumed the mate, a minute or two later, "and may see our true

situation. No sail is in sight, and the wind stands steadily in its old quarter. Still, I do not think we leave the reef. There, you may see breakers off here at the southward, and it seems as if more rocks rise above the sea, in that direction. I do not know that our situation would be any the better, however, were we actually on them, instead of being on this floating wreck."

"The rocks will never sink," said Jack Tier, with so much emphasis as to startle the listeners.

"I do not think this hull will sink until we are taken off it, or are beyond caring whether it sink or swim," returned Mulford.

"I do not know that, Mr. Mulford. Nothing keeps us up but the air in the hold, you say."

"Certainly not; but that air will suffice as long as it remains there."

"And what do you call these things?" rejoined the assistant steward, pointing at the water near him, in or on which no one else saw anything worthy of attention.

Mulford, however, was not satisfied with a cursory glance, but went nearer to the spot where Tier was standing. Then, indeed, he saw to what the steward alluded, and was impressed by it, though he said nothing. Hundreds of little bubbles rose to the surface of the water, much as one sees them rising in springs. These bubbles are often met with in lakes and other comparatively shallow waters, but they are rarely seen in those of the ocean. The mate understood, at a glance, that those he now beheld were produced by the air which escaped from the hold of the wreck; in small quantities at a time, it was true, but by a constant and increasing process. The great pressure of the water forced this air through crevices so minute that, under ordinary circumstances, they would have proved impenetrable to this, as they were still to the other fluid, though they now permitted the passage of the former. It might take a long time to force the air from the interior of the vessel by such means, but the result was as certain as it might be slow. As constant dropping will wear a stone, so might the power that kept the wreck afloat be exhausted by the ceaseless rising of these minute air-bubbles.

Although Mulford was entirely sensible of the nature of this new source of danger, we cannot say he was much affected by it at the moment. It seemed to him far more probable that they must die of exhaustion, long before the wreck would lose all of its buoyancy by this slow process, than that even the strongest of their number could survive for such a period. The new danger, therefore, lost most of its terrors under this view of the subject, though it certainly did not add to the small sense of security that remained, to know that inevitably their fate must be sealed through its agency, should they be able to hold out for a sufficient time against hunger and thirst. It caused Mulford to muse in silence for many more minutes.

"I hope we are not altogether without food," the mate at length said. "It sometimes happens that persons at sea carry pieces of biscuit in their pockets, especially those who keep watch at night. The smallest morsel is now of the last importance."

At this suggestion, every one set about an examination. The result was, that neither Mrs. Budd nor Rose had a particle of food, of any sort, about their persons. Biddy produced from her pockets, however, a whole biscuit, a large bunch of excellent raisins that she had filched from the steward's stores, and two apples; the last being the remains of some fruit that Spike had procured a month earlier in New York. Mulford had half a biscuit, at which he had been accustomed to nibble in his watches; and Jack lugged out, along with a small plug of tobacco, a couple of sweet oranges. Here, then, was every thing in the shape of victuals or drink, that could be found for the use of five persons, in all probability for many days. The importance of securing it for equal distribution, was so obvious, that Mulford's proposal to do so, met with a common assent. The whole was put in Mrs. Budd's bag, and she was intrusted with the keeping of this precious store.

"It may be harder to abstain from food at first, when we have not suffered for its want, than it will become after a little endurance," said the mate. "We are now strong, and it will be wiser to fast as long as we conveniently can, to-day, and relieve our hunger by a moderate allowance toward evening, than to waste our means by too much indulgence at a time when we are strong. Weakness will be sure to come if we remain long on the wreck."

"Have you ever suffered in this way, Harry?" demanded Rose, with interest.

"I have, and that dreadfully. But a Merciful Providence came to my rescue then, and it may not fail me now. The seaman is accustomed to carry his life in his hand, and to live on the edge of eternity."

The truth of this was so apparent as to produce a thoughtful silence. Anxious glances were cast around the horizon from time to time, in quest of any sail that might come in sight; but uselessly. None appeared, and the day advanced without bringing the slightest prospect of relief. Mulford could see, by the now almost sunken hummocks, that they were slowly drifting along the reef, toward the southward and eastward, a current no doubt acting slightly from the north-west. Their proximity to the reef, however, was of no advantage, as the distance was still so great as to render any attempt to reach it, even on the part of the mate, unavailable. Nor would he have been any better off could he have gained a spot on the rocks, that was shallow enough to admit of his walking, since wading about in such a place would have been less desirable than to be floating where he was.

The want of water to drink, threatened to be the great evil. Of this, the party on the wreck had not a single drop! As the warmth of the day was added to the feverish feeling produced by excitement, they all experienced thirst, though no one murmured. So utterly without means of relieving this necessity did each person know them all to be, that no one spoke on the subject at all. In fact, shipwreck never produced a more complete destitution of all the ordinary agents of helping themselves, in any form or manner, than was the case here. So sudden and complete had been the disaster, that not a single article, beyond those on the persons of the sufferers, came even in view. The masts, sails, rigging, spare spars, in a word, every thing belonging to the vessel was submerged and hidden from their sight, with the exception of a portion of the vessel's bottom, which might be forty feet in length, and some ten or fifteen in width, including that which was above water on both sides of the keel, though one only of these sides was available to the females, as a place to move about on. Had Mulford only a boat-hook, he would have felt it a relief; for not only did the sharks increase in number, but they grew more audacious, swimming so near the wreck that, more than once, Mulford apprehended that some one of the boldest of them might make an effort literally to board them. It is true, he had never known of one of these fish's attempting to quit his own element in pursuit of his prey; but such things were reported, and those around the wreck swam so close and seemed so eager to get at those who were on it, that there really might be some excuse for fancying they might resort to unusual means of effecting their object. It is probable that, like all other animals, they were emboldened by their own numbers, and were acting in a sort of concert, that was governed by some of the many mysterious laws of nature, that have still escaped human observation.

Thus passed the earlier hours of that appalling day. Toward noon, Mulford had insisted on the females dividing one of the oranges between them, and extracting its juice by way of assuaging their thirst. The effect was most grateful, as all admitted, and even Mrs. Budd urged Harry and Tier to take a portion of the remaining orange; but this, both steadily refused. Mulford did consent to receive a small portion of one of the apples, more with a view of moistening his throat than to appease his hunger, though it had, in a slight degree, the latter effect also. As for Jack Tier, he declined even the morsel of apple, saying that tobacco answered his purpose, as indeed it temporarily might.

It was near sunset, when the steward's assistant called Mulford aside, and whispered to him that he had something private to communicate. The mate bade him say on, as they were out of ear-shot of their companions.

"I've been in situations like this afore," said Jack, "and one larns experience by experience. I know how cruel it is on the feelin's to have the hopes

disapp'nted in these cases, and therefore shall proceed with caution. But, Mr. Mulford, there's a sail in sight, if there is a drop of water in the Gulf!"

"A sail, Jack! I trust in Heaven, you are not deceived!"

"Old eyes are true eyes in such matters, sir. Be careful not to start the women. They go off like gunpowder, and, Lord help 'em! have no more command over themselves, when you loosen 'em once, than so many flying-fish with a dozen dolphins a'ter them. Look hereaway, sir, just clear of the Irish woman's bonnet, a little broad off the spot where the reef was last seen—if that an't a sail, my name is not Jack Tier."

A sail there was, sure enough! It was so very distant, however, as to render its character still uncertain, though Mulford fancied it was a square-rigged vessel heading to the northward. By its position, it must be in one of the channels of the reef, and by its course, if he were not deceived, it was standing through, from the main passage along the southern side of the rocks, to come out on the northern. All this was favorable, and at first the young mate felt such a throbbing of the heart as we all experience when great and unexpected good intelligence is received. A moment's reflection, however, made him aware how little was to be hoped for from this vessel. In the first place, her distance was so great as to render it uncertain even which way she was steering. Then, there was the probability that she would pass at so great a distance as to render it impossible to perceive an object as low as the wreck, and the additional chance of her passing in the night. Under all the circumstances, therefore, Mulford felt convinced that there was very little probability of their receiving any succor from the strange sail; and he fully appreciated Jack Tier's motive in forbearing to give the usual call of "Sail, ho!" when he made his discovery. Still, he could not deny himself the pleasure of communicating to Rose the cheering fact that a vessel was actually in sight. She could not reason on the circumstances as he had done, and might at least pass several hours of comparative happiness by believing that there was some visible chance of delivery.

The females received the intelligence with very different degrees of hope. Rose was delighted. To her their rescue appeared an event so very probable now, that Harry Mulford almost regretted he had given rise to an expectation which he himself feared was to be disappointed. The feelings of Mrs. Budd were more suppressed. The wreck and her present situation were so completely at variance with all her former notions of the sea and its incidents, that she was almost dumb-founded, and feared either to speak or to think. Biddy differed from either of her mistresses—the young or the old; she appeared to have lost *all* hope, and her physical energy was fast giving way under her profound moral debility.

From the return of light, that day, Mulford had thought, if it were to prove that Providence had withdrawn its protecting hand from them, Biddy, who to all appearance ought to be the longest liver among the females at least, would be the first to sink under her sufferings. Such is the influence of moral causes on the mere animal.

Rose saw the night shut in around them, amid the solemn solitude of the ocean, with a mingled sensation of awe and hope. She had prayed devoutly, and often, in the course of the preceding day, and her devotions had contributed to calm her spirits. Once or twice, while kneeling with her head bowed to the keel, she had raised her eyes toward Harry with a look of entreaty, as if she would implore him to humble his proud spirit and place himself at her side, and ask that succor from God, which was so much needed, and which indeed it began most seriously to appear that God alone could yield. The young mate did not comply, for his pride of profession and of manhood offered themselves as stumbling-blocks to prevent submission to his secret wishes. Though he rarely prayed, Harry Mulford was far from being an unbeliever, or one altogether regardless of his duties and obligations to his Divine Creator. On the contrary, his heart was more disposed to resort to such means of self-abasement and submission, than he put in practice, and this because he had been taught to believe that the Anglo-Saxon mariner did not call on Hercules, on every occasion of difficulty and distress that occurred, as was the fashion with the Italian and Romish seamen, but he put his own shoulder to the wheel, confident that Hercules would not forget to help him who knew how to help himself. But Harry had great difficulty in withstanding Rose's silent appeal that evening, as she knelt at the keel for the last time, and turned her gentle eyes upward at him, as if to ask him once more to take his place at her side. Withstand the appeal he did, however, though in his inward spirit he prayed fervently to God to put away this dreadful affliction from the young and innocent creature before him. When these evening devotions were ended, the whole party became thoughtful and silent.

It was necessary to sleep, and arrangements were made to do so, if possible, with a proper regard for their security. Mulford and Tier were to have the look-out, watch and watch. This was done that no vessel might pass near them unseen, and that any change in the weather might be noted and looked to. As it was, the wind had fallen, and seemed about to vary, though it yet stood in its old quarter, or a little more easterly, perhaps. As a consequence, the drift of the wreck, inasmuch as it depended on the currents of the air, was more nearly in a line with the direction of the reef, and there was little ground for apprehending that they might be driven further from it in the night. Although that reef offered in reality no place of safety, that was available to his party, Mulford felt it as a sort

of relief, to be certain that it was not distant, possibly influenced by a vague hope that some passing wrecker or turtler might yet pick them up.

The bottom of the schooner and the destitute condition of the party admitted of only very simple arrangements for the night. The females placed themselves against the keel in the best manner they could, and thus endeavored to get a little of the rest they so much needed. The day had been warm, as a matter of course, and the contrast produced by the setting of the sun was at first rather agreeable than otherwise. Luckily Rose had thrown a shawl over her shoulders, not long before the vessel capsized, and in this shawl she had been saved. It had been dried, and it now served for a light covering to herself and her aunt, and added essentially to their comfort. As for Biddy, she was too hardy to need a shawl, and she protested that she should not think of using one, had she been better provided. The patient, meek manner in which that humble, but generous-hearted creature submitted to her fate, and the earnestness with which she had begged that "Miss Rosy" might have her morsel of the portion of biscuit each received for a supper, had sensibly impressed Mulford in her favor; and knowing how much more necessary food was to sustain one of her robust frame and sturdy habits, than to Rose, he had contrived to give the woman, unknown to herself, a double allowance. Nor was it surprising that Biddy did not detect this little act of fraud in her favor, for this double allowance was merely a single mouthful. The want of water had made itself much more keenly felt than the want of food, for as yet anxiety, excitement and apprehension prevented the appetite from being much awakened, while the claims of thirst were increased rather than the reverse, by these, very causes. Still, no one had complained, on this or any other account, throughout the whole of the long and weary day which had passed.

Mulford took the first look-out, with the intention of catching a little sleep, if possible, during the middle hours of the night, and of returning to his duty as morning approached. For the first hour nothing occurred to divert his attention from brooding on the melancholy circumstances of their situation. It seemed as if all around him had actually lost the sense of their cares in sleep, and no sound was audible amid that ocean waste, but the light washing of the water, as the gentle waves rolled at intervals against the weather side of the wreck. It was now that Mulford found a moment for prayer, and seated on the keel, that he called on the Divine aid, in a fervent but silent petition to God, to put away this trial from the youthful and beautiful Rose, at least, though he himself perished. It was the first prayer that Mulford had made in many months, or since he had joined the *Swasli*—a craft in which that duty was seldom thought of.

A few minutes succeeded this petition, when Biddy spoke.

"Missus—Madam Budd—dear Missus"—half whispered the Irish woman, anxious not to disturb Rose, who lay furthest from her—"Missus, bees ye asleep at sich a time as this?"

"No, Biddy; sleep and I are strangers to each other, and are likely to be till morning. What do you wish to say?"

"Any thing is better than my own t'oughts, missus dear, and I wants to talk to ye. Is it no wather at all they'll give us so long as we stay in this place?"

"There is no one to give it to us but God, poor Biddy, and he alone can say what, in his gracious mercy, it may please him to do. Ah! Biddy, I fear me that I did an unwise and thoughtless thing, to bring my poor Rose to such a place as this. Were it to be done over again, the riches of Wall Street would not tempt me to be guilty of so wrong a thing!"

The arm of Rose was thrown around her aunt's neck, and its gentle pressure announced how completely the offender was forgiven.

"I's very sorry for Miss Rose," rejoined Biddy, "and I suffers so much the more meself in thinking how hard it must be for the like of her to be wantin' in a swallow of fresh wather."

"It is no harder for me to bear it, poor Biddy," answered the gentle voice of our heroine, "than it is for yourself?"

"Is it meself, then? Sure am I, that if I had a quar-r-t of good, swate wather from our own pump, and *that*'s far better is it than the Crothon the best day the Crothon ever seed—but had I a quar-r-t of it, every dhrap would I give to you, Miss Rose, to app'ase your thirst, I would."

"Water would be a great relief to us all, just now, my excellent Biddy," answered Rose, "and I wish we had but a tumbler full of that you name, to divide equally among the whole five of us."

"Is it divide? Then it would be ag'in dividin' that my voice would be raised, for that same r'ason that the tumbler would never hold as much as you could dhrink yourself, Miss Rose."

"Yet the tumbler full would be a great blessing for us all, just now," murmured Mrs. Budd.

"And is n't mutthon good 'atin', ladies! Och! if I had but a good swate pratie, now, from my own native Ireland, and a dhrap of milk to help wash it down! It's mighty little that a body thinks of sich thrifles when there's abundance of them; but when there's none at all, they get to be stronger in the mind than riches and honors."

"You say the truth, Biddy," rejoined the mistress, "and there is a pleasure in talking of them, if one can't enjoy them. I've been thinking all the afternoon, Rose, what a delicious food is a good roast turkey, with cranberry sauce; and I wonder, now, that I have not been more grateful for the very many that Providence has bestowed upon me in my time. My poor Mr. Budd was passionately fond of mutton, and I used wickedly to laugh at his fondness for it, sometimes, when he always had his

answer ready, and that was that there are no sheep at sea. How true that is, Rosy dear; there are indeed no sheep at sea!"

"No, aunty," answered Rose's gentle voice from beneath the shawl; "there are no such animals on the ocean, but God is with us here as much as he would be in New York."

A long silence succeeded this simple remark of his well beloved, and the young mate hoped that there would be no more of a dialogue, every syllable of which was a dagger to his feelings. But nature was stronger than reflection in Mrs. Budd and Biddy, and the latter spoke again, after a pause of near a quarter of an hour.

"Pray for me, Missus," she said, moaningly, "that I may sleep. A bit of sleep would do a body almost as much good as a bit of bread—I won't say as much as a dhrap of wather."

"Be quiet, Biddy, and we *will* pray for you," answered Rose, who fancied by her breathing that her aunt was about to forget her sufferings for a brief space, in broken slumbers.

"Is it for you I'll do *that*—and sure will I, Miss Rose. Niver would I have quitted Ireland, could I have thought there was sich a spot on this earth as a place where no wather was to be had."

This was the last of Biddy's audible complaints, for the remainder of this long and anxious watch of Mulford. He then set himself about an arrangement which shall be mentioned in its proper place. At twelve o'clock, or when he thought it was twelve, he called Jack Tier, who in turn called the mate again at four.

"It looks dark and threatening," said Mulford, as he rose to his feet and began to look about him once more, "though there does not appear to be any wind."

"It's a flat calm, Mr. Mate, and the darkness comes from yonder cloud, which seems likely to bring a little rain."

"Rain! Then God is indeed with us here. You are right, Jack; rain must fall from that cloud. We must catch some of it, if it be only a drop to cool Rose's parched tongue."

"In what?" answered Tier, gloomily. "She may wring her clothes when the shower is over, and in that way get a drop. I see no other method."

"I have bethought me of all that, and passed most of my watch in making the preparations."

Mulford then shoved Tier what he had been about, in the long and solitary hours of the first watch. It would seem that the young man had dug a little trench with his knife, along the schooner's bottom, commencing two or three feet from the keel, and near the spot where Rose was lying, and carrying it as far as was convenient toward the run, until he reached a point where he had dug out a sort of reservoir to contain the precious fluid, should any be sent them by Providence. While doing this, there were no signs of rain; but the young man knew that a shower alone could

save them from insanity, if not from death, and in speculating on the means of profiting by one, should it come, he had bethought him of this expedient. The large knife of a seaman had served him a good turn, in carrying on his work, to complete which there remained now very little to do, and that was in enlarging the receptacle for the water. The hole was already big enough to contain a pint, and it might easily be sufficiently enlarged to hold double that quantity.

Jack was no sooner made acquainted with what had been done, than he out knife and commenced tearing splinter after splinter from the planks, to help enlarge the reservoir. This could only be done by cutting on the surface, for the wood was not three inches in thickness, and the smallest hole *through* the plank, would have led to the rapid escape of the air and to the certain sinking of the wreck. It required a good deal of judgment to preserve the necessary level also, and Mulford was obliged to interfere more than once to prevent his companion from doing more harm than good. He succeeded, however, and had actually made a cavity that might contain more than a quart of water, when the first large drop fell from the heavens. This cavity was not a hole, but a long, deep trench—deep for the circumstances—so nicely cut on the proper level, as to admit of its holding a fluid in the quantity mentioned.

"Rose—dearest—rise, and be ready to drink," said Mulford, tenderly disturbing the uneasy slumbers of his beloved. "It is about to rain, and God is with us here, as he might be on the land."

"Wather!" exclaimed Biddy, who was awake with the same call. "What a blessed thing is good swate wather, and sure am I we ought all to be thankful that there is such a precious gift in the worrld."

Come, then," said Mulford, hurriedly, "it will soon rain—I hear it pattering on the sea. Come hither, all of you, and drink, as a merciful God furnishes the means."

This summons was not likely to be neglected. All arose in haste, and the word "water" was murmured from every lip. Biddy had less self-command than the others, and she was heard saying aloud,—
"Och! and did n't I dhrame of the blessed springs and wells of Ireland the night, and have n't I dhrunk at 'em all; but now it's over, and I am awake, no good has'n't doné me, and I'm ready to die for one dhrap of wather."

That drop soon came, however, and with it the blessed relief which such a boon bestows. Mulford had barely time to explain his arrangements, and to place the party on their knees, along his little reservoir and the gutter which led to it, when the pattering of the rain advanced along the sea, with a deep rushing sound. Presently, the uplifted faces and open mouths caught a few heavy straggling drops, to cool the parched tongues, when the water came tumbling down upon them in a thousand little

streams. There was scarcely any wind, and merely the skirt of a large black cloud floated over the wreck, on which the rain fell barely one minute. But it fell as rain comes down within the tropics, and in sufficient quantities for all present purposes. Everybody drank, and found relief, and, when all was over, Mulford ascertained by examination that his receptacle for the fluid was still full to overflowing. The abstinence had not been of sufficient length, nor the quantity taken of large enough amount, to produce injury, though the thirst was generally and temporarily appeased. It is probable that the coolness of the hour, day dawning as the cloud moved past, and the circumstance that the sufferers were wetted to their skins, contributed to the change.

"Oh, blessed, blessed wather!" exclaimed Biddy, as she rose from her knees; "America, afther all, isn't as dhry a counthry as some say. I've niver tasted swater wather in Ireland itself!"

Rose murmured her thanksgiving in more appropriate language. A few exclamations also escaped Mrs. Budd, and Jack Tier had his sententious eulogy on the precious qualities of sweet water.

The wind rose as the day advanced, and a swell began to heave the wreck with a power that had hitherto been dormant. Mulford understood this to be a sign that there had been a blow at some distance from them, that had thrown the sea into a state of agitation, which extended itself beyond the influence of the wind. Eagerly did the young mate examine the horizon, as the curtain of night arose, inch by inch, as it might be, on the watery panorama, in the hope that a vessel of some sort or other might be brought within the view. Nor was he wholly disappointed. The strange sail seen the previous evening was actually there; and what was more, so near as to allow her hull to be distinctly visible. It was a ship, under her square canvas, standing from between divided portions of the reef, as if getting to the northward, in order to avoid the opposing current of the Gulf Stream. Vessels bound to Mobile, New Orleans, and other ports along the coast of the Republic, in that quarter of the ocean, often did this; and when the young mate first caught glimpses of the shadowy outline of this ship, he supposed it to be some packet, or cotton-droger, standing for her port on the northern shore. But a few minutes removed the veil, and with it the error of this notion. A seaman could no longer mistake the craft. Her length, her square and massive hamper, with the symmetry of her spars, and the long, straight outline of the hull, left no doubt that it was a cruiser, with her hammocks unstowed. Mulford now cheerfully announced to his companions, that the ship they so plainly saw, scarcely a gun-shot distant from them, was the sloop-of-war which had already become a sort of an acquaintance.

"If we can succeed in making them see our signal," cried Mulford, "all will yet be well. Come,

Jack, and help me to put abroad this shawl, the only ensign we can show."

The shawl of Rose was the signal spread. Tier and Mulford stood on the keel, and holding opposite corners, let the rest of the cloth blow out with the wind. For near an hour did these two extend their arms, and try all possible expedients to make their signal conspicuous. But, unfortunately, the wind blew directly toward the cruiser, and instead of exposing a surface of any breadth to the vision of those on board her, it must, at most, have offered little more than a flitting, waving line.

As the day advanced, sail was made on the cruiser. She had stood through the passage, in which she had been becalmed most of the night, under short canvas; but now she threw out fold after fold of her studding-sails, and moved away to the westward, with the stately motion of a ship before the wind. No sooner had she got far enough to the northward of the reef, than she made a deviation from her course as first seen, turning her stern entirely to the wreck, and rapidly becoming less and less distinct to the eyes of those who floated on it.

Mulford saw the hopelessness of their case, as it respected relief from this vessel; still he persevered in maintaining his position on the keel, tossing and waving the shawl, in all the manners that his ingenuity could devise. He well knew, however, that their chances of being seen would have been trebled could they have been ahead instead of astern of the ship. Mariners have few occasions to look behind them, while a hundred watchful eyes are usually turned ahead, more especially when running near rocks and shoals. Mrs. Budd wept like an infant when she saw the sloop-of-war gliding away, reaching a distance that rendered sight useless, in detecting an object that floated as low on the water as the wreck. As for Biddy, unable to control her feelings, the poor creature actually called to the crew of the departing vessel, as if her voice had the power to make itself heard, at a distance which already exceeded two leagues. It was only by means of the earnest remonstrances of Rose, that the faithful creature could be quieted.

"Why will ye not come to our relai?" she cried at the top of her voice. "Here are we, helpless as new-born babbies, and ye sailing away from us in a *contrary* way! D'ye not bethink you of the missus, who is much of a sailor, but not sich a one as to sail on a wrack; and poor Miss Rose, who is the charm and delight of all eyes. Only come and take off Miss Rose, and lave the rest of us, if ye so likes; for it's a sin and a shame to laive the likes of her to die in the midst of the ocean, as if she was no betther nor a fish. Then it will be soon that we shall ag'in fale the want of wather, and that, too, with nothing but wather to be seen on all sides of us."

"It is of no use," said Harry, mournfully, stepping down from the keel, and laying aside the shawl. "They cannot see us, and the distance is now so

great as to render it certain they never will. There is only one hope left. We are evidently set to and fro by the tides, and it is possible that, by keeping in or near this passage, some other craft may appear, and we be more fortunate. The relief of the rain is a sign that we are not forgotten by Divine Providence, and with such a protector we ought not to despair."

A gloomy and scanty breaking of the fast succeeded. Each person had one large mouthful of bread, which was all that prudence would authorize Mulford to distribute. He attempted a pious fraud, however, by placing his own allowance along with that of Rose's, under the impression that her strength might not endure privation as well as his own. But the tender solicitude of Rose was not to be thus deceived. Judging of his wishes and motives by her own, she at once detected the deception, and insisted on retaining no more than her proper share. When this distribution was completed, and the meager allowance taken, only sufficient bread remained to make one more similar scanty meal, if meal a single mouthful could be termed. As for the water, a want of which would be certain to be felt as soon as the sun obtained its noon-day power, the shawl was extended over it, in a way to prevent evaporation as much as possible, and at the same time to offer some resistance to the fluid's being washed from its shallow receptacle by the motion of the wreck, which was sensibly increasing with the increase of the wind and waves.

Mulford had next an anxious duty to perform. Throughout the whole of the preceding day he had seen the air escaping from the hull, in an incessant succession of small bubbles, which were formidable through their numbers, if not through their size. The mate was aware that this unceasing loss of the buoyant property of the wreck, must eventually lead to their destruction, should no assistance come, and he had marked the floating line on the bottom of the vessel with his knife, ere darkness set in, on the previous evening. No sooner did his thoughts recur to this fact, after the excitement of the first hour of daylight was over, than he stepped to the different places thus marked, and saw, with an alarm that it would be difficult to describe, that the wreck had actually sunk into the water several inches within the last few hours. This was, indeed, menacing their security in a most serious manner, setting a limit to their existence, which rendered all precaution on the subject of food and water useless. By the calculations of the mate, the wreck could not float more than eight-and-forty hours, should it continue to lose the air at the rate at which it had been hitherto lost. Bad as all this appeared, things were fated to become much more serious. The motion of the water quite sensibly increased, lifting the wreck at times in a way greatly to increase the danger of their situation. The reader will understand this movement did not proceed from the waves of the existing wind, but from what is

technically called a ground-swell, or the long, heavy undulations that are left by the tempest that is past, or by some distant gale. The waves of the present breeze were not very formidable, the reef making a lee; though they might possibly become inconvenient from breaking on the weather side of the wreck, as soon as the drift carried the latter fairly abreast of the passage already mentioned. But the dangers that proceeded from the heavy ground-swell, which now began to give a considerable motion to the wreck, will best explain itself by narrating the incidents as they occurred.

Harry had left his marks, and had taken his seat on the keel at Rose's side, impatiently waiting for any turn that Providence might next give to their situation, when a heavy roll of the wreck first attracted his attention to this new circumstance.

"If any one is thirsty," he observed quietly, "he or she had better drink now, while it may be done. Two or three more such rolls as this last will wash all the water from our gutters."

"Wather is a blessed thing," said Biddy, with a longing expression of the eyes, "and it would be better to swallow it than to let it be lost."

"Then drink, for Heaven's sake, good woman, it may be the last occasion that will offer."

"Sure am I that I would not touch a drop, while the missus and Miss Rosy was a sufferin'."

"I have no thirst at all," answered Rose, sweetly, "and have already taken more water than was good for me, with so little food on my stomach."

"Eat another morsel of the bread, beloved," whispered Harry, in a manner so urgent that Rose gratefully complied. "Drink, Biddy, and we will come and share with you before the water is wasted by this increasing motion."

Biddy did as desired, and each knelt in turn and took a little of the grateful fluid, leaving about a gill in the gutters for the use of those whose lips might again become parched.

"Wather is a blessed thing," repeated Biddy, for the twentieth time—"a blessed, blessed thing is wather!"—

A little scream from Mrs. Budd, which was dutifully taken up by the maid, interrupted the speech of the latter, and every eye was turned on Mulford, as if to ask an explanation of the groaning sound that had been heard within the wreck. The young mate comprehended only too well. The rolling of the wreck had lifted a portion of the open hatchway above the undulating surface of the sea, and a large quantity of the pent air within the hold had escaped in a body. The entrance of water to supply the vacuum had produced the groan. Mulford had made new marks on the vessel's bottom with his knife, and he stepped down to them, anxious and nearly heart-broken, to note the effect. That one surging of the wreck had permitted air enough to escape to lower it in the water several inches. As yet, however, the visible limits of their floating foundation had not been sufficiently reduced to attract the

attention of the females; and the young man said nothing on the subject. He thought that Jack Tier was sensible of the existence of this new source of danger, but if he were, that experienced mariner imitated his own reserve, and made no allusion to it. Thus passed the day. Occasionally the wreck rolled heavily, when more air escaped, the hull settling lower and lower in the water as a necessary consequence. The little bubbles continued incessantly to rise, and Mulford became satisfied that another day must decide their fate. Taking this view of their situation, he saw no use in reserving their food, but encouraged his companions to share the whole of what remained at sunset. Little persuasion was necessary, and when night once more came to envelope them in darkness, not a mouthful of food, or a drop of water remained to meet the necessities of the coming morn. It had rained again for a short time, in the course of the afternoon, when enough water had been caught to allay their thirst, and what was almost of as much importance to the females now, a sufficiency of sun had succeeded to dry their clothes, thus enabling them to sleep without enduring the chilling damps that might otherwise have prevented it. The wind had sensibly fallen, and the ground-swell was altogether gone, but Mulford was certain that the relief had come too late. So much air had escaped while it lasted as scarce to leave him the hope that the wreck could float until morning. The rising of the bubbles was now incessant, the crevices by which they escaped having most probably opened a little, in consequence of the pressure and the unceasing action of the currents, small as the latter were.

Just as darkness was shutting in around them for the second time. Rose remarked to Mulford that it seemed to her that they had not as large a space for their little world as when they were first placed on it. The mate, however, successfully avoided an explanation; and when the watch was again set for the night, the females lay down to seek their repose, more troubled with apprehensions for a morrow of hunger and thirst, than by any just fears that might so well have arisen from the physical certainty that the body which alone kept them from being engulfed in the sea, could float but a few hours longer. This night Tier kept the look-out until Jupiter reached the zenith, when Mulford was called to hold the watch until light returned.

It may seem singular that any could sleep at all in such a situation. But we get accustomed, in an incredibly short time, to the most violent changes; and calamities that seem insupportable, when looked at from a distance, lose half their power if met and resisted with fortitude. The last may, indeed, be too significant a word to be applied to all of the party on the wreck, on the occasion of which we are writing, though no one of them all betrayed fears that were troublesome. Of Mulford it is unnecessary to speak. His deportment had been quiet, thoughtful, and full of a manly interest in the

comfort of others, from the first moment of the calamity. That Rose should share the largest in his attentions was natural enough, but he neglected no essential duty to her companions. Rose, herself, had little hope of being rescued. Her naturally courageous character, however, prevented any undue exhibitions of despair, and now it was that the niece became the principal support of the aunt, completely changing the relations that had formerly existed between them. Mrs. Budd had lost all the little buoyancy of her mind. Not a syllable did she now utter concerning ships and their manœuvres. She had been, at first, a little disposed to be querulous and despairing, but the soothing and pious conversation of Rose awakened a certain degree of resolution in her, and habit soon exercised its influence over even her inactive mind. Biddy was a strange mixture of courage, despair, humility, and consideration for others. Not once had she taken her small allowance of food without first offering it, and that, too, in perfect good faith, to her "Missus and Miss Rosy;" yet her moanings for this sort of support, and her complaints of bodily suffering much exceeded that of all the rest of the party put together. As for Jack Tier, his conduct singularly belied his appearance. No one would have expected any great show of manly resolution from the little rotund, lymphatic figure of Tier; but he had manifested a calmness that denoted either great natural courage, or a resolution derived from familiarity with danger. In this particular, even Mulford regarded his deportment with surprise, not unmingled with respect.

"You have had a tranquil watch, Jack," said Harry, when he was called by the person named, and had fairly aroused himself from his slumbers. "Has the wind stood as it is since sunset?"

"No change whatever, sir. It has blown a good working breeze the whole watch, and what is surprising, not as much lipper has got up as would frighten a colt on a sea beach."

"We must be near the reef, by that. I think the only currents we feel come from the tide, and they seem to be setting us back and forth, instead of carrying us in any one settled direction."

"Quite likely, sir; and this makes my opinion of what I saw an hour since all the more probable."

"What you saw! In the name of a merciful Providence, Tier, do not trifle with me. Has any thing been seen near by?"

"Don't talk to me of your liquors and other drinks," murmured Biddy in her sleep. "It's wather that is a blessed thing; and I wish I lived, the night and the day, by the swate pump that's in our own yard, I do."

"The woman has been talking in her sleep, in this fashion, most of the watch," observed Jack, coolly, and perhaps a little contemptuously. "But, Mr. Mulford, unless my eyes have cheated me, we are near that boat again. The passage through the reef is close aboard us, here, on our larboard bow,

as it might be, and the current has sucked us in it in a fashion to bring it in a sort of athwart-hawse direction to us."

"If that boat, after all, should be sent by Providence to our relief! How long is it since you saw it, Jack?"

"But a bit since, sir; or, for that matter, I think I see it now. Look hereaway, sir, just where the dead-eyes of the fore-rigging would bear from us, if the craft stood upon her legs, as she ought to do. If that is n't a boat, it's a rock out of water."

Mulford gazed through the gloom of midnight, and saw, or fancied he saw, an object that might really be the boat. It could not be very distant either; and his mind was instantly made up as to the course he would pursue. Should it actually turn out to be that which he now so much hoped for, and its distance in the morning did not prove too great for human powers, he was resolved to swim for it at the hazard of his life. In the meantime, or until light should return, there remained nothing to do but to exercise as much patience as could be summoned, and to confide in God, soliciting his powerful succor by secret prayer.

Mulford was no sooner left alone, as it might be, by Tier's seeking a place in which to take his rest, than he again examined the state of the wreck. Little as he had hoped from its long-continued buoyancy, he found matters even worse than he apprehended they would be. The hull had lost much gir, and had consequently sunk in the water in an exact proportion to this loss. The space that was actually above the water, was reduced to an area not more than six or seven feet in one direction, by some ten or twelve in the other. This was reducing its extent, since the evening previous, by fully one-half; and there could be no doubt that the air was escaping, in consequence of the additional pressure, in a ratio that increased by a sort of arithmetical progression. The young man knew that the whole wreck, under its peculiar circumstances, might sink entirely beneath the surface, and yet possess sufficient buoyancy to sustain those that were on it for a time longer, but this involved the terrible necessity of leaving the females partly submerged themselves.

Our mate heard his own heart beat, as he became satisfied of the actual condition of the wreck, and of the physical certainty that existed of its sinking, at least to the point last mentioned, ere the sun came to throw his glories over the last view that the sufferers would be permitted to take of the

face of day. It appeared to him that no time was to be lost. There lay the dim and shapeless object that seemed to be the boat, distant, as he thought, about a mile. It would not have been visible at all but for the perfect smoothness of the sea, and the low position occupied by the observer. At times it did disappear altogether, when it would rise again, as if undulating in the ground-swell. This last circumstance, more than any other, persuaded Harry that it was not a rock, but some floating object that he beheld. Thus encouraged, he delayed no longer. Every moment was precious, and all might be lost by indecision. He did not like the appearance of deserting his companions, but, should he fail, the motive would appear in the act. Should he fail, every one would alike soon be beyond the reach of censure, and in a state of being that would do full justice to all.

Harry threw off most of his clothes, reserving only his shirt and a pair of light summer trowsers. He could not quit the wreck, however, without taking a sort of leave of Rose. On no account would he awake her, for he appreciated the agony she would feel during the period of his struggles. Kneeling at her side, he made a short prayer, then pressed his lips to her warm cheek, and left her. Rose murmured his name at that instant, but it was as the innocent and young betray their secrets in their slumbers. Neither of the party awoke.

It was a moment to prove the heart of man, that in which Harry Mulford, in the darkness of midnight, alone, unsustained by any encouraging eye, or approving voice, with no other aid than his own stout arm, and the unknown designs of a mysterious Providence, committed his form to the sea. For an instant he paused, after he had waded down on the wreck to a spot where the water already mounted to his breast, but it was not in misgivings. He calculated the chances, and made an intelligent use of such assistance as could be had. There had been no sharks near the wreck all that day, but a splash in the water might bring them back again in a crowd. They were probably prowling over the reef, near at hand. The mate used great care, therefore, to make no noise. There was the distant object, and he set it by a bright star, that wanted about an hour before it would sink beneath the horizon. That star was his beacon, and muttering a few words in earnest prayer, the young man threw his body forward, and left the wreck, swimming lightly, but with vigor.

TO IANTHE.

SWEETEST Ianthé, I can read thy features,

And tell the latent meaning of each look—

*Thou most inscrutable of earth's bright creatures;

Thou unread riddle in an open book—

To me thou art a clear and crystal brook,

And I need be no wonder-raising seer

To tell thee that thy brow of Parian stone

Is radiant with pure thought; that deep and clear

Thine eye is lighted from the soul alone.

That on thy tranquil nostril Courage sleeping

Heeds not the fears that Reason smiles to see;

That from the dimples round thy mouth are peeping

Sweetness and mirth and heavenly charity—

Thy glances—nay, look up—I'll read them silently.

SPECTRAL AND SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

BY R. BALMANGO.

BELIEF in the supernatural has obtained credit in the world from the earliest records with which we are acquainted. The Grecian and Roman histories are full of it; even the SACRED VOLUME contains instances of spectral or preternatural appearances, which can neither be denied nor explained. In all civilized nations, at all times, up to the present period, we have testimony of unequivocal authority, giving minute details of extraordinary facts, on the evidence of individuals of unimpeachable integrity, which confound experience, elude investigation, and baffle research. The wisest of our divines, and the most accomplished of our philosophers are all forced to admit that there are things, with which human comprehension and reason cannot successfully grapple.

We must allow the truth of the remark of that immortal poet, whose commanding intellect and reach of thought, soared far above that of any "man of woman born;"—"there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The boastful wisdom of vain-glorious men, like Voltaire, and such deistical writers, must bow before the Almighty fiat, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." That fiat can never be violated by man.

As I am about to give the result of some rather extraordinary circumstances which have either occurred to myself, or to personal friends with whose names the world is well acquainted, it may not be altogether out of place to introduce them, by a short notice of those very singular annoyances to which the family of the Reverend Samuel Wesley, of Epsworth Parsonage, in the county of Leicester, in England, were subjected for a considerable length of time.

And it is remarkable that these extraordinary circumstances were not confined to the experience of one, nor two, nor three individuals, but to a whole family, consisting of nine persons, besides a neighboring clergyman; and it is still more extraordinary that they were not made apparent to one sense alone, but to several, inasmuch as they *heard*, they *felt*, and they *saw*. Confederacy or collusion appears to have been out of the question, and, indeed, to have been strictly guarded against, at the suggestion of Mr. Wesley's two sons, then absent, whose suspicions were deeply excited.

Both these gentlemen were men of strong sense and highly cultivated mind. Samuel, the elder of the two, was at the time an usher in Westminster High School, and John, so celebrated afterward as the founder of Methodism, was a student of Christ Church, the most aristocratic of all the colleges in Oxford.

These gentlemen, in writing to their parents concerning the appearances, suggested the possibility of collusion, or the work of young men wishing to get access to the house, to enable them to make love to their sisters, who were, however, young ladies of unsullied purity and virtue.

Dismal groans were heard, and strange knockings, three or four at a time. Loud rumblings above and below stairs. Clatterings amongst bottles; footsteps of a man going up and down stairs at all times of the night; dancing in an empty room, whose door was locked; and gobblings like a turkey-cock. Mr. and Mrs. Wesley endeavored *at first* to persuade the children and servants it was rats *within*, and mischievous persons *without*, or that some of their daughters sat up late, and made the noises as a hint to their lovers; but these ideas soon underwent a change. Mrs. Wesley supposed she saw a black badger run from under the bed; and the man, Robert Brown, saw a white rabbit, with its ears erect, and its scut standing straight up, run from behind the oven. A shadow might explain the first, and the last might be owing to the propensity of ignorant persons to exaggerate.

But no such animals had ever been kept on the premises, nor were any such in the neighborhood. Yet, granting them to have been shadows, or an *affection of the retina*, these in no degree invalidate the other parts of the story, which rest on the concurrent testimony of many intelligent persons.

They cannot be explained by confederacy, collusion, legerdemain, nor ventriloquism, nor by any secret of acoustics. Such things may be preternatural, and yet not miraculous; they may not be in the ordinary course of nature, yet imply no violation of its laws.

The sounds seemed sometimes in the air of the room, and the family could not by any contrivance make such sounds themselves. The pewter trenchers were rattled down—the doors clapped—curtains were drawn—the nursery door was thrown open—the mastiff dog barked violently when the noises *first* commenced, but ever afterward, and sometimes before the family were sensible of its approach, he ran whining behind some of the company, or into the servant's bed; and this is a remarkable feature in the case, because the intelligence of a dog is such, and his ear so fine, that he is invariably the first to discover the advance of a stranger—he never shrinks at the approach of man, but becomes fierce and forward to defend his protectors.

It never came by *day*, until Mr. Wesley ordered a horn to be blown about the premises, and then it

was as frequent in the day as in the night. After that, none of the family could go from one room to another without the latch of the room they were going to being lifted before they entered it. It never went into Mr. Wesley's study, until he reproved it sharply, and called it "*a deaf and dumb devil*," and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to *him* in his study, if it had any thing to say to him;" after which it visited him in his study frequently, nay, once it *pushed* him in, almost headlong. At other times it slammed the door in his face. There is the mother's account of it to her son John Wesley, a student at Oxford, his sister Emilia's account, his sister Mary's account, his sister Susan's account, his sister Ann's, the Rev. Mr. Horne's account, and Robert Brown, the servant's account.

All these give long details in letters to the brothers, and other persons.

On one occasion it seemed as if a vessel full of silver were poured on Mrs. Wesley's breast, and ran jingling about her feet, as she was going down stairs to breakfast with her husband.

The noises continued from the second of December till the end of January following, nearly two months.

None of the family *felt* the goblin until Mr. Wesley had called it a deaf and dumb devil, after that, they were sensible of being *touched*, pushed forward. Once or twice, when Mr. Wesley, in his clerical capacity, rebuked it severely, he heard two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird, but not at all resembling the noise made by rats.

The details are so perplexing, that Dr. Southey, from whom the account is in part extracted, does not attempt to explain them. They are better authenticated than any similar story on record, by persons whose testimony, on *any other* subject, could not for one moment be questioned.

What interest could a quiet, retired, respectable clergyman, of the established Church of England, have for imposing on the world? His acknowledged piety precludes the suspicion; he was fast approaching, and was very near that period of life when he knew he had to account to his Creator for his truth or falsehood. His testimony is supported by that of a brother clergyman, equally pious and respectable, who came to assist in detecting the cheat, if cheat there had been. Can it be for one instant believed, that if there had been collusion, the ladies of the family would not in after life have confessed it to their husbands or children? No less than nine respectable witnesses lived and *died* in the belief of its supernatural origin, and at their respective deaths, they were as unable to account for the mystery as at the time of its occurrence.

It commenced without apparent or ostensible cause, and terminated with no other effect than the annoyance of an amiable family.

I shall now endeavor to relate a few remarkable circumstances which have occurred either to myself, or to personal friends, on whose veracity I place implicit reliance; they are altogether unlike the preceding, and I think I shall be enabled to show that, by a quiet, cool, persevering investigation, we may *generally* be enabled to account in a natural way, for imaginary preternatural circumstances and appearances, although the senses may have been many times deceived.

Every story or avowment of the sort ought to be taken *quære tamen*, or *sed quære*, as the lawyers have it—searched, sifted, scrutinized.

In Scotland, the land of second-sight, of brownies, bogles, kelpies, and fairies, a superstition prevailed when I was a child, which was called the Dead Candle. It was said that when a person was in the last agony, in the act of departing this life, a pale blue gleam of light, resembling the flame of a small spirit-lamp, was seen to flit slowly across the room and through the passages, and disappear, without its being evident whence it came, or whither it went. It was said and supposed to be the soul of the departed, taking its flight for eternity. Many were the dismal narratives of the dead candle, to which, while a mere boy, I had listened amongst the servants of my father's household.

In a certain ancient city in Scotland which I could name, the houses are very large and very old; they are built entirely of granite, having very thick walls, in a far more substantial manner than houses of the present day.

The different floors, or *flats*, as they are there called, are shut off from the general stair-case, and are let out to separate families, each having a complete suite of apartments within itself.

In a large antique house of this sort, in the city alluded to, whilst I and my brother were at school, under the charge of a sister considerably older than ourselves, there resided in the flat above us, a young lady who was lying dangerously ill of a brain fever. One night, about eleven o'clock, during her illness, some time after my brother and I had retired to bed, and as I lay thinking of the poor girl, I distinctly saw a faint gleam of light pass across the foot of the bed in which I and my brother were reposing. The house at the moment was perfectly still, and the beam of light passed without the slightest sound; its appearance exactly corresponded with what, in my childhood, I had been told was presented by a "dead candle." I was considerably alarmed, but probably not so much as might have been expected in a boy twelve years of age, inasmuch as from my earliest years, my parents had endeavored to disabuse my mind of all superstitious fancies, and the venerable and venerated clergyman, at whose school I then was, had, I believe, almost eradicated them.

I watched the light as it slowly moved across the inequalities of the bed-clothes, over my own and brother's feet; and as its appearance recalled all

the dismal stories of dead candles, I fully expected the young person who lay sick had just then expired. But next morning I found that although she had been exceedingly ill, she was still alive.

On the following night, about the same hour, I again saw the self-same appearance, in every respect as on the preceding night. The pale beam of light was clearly and palpably defined, moving slowly athwart the foot of the bed, as it had done on the former occasion; it was impossible I could be mistaken—seeing is believing.

The young lady certainly did die that night, about the very hour that I saw what I then verily believed to be her dead candle. I found it impossible to divest myself of the impressions with which my infant mind had been imbued; but what was, perhaps, rather singular in so young a person as I then was, I concealed the circumstance of seeing her spirit even from my brother; he was my senior by some years, and I well knew he would have jeered and laughed at me, if I had told him—I was a trifle more sensitive to ridicule then than now. My brother had been asleep on both occasions and did not see it.

Of course, I pondered much on so extraordinary an appearance, which I then actually believed to be a *real* dead candle, and it was not long before I had all doubt respecting its reality removed. On the following night, at the same hour, I saw the apparition a third time, and—the explanation shall be detailed in the sequel.

I was indebted to my late eminent friend, Henry Fuseli, R. A., the celebrated historical painter, for the following story of a spectral apparition which he himself saw.

During the time of his residence in Italy as a student at Rome, he had gone on an excursion to Frascati, where he intended to remain all night, but having changed his intention, he returned to Rome, rather late in the night. Being fatigued with the journey, which he performed as a pedestrian, and having gained access to his apartments without calling for a light, or otherwise disturbing the family in whose house he resided, he undressed in the dark and retired to rest.

On awaking, between two and three o'clock in the morning, he was horror-stricken to behold in the dim light afforded by the now risen moon, the figure of an angel of majestic proportions, arrayed in a loose flowing robe of radiant whiteness, hovering over the foot of his bed.

He gazed on the seraphic vision with straining eyes, lost in amazement to observe that, at one moment it seemed to approach with outstretched arms, as if intending to descend and embrace him, and then gracefully and slowly recede, gazing all the time with deep, fixed attention on his countenance.

As far as his terror permitted, he observed that always between the approach and retreat of the vision there was a pause, as if it hesitated, and stopped in uncertainty.

All the while the Seraph was palpably floating "in thin air." The artist was both astonished and alarmed at so terrifying a phantom, even although the purity of its robe threw a halo of glory around it exceedingly Corregiesque.

In that Catholic country, where visions of saints are seen, and apparitions visible, the phantom, to a good Catholic, would probably have been hailed as a manifestation of Divine presence, a Beatification of the blessed Virgin.

Not so, however, to a sturdy Swiss—a Protestant Master of Arts—educated in the school and church of John Calvin, the contemporary, school-fellow, and friend of Lavater, Hess, Bodmer, and Bretinger.

But notwithstanding all this, it shook his nerves to their inmost extremity, and made each particular hair like quills; and as he once said to me with deep-toned emphasis, "*it made my marrow cold.*" For a length of time he continued spell-bound, with his large blue eyes riveted on the vision as intensely as his own sublime Hamlet glares on the ghost of his father. Those in this country who remember the penetrating eyes and look of the late lamented Dr. Follen, can easily picture to themselves Henry Fuseli, for there was a striking resemblance between them.

Becoming at last overpowered by the agony of his fears, and almost mad with excitement and apprehension, involuntarily and sudden as lightning, he sprung from the bed, and with outstretched arms clutched at the angelic form, as it came floating majestically toward him, and seemed to court his embrace.

Alas! poor youth, he little dreamt what an angel is composed of—the beatific form was evanescent; he caught the *radiance*, but it was unearthly—fleshless—boneless—a shadow, "an unreal mockery;" like Ixion, he had embraced—that which shall appear hereafter.

The next incomprehensible circumstance which I shall relate, occurred to myself. When I first became a resident in the Temple, "eating" my way into the technicalities of English jurisprudence, I rented chambers, consisting of a suite of three rooms and a spacious entrance hall, in one of those ancient brick tenements, which have what I believe architects call a well-staircase, built of solid timber from bottom to top, intended to last, as they *have* lasted, for ages. Each suite has two doors, a strong outer one, with a very substantial lock, and an inner, which can also be locked, should occasion require, or when the occupant is absent on circuit.

They are snug, cosy places—for bachelors—these Inns of Court, whether it be in the Temple, the most ancient of all, or Lincoln's, Grey's, Clement's, Clifford's, Furnival's, Serjeant's, or Staple's Inn.

Most of them have extensive squares, besides gardens of great extent, with fountains and jets of water playing under old ancestral trees. All are extra parochial, and the whole have peculiar privileges—let the limbs of the law alone for *that*!

There are gates at the various entrances, strong enough to defy the force of a battering-ram, which are carefully barred, bolted, and locked, every night at ten o'clock, and none, save inmates having chambers, are admitted after that hour.

The benchers, barristers, and students, resident within the precincts of the Temple, number from one thousand two hundred to fifteen hundred persons, which will give some idea of the extent of the societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. Respectable elderly females, called laundresses, who mostly reside in the neighborhood, come every morning to clean the rooms, light the fires, prepare breakfast, &c., &c.

That glorious spirit, Charles Lamb, was a Templar, at the time I speak of, and rented chambers not far from my own. Perchance I may hereafter give some reminiscences of dear Elia.

The first night I slept in the Temple was the most melancholy and uncomfortable which, in the whole course of my life, I remember ever to have passed.

It was toward the end of the long vacation, during autumn, when most of the profession were in the country. I felt a solemn awe steal over me as I locked the outer-door upon myself, in a suite of large, lofty, gloomy rooms, some centuries old, which were wainscoted and paneled from floor to ceiling, with fifty, perhaps five hundred coats of paint, that had *once* been white.

Melancholy and heavy did the hours pass, until I lit my reading lamp, and took up that detested collection of Commentaries, the text book of lawyers; but I soon laid it aside in disgust. A Black-snake could not have been more loathsome to me than was Blackstone, that dismal, solitary, sad, and heavy evening.

Finding it impossible to read, or write, or do any one thing in the way of study, I passed through the hall into the very dark bed-room, and my uncomfortable fears, or fancies, induced me to take down a long antique rapier, which I had hung up at the head of my bed, and I was silly enough to plunge it underneath, in case any assassin or robber might be lying perdu under it. So "stern was the dint," that I had some difficulty in withdrawing the point from the wainscot, into which it had penetrated on the further side of the bed. Ridiculous as it now seems, I continued this practice of pinking the panels for some nights afterward. There were five or six floors in the house, on all which were suites of chambers. Mine were on the floor which, in this country, would be called the second; in England it is known as the first. On entering from the court-yard, you ascended *three* stone steps into a long passage, in which were a set of chambers, directly underneath mine. At the end of the passage you ascended a short flight of *nine* steps to a landing, and then went up *nine* more, making in all eighteen steps from the entrance hall. These eighteen steps landed

you close to the door of my apartments. I am thus particular for very good reasons, to be stated presently.

It was during the second, or possibly the third night after I had taken possession of the rooms, between ten and eleven o'clock, that I heard a *very heavy* foot coming along the paved court. Whoever it was, ascended the three stone steps, came along the entrance hall, up the stairs, and made a sudden dead stop at my door. I waited, expecting every moment to hear some one knock, but all was silent, the intruder stirred no further. I went softly, a tip-toe, to the door, listened, put my ear to the key-hole, but could hear no one move or breathe.

I thought it very singular, and stood considering what I should do. After remaining ten minutes breathless, with the light in my hand, I came away, thinking as there were two stout doors between us, each of which had strong patent locks, the person outside would find it a difficult matter to get at me, if so disposed; but I kept a lamp burning all night, and had my rapier ready at hand.

The following night, after I was in bed, I distinctly heard from the window of the room, which opened upon the stair-case, the same heavy tread coming up the stairs, and again it stopped close to my door. What can the man want haunting my door, thought I. I lay long immovable, with my head raised from the pillow, scarcely drawing my breath—but I could hear no further movement. Finally, I concluded it might be some drunken man, who, having no home, had somehow contrived to get into the Temple before the gates were closed, and had probably since then been sitting under the cloisters, and was now come to lie down and sleep on the mat. I determined to get up early in the morning and give him into the custody of the porters at the gate-house.

As the Temple bell struck four, I rose, dressed hastily, and went to the door; but the bird was flown—no trace of him was there. I thought I *might, possibly*, have been deceived, although the sound of the heavy tread coming up the stairs, and stopping exactly at my door, was so distinct, and the death-like stillness of the house at the time, seemed to preclude the possibility of mistake; but to guard against any chance of future deception, I counted the number of steps on the stairs, and found them to be eighteen, as I have stated.

Although I watched attentively the next night, the unwelcome footsteps were not heard; but on the succeeding one I heard them distinctly—counted the sound of the foot on the three stone steps—the walk along the passage—then the first nine risings—the turn—and the succeeding nine steps landed him close to my door. No mistake now, thought I to myself. I was burning with rage at the fellow's pertinacity, and going boldly to the door, whipt it open in a twinkling, and found—what thinkest thou, reader? Exactly that which the Dutchman caught in his famous bear-trap—"nothing

at all." Not a soul was there. And yet that a heavy man *had* entered, *had* come along the hall, *had* ascended the stair, and *had* stopped at my door; I felt as morally certain as I could have been of any thing whatever. I could have sworn to it, because on this last occasion the night was remarkably still, so still, indeed, that I could distinctly hear the pattering of the drops of water, as they fell into the basin from the *jet d'eau* in the quadrangle of Garden Court. I had heard the footsteps on the pavement of the court-yard, *before* the person entered the door. The adjoining houses were too large and too solid for a sound from them being audible, and I had now several times heard the same footsteps, agreeing in every particular, and always stopping at my own door. I was completely baffled and at fault.

I tried to account for it in every way I could think of, and failed in all. So I determined, the next time I heard the mysterious unknown, to dash down stairs and seize him in the act of entering from the court-yard. I had become excited, nervous, and was perpetually on the watch. Sooner than expected, my curiosity was amply gratified; for the very next night, as I patiently sat on the watch, scarcely drawing my breath, I heard the well-known sounds,

"Tramp, tramp, along the court,
Stump, stump, into the hall."

I bounded down the stairs like a tiger on his prey, and as I leapt into the passage, the frightful unknown was discovered—the mystery cleared completely and satisfactorily. I could scarcely believe my own eyes; but as I had expended much valuable time, and much deep thought in endeavoring to elucidate the mystery, I shall beg permission to leave the solution, and the reader to ponder, think, weigh, and determine, as I had done. He shall be gratified hereafter; *and I doubt not will wonder as much as I did.*

This affair of mine was, however, mere child's play, compared with the long series of mysterious occurrences which happened to a very dear friend, whom I shall call Mr. Crofton. He is yet alive, and I hope he will long live to enjoy the happiness and felicity to which he is eminently entitled. He is a gentleman who has been long and favorably known in the literary world as author of many popular and highly embellished works; and he is, moreover, in common parlance, as good a fellow as ever stirred a tumbler—and many is the *recherché* goblet compounded by his delicate hand, which I have sipped, listening to his sparkling wit, and most interesting conversation long years ago. This gentleman being then a bachelor, and of very studious habits, occupied lodgings in a remarkably quiet house, in a quiet street, leading from Holborn to Bloomsbury Square, where he had a large, elegant, richly furnished room, with a spacious bay-window, and excellent attendance; in short, he

found himself as comfortably situated as is possible or compatible—for a bachelor—to feel. There was no other lodger in the house—no children—no pet animals—no parrot—and no piano. The family consisted of a respectable old gentleman who had a respectable old wife, both of whom were strictly

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

The female attendant was one of those sweet, artless, rosy-cheeked damsels, which I verily believe no country on the face of the earth can produce equal to England, in the same station of life.

Mr. Crofton was eminently happy. In process of time, however, as is generally the lot of humanity, where people begin to feel themselves too happy, he was somewhat annoyed by frequently finding his books and papers in disorder, his pens split up to the plume, and his ink sputtered or overturned.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am very sure *you* can sympathize with my friend in these petty annoyances. Did you never feel your bile, if you *have* any, bubbling up, on returning to your sanctum, after having left your papers and proofs in apple-pie order, finding them all knocked into pi, as your affectionate friends, the compositors, would call it?

But Mr. Crofton being a gentleman of an uncommonly amiable disposition, said little, in fact nothing, about it, believing it to be occasioned by the maid, in her assiduity to keep his room "tidy."

As, however, repeated and increased annoyances of this kind will, in time, ruffle the sweetest temper, Mr. Crofton one day, in the mildest possible manner, ventured to tell the damsel it would much oblige him, if she would be kind enough always to leave his papers and books exactly as she found them. To his surprise, the girl burst into tears, and said she was very glad he had named it, as she had now an excuse for giving her mistress warning to quit her service.

On inquiring her reason for conduct which seemed to him rather extraordinary, she said, "There is something wrong about this house, sir. I never touch your books or papers, and sometimes when I am cleaning the room, I hear whisperings near me, sometimes groans and moanings, as of a person in distress. I have searched every corner, but can discover nothing. I am sure the house is haunted by the spirit of some woman who has been murdered."

Mr. Crofton was more surprised at this recital, than he chose to express, as he had himself reason to suspect there was some secret mystery to be cleared up; but he comforted Marianne with the assurance that, if she would say nothing about it, and would endeavor to arrange the room whilst he was taking his breakfast in the bay-window, he would lock the door when he went out to his office, and carry the key with him.

This plan proved extremely acceptable to Marianne, because Mr. Crofton's kind, gentlemanly manners, and very handsome Christmas present,

had probably made a deeper impression on her simple heart, than she was, perhaps, aware of, or would have been willing to admit.

Soon after this arrangement was entered into, Mr. Crofton was seized with a complaint to which he was occasionally subject; it was, in fact, a fit of the gout; and during the first night of his confinement to the house, as he lay reading, with his candle on a small round-table, which stood close by the bed-side, he noticed that the light was becoming paler and fainter, when looking up from his book, he was astonished and amazed beyond the power of utterance, to observe that the table was moving, silently and slowly away, and by degrees gliding from the bed-side.

At first he could scarcely believe his own eyes, he fancied he was laboring either under an optical delusion, delirium, or hallucination of the brain, induced by his illness; but on reaching out his hand to *feel* whether the table was absolutely removed, he became sensible, beyond all doubt, that it had not only moved away, but was then silently traversing the room. He watched its slow progress along the floor with intense emotion, and noticed that, when it reached the right hand side of the fire-place, its usual stand, it became stationary.

The effect of this unaccountable movement of the table, combined with previous circumstances, operated on Mr. Crofton's corporeal system, just as if he had swallowed a dozen papers of James's powders. At first he became cold as lead, but when the table stopped, and the candle appeared to be burning blue, and he was every instant expecting *something* would appear, he burst into a violent perspiration, and the fear of taking cold prevented him from getting up to investigate the cause of the table's volition; so he continued gazing and perspiring until the candle, which was nearly burnt out, dropped down into the socket; and as the light alternately flickered up or fell, he again saw the table, *of its own mere motion*, making its way back toward the bed-side, as slowly as it had retreated, and then it stopped at the exact spot from whence it had taken its mysterious departure, of which he made certain by rising on his elbow, and raising the slide in the candlestick; and just at that moment he fancied he heard a mouse run along the carpet, yet the idea of a mouse moving a table backward and forward, across a large room, was too absurd to be entertained for a moment. In a state of most painful perplexity and suspense he passed the first part of the night, but at last fell asleep; and on awakening late the next day, he found the copious perspiration which he had been thrown into, had had the most salutary effect on his gout. When he got up, he minutely examined the table; but after a long inspection of it, he failed to discover the slightest cause for its extraordinary perambulations backward and forward along the room.

A short time after this unaccountable movement of the table, a friend came to breakfast with him one

morning, and as the maid servant could not with propriety be in the room to arrange it, during the time his friend was there, they went out together, leaving the breakfast equipage on the table, to be removed, and the room put to rights, at leisure.

When Mr. Crofton returned in the afternoon, Marianne's handsome features, as she let him in, indicated that all was not right. She followed him up stairs.

"Oh, sir," were her first words, "I have been so frightened; I'll never enter this room alone again."

"Why, what's the matter, Marianne?"

"The matter, sir! Why, as soon as you and Mr. Brooke went out, sir, I set about cleaning the room, and directly heard those dreadful mutterings all around me, with *such* sighs, and *such* groans, and weeping and distress, and as I was removing the ashes from under the grate, one of your books was thrown at me with *such* force, I do believe if it had hit me, it would have been the death of me. The house is haunted by evil spirits; I am sure some horrid murder has been committed."

"Do you hear any thing of this in any other of the rooms, Marianne?"

"No, sir, only in yours, sir; and I cannot think of staying longer in such a shocking place—*there*, sir," said she, starting, did you hear *that*?"

Now Mr. Crofton did hear *something*, at the very moment, but the noise was of a vague, confused nature, difficult to comprehend. It annoyed him exceedingly, however, as he found it impossible to account for or explain the cause of the disturbances, but he was possessed of an indomitable courage, and affected to treat it all lightly, so begging the girl to say nothing about the matter, nor by any means to think of leaving her place; he put a guinea into her hand, and told her to continue as good and virtuous a girl as she had ever been, and to fear nothing.

Always on his return home in the afternoon, the girl was in the habit of lighting the fire, and having done so, one evening, Mr. Crofton immediately afterward went out to call on his friend Mr. Priestly, the bookseller, with whom he staid and took tea. He came home about nine o'clock, and on unlocking his door, was horrified to behold a creature, which to all outward appearance was the devil, standing on his cloven hoofs at the farther side of the table, engaged in munching some pears which Mr. Crofton had left on a plate. The creature, or being, was large and black, it had horns, which were sharp and slightly crooked, and an enormous beard. This frightful apparition stared Mr. Crofton full in the face, with a pair of large, black, oblique, glittering eyes, the glance from which seemed to pierce his very soul! And still it kept its place at the table devouring the fruit. There was a peculiarly offensive effluvia in the room—it was not exactly brimstone, but equally nauseous and strong. From the extremely offensive odor which was emitted, however, it was soon apparent that the intruder was

no other than an enormous he-goat! but how it had obtained access to the room was inexplicable. Mr. Crofton hesitated not a moment what was to be done; he instantly relocked the door, went down stairs and procured a musket, which having charged with buck-shot, he almost immediately, or in less than five minutes, as he told me, returned to his room, fully determined to shoot the hateful beast, but what was his astonishment on entering the door, to meet, instead of a goat, a very fine, large bashful Newfoundland dog, wagging his bushy tail in the most friendly manner. Mr. Crofton could scarcely credit his own eyes—the room still smelt of a goat, but there was no mistake about the noble, honest dog! Now it happened that Mr. C. was uncommonly fond of dogs—who that has a heart is not? So he laid aside the musket and all hostile intentions, but he made an immediate examination of his canine visitor's paws, to verify whether there was not among them a cloven foot! The scrutiny was satisfactory, but whether it was dog or devil, he was allowed to escape, and happy he seemed thereat.

The mystery seemed to thicken, and Mr. Crofton now felt really uneasy. He spoke to his landlord on the subject, but it was quite clear from the old gentleman's artless manner, and the real alarm he manifested, that he was entirely ignorant of the cause of the disturbances.

He sent for a police officer, and had every part of the room and the whole house carefully examined, but no clue to a discovery could be obtained.

To guard against future surprises, Mr. Crofton procured and kept a brace of pistols, constantly loaded, at the head of his bed, and directed Marianne, as she lighted the fire, to put the poker between the bars, in order that it might be always red hot.

Now let me assure you, Mr. Editor, that a red hot poker is a potent weapon in the hands of an angry man.

I can of my own personal knowledge vouch, that from some singular crotchet in his head, arising probably from apprehension of personal danger, the late eminent antiquary and author, FRANCIS DOUCE, invariably, during the winter months, kept *his* poker in the fire! I observed he always took it out and laid it aside to cool, whenever I entered his noble library to settle a Shakespearean difficulty, or resolve a disputed point of antiquity; and I noticed, that from long service in the fiery ordeal, his poker was half burnt away, and become very short, and as thin as a skewer toward the point; in fact it bore a striking resemblance to some men's love—it was become—"too hot to hold!"

Neither dog nor devil ever again made their appearance in the room; but one afternoon, when Mr. Crofton had caught a cold, and was lying down on his bed, he was startled to notice the closet-door near the fire-place slowly and cautiously opening—and at last, the apparition of a human head, upon

the upper shelf of the closet! Its large, round, black eyes were fixed on his, exactly like those of a rattlesnake intent on its prey. The head had a horrible indescribable grin, or ghastly smile. For a second, surprise at the apparition paralyzed him, but his natural intrepidity rallied the next, he seized a pistol, and pointing it at the head—which still grinned—he pulled the trigger, but the weapon flashed in the pan; he instantly seized the other, but before he could point it and draw the trigger, the door closed, and the pistol only flashed like the former. Mr. Crofton sprung from his bed, seized the red-hot poker, rushed to the closet and whist open the door, but the head had vanished, whither did not appear; he thrust the poker against the back of the closet, between the shelves, where the head had appeared, but the brick wall was solid.

The clow was, however, at last found; it was plain and palpable all the annoyances had proceeded from that closet. Detection soon followed—ample and astounding—but as its details lead back to, and are connected with the fiercest and bloodiest period recorded in history, I shall for a short time defer the explanation, whilst I relate the circumstantial account of a spectral vision which appeared to two intelligent persons, at or near the same moment of time. I give it on the authority of a lady of the highest respectability, who is connected with some of the first families in the city of New York. She related it one evening, when ghost stories and second-sight—fruitful themes—were the subject of discussion; and I was not a little surprised to learn, at the same time, that there is a family in New York, consisting of two maiden sisters, of high respectability, natives of New Jersey, who are subject to those mysterious, melancholy and terrible visitations, identical in every respect with what is known in the Highlands of Scotland, as the "second-sight." Equal ridicule has been attached to the second-sight as to Mesmerism and clairvoyance; the very name is almost enough to raise a smile, yet I am assured that the ladies in question, could, if they chose, relate circumstances of a character so dismal, that they would change smiles into tears, and ridicule into awe.

It ought to be remembered that the fearful visitation of the second-sight is involuntary to the party who is subject to it. It is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen at the time of its occurrence, and renders its victim miserable and melancholy to the last degree.

Of this I can vouch, that my friend, the late James Miller, M.D., of Islington, near London, has often assured me he knew from boyhood a servant of Sir John Sinclair's, who resided at his castle near Thurso, in Caithness, who was one of these pitiable beings, and the doctor related to me many of the man's fearful and fatal predictions, which came to pass, literally, under his, the doctor's, own personal knowledge, when he was resident in that part of Scotland. But I digress.

The vision related by the lady I allude to, I considered so singular, that I requested the favor of her to write it down for me. She kindly complied with my request, and the following is a verbatim copy of her letter. The names, of course, I suppress.

"DEAR SIR,—The vision or dream which you wished me to relate, is, as nearly as I can recollect it, as follows: James, the second son of Mrs. G****, who lives in the south of England, was suddenly awakened one night, by the apparition of his elder brother Charles, who seemed visibly to approach his bed, dressed in his night-clothes, looking pale and death-like. Charles was at the time absent in the West Indies, and when the family last heard from him, was in perfect health, so that James had no anxious fears respecting him, and although the vision made a powerful and painful impression on his mind, as it was likely to do from its vividness, he determined to think no more of it, but compose himself again to sleep. He had, however, been so much startled by the unearthly look of his brother, that he found sleep impossible, and therefore rose to take a few turns about his room, in order to shake off the melancholy impression, and he remarked, on looking at his watch, that it was then just three in the morning!

"When the usual breakfast hour arrived, he went down to the parlor, where the family were assembled. His mother appeared exceedingly dejected, and complained of violent headache, which she accounted for by saying she had been much shocked during the night, at having been awakened by the appearance of her eldest son, who seemed as if alive in her room, and to approach her bedside in his night-clothes, looking at her with fixed eyes, and a countenance so pallid and corpse-like, that she could not get rid of the impression and belief that he was either dead or dying!

"James and her other children rallied her upon her superstitious fears and faith in dreams and visions, and endeavored to dissipate her fears. James appeared carelessly to inquire, whether she knew at what hour of the night the vision appeared, and was answered it must have been a few minutes before three in the morning, as she heard the hall clock strike three directly after the spectre vanished.

"Nothing further was said on the subject, but as soon as James left the parlor, he went to his own room, and wrote a minute account of his own and his mother's dream or visitation, mentioning the precise hour and day of the month when it occurred.

"He sealed up the paper and asked his eldest sister to certify in writing, that he had delivered that sealed paper to her that day.

"Both of them had almost forgotten the circumstance, when, about two months afterward, a letter arrived from Jamaica, conveying the sad intelligence that their brother had died there, at the very moment—allowing for the difference of time—of his death-like appearance to his mother and brother!

"Mr. James G**** was a student of medicine

at the University of Edinburgh, and resided in the same house in which I lived, at the time he related to us the circumstances. I regret that although only a few years have elapsed since I heard him relate it, the exact dates which he then communicated have escaped my memory, and I will not attempt to supply them. He was a young gentleman of undoubted veracity, and I believe the circumstances to be true as stated.

"New York, 22d December, 1840."

In remarking on this communication, I will not say it is impossible that the extraordinary circumstance of two persons having each the same *dream*—I will call it—at the same hour, and that both believed they were awakened by the phantom of a distant relative, may not be explained by natural causes, as some things of a similar character were attempted to be explained, under the word "spirit," in an early edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but in the absence of *facts*, what do such attempts amount to? Probabilities and possibilities!

But in this instance, although the young man's death may have been imprinted on his mother's and brother's imagination—from apprehension of his fate, we will say, by reading or hearing of the ravages of yellow fever—which, however, is not alluded to in the lady's interesting letter, the singularity is, how the dream, or phantom, should come to visit *both*—at precisely the *same hour*—and dressed exactly *alike*, and that so vividly, as to awake them in fear and terror!

It would be folly to attempt a rational explanation—such things are beyond human comprehension. We may speculate, but we can never penetrate the veil under which the DIVINE WILL has shrouded such mysteries; yet I have not the shadow of a doubt that in some future state of existence, they will, to those who walk aright in this, be made clear and manifest, and we will then, possibly, wonder how near, how very close we have been allowed to approach the threshold, without being able to cross it! "*Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!*"

I well remember one lovely starlight night, walking on the terrace in front of Somerset House with Henry Fuseli, and whilst speculating on futurity, he told me that he and Lavater had made a solemn agreement, that whichever should die first, would, if permitted, make himself manifest to the other, in some way. Lavater died many years before his friend, but Mr. Fuseli informed me with a sigh, he had never, in any way, waking or dreaming, made himself manifest. It is, perhaps, useless to mention that Fuseli was a classical scholar of very high attainments, and I know that he was a firm, undoubting believer in the immortality of the soul. He died at the ripe age of 86, whilst on a visit to the Dowager Countess of Guilford, and whilst on his death-bed, within an hour of the time his immortal spirit took its flight for a better world, he had an impression that he heard soft sweet music in the room, and faintly inquired of the countess, why she had

placed musical snuff-boxes on the bed. Yet the dying man never had an ear for music, and could not distinguish one air from another—music was all perfectly monotonous to him—but the music which he imagined he *then* heard was to him heavenly. This impression on the *ear* seems altogether different to that made on the visual organ of many persons on the approach of death. Fervently do we pray that such impressions as visited the dying hour of Henry Fuseli, may equally be the blissful harbinger to eternity of all such good men.

The above story related by a lady, coincides in some degree with a visitation which occurred to Sir Walter Scott and his lady, at Abbotsford, who were both awakened by some extraordinary noise on the premises. He says in a letter—"The night before last, we were awakened by a violent noise, like the drawing of heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noises occurred. So I got up, with Beardies' broadsword under my arm, but nothing was out of order, neither could I discover what occasioned the disturbance.

"I protest to you, the noise resembled half a dozen men putting up boards and furniture, and nothing can be more certain than that there was nobody on the premises at the time."

It subsequently appeared, that *at the exact hour mentioned* by Scott, Mr. George Bullock died suddenly in London. He was a particular friend of Sir Walter's, and had been very active in planning, and procuring articles of antiquity and old furniture for the embellishment of Abbotsford. The circumstance appeared to have made a strong impression on Sir Walter's mind. But I think I could show—as I certainly believe—that the death of Mr. Bullock, at the time when Sir Walter and Lady Scott *fancied* they heard noises, was merely a coincidence.

A near and dear relative of my own, a manufacturer, whose dwelling-house adjoined the factory, was so successful in business, that his wife, according to the superstition of the period, thought he was assisted by *fairies* during the night! The excellent lady and her maid servants from hearing the sound of the machinery all day, thought they heard the "good people" making the same noise in the night; and, as I was told, they more than once went slyly and softly to the factory-door, which they opened with the greatest caution, in order to gratify that laudable curiosity, *falsely* attributed to the fair sex!—they longed to *see* the little folks whom they *heard* so well, but the moment they peeped in, that instant the *fairies* ceased! The accuracy of the *eye*, exactly as in the case of Scott, destroyed the deception of the *ear*!

But Sir Walter's eye, in consequence probably of irregularity of the stomach, was sometimes more at fault than his ear. Once, while crossing the hall at

Abbotsford, he believed he saw Lord Byron standing before him, but the imaginary form soon faded into a plaid cloak hanging on a screen. At another time, on his way to Abbotsford, he supposed he saw a shepherd in his plaid, standing on the moor a short distance from the road, but the man vanished as soon as Scott came opposite to him, but reappeared after he had passed a little way. Sir Walter turned his horse to ride up to the man, who again vanished, into a pit as he supposed, but on searching for it, he found it was merely an optical delusion, the ground was all smooth and firm.

It is now high time I should enter the Confessional, and render to the reader—if he or she have followed me so far—my account—detailing the mystery of the "dead candle," and sundry other marvels contained in this article.

Imprimis, then. Of the annoyances to which the family of Mr. Weeley were subjected, I have little further to add. The story must stand or fall on the degree of credibility attached to the witnesses, but, as Doctor Southey says, it is better authenticated than any similar story on record.

In reading the letters written from Egypt, by the sister of Mr. Lane, author of the *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, she details a series of annoyances to which she and her brother's family were subjected, in a house at Cairo, supposed to be haunted by an 'Efreet, or evil spirit, in consequence of a murder having been committed in it.

Some of the events closely resemble those which befel the family at Epworth parsonage, consisting of knockings, and other annoyances, at all hours of the night, which eluded investigation; none of the native maid servants would remain in the house over a week, and although it was in every respect a delightful and most desirable residence, Mr. Lane and his sister were reluctantly compelled to abandon it.

My own detection of the "dead candle" arose in this way. On the third night of its appearance, the beam of light was as clearly defined to my sight as it had been on the two preceding nights, but it was now passing across the bed clothes more *quickly*, and was accompanied by a faint *rattle*, and that sound flashed the truth upon my mind in a moment. It was my own sister crossing the hall, and the ray of light from her *live* candle shining through the key-hole of the door!

I had formed a boyish admiration for the young lady who was ill, and apprehension for her fate, and thoughts of her, kept me much longer awake than usual. On the two first nights my sister crossed the hall slowly and noiselessly, in order that she might not disturb the dying sufferer, but now that the sad catastrophe was over, she moved quicker, and I could *hear* her!

The ANGEL—whose radiant effulgence had excited such fearful emotion in the mind of Henry Fuseli, was neither more nor less than the white

dress of an Italian lady, which his hostess, not expecting his return from Frascati before the following day, had hung up on a cord stretched across the room, to dry, and its slow floating movements were occasioned by the air from the window, which was left open to facilitate the drying.

Fatigued by his long walk, he undressed the moment he gained his own apartment, and retired to rest without observing the signora's robe, or that the window was open. The moon had risen whilst he was asleep, and was faintly shining on the white drapery when he awoke, and the effect, to an imaginative mind like his, gave it the appearance of animation.

The whole story, as related by him, was glorious—but who *could* relate a ghost story, or *any* story, like Fuseli? His choice and powerful language, and his *acting* of the scene, were inimitable. He was equally successful in any comic story, although in a dryer way; even his description of the manner in which the present Lady Jersey catches a flea! was irresistible. What action, what emphasis, what a look. You could have almost sworn you saw the indignant flash of her ladyship's bold, brazen eye, and her long nose, when she discovered the little blood-sucker upon her cream-colored skin. The recollection of it is so perfect at this moment that I cannot resist a laugh as I write; but the *manner* of the thing I must defer until I give my Reminiscences of Harry Fuseli, in which I shall try to detail some of his literary combats at the table of Joseph Johnson, where he vanquished the great Porson, with his, Porson's, own chosen weapon, Greek.

But his angelic ghost story was absolutely terrific; after having worked one up to the highest pitch of excitement, the denouement came so entirely unexpected. With a low, sepulchral tone, he would say, "I was mad with apprehension; and in an agony which I could not repress, I sprang up like a maniac, clutched the apparition in my arms, and came down *like a dog*, and broke both my shins on a d—d chair!—instead of an angel, I grasped a white gown, perhaps smock, of some Italian trollop."

The invisible and mysterious personage who had, as I supposed, so pertinaciously haunted the door of my chambers, was a large, heavy man, employed as a porter in a shop near Temple Bar. His wife was a respectable laundress, who, unknown to me, occupied the basement of the house. The entrance hall was rather dark, and as I had just taken possession, I had not observed a narrow passage which, by proceeding a few steps beyond the foot of the stairs leading *up*, led to a staircase going *down*, having exactly the same number of steps, and, in consequence of the whole staircase from bottom to top being a species of conductor, the sound of footsteps going down was conveyed up so perfectly, that to any one sitting in my rooms it was impossible for the nicest ear to tell, whether the person was coming up or going down; and the floor of the basement being of

brick, the sound was lost the moment it was trodden on.

I was perfectly dumb-founded when I saw the big fellow pass quietly by me without taking the least notice; and I felt a mighty inclination for a fight, in consequence of his having so cruelly disappointed and mocked my determined belief in a ghost. But, like Mr. Van Buren, "sober second thought," induced me to retrace my steps, and walk quietly up stairs, somewhat like a president walking down, when he is unexpectedly turned to the right about. My Andrea Ferrara was hung upon its peg, from which it was never afterward removed, during all the unhappy years I afterwards passed as a Templar in those old-fashioned rooms. What reminiscences do they not now revive?

The vexatious annoyances to which my friend, Mr. Crofton, was so long subjected, arose from an admirably concocted scheme of female waggery, in which a youth bore a principal part; but to render its details intelligible, it is, as formerly hinted, necessary to digress a little into history.

In the year 1794, during the frenzy excited by the French Revolution, when every throne in Europe was shaken to its centre, a society was formed in London for the pretended *reform*, although it was in *fact* for the overthrow of the English Government.

It was called the London Corresponding Society for Constitutional Reform, and it was in secret correspondence with Robespierre, and other monsters of that terrible tribunal which never spared, until it had deluged France with the blood of 1,022,351 of its best citizens. Start not, reader, in doubt, there is no mistake in the figures—ONE MILLION, TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE victims, male and *female*, adults and *children*, perished under the axe of the accursed guillotine, or other wholesale murders, perpetrated during the Reign of Terror.

May its bloody horrors be a lesson and a WARNING to nations, in all future time, to beware of the perils attending MOB LAW!

The London Corresponding Society was headed by Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and other turbulent spirits of the time. But by the firmness of the Prime Minister, William Pitt, son of the Earl of Chatham, the leaders were apprehended in their own homes, during the night, and tried for high treason. But the society, although with greater privacy, still held its sittings, and in order to defeat the government police, one of its agents hired two houses adjoining each other, where, with extraordinary care and secrecy, a secret passage was constructed between the two, by means of closets, so artfully contrived, that at a moment's warning the members could escape with their papers from one house to the other, and elude the chance of capture.

In the room where the traitors met, the back of the closet was built up of bricks, resting on strong

shelves, which were fixed to a door of strong plank. This door, with its shelves and brick back, swung on well oiled pivots. The bricks were white-washed, and were firmly attached to the shelves, which were furnished with China and crockery, coated with fine dust, to make it appear, on looking into the closet, as if it had not been opened for a long time.

The closet in the adjoining house, resembled it exactly, except in the arrangement of its contents. The back or swing door, on that side next to the committee-room, had strong secret bolts, which kept all firm in its place.

The two houses had passed into the occupation of different persons, years after the society ceased to exist, without the secret of the "corresponding" closets having been divulged; but at the time when Mr. Crofton occupied his apartment, the servants of the adjoining house had discovered the secret of the bolts and swing door, in consequence of a brick coming loose, in driving a nail, and with that amiable curiosity generally attributed to the fair sex, and probably from envy of her beauty, and of hearing some compliments paid to Marianne's graceful figure, they determined on the species of pantomime which they so successfully put in practice, being mainly aided in it by a youth of great inventive genius, and a very dare-devil at mischief.

The disarrangement of the books, papers, pens and ink, with suppressed mutterings, groans, weepings and wallings, can therefore be easily understood.

The movement of the table was effected by means of a long piece of string, of the color of the carpet, which the young genius first passed round one of the table-casters, then around the foot of the bed, and the two ends of the string brought through the closet under the door, by pulling either one end or the other, he could withdraw or advance the table at pleasure; when the manœuvre was com-

plete, he let go one end, and, in nautical phrase, "hailed in the slack." The withdrawing of the cord was what Mr. Crofton took for a mouse.

The goat was obtained from the stable-yard of the George and Blue Boar, a well-known Inn on the other side of Holborn, in the immediate neighborhood; and the dog was one which the lad had enticed from the street. Being perfectly cognizant of every thing said or done in Mr. Crofton's apartment, they overheard the conversation about the pistols and poker, and found it necessary to be rather cautious. They were perfectly aware of Mr. Crofton's out-goings and in-comings, and during his absence, the charges were withdrawn from his pistols, and plugs of lead, covered with cotton, introduced, and firmly rammed down. When the girl stealthily opened the closet door, she was not aware Mr. Crofton was at home, and the appearance of her head on the shelf, in the act of reconnoitering, led to the detection and exposure of the whole thing; for the landlord was so exasperated, he had them all up before the police. Ample apology, however, was made, and the joke, from its ingenuity, forgiven. But the party-walls of both houses were restored to their original condition, putting an effectual stop to all further *correspondences*, or tricks, upon Mr. Crofton; but I believe it may have been this very extraordinary affair, that induced him to write one of his most popular works; and I only wonder he was never induced to work up the details of the mystery (which I have so imperfectly attempted) into a tale, or drama, of exciting interest. With reference to my chambers in the Temple, when I spoke of the unhappy years I had passed in them, I alluded to the contrast which they presented to the felicity which a married life soon afterward conferred on—

AN UNBELIEVER IN SPECTRAL OR SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

PICTURE OF TASSO.

"Are there not deep, sad oracles to read
In the clear stillness of that radiant face?
Yes, ev'n like *these* must gifted spirits bleed,
Thrown on a world, for heavenly things no place!"

Those poet-eyes, with inspiration burning—
Half wild, half pensive, still they haunt my dream—
Eyes, in whose depths the soul of passionate yearning,
Intense unrest, and high devotion gleam.

The Spirit of the Ideal, throned in glory,
Shines with superior brightness on that brow:—
O, laurel-crowned! thou famed in song and story,
How sweetly float thy spell-strains o'er me now!

Doth this rapt, earnest, mournful face resemble
In all its shaded lineaments thine own?
Did the soft love-vow on that proud lip tremble—
Yet fear to deepen to a tenderer tone?

And the rare love that haunts thy magic numbers—
Didst thou not hope to make such worship thine?

The passionate paleness on thy cheek that slumbers,
Tells that thy heart was but Love's lonely shrine!

The love of Genius!—with its dream and vision—
Its hopes and fears—vainest of earthly things.
Only in spiritual visitings Elysian
Are realized the bard's imaginings.

Meanwhile thine image rises oft before me,
With memories that to mine own heart belong;
And as I muse on thy life's hist'ry, o'er me
Comes the conviction, O, and son of song!

That the celestial gift can never, *never*
For all the *unrest* it hath cost atone;
The Unattained still haunts us *here* forever—
There, in thy world, vain yearnings are unknown!

ELIZABETH J. JAMES.

THE MUSICIAN.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

BY HENRY COOD WATSON.

I WAS traveling outside the coach from B—, early in the year 18—, after a season of fashionable dissipation, tired with the important nothings which eke out the existence of the beau monde, and determined to seek relief in change of scene, from the daily increasing ennui that oppressed me. I am not one of those who travel from Dan to Beer-sheeba without seeing any thing worthy of attention. To me the face of every human being is a book, in which strange and eventful histories are written legibly by the hand of time and passion, and with the assistance of my somewhat active imagination, I often fancy that I can trace the actions and events, the hopes and fears, that have made up their sum of life. It is a pleasing and grateful task to watch the face of youth; to trace love, hope, and confidence, in every line of the countenance. There is not to be seen one doubt, one look of distrust in this the brightest page of life's eventful history.

My companions were a young girl, a free and generous-hearted sailor, two ordinary, every-day travelers, and a pale, and to all appearances, an intellectual youth. I make it a rule, when thrown into the company of strangers, if but for an hour, to make that hour, by conversation, pass as pleasantly as possible; and as I was likely to remain with my present companions for some hours, I determined to draw them into a familiar discourse. Our sailor was a character such as Dibden loved to draw—light-hearted and careless to a fault. At each place, while the horses were being changed, he would dismount, and insist upon treating every one around, spending his hard-earned cash without a thought for to-morrow. He kept us in a roar of laughter for some hours, by the strange tales he told. One, I remember, but it was so interlarded with technical terms, which he explained at the time, that I fear it will lose half its gist by their omission, and the substitution of my shore-going phraseology.

"We were cruising off the Bermudas," said he, "in the summer of 179—. And a blazing summer it was—so hot, that all the sugar on board was turned into hard bake, and the purser's skin was so dried, that he kept his tally on his face for the rest of the voyage; to say nothing of the captain's dog, Toby, who was sitting on deck one day, when the pitch in the seams melting, he was held so fast by the stern, that he was unable to cut and run, and was in consequence exposed to the heat of the varnicle sun, whereby he caught what the parley-voos call a

'coop do sol's heel,' which, I suppose, means a 'kick from the sun's heel.' Howsomever, that's as may be. Well, as I said before, we were sailing with a fine steady breeze, at the rate of eight knots an hour, when, all of a sudden, we felt ourselves brought up, as it were, with a round turn. All hands immediately jumped on deck; the skipper came up in a devil of a hurry, swearing that we had struck upon some hidden rock. We sounded but could not find the bottom. The wind was rising and filled the canvas almost to bursting, but not an inch did she move. The skipper was flabbergasted, and the master, an old Northman, said that he thought we were over some magnetical rocks, and, according to the doctrine of substruction, they would draw all the iron out of the bottom, and we should fall to pieces. When, all of a sudden, it strikes Harry Dare-em—all—ah, by the by, he was a fellow—bathing one day in those very seas, he saw a shark as big as a whale coming right upon him. Away swims Harry; down he dives, and up he comes again, but Mr. Sharkey, was close upon his heels, and at last had turned over, ready for a grip, when Harry darts under him, and gives him such a kick in the small of his back, just to help him on the faster, that he broke him in half. The gentleman was hauled on board, and to this day I use one of his grinders for a baccy-stopper. Well, says Harry, I should n't wonder if it's one of them feline animals of the shark species—for you see Harry knew something of fishogomy—as has bolted the junk we threw astern to catch them beggars with. Away we all flies to the stern, and sure enough, there was the rope as taut as nothing. We pulled and hauled, but it was no go; so at last we gave it a turn round the capstan, and all hands were ready to toe it merrily round; but devil a bit of a round could they go, for the more they pushed the more he pulled. He must have had pretty tough muscle to stand against a stiff breeze and the whole ship's crew—but he did, and beat us too. So at last the skipper ordered the carpenter to cut the rope—and so he did. But, my eyes! no sooner was it cut than away goes the barkey at such a rate, for two hours, that we thought we should have lost every stick. Howsomever, the shark got nothing by his move, for I met one Bill Jones, some years after, which had been cruising in them seas, and he says that there is a atomy of a shark, as goes diving about like one demented, with an iron hook,

and a hundred fathom of cable hanging to his jaws, so that he has n't digested 'em yet."

The young girl, when she started, was weeping most bitterly, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Being a stranger, I dared not intrude upon her sorrow, but I longed to speak comfort to the poor wanderer. To take one shade of grief from a sorrowing heart, affords me more sincere pleasure, than all the luxuries of a winter campaign, however brilliant it may be. The sight of her grief brought on a train of thought, and suggested the following lines to my mind:—

What makes thy bosom heave, thy tears o'erflow,
Say, hast thou ever felt the throb of wo?
Has sorrow ever come, fair girl, to thee,
To dash thy cup of joy with misery?
But such is life!—too sure the brightest sky
That ever beamed to bless a mortal eye,
Must pass away;
The sweetest flower that ever yet has bloomed,
By Nature's law, is all too early doomed
To know decay.

Has she, the idol of thy friendship, proved
A traitress, where she fondly vowed she loved?
Or is it but affection's tear,
That falls at leaving friends so dear?
Grievest thou to leave this lovely scene,
Where all thy early joys have been,
Thy youthful hours?
Where thou hast frolicked through the days,
With childhood's many pleasant ways,
In summer bowers?

What, weeping still? believe 't is folly
To give full way to melancholy.
Youth should be as an April day,
Then smiles should chase those tears away;
For if in youth deep sorrows come,
Oh, where shall mem'ry find a home,
In after years,
To linger on, and raise a smile,
Amidst the world's deceit and guile,
And other cares.

Say, hast thou left thy parents dear,
And need their smiles thy heart to cheer?
For all these woes there is a cure—
They never can 'gainst Time endure.
If one of these is not thy grief,
Then cannot Time bring thee relief;
For should it prove,
What now I deem thy cause for cares,
There is no cure in after years
For hopeless love.

I accosted the youth, whose appearance so interested me, and found him intelligent, but of a wildly romantic turn of mind, on which fancy might work her wildest spells. He told me that he was a musician, and proceeding to the metropolis to get his works published. Without friends or connections, I greatly feared—for I know something of these publishers—that his speculations would prove but a source of annoyance to him, without yielding him any profitable return. I offered to give him letters of introduction to my friends, to introduce

him to my circle of acquaintance, and it was extensive; in short to be a patron to him in his outset of life. But, with expressions of fervent gratitude, he modestly declined my assistance, saying, "that he had determined to rely solely on his own resources, to depend upon no one, but to let whatever talent he possessed make a road to fortune for itself." How confident is youth! How trusting in its own powers. He fancied that he knew, and was prepared for all the delays and disappointments endured by those who have to dance attendance upon the all-powerful publishers. However, while we were taking refreshments, I wrote a note to one of my most powerful friends, an amateur devotedly attached to the study of music, and prevailed upon him to accept it, and made him promise to use it if he did not find fortune so smiling as he expected. I gave him my address when we parted, and begged him to remember me when he was in need of a sincere friend.

Shortly after this, business called me to the Continent, and, being there, I was induced to make a tour of Europe, which detained me abroad some years. On my return I made inquiries about him; but all I could learn was, that he had published many beautiful compositions, and was looked upon as one whose genius promised greatly for the future. At one time he seemed fortunate and prosperous, but for some months past he had disappeared; no tidings could be learned of him, and it was supposed that he had left London.

I had not been in town many weeks, when one evening a person brought me a note from Ernest Moreton, requesting me to visit him immediately. I followed the bearer of the message, through many low streets in the neighborhood of Fleet street, until we arrived at a narrow, wretched-looking court. In a small, dark room, without furniture, on a miserable couch, lay my poor friend. He pressed my hand, and a sad smile passed over his wan, emaciated features, as I seated myself upon the only chair in the room, by his side. Poor fellow! he was, indeed, sadly changed! From the confident and aspiring youth, eager in the pursuit of fame, and strong in hope, I beheld him shrunk to the miserable occupant of a sick, untended bed. Where now are all those bright delusive dreams which thy too warm fancy wove? Have they not all faded into nothingness? Alas! do they not always fade?

"My friend," he said, "I see by your countenance that you think me much changed since our parting. I am also aware of it; but you do not think me so ill as I really am. Dear sir, I feel that I am dying, and rapidly will life's flame be extinguished. But do not mourn for me, my friend; it does not grieve me now. There was a time, indeed, when youth's delusions were strong within me; when ambition and love struggled for mastery, and quite bewildered my too excitable imagination with glorious dreams of the future; that thoughts of death seemed to fall upon my soul like a blight. But the hand of God has been upon

me; sorrow has chastened the heart that transient prosperity had too much elated. In my home, and, as you see, not very happy home, without a friend, without money, food, fire, clothing, in sickness and desolation, the folly and vanity of my pursuits have come most forcibly upon me. I am much altered; though nothing can banish from my breast the old enthusiasm for my profession, yet ambition has now no place there. You see, even here I have written much; but of what avail, further than as a relief to my over-burthened heart? Music holds still her spell upon me, but hope has quite departed. I am dying of no disease, save that of a broken heart. I have for months been wasting away; as hope upon hope has taken flight, deeper and deeper has sunk the barbed arrow of sorrow into my heart, and life has ebbed away, purely from the want of a wish to live. To you, my generous friend, in this last hour I call. With you by my side, I would breathe my last breath. I have not power to say much more. A short account of my life you will find amongst my papers; read it, and you will learn by what means I was brought to this despairing state. My music you will burn; and my last request is, that you will, if it be possible, have my body placed by *her* side. Do not leave me, my friend, for the world is passing rapidly away."

I took his thin, white hand in mine, and the slight pressure it returned showed how weak he was. He lay still as death; but ever and anon a smile would illumine his countenance, as if the memory of some happy hour shed its bright influence over his latest moments. And he would murmur the name of Adeline, in accents so tenderly bewailing, that it melted me to tears. "My poor girl," he said, "thy broken heart is now at rest; and I am coming, freed from my many sorrows, to lie me down beside thee. I have never smiled since you left me—my smiles were all buried with thee, Ada, in the grave; but I am happy, now, for I come to join thee in heaven! The tomb separated us, but the barrier is passed, and hope is mine again." As morning approached, his sentences grew fainter and less frequent. As the dawn appeared he sunk into a quiet slumber, which proved, as I feared, the sleep of death.

And thus died one, who, under happier circumstances, might have lived honored, prosperous, and happy. Who, for want of some true friend to regulate his wild enthusiasm—to save him from himself—perished like a beggar, in a hovel, when his talents ought to have secured him an independence. He belonged to a class of beings little understood or appreciated by the world. The bright imaginings of the poet's mind can be understood by the million, for he writes in a language that is common to all. But the musician pours forth his thoughts through a medium so refined, so exquisitely delicate, that it requires a fancy as chastely imaginative, a mind as richly stored with bright thoughts, a soul as open to the liveliest and warmest emotions, and stored with feelings of depth and intensity, with emotions

which have a mixed derivation—the effect of a devoted love and reverence of mistress, parents, sisters, friends, of nature, and of God—it requires all this to comprehend his dreamings, or to enter in any degree into the emotions of his soul. The poet has a thousand means by which he can place his works before the world. Publications are appearing daily wherein their works would be gladly received; the musician has but one—the music publisher. Those who have had any dealings with them, can bear witness how generously disinterested they are. No young composer can "get any thing out," unless he pays for it, and then, as it is of little consequence to the publisher whether it sells or not, it is of course allotted the least prominent place in the shop; and, saving the immediate friends of the author, if he has any, none know that the work is in existence. Or, if too poor to indulge in the luxury of publishing on his own account, he offers to *give* some works, for the sake of their publication, such a one is sure to be chosen as will offer the least evidences of his capability. So he has no resource but to watch and wait upon these mighty men, gathering a harvest of sorrow and bitterness of heart; living through disappointments and hopes deferred, and dying in poverty from neglect and a broken spirit.

I paid the last offices of friendship to my departed friend, and he rests quietly beside her he so dearly loved in life. There are persons who seem to be born for each other—whose souls own the same emotions, the same passions excite them, the same destiny impels them—their fates seem to be linked together by preordination. It is a strange fact, but of the many instances which have come under my personal observation, of hearts apparently foredoomed for each other, in not one case has happiness resulted. It appeared as though they were only to love and to be wretched. So in this instance it proved; for they were to each other as a sorrow, even while most devoted. But they rest, now, where sorrow cannot reach them.

I shall give the short history nearly as I found it.

On entering London, my friend's first care was to procure lodgings in one of the most humble streets of the metropolis—the best suited to his narrow means. When the excitement of the change of scene had subsided, he began to feel that he was alone. "I," to use his own words, "wandered about the first few days, in an ecstasy of delight; but a chilling sensation of loneliness crept on apace; I felt myself alone amidst the thousands; I looked around, and sought in vain for one familiar face to give a smile of recognition; not one among the million that surrounded me, would return a friendly pressure of my hand; there were none to smile at my prosperity, to weep at my misfortune, or to tend me should I sink upon a bed of sickness. I have walked amidst the loneliest scenes of nature, where not one sign of mortality intruded; I have wandered alone upon the barren heath; have buried myself within the bosom of the deepest wood,

have singly stood upon the lofty mountain's brow, but never felt that I was truly, utterly alone till now." After a few days he began to present himself to the notice of the publishers. He was received with the utmost politeness by many, and was requested to bring some of his works, that they might judge of their merits. He left them, flushed with hopes of success, and returned with some of his best compositions, but, unfortunately, the gentlemen were from home. Again and again, and yet again he called, until at last, when hope was departing, he was honored by a hearing. The songs were "beautiful, charming," but they feared that they would not sell—this symphony was too long, that required altering; these harmonies were too full, that passage was too difficult; but if these, not perhaps faults, only publishing faults, were altered, they would get them out for him. He left them much depressed, and felt lowered in his own opinion—for a young and sensitive mind is depressed or elated by the good or bad opinion of the world. To cut and hack his songs to pieces went sorely against his feelings. The very symphonies which the buying public would not play, contain most frequently the most refined and choice thoughts, and to omit these were to give forth a false impression of his talents. But the mighty fiat had gone forth, and altered they must be. Accordingly, he in a measure re-wrote them; but it was then found, without a hearing, that their printers were employed for many months to come. Thus, after keeping him months in continued suspense, he was in every case put off with some palpable lie, or some frivolous excuse. These annoyances, nay, misfortunes, are told in few words, but the time of their duration was some eighteen months.

For some months his funds had been getting alarmingly low; and at this period he was forced to part with much of his wardrobe, his books, and other articles. This continued until he had parted with every thing that would procure the means of existence. "I left my home in a state of mind bordering upon insanity. I walked rapidly, with a scowling brow, through the crowded streets, and felt the demon of despair brooding over my heart. I knew myself to be disunited from my kind by misfortune; none could feel sympathy with the starving musician; he is a being apart from the rest—let him die! I had wandered unconsciously out of the city, and found myself in view of the river. My soul seemed to start with joy at the sight. Deliverance was at hand—total oblivion was within my grasp, eternity already seemed gained, and I rushed on wildly to the banks of the Thames. For awhile I remained gazing abstractedly upon the darkly flowing stream, till the flood-gates of memory opened upon my soul; my happy, joyous childhood, my mother's fond and tender smile, my sister's pure and deep devotion, seemed to call me back to earth. But with my childhood, memory's pleasures ceased. I recalled my youth passed amidst strangers, in the

cold and calculating world; the severing by death of all those sweet endearing ties, and finally, my manhood, barren in ought save misery, without parents, sisters, friends, starving and desolate, my talents unappreciated, my hopes blasted! What had I to live for? Oh! welcome then the oblivion of thy wave, dark river! One plunge, one struggle with mortality, and the world, with its petty, though maddening miseries, is lost forever. Oh, if it be a sin for the soul to resume its immortality, yet surely it were better thus to die, having some hope of forgiveness, than starving, die. Parting with life inch by inch; enduring days of mortal agony, till the overburthened soul, cursing its Maker, dies despairing. I took out my pocket-book, to pencil a short note to the owner of my wretched home, begging her to accept my small stock of worldly goods as a remuneration for her slight pecuniary loss, when, as I opened it to tear from it a leaf, a letter fell upon the ground. I snatched it up; a gleam of hope flashed upon my soul. It was the letter of introduction given to me by my generous friend of a day. I felt the hand of heaven had interposed between me and damnation. The magnitude of the crime I was about to commit came fully before me; my feelings softened, my soul melted into tears; and on my knees, with a heart bowed down by misfortune, and filled with feelings of remorse and gratitude, I poured forth my prayers and thanks to God."

He returned home once more, with a heart humbled and trusting. In the morning he waited upon the gentleman to whom the note was addressed, and was received in the kindest manner. He led him to speak of his prospects, and asked why the letter had not been delivered before. My poor friend then related how he had relied upon his talents, and recounted all the misfortunes and disappointments which had befallen him. Mr. Singleton seemed much touched by the recital, and begged him to dine with him that day, and in the meantime he would think how he could assist him. With expressions of gratitude Moreton took his departure. The events of the party had better be told in his own words. "On reaching Mr. Singleton's house, I was introduced to his daughter, a creature so lovely, that to gaze upon was to adore. Of the middle stature, with a form of the most perfect symmetry; her face was oval, with a complexion neither which the warm blood came and went, as warm tints play upon the snow-crowned Alps. An intellectual brow, sad and contemplative; with eyes of great beauty, bespeaking a depth and intensity of passion, whose wildest fires were hidden, and were only to be roused by the emotions of the soul. There was some unutterable charm about every movement of her form or features which entranced me. I felt at once that I had found my destiny, and therefore did not attempt to place any restraint upon my feelings. I could not deny myself the luxury of drinking in love with her every look or word. I felt myself urged toward her by an irresistible im-

pulse, and did not, therefore, attempt to check it. In the evening, Mr. Singleton begged me to publish a song, and dedicate it to him, and said that he should like me to overlook the musical studies of his daughter. Had the proudest fortune been placed at my disposal, it would not have inspired me with the deep joy this privilege bestowed upon me. I should then be near her; should see her often, and be blessed by a smile from those speaking eyes. The past was all forgotten. The sorrows of my past life were all merged in dreams of future happiness.

In the course of the evening I was introduced to the nephew of my host, a low-browed youth, with a keen grey eye, and a look of habitual cunning, but poorly concealed under a manner of assumed frankness. Months, nay, two years passed away, and found me still attending at the house. My prospects were much improved. I had many pupils, and the few things I had published were highly spoken of. Those years were passed in a state of intoxicating delight. I lived but for her; it was her image that inspired me when I wrote; it was ever before me, and formed at once my blessing and my bane. When I thought of the immense distance which wealth had placed between us, I felt how utterly hopeless was my love—and I was wretched. Then it was that music came to my aid. I would sit for hours at my piano, and in its harmony forget all else beside. While there, what are to me the pomp and luxury of the rich and great? What to me their parties and their feasts? Do they enjoy for one moment the blissful rapture which fills my heart then? Do they revel in rapture, purged of all earthly grossness? These are the remunerating moments of a musician's wretched life. The soul seems floating in an atmosphere of delicious harmony; a sad but pleasing melancholy comes on; a grateful languor falls upon his heart, and softens it to happiness. How indefinable those feelings; the emotions then felt have no sympathy with things that be; the present has no connection with it; it is like the dream of some dim, far-off land of beauty, the mortal eye never saw, but with which the memory of the soul seems charged. I cannot word the feeling—it is nameless."

But I must bring the history to a conclusion. A month or two after the date of the last quotation, he was tempted to declare his love, which, to his great joy, was returned with an ardor equal to his own. He had gained her heart's first love—her young heart's deep devotion was his, and given with a fervor which nothing could exceed. For months they enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, when, after a short illness, her father died. His property was left entirely, saving an annuity to the nephew, to Adeline, with this proviso, that if she died without heirs, the whole was to revert to the nephew. Expressing at the same time a wish that their fortunes should be united. Time wore on, and at the end of the mourning, Adeline promised to wed Moreton. Her cousin had, by every means in his power, endeav-

ored to gain possession of her hand, but had met with a decided refusal, and to avoid further persecution, Adeline left London on a visit for a few months. The lovers parted with every expression of tenderness and unalterable affection—but they parted to meet no more in happiness. Her cousin, Arlington, maddened by the indignant refusal he had met with, and the probable loss of the property, determined to use every means in his power to frustrate the intended marriage. This he was enabled to effect, by bribing the waiting-maid of Adeline. She was, indeed, the confidant of her mistress. From childhood had she lived with her, and had been treated more as an humble friend than a servant. Many and sore were the poor girl's struggles of conscience, but the offered reward was too much for honesty to resist, and she fell. A few weeks after Adeline's departure, Moreton was seized with an illness which proved to be a malignant fever, at that time very prevalent, which confined him to his bed for many weeks. No letters came to him. Between the wanderings of his mind at the fever's height, he would ask for the letters from Adeline, his wife, and would not believe but that they were kept from him. As health began, though slowly, to come, he wrote to Adeline, telling her of his illness, and complaining of her neglect; to which he received in reply a renouncement of every vow, at the same time declining any further correspondence with the *fortune-hunter*. The shock occasioned by this letter, so unexpected and so cruel, acting upon a constitution debilitated by a long illness, brought on an inflammatory fever, which rendered him helpless for months. As he recovered, his landlady, a good old babbling soul, used to bring the newspapers and read to him in the hope to divert his mind, and rouse him from his habitual melancholy. He listened, for he would not hurt the feelings of one who had been as a mother to him during his long illness. One morning she read, among other things, that "Miss Adeline Singleton, the rich heiress, would be led to the hymenial altar by her cousin, Alfred Arlington, Esq., to-morrow morning at Hanover Church." Ernest scarcely started, but begged for the paper, and to be left alone. His course was fixed.

The bride and bridegroom approached the altar! Ah! never was there a sadder bride—the roses that were placed upon her brow were not more pale than she. Life held but a slight tenure in that fair form, for the hectic spot upon her cheek betrayed that the grave was not far distant. The priest had raised his voice to breathe the prayer that was to join their hands forever, when a form was seen hastening up the aisle, with a tottering and uncertain step—he approached the altar; with a wild, haggard and death-like look, gazed upon the bride, and uttering her name sunk at her feet. The poor girl shrieked out, "Ernest!" and swooned in the arms of her bridesmaids. She was carried to her home, never to stir from thence, but to a quieter

home—the grave. Moreton, who had left his sick couch to meet her at the altar, was removed to his dwelling, and for three days remained in a state of listless stupor. On the fourth day, a note from Adeline, begging him to come to her, roused him from his lethargy, and, reckless of consequences, he complied with her request. With a beating heart he entered the house; he found her reclining on a couch, with the traces of recent tears upon her cheeks, and very, very pale. On seeing him a bright smile irradiated her countenance; he approached not—anger and love were struggling in his breast for mastery. She held out her hands to him and murmured, “dear Ernest!” Love had triumphed! he was kneeling by her side. Then came that outpouring of the heart—that blissful confidence; sighs, tears, and deep regrets spoken by each, removed ages of sorrow from their hearts.

On the disastrous termination of the wedding, the faithless servant, conscience-stricken, disclosed the whole of the scene of heartless treachery acted by her at the instigation of the villain Arlington. How she, assisted by him, had intercepted letters; written others in their place, and, by a system of the most artful deception, contrived to make Moreton appear despicable, and to raise Arlington, in the estimation of Adeline. The continued illness of Moreton materially assisted their plot, as he could not defend himself. His guilt and falsehood were made so apparent, that Adeline could not doubt their existence, and with a woman's heart, as quick in revenge as in love, and unswerving in both, in mortified pride and wounded feelings, she gave her consent to marry her cousin. But now all doubts were at an end, and they could smile again and hope for the future.

Too true is it, that even in life we are in the midst of death! The thought of Moreton's falsehood had fixed sorrow too deeply in her heart for health to live there too. During their separation, after the scheming of the plotters began to take effect, she sought earnestly to banish every feeling of love from her heart. But who shall control the heart—a woman's heart? Her love is not a thing of calculation; she looks not to external circumstances; she asks not even if he be worthy of her affection. If once her love be given, it is given without reserve. The whole volume of that mighty and absorbing passion is laid at his feet. Her all of earthly happiness is placed in his possession; no other passion divides with it the interest of her heart; no other feelings or sensations, save those which have their rise in this all-powerful passion, can dwell therein. All ties of relationship or friendship are trifling, compared to that tie which binds her heart to his, and sink to nothing in the scale when opposed to it. To him she awards all the attributes of virtue and honor; friends may condemn him; fortune may leave him; the present may be a blank, and the future without a hope, but she clings only the closer to him. She feels a sort of selfish joy at

being his only comfort; the only thing left him to love, that leads her almost to rejoice in the misfortunes which make her his all in all. Her heart teems with exhaustless affection, that only flows more freely the more sorrow assails the object of her love. Though where this deep feeling exists it must be paramount, yet the correlative passions of selflove and jealousy are also there; and though dormant when no exciting cause is in action, yet, when aroused, they go near to banish love forever from the heart, however deeply based. Adeline's selflove had been aroused most powerfully; the thought of being loved only for her wealth galled her proud, but warm and confiding soul.

Here at once were scattered all her most cherished hopes. She had hitherto looked upon life as a bright and happy dream, thinking but to wake from it when the grave should have opened to her dazzled sight the glories of our heavenly home. But now the veil was torn aside, and cold deceit was placed before her view, which had hitherto only looked on love and joy. To be thus suddenly awoke from the beautiful but fallacious dreamings which our first love ever weaves around us: to have the world with all its selfishness thrust thus rudely upon our shuddering hearts, is hard indeed. No shock of after years can ever equal its intensity. All the ties and pleasant memories that our past life has created are at once severed; the past has no connection with the present; one is all dream, the other stern and rugged truth. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that so frail a thing as a woman's heart, under the feeling of her first and only love, should sink beneath the disruption of all her fondest wishes. The idol she worshiped has been unsanctified; its altar desecrated, and her heart lies shattered at its feet, a useless sacrifice. And the same spirit which led her to give her hand to another, to hide from the common gaze her hopeless sufferings, was silently, but surely, undermining her health, and sowing the seeds of that remorseless disease which in a few months removed her broken spirit from its earthly travail.

The disease rapidly assumed a more alarming aspect. Physicians were called in; they advised a change of climate, but at the same time feared that nothing could save her life. She felt that hope was past, and refused to leave her home. For the few months she lived, Ernest never left her. The days were passed in performing acts of the tenderest solicitude, and the nights in feverish slumbers, whose visions showed him his Adeline in all her former loveliness, and pictured forth scenes of deep and holy love, such as might have been his, had Heaven so willed it, only to sink him deeper in despair by the contrast the waking truth presented.

He would read to her the wild and visionary tales of Germany, and her eyes would brighten as she listened to some speculative but beautiful theory of the future, or she would clasp his hand within her own, and gaze up into his eyes with

unspeakable affection, as she listened to some tale of deep devotion, and murmur out, "they must have loved as we love." She would listen to his music for hours, with a breathless attention, absorbed and unconscious of the passing time, as if unwilling to lose one note of that harmony which must soon sound for her in vain. Nothing so heightens and refines the passion of love as music; that passion which would be firm and vigorous without its aid, becomes under its influence more refined, luxurious, more blissful, more yielding, but not less holy. All grossness and sensuality are purged from it; the heart is softened to languor, but at the same time etherealized.

Thus days and weeks flew rapidly on unmarked; each day adding to their deep devotion, and lessening the time to that day which was to separate them forever in this world. It came at last.

The morning had been unusually overcast. Not an air stirred, and the atmosphere was sultry and oppressive. They had felt a vague sensation, such as is experienced previous to some unknown calamity, all the morning, which prevented them following their usual occupations. Adeline looked unusually well; there was a flush upon her lovely cheek, and her eye beamed with unwonted brightness. They had drawn the sofa to the window, which looked upon a charming lawn, and was thrown open as a relief to the sultriness of the weather. They sat there, his one hand holding her waist, the other clasping her slender hands. Her cheek rested upon his shoulder, and oh! as he gazed upon that cheek, what a gush of tenderness filled his heart! He thought what a scene of misery his life had been until she rose upon his sight, an angel of light, dispelling all grief and sorrow. He thought of what they had suffered for each other; her deep devotion; her unswerving love; her pure and classic mind; her virtuous principles; her beauty, whose spell was now upon his heart; the scenes of dreamy bliss they had passed together, and the whole intensity of his love filled his heart almost to bursting. All that the mind can imagine of the extremest joy, thankfulness, hope and love, was concentrated in that one fond look. She seemed to understand the thoughts that were passing in his mind, and as he stooped to kiss those murmuring lips she pressed his hand to her throbbing heart, and a tear, the offspring of feelings too deep for expression, stole slowly and silently down her glowing cheek. At that moment the sun shone suddenly forth, and brightened again the face of nature. Till then they had not spoken. "Dear Adeline," he said, "let this be an omen of the future, as the preceding gloom was of the past. There are, believe me, many happy years in store for us. The bloom of health is mantling upon your cheeks, and there is new vigor in the sparkling of your eyes; and though this little and transparent hand, be but the shadow of its former self, will not the summer's genial warmth, and the tranquillity that waits upon

reciprocated love, and unclouded prosperity, soon, very soon restore it? I have a strange sensation at my heart, which your altered appearance translates into a precursor of happiness. My spirit seems to have burst from the trammels of earth, and to revel in an atmosphere where love and hope are fadeless. You do not smile, love! Does not your heart echo my joy? Does not the same happy presentiment pervade your heart, and gild the future in brilliant colors?"

"I have the same presentiment, but my heart refuses to give to it the flattering meaning with which your hopes have invested it. I always feared that our love was doomed never to meet with happy consummation. Even in the first hours of our passion, when not one thought of grief should have intruded, there was a fear that would not leave me, of future sorrow. Our love was never meant for happiness on earth; it was too exclusive—too perfect. The future would hold out no attraction or hope, did death rudely destroy the state of present perfect bliss. But to the weary and heavy-hearted, death opens a path to peace, and even to the happy and joyful, a home of more blissful and lasting happiness. I look on death as a kind and tender friend, who releases my soul from its weak material companion, which, with its decay and rottenness, clogs that immortal part. That it separates me from thee is my only grief; my poor heart rebels against it, and clings to thee with a tenacity which nothing can relax. But oh! my beloved, if, as we are told, the infinite space is peopled with disembodied spirits, who wander round those spots where centers all they loved—all that life has rendered dear, shall I not be with you ever? Sleeping or waking, I will hover round you, and as you wander over those spots sacred to our young hearts deep devotion, I will be upon your heart as I am now; my spirit shall be upon your memory, and awaken it to thoughts of those passionate hours. I will throw a charmed halo round the Past, will sweeten the Present, and will gild the Future with visions of fadeless bliss in heaven with our God. Death cannot separate our souls! It shrinks the body into dust, but there is an immortal link which binds soul unto soul, that death can never break."

As she uttered these words, her cheek became flushed, her eyes brightened, and her whole air partook of a spiritual grace, and a deep and holy enthusiasm. There was something unearthly in her look and manner that chilled the heart of Ernest. At length with a voice faltering with emotion, he replied, "Whatever be the end of these forebodings, dear Ada, my heart is unchangeably yours. You are my first love, the chosen of my heart, and living or in the grave, I dedicate that heart to you alone. No other being shall have a vow of mine—this hand shall clasp no other hand in love—no other lip shall join to mine with passion's kiss—no other form shall rest within these arms, or find a pillow on my troubled breast; this I swear to you, by all my hopes of

our eternal joy hereafter. I will live and die your own in heart and thought. And let this fond and holy kiss seal my vow of eternal constancy." He imprinted a long and ardent kiss upon her *paling* lips. The tears coursed each other rapidly down her pale cheeks, for the false hectic bloom had fled, and the ravages of the fell disease were now terribly visible in her sunken cheeks—her heart beat convulsively at intervals—she pressed him closer

to her, and gazing up into his face with a look in which the whole intensity of her mighty and absorbing love was centered, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, she murmured out—"I could die now." Again his lips sought hers, and clung there as though they had been incorporate—her head drooped upon his breast—her hand relaxed its grasp—she had died then!

How he died, I have before related.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Past and Present, and Charism. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 parts, 19mo.

In these works Carlyle states his views regarding the source and character of the evils afflicting the British nation, and the means by which they may be mitigated and removed. "Past and Present" is the most splendidly written and carefully meditated of the two. It contains many sentences of remarkable force and beauty, with numerous touches of that savage humor peculiar to Carlyle. The tone of the work, however, is one of perfect discontent. The style bristles with the author's usual extravagance about society and government, declaring both to be shams and untruths, and sneering at all plans for improvement which the ingenuity or benevolence of others have framed. If we understand Carlyle aright, he considers that the constitutional government of England is a humbug; that William the Conqueror, and Oliver Cromwell were the best governors that England has ever had; that since Cromwell's time the country has been governed by Sir Jabez Windbag, strong in no faith but that "paragraphs and plausibilities will bring votes;" and that everybody is a fool or a dunce except Thomas Carlyle. He hates every form of government which it is possible to establish in this world—democracy among the rest. If his work may be said to have any practical bearing on politics, it is this—that a governor is wanted with force enough to assume arbitrary power, and exercise it according to the dreams of mystics and sentimentalists. His system is a compound of anarchy and despotism. His ideal of a governor is of a man, with an incapacity or indisposition to explain himself, who rises up some day and cries—"the government of this country is a lie, the people cannot make it a reality, but I can and will." His notion of the wretched condition of society is disheartening enough. Man, he tells us, has lost all the soul out of him. "This is verily the plague-spot—centre of the universal social gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. You touch the focal-centre of all disease, of our frightful nomenclature of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion; there is no God; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly: in killing kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy reappears in new force and desperateness next hour." Sad condition of poor depraved humanity! A whole generation, except one man, without souls, and that one exception without his senses! It is curious to notice the illusions of an understanding so powerful when governed by a sensibility so tempestuous. It would be unjust, however, to deny the depth of many detached thoughts, and truth of some of his speculations in this volume.

It would doubtless be unjust to deny Carlyle's claim to be considered a thinker, but he is an intense rather than a calm and comprehensive one. A comprehensive thinker looks at every thing, not singly, but in its relations; an intense thinker seizes hold of some particular thing, exaggerates it out of its proper place in the economy of the world, and looks at every thing in its relation to his own hobby. In reasoning on the evils of society and government, it is useless to growl or snarl at what you desire to improve. If a man cannot look an evil in the face without rushing off into rage at its prevalence, and considering that evil as the root of all others, he will do little for reform. Indeed, Carlyle appears to us to find delight in getting the world into a corner. Nothing pleases him more than to shoot a sarcasm at statesmen and philanthropists who are grappling practically with some abuse; in this way warning everybody to avoid particular medicines, and come to him for an universal panacea. Thus his works on social evils are substantially little more than savage jests at the depravity of mankind, and contemptuous sneers at those who are attempting to mitigate it. It is needless to remark that he is not always consistent; but this, it seems to us, is the general character of his political writings. He criticises human life as he would a play or a novel, and looks to his own taste alone in passing his judgments.

Many objections have been made to Carlyle's style. Now style, to be good for any thing, should be characteristic of the writer; and certainly Carlyle's style, viewed in this light, is very good. It is an exponent of himself. The fault lies in the man, not in the style. Those who contrast the diction of the *Life of Schiller* with *Past and Present*, should recollect that a change as great has occurred in the character of the author. No other style than his present could fully express the whole meaning of his thoughts. Most of his ideas are commonplace enough in themselves; and their originality consists in the peculiar modification they have received from his own mind.

The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. By Henry Hallam. From the Fifth London edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This great work was originally published in 1827. Since that period the author has made many additions to it. The present edition is printed from the latest London issue, in 1846, and is therefore the best and most complete edition in the country. The Harpers have printed it in clear, readable type, on good paper, and have placed it at a price so moderate as to bring it within the means of the humblest student. Of the value and importance of the work it is

hardly necessary to speak, as it has forced reluctant praise even from those whose principles and policy it condemns. It has taken a prominent place among those standard books which no library can be supposed to be without. There are probably few books since Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, which have equalled this in the task of demolishing prejudice, and guiding public opinion aright. The space of political history which the volume occupies, has long been the battle-ground of opposing sects, factions, and parties. Historians, who have explored it most successfully, have generally been unduly influenced by their political or religious prejudices, in their accounts of events and estimates of persons. The Whig and the Tory, the Catholic, the Churchman, and the Puritan, each has bent the truth of history to the purposes of party, and accommodated, like poets, the shows of things to the desires of the mind. This has turned English political history into historical romance. Cranmer, Burleigh, Charles I., Strafford, Laud, Hampden, Cromwell, Sidney, Marlborough, Somers, Sunderland, have been so often passed from the partisan who daubs to the partisan who damns, as to appear like the heroes of bad novels, rather than mortal men.

Mr. Hallam has been especially able and courageous in his opposition to all this perversion of facts and character. Though himself a moderate Whig, and a sturdy friend of the popular element of the Constitution, he is as remorseless in breaking the idols of the Whigs as of the Tories. He holds no terms with the declamation of either side; and, indeed, takes a peculiar delight in weighing in his impartial scales every English politician who has been the object of stereotyped admiration or hatred. Parties naturally individualize their principles, and depend a good deal for their influence on the character of their great men, and the charm of their catch-phrases. They naturally dislike that their saints and martyrs should be subjected to calm scrutinizing criticism, and deprived of their exaggerated virtues, and exhibited, naked and shivering, to the profane eyes of the crowd. Mr. Hallam, from his mind and disposition, was admirably calculated to perform this work well. Without doing positive injustice to any statesman, and heartily praising all who have labored in their generation for the public good, he has considered truth of more importance than the service of party, and has not spared the excesses of tyranny and fanaticism, even when committed by the champions of freedom and toleration. Many a fine bubble, blown up to a beautiful magnitude by the breath of political superstition, bursts the moment it feels the prick of his pen, and is "resolved into its elemental suds." A critic very happily characterizes his work as eminently judicial. "Its whole spirit is that of the bench, not of the bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alternately biting their lips to hear their conflicting mis-statements and sophisms exposed."

Clarsach Albin, and Other Poems. By James M. Morrison. Including his Correspondence with Clark, McCommon, and Longlap. Phila.: Zieber & Co.

We advise those who understand the Scottish dialect to read this unpretending little book. The subjects of the poems are not such as to excite much attention, and the interest of the very clever rhyming correspondence carried on by the author with Messrs. Clark, McCommon, and Longlap, must, of course, be in a great measure evanescent; but there is a sly humor, a readiness of rhythm, and very often a burst of pure poetical feeling, which will repay

the reader. While we thank him for this little book, from which we have derived much pleasure, the author will allow us to say, that he is capable of far better things; and we hope to have from his pen, at some future day, a collection of pure lyrics, in good broad Scotch, both serious and playful.

Feudal Times; or the Court of James the Third. A Scottish Historical Play. By Rev. James White. New York: William Taylor & Co.

The merits of this play consist in the general vigor of its style, the elevation of its sentiment, and the bustle of its action. It appears well calculated to succeed in representation. The characters, however, and many of the incidents, show little invention or imagination; and the whole drama presents greater evidence of the playwright than the dramatist. Compared, however, with the usual run of plays, and tested by the rather gentle rules now applied to dramatic compositions, it would honorably pass muster. The interest centres in Cochrane and Margaret, two lofty natures, placed among a herd of feudal barons, and becoming their victims. There are many striking passages of poetry in the play.

Aunt Kitty's Tales. By Maria J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The authoress of these pleasant stories has won a deserved celebrity by her novel, entitled "To Seem and To Be"—a book which deserves a high place among works on practical morals. The present volume is designed more particularly for the young, and, we trust, will find its way to that interesting portion of society. We cordially join in Aunt Kitty's wish that her efforts for the improvement of her young friends will not prove unsuccessful, and that her stories will be found "not altogether unworthy teachers of those lessons of benevolence and truth, generosity, justice, and self-government, which she designed to convey through them."

Streaks of Squatter Life, and Far-West Scenes. By John S. Robb. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

These sketches, hastily dashed off in a few hours of the author's leisure from engrossing business, show quite an eye for character, and are exceedingly amusing. With more care in composition, and a higher aim, Mr. Robb might write a fine humorous novel. The "Streaks" in this volume are full of life, but they are too coarse. Every writer in this style would do well to study the art with which Dickens delineates the lowest and most vulgar characters, without any sacrifice either of taste or propriety.

Modern Chivalry, or the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teaga O'Regan. By H. H. Breckenridge. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 2 vols. 12mo.

This novel belongs to Carey & Hart's Library of Humorous American Works. It is a reprint of an old book. The style is clear and familiar, the humor such as touches the risibilities, and the strokes of satire sometimes peculiarly happy. Though the author formed himself on the model of Fielding, the allusions and subject matter are essentially American. The illustrations by Darley are excellent. Like all true humorists the author makes his pleasantries the vehicle of knowledge and wisdom. He has sound political maxims embodied in jokes, and curious bits of learning swimming on the surface of his humor.

GRAHAM'S
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MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art.

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1847.

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Your obt. Servt
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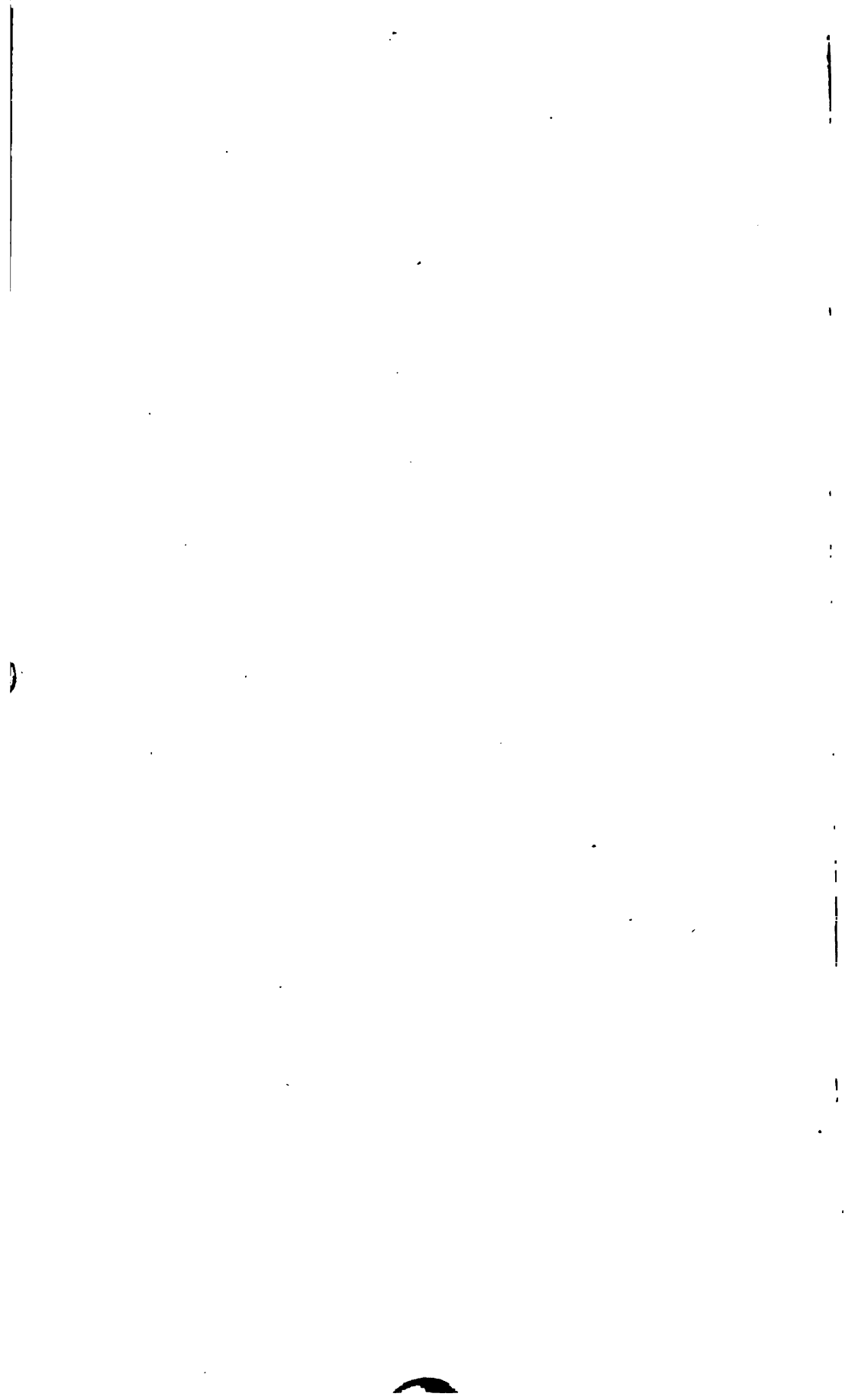
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and by every courtesy

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CHAPTER

on the bosom, or the borders, of the same ocean,
that laves with its salt waters the shores of our own
happy land.

They were the only children of Don Manuel Riquelme, a Spaniard of immense wealth, and of noble

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1847.

No. 1.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Come sit thee down, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
Come sit thee down by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea, love. SONG.

MANY modern authors, of eminent ability, have employed their time and talents in writing tales of the vast deep; and of those "who go down to the great sea in ships;" but they nearly always take for the hero of their story some horrible and bloody pirate, or daring and desperate smuggler, of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; characters that the increased number, strength and vigilance of armed cruisers, and the energy of the excise officers, have long since driven from the face of the ocean, in these capacities: and who now can only be found in that lawless traffic, the Slave Trade.

Yet that in itself comprises all the wickedness and blood-thirstiness of the pirate; the recklessness and determination of the smuggler; with the coolness, skill, and knowledge of the merchant captain.

It is true, that by taking a distant era for the date of their themes, they have a more widely extended field for the play of their imaginations, and are less liable to severe criticisms on the score of consistency; but, at the same time, they lose that hold on the feelings of their readers, that a tale of the present will ever possess; for instead of thinking of the characters, the incidents, and the scenes, as things that were, or might have been, a century ago, our imaginations are vividly impressed with the fact that they even now exist. And whilst we are quietly perusing some thrilling tale, events equally startling, deeds as dark and desperate, scenes as horrible, may be transpiring at that instant, on the bosom, or the borders, of the same ocean, that laves with its salt waters the shores of our own happy land.

But the present will be too far in the past, if we lengthen our introduction: so e'en let us to our story.

It was a moonlight night, early in the year 1835, when two young girls were reclining on a lounge, in the piazza of a beautiful and luxurious-looking house, situated near the margin of one of the most magnificent bays that indent the eastern extremity of the Island of Cuba.

The prospect was enchanting; such a one as can only be found within the tropics; the limpid waters of the bay, extending for fifteen miles, appeared in the soft and mellow radiance of the full moon a field of crisped silver; and the lovely islands with which it was dotted looked like emeralds upon its bosom; the range of hills, blue in the distance, charmingly relieved the brightness of the water, and the tall cocoa-nut trees, with their bare trunks and single tuft of leaves at top, reminded us of the genii of the night, overlooking these fair domains: a cool and gentle breeze from the ocean made music as it murmured through the foliage, and gathering sweet perfume from the flowers it kissed in its passage, reinvigorated, as it fanned, the languid frames of those overcome by the intense heat of the just spent day.

And in perfect accordance with the softness, the mildness, and the beauty of the scene, were the two lovely beings on the piazza. In the cold climate of the north, they would have been but children, so few summers had they seen; but under the influence of their own burning sun, they were just expanding into early, but most delicious womanhood.

La Señorita Clara, the eldest, had entered her sixteenth year; her sister, La Señorita Francisca, was one year younger.

They were the only children of Don Manuel Velasquez, a Spaniard of immense wealth, and of noble

family, who in his youth had been sent from Spain, in a government capacity of some importance, to Cuba. He became deeply attached to, and married a beautiful Creole girl, and settled upon the island, after the expiration of his official engagement, rather than remove his loved Cuban bride from the scenes of her childhood.

She, the idol of his youth and the treasure of his riper years, had died, a short twelvemonth prior to the commencement of our tale; and Don Manuel, who was a Spaniard of the old school, proud, stern, bigoted, and of strong prejudices, a great stickler for etiquette and form, though naturally kind-hearted and hospitable, gave sufficient evidence of his sorrow, by his increased devotion to, and fondness for, the two sweet pledges of his heart's only affection, the legacy of his departed wife; he seemed to live but to minister to their wants; their slightest wish was his law; and every thing that wealth could command, or kind solicitude imagine, was brought to increase their happiness.

Clara, the eldest, was rather above the medium height; with a graceful figure, jet black hair, dark eyes, perfectly formed features, and a complexion such as is only found in the daughters of Spain, (and rarely there,) as purely white as alabaster; and was surpassingly beautiful, notwithstanding the haughty expression of her mouth and eye, and the air of command that pervaded her motions.

Francisca was the opposite of her sister; rather too short than otherwise; her features were not so regular as Clara's; but the love and kindness that shone forth in her brilliant eye, and the sweet smile that played around her mouth, more than compensated for any want of symmetry.

Their dispositions were as different as their outward contour. Clara was cold, proud and haughty; inheriting all the sterner traits of her father's character: she was calculated to figure in the gay world, or to shine in a ball-room.

Francisca was all heart, with a gentle and affectionate disposition, yet capable, when her feelings were interested, of the greatest exertions and sacrifices; she was one born to love and be loved; and was made for either unequaled happiness or misery.

But let us return to where we first discovered them, in the piazza of their father's house. They had been for some time quietly contemplating the fairy scene, when the silence was broken by the soft musical voice of Francisca.

"*Hermanita cara, mi alma,** what troubles you? How, this lovely evening, can you look so sad?"

"Have I not enough to distress me, *Niña?*† Who on earth, but you, could be cheerful and contented cooped up in this dull out-of-the-way place?"

"Oh, Clara! how can you call this lovely spot dull? I wish so much that father would let me stay here all the year, instead of spending half of it in that

nasty Havana, where one is bothered all the day with foppish cavaleros, dressed to death, and thinking of nothing but their own sweet selves; and all the evenings with parties or the theatre."

Well, Miss Rusticity, you can stay here, and flirt with boors, and look at the water and flowers, as long as you please; but I intend to have father take me to that "nasty Havana," as you call it, next week."

Her words Francisca found were true, for in a few days after this conversation, an unusual bustle about the quiet mansion, the harnessing of horses and mules, and the noise of servants, gave evidence of a removal. The family were about starting for the capital of the island. We will not, however, accompany them over their long and rough road, but will join them in Havana, the day after their arrival at Don Manuel's splendid town-house.

Clara was all joy, gayety and animation at the thought of again being in the city, where she shone the observed of all observers; but Francisca was moved to tears whenever she contrasted the city with their beautiful country-seat; and knowing that she was obliged to attend a large ball that evening, given at the palazza, by the governor-general, she felt more than usually dull. The evening came, and in a sea of light, a flood of music, amidst the waving of plumes, the rustling of silks, and the flashing of jewels, the sisters appeared, the most lovely of all the galaxy of beauty that ever surrounds the vice-royal court in Cuba.

Clara was in her natural element in the light and graceful dance, or attended by a circle of admirers, returning their compliments with flashes of wit, or sallies of gay repartee, she wished for no greater happiness.

Francisca was soon fatigued and ennuied with the excitement, and retired to the shelter of a large window, shaded by orange trees in blossom, where she was comparatively alone; and sinking into one of those dreamy reveries young ladies so much delight in, had nearly forgotten the ball, when she was aroused by a rich and manly voice at her side, asking for the honor of her hand in the next dance. There was something so fascinating, so deep and tender in the tones of the speaker, that though not inclined to grant his request, she paused ere she denied him; and turning around, discovered in the person who addressed her a young American gentleman, to whom she had been introduced in the early part of the evening, and whose tall, graceful and well knit figure, sparkling and intelligent eye, beautiful mouth, and commanding air, had unconsciously made a deep impression upon her fancy, and whose image had usurped a large share of her late meditations: her reluctance to join the dance instantly vanished, and, for nearly the first time in her life, she was willingly led on the floor.

Cotillion after Cotillion they were partners, and envy was excited in the breast of many a fair Havanarean, at seeing one so young engrossing

* *Hermanita cara, mi alma*.—Dear sister, my soul.

† *Niña*.—Child.

the attention of the handsomest cavalier in the room.

But Francisca knew it not; the dulcet tones of her partner's voice, his entertaining conversation, as with a keen satirical tongue, and deep knowledge of the world, he criticised the beaux and belles of the ball-room; or with feeling and sentiment discoursed of music, poetry, or love, his delicate flattery, and assiduous attentions, rendered her insensible to aught beside, and riveted her every thought; and when her sister sought her, at a late hour, to accompany her home, it was with surprise that she discovered the rapid flight of time, and with feelings unaccountable, new and strange, such as woman only experiences once, she bid her attendant of the evening good-night, and stepped into the carriage.

Many a jest had Francisca to bear, after this evening, from her sister, in consequence of a new taste that seized her, for constant rides on the Paseo, and nightly visits to parties or the theatre, in her unsuccessful endeavors to again meet with the gallant of the governor's ball, who never since had been absent from her mind.

But she was not soon destined to enjoy this pleasure, which was now the great hope of her life. For with all the impetuosity and ardor of her nature and climate, she had yielded to this acquaintance of a night, the rich and inappreciable treasure of her fond heart's first love.

My fair readers may charge Francisca with want of modesty, or proper maiden delicacy, in thus yielding her young affections to the first assault; but they will unfairly judge her, and do wrong to the devoted, passionate, and enthusiastic daughters of the torrid zone, whose blood, scorning the well-regulated, curbed, and restrained pulsations of their more northern sisterhood, flows, flashes, bounds through their veins, with the impetuosity of an Alpine torrent, but with the depth and strength of a mighty river.

Their heart is in reality the seat of their life; all else, prudence, judgment, selfishness, every thing, bows to its dictates; but in this love they are constant, devoted, self-sacrificing, changing their feelings but with life.

CHAPTER II.

I heed not the monarch,
I fear not the law;
I've a compass to steer by,
A dagger to draw. *Song.*

In a secluded cove, formed by a bend in a small river, that empties its waters into the sea a few miles from Havana, whose mouth, bare thirty yards in width, would scarce be discovered by a stranger, or casual observer, so rankly and luxuriously do the mangrove bushes grow upon its banks, and even in the water, that sailing within a hundred feet of the shore, no break or indentation is visible in the line of vegetation, lay at anchor one of the

most beautiful and symmetrical top-sail schooners that ever left the port of Baltimore.

The great tanness and beautiful proportion of her masts, the length of her black fore-yards, the care displayed in the furl of her sails, and the tanness and accuracy with which her rigging was set up, would have convinced one at a distance that she was a man-of-war; this impression would have been strengthened, upon a nearer approach, by the fresh coat of jet-black paint upon her splendidly modeled hull, and the appearance of seven pieces of bright brass ordnance; one a long eighteen, on a pivot amidships, the others short carronades, three a side, ranged along her spotless deck, holy-stoned until it was as white as chalk; the ornamental awning stretched fore and aft, the neatness and care with which the running gear was stopped and flemished down, and the bright polish of all the metal work inboard, also indicated the authority and discipline of the pennant.

But the absence of that customary appendage to a cruiser, the lack of an ensign, and the total want of uniform, or uniformity, in the large crew who were scattered over her deck, enjoying or amusing themselves, in the shade, with a greater degree of license than is allowed in any regular service; in groups between the guns, and on the fore-castle, some were gambling, some spinning yarns, others sleeping, and nearly all smoking, combined with their motley appearances, for almost every maritime nation had contributed to form her compliment; Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Swedes, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, mulattoes and swarthy negroes, were to be distinguished at a glance, and precluded the idea of her being a regularly commissioned craft: whilst the suppressed tones of the men's voices, the air of subordination that pervaded their deportment, and the apparent sanctity of the quarter-deck, evinced a greater degree of rule and order than is to be found in a pirate.

She was neither man-of-war, buccaneer, nor honest merchantman, but the celebrated slaver "La Maraposa;"* who, for three years, had been setting at defiance the whole naval force on the African station; and many were the tales, current in the squadron, of her unrivaled speed, and the courage and address of her notorious captain.

Two persons were to be seen slowly pacing the schooner's quarter-deck; one, who seemed to be the captain, was tall, with a breadth of shoulders, smallness of waist, and elasticity of motion, that promised an uncommon degree of muscular strength, united with great agility. His dress was simple; an embroidered shirt of fine linen the only upper garment, sailor pants, of white drilling, kept in their place by a sash of crimson silk around the waist; a black silk handkerchief, loosely knotted around his finely formed neck, which, with white stockings and pumps on his feet, and a broad Panam^a sombrero on his head, comprised the whole of his attire,

* La Maraposa—The Butterfly.

and, though scant, it accorded well with the heat of the day, and showed to advantage the perfection of his form.

His face, when under the influence of pleasant emotions, or lit up by a smile, was eminently handsome, and would at once have been recognized as that of the American who had led captive the heart of Francisca at the governor's ball. But when excited, as he now seemed to be, by evil passions, there was a fierceness and recklessness in his eye, and an expression of coolness and determination about his mouth, that rendered his countenance fascinatingly fearful.

The other was a Spaniard, who held the situation of first officer on board the *Maraposa*, a stout, seaman-like personage, with nothing remarkable in his appearance, except a look of daring and dogged resolution in his deep-brown eye and square lower jaw.

They had been for some time quietly continuing their circumscribed walk, when the silence was broken by the captain in a voice of suppressed anger, addressing his mate with—

"It is both foolish and boyish, I know, Mateo, to let the remembrance of that whippersnapping lubber's words chafe me so; but to have heard him, *he*, who never knew disappointment, unkindness, thwarted exertions, or suspicion; and who, fresh from his lady mother's drawing-room in London, is as proud of his new ten-gun brig, and first command, as a child of his plaything; to have heard *him* criticising the character of 'Charles Willis,' and branding him with the name of 'outlaw' 'heathen' 'villain' 'brute' and boasting to the ladies at the ball that his course would soon be run; for he, the silk-worm, intended, ere a month was past, to capture his vessel, or blow her out of the water. Caraho! he had better never cross my path—it was as much as I could do to keep my knife out of his heart even then."

"Caramba!" exclaimed Mateo, "he will be likely to meet with disappointments enough, before he has the pleasure of capturing the little Butterfly; and he will probably find our long Tom a match for his ten barkers, even if he perfumes his balls. But, *pesté*, think no more of the fool, señor capitán; and wishing him '*buen vega a los infiernos*,'* is it not time for us to be getting under way?"

"Yes; pass the word for all hands up anchor and make sail."

The shrill tone of the boatswain's pipe, was soon heard, and the celerity with which the anchor was got, catted and fished, and sail made upon the schooner, proved her crew to be both active and efficient, if they were of many colors; for in five minutes after the call was first sounded she was under sail, moving down the river, and in twenty more was standing away from the shore of Cuba,

with a fresh breeze, at the rate of eleven knots an hour, bound to the coast of Africa.

The *Maraposa* was seven days out, and it had just struck four bells in the mid-watch; the night was clear and star-light; a fresh wind was blowing from the southward and eastward, making it about three points free for the schooner—her best trim for sailing; naught was to be heard on her decks but the ripple of the water, as it curled up and divided before her wedge-like bow; so deathly silent was every thing, that had it not been for the figure of the man at the wheel, the mate leaning against the weather bulwark, and the outline of the look-out on the cat-head, giving evidence of human agency, she would have seemed some ocean-spirit, cleaving its way through its native element; the rest of the watch stowed away between the guns, sleeping, or, in sailor phrase, "caulking," were invisible; when the look-out on the fore-topsail yard sung out, "Sail ho!"

This sound, so agreeable to the ears of a merchantman, has a very different effect upon the tympanum of a slaver—for, expecting in every sail to find an enemy; they desire no greetings on the ocean.

The mate, instantly aroused, called out in quick, short tones, "where away?"

"Dead astern, sir," answered the look-out.

"Can you make her out?"

"No, sir, not yet; she's square-rigged, but so far I can't tell whether brig or ship."

"Very well; a stern chase is always a long one. Keep your eye on her, and let me know when you can make her out."

"Ay, ay, sir."

But it was not until after daybreak that they were able to make out the character of the sail—for the vessel had never yet been met with that could overhaul the *Maraposa*, going free in smooth water, and the stranger had not gained a foot on her. She was now discovered to be a large man-of-war brig, under a press of canvas, apparently in pursuit of the slaver. The officer of the watch went below to report to the captain, and was surprised by the eager voice with which he asked if he had ever seen the brig before, and if he knew her build—for the schooner had been chased so often, that her crew knew all the men-of-war on the station; and having always escaped with impunity, they had the most perfect reliance in the superior qualities of their own craft, so much so, that a vessel astern was regarded with scarce more interest than a floating log. With his curiosity, therefore, a good deal excited to understand the unusual anxiety of his captain, the officer replied that he thought the strange sail was an Englishman, and was sure she was an entirely new vessel; and, returning on deck, took a long and close survey of the brig, to see if he could find any thing about her more alarming than in the hundred other vessels of the same class that had pursued them; but all he could discover was, that she was

* *Buen vega a los infiernos*—a good voyage to the lower regions.

a large ten-gun brig, of English build, and seemingly new; and laying down the glass, would have given himself no further trouble about the matter, had not the captain, just coming on deck, picked up the telescope, and after one steady look at the Englishman, called out, "Man the topsail and top-gallant clew-lines and buntlines; settle away the halyards; let go the sheets; clew up; lower away the flying-jib;" and looking over the bulwarks a moment, to note the decreasing speed of the schooner, ordered the fore-sail to be lowered.

Thus leaving the vessel under only her main-sail, jib, and fore-topmast stay-sail—orders so unusual in the face of an enemy, created some surprise in the crew; but accustomed to obey, without stopping to argue, his commands were quickly executed.

The loss of so much canvas was soon perceptible in the schooner's progress, for instead of going at the rate of eleven knots, as she had been with her former sail, she now hardly made four—and the brig astern was rapidly gaining upon them; this gave Willis no uneasiness, and he walked the deck without even looking at her for some time. He then called away the crew of the long gun, and ordered them to put a fresh load in her.

The piece was soon loaded; and the crew were now eager to know what would be the next move. One of the younger sailors stepped up to the captain of the eighteen, who was also captain of the fore-castle—a grim, weather-beaten old tar, whose face bronzed with the sun, and seamed with several scars, gave evidence of many combats, both with man and the elements—and asked if he thought the skipper was really going to have a set-to with the brig—"for, blast me, she's big enough to blow us all to Davy Jones."

The old salt, after emptying his mouth of a quantity of tobacco-juice, to enable him to make a reply, hitched up his trowsers with his left hand, slapped his right down on the breech of the gun, and turning his eyes toward the interrogator with huge disdain, said, "Look ye, youngster, if so be as how you're so mighty uneasy about the captain's motions, you had better walk aft and ask him; and as you look so uncommon old of your age, perhaps he might give you the trumpet;* but as for me, shipmate, it's now two years and nine months since I joined this craft—and blast my eyes if the chap ever put his foot on a deck that can handle her better, or knows better what he is about, than the one on her quarter-deck; and, curse me, if he was to pass the word to let go the anchor in the middle of the ocean, I would be sure the mud-hook would bring up with twenty fathom, and good sandy bottom; and if it is so we engages that are brig, we will give her hell, big as she looms."

The brig by this time was within three-quarters of a mile of the Maraposa, astern, and a little to leeward; and with the intention, as it appeared, of

ascertaining the distance, fired one of her bow-chasers—but the ball struck and ricocheted over the water far in the schooner's wake. Captain Willis, with a scornful smile on his lip, told the man at the wheel to put his helm up, and let the schooner's head pay off. "Watch her as she falls off, Davis," he said to the old captain of the long gun, "and fire when you get a sight."

"Steady, so!" was Davis's reply—and the loud boom of the cannon resounded over the water. The watchful eye of Willis discerned splinters flying from the fore-mast of the brig, and shortly after the top-mast, top-gallant and royal-masts, with all their sails and gear, were seen to totter for an instant, and then pitch over the lee side.

A loud shout from the crew of the slaver attested their gratification at the success of their first shot; and a weather broadside from the crippled brig, whose head had fallen off from the wind, in consequence of the drift of her wrecked masts, manifested their anger.

The schooner was now put about, and sailing round and round the brig, out of the reach of her short guns, opened upon her a murderous fire from the long eighteen, and had shot away all her spars but the stump of the foremast, and was about boarding her; for the brig, with the stubborn determination of a bull-dog, returned gun for gun, in defiance, though her shot all fell short, and refused to surrender, notwithstanding she was likely to be riddled and sunk—for every ball from the schooner crashed through her bulwarks, or lodged in her hull.

So interested had the crew of the slaver been in watching the effect of their fire, that the schooner's head had been directed toward the brig, and the boarders had been called away, before they discovered, not a mile distant, a large ship dead to windward, bearing down upon her, hand over hand, with studding-sails set aloft and aloft on both sides. Her character was not to be mistaken—she was a large first-class sloop-of-war; and the Maraposa, thus compelled to leave her prey, just as it was about to fall in her grasp, fired one more gun, by way of salute, and running up to her main-truck a large white burgee, with "Willis" on it, in conspicuous blue letters, to let her antagonist know to whom she was indebted, crowded all sail and stood away on her former course.

Willis's sole motive for having thus attacked a much larger vessel than his own, and the capture of which would have been no profit to him, was to be revenged on her captain, whom he knew to be the same officer that had spoken of him in such disparaging terms at the ball, where, in the character of a young American gentleman, visiting the island for pleasure, he had been compelled inactively to listen to himself most mercilessly berated.

This, to a mind like Willis's, was a wrong never to be forgotten. Born of a good family, though in straitened circumstances, well educated, and of naturally fine feelings, he had in his youth become

* On board of armed vessels the trumpet is always carried by the officer in command of the deck.

dissipated, and the ardor of his temperament had for awhile forced him to great lengths in vice; but soon seeing the folly of his course, he determined entirely to reform his life and become a steady, industrious man; but when he informed his relations and friends of his resolution, and asked their countenance and assistance to reinstate him in his former position, he was met with sneers of incredulity, and unkindly told that as he had "sown to the wind, he might now reap the whirlwind." Knowing himself to be possessed of talents, energy, and perseverance, his pride and selflove were keenly stung, and feeling perfectly disgusted with the want of charity, thus displayed by those who professed to be the "salt of the earth," and believing them to be as wicked as himself, only gifted with more hypocrisy, and chagrined with all the world, he gave himself up entirely to the guidance of his passions.

But even now, associated as he was with the most desperate and abandoned, he could not always suppress a desire to return to that society he was born to adorn.

CHAPTER III

*Gen. Beseech you, sir, be merry: You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss.—TEMPER.*

The deck of the *Scorpion*, the brig that had suffered so much in the late encounter, presented a scene of awful confusion; the masts and spars dragging over her sides; the cut shrouds and rigging; the loose blocks and splinters lumbering her deck, covered with blood, which, pouring through the scupper-holes, was dyeing the water with its crimson tide; the groans of the wounded; the bodies of the dead—fifty of her crew having been killed and crippled—bore testimony to the dreadful effects of the slaver's fire.

Captain De Vere, the commander of the brig, whose inability to return effectually the schooner's fire had rendered him nearly frantic, was excited to frenzy by the insulting bravado of Willis, when he hoisted his burgee, and covered with blood from a splinter-wound in his forehead, in a voice nearly inarticulate with passion, he was giving orders to cut away the shrouds attached to his floating spars, and urging his men to clear up the deck, as the sloop, crossing his bow, hailed—

"Brig, ahoy! What brig is that?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's brig *Scorpion*. What ship is that?"

"Her Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war *Vixen*. How the deuce did you get in such a pickle?"

Captain De Vere was, with all his conceit, foppishness, and effeminate appearance, as brave as steel; and having publicly boasted of his intentions in regard to Willis's vessel, it was with the greatest mortification, and breathing deep though inarticulate vows of vengeance against him if they ever met again, he informed his superior officer that he had been so cut up by the gun of the little schooner.

The *Maraposa* was still in sight; and De Vere desired the sloop to go in pursuit of her, and leave him to look out for himself; but the commander of the *Vixen* saw the brig stood so much in need of his assistance that he rounded-to, and backing his maintop-sail, sent his boats, with men, spars, and rigging, to assist in refitting the *Scorpion*.

By the strenuous exertions of both crews, the brig was all a-taunto by night; and having removed her wounded on board the sloop, both vessels made sail, under a press of canvas, in the direction the slaver had last been seen.

The look-outs were stimulated to increased vigilance, by the offer of a reward of five pounds to the one who should first discover the schooner; but they made land a little to the northward of the Ambriz River, without being able to see her. Determined to intercept the slaver as she returned, the two vessels separated, the sloop sailing to the northward, and the brig to the southward, intending to cruise up and down the coast until the schooner sailed.

Willis, in the meantime, had safely completed his passage, and when his pursuers made the land, was at anchor twenty miles up a river that makes into the ocean, a degree to the southward of St. Felipe de Benguela, busily engaged in taking aboard his cargo of four hundred negroes, that had been waiting at the Factory for him.

It would have afforded much food for a reflective mind, that African scene. At the first glance, all was beautiful; the bright and placid river gently rippling through the mangrove-bushes and tree-limbs, that overhung until they touched its surface; the tall and luxurious forest-trees that lined its banks, with an undergrowth of flowering shrubs, and gay creeping vines, hanging from bough to bough in fantastical festoons, the branches alive with chattering monkeys, and lively, noisy parrots, and birds whose brilliant plumage, as they flew from perch to perch in the strong light, resembled gold and jewels; the graceful and fairy-like schooner, with the small boats going and returning; and the long, low factory, with its palm roof, just seen through the leaves on the summit of a hill, a little back from the stream, was beautiful—very beautiful.

But on a closer examination, in that bright river were to be seen myriads of hideous, greedy alligators. The luxurious trees afforded refuge for legions of troublesome insects, and noxious reptiles; in the flowering undergrowth lurked deadly and venomous serpents; and most of the gay creeping plants were poisonous; the fairy-looking schooner was discovered to be a sink of moral infamy; the small boats were laden with miserable captives; and even the partly seen Factory was a den of sin and suffering.

The natural and the artificial harmonized well—both charming, lovely, enticing, but equally corrupt, dangerous, and unwholesome.

In eight days the slaver's living freight was all received on board. The day before, Willis had

dispatched Mateo in a small boat to the mouth of the river, for the purpose of seeing if the coast was clear, and that no men-of-war were in sight; for nearly all the slavers that are captured, are caught just as they make out from the rivers, and before they have sea-room enough to enable them to use to advantage their superior sailing qualities.

The mate, on his return, reporting all safe, the schooner got under weigh, and after working down the river, put to sea with a fair wind, and every inch of canvas set that would draw, and steered for the Isle of Cuba—her cargo all being engaged to a negro trader at the eastern end of the island.

The external appearance of the Maraposa was unaltered, still as beautiful and attractive as when we saw her lying at anchor near Havana. But in-board, a great change had taken place; then, the tidy look of every thing, the quiet and careless expression visible on the countenances of her unarmed crew, gave rise to thoughts of peace and tranquillity; even the bright brass cannon seemed more for ornament than for dealing deathly execution. But now, every sailor had thrust in a belt encircling his waist, a brace of heavy pistols; keen cutlasses were ranged in racks around the masts, ready to be grasped in an instant; the long gun was pointed toward the taffarel, her gaping muzzle ready to be trained on either gangway; in the hold, seen through the main-hatchway, was a black, compact mass of human beings, crowded as close together as it was possible to get them, the light striking upon their constantly rolling eyes, made them appear spots of moving fire; groans, awful and horrible, the sounds of retching, and the incessant clanking of fetters, smote upon the ear. An odor the most nauseating and disgusting, (caused by the confinement of so many in a space so small,) filled the air, and would have overpowered the nerves of any but those accustomed to it; but upon the hardened crew, it had no more effect than upon the schooner, who, rushing through the water with the rapidity of a dolphin, sped on toward her port.

The Maraposa had succeeded in making an offing of about two hundred miles without seeing any thing, when the wind that had been steadily freshening for some time, increased so much that she was obliged to take in her lighter canvas; still increasing, she was compelled to furl all but her fore and aft sails, and had just made every thing snug as they discovered the Scorpion, with her yards braced up, and under close-reefed topsails, about five miles distant, and standing across their bows.

To keep the schooner on in the course she was running would bring her still nearer the brig; and Willis, thinking he might pass without being seen from the Englishman, put his helm a starboard, and brought his vessel by the wind, heading to the south'ard. The sail he carried, going free, was too much for the schooner close-hauled, and he was obliged to close-reef his fore-sail, balance-reef his

main-sail, and take the bonnet off his jib, to keep the Maraposa from burying herself.

The look-outs on board the Scorpion were too alert, sharpened as their sights had been by the promised reward, to let the schooner pass unobserved, and in a few moments the brig was seen to ware ship, and shake a reef out of her topsails, and setting whole courses, the brig ploughing through the waves, now burying her bows in the huge billows, as if she were going to dive to the bottom of the ocean, and then rising on their summits until the bright copper was visible the whole length of her keel, seemed to spurn their support altogether, laboring and rolling heavily through the water, she breasted her way, and in consequence of the greater amount of canvas she was enabled to carry, gained on the Maraposa. Willis watched her for some time, hoping to see her courses, that were distended to their utmost, carried away; but the duck, strong, heavy, and new, did its part manfully, and finding his hope was groundless, he endeavored to make more sail upon the schooner.

"Shake the reefs out of the fore-sail."

"Hoist away the halyards."

Commands that were executed as soon as uttered. But hardly had the halyards been belayed ere, with a report like a cannon, the sail split, and flying from the bolt-ropes, sailed to leeward like a wreath of smoke. A new fore-sail was soon bent. The trifling delay gave the Scorpion another advantage, but the sea was so rough that neither vessel could make rapid headway, and it was not until an hour before sunset that the brig was within gun-shot of the schooner.

She at once opened upon her with the weather-bow gun, and the ball striking the slaver just forward the main-mast, crashed through her deck, and caused heart-rending and appalling shrieks and yells to ascend from the poor devils it wounded in her hold. Shot followed shot with rapidity from the Scorpion's bow-guns; and occasionally yawing, she would let fly with her weather-broadside, losing distance, however, every time she put her wheel up.

Willis refrained from firing, fearful of diminishing the distance by broaching-to, and kept silently on his course until night, when he could no longer distinguish the brig, and could only make out her position by the flashes of her guns, he suddenly put up his helm, eased off his sheets, and standing off directly before the wind for a few moments, lowered away every thing, leaving nothing to be seen but the schooner's two tall masts, which were not visible one hundred yards in the dusky light.

The schooner's spars had luckily escaped all injury, though her deck and bulwarks were a good deal shattered, and several of her men, and a number of the negroes, who suffered from their compact position, had been killed. Willis was so rejoiced to find his masts safe that he did not mind the other damage, and waiting until the flash of a gun

told him the brig had passed by, and was still pursuing the course he had been steering, without observing his dodge, he bore away before the wind with all the sail he could carry, and arrived at his destination without again seeing the Scorpion.

Captain De Vere stood on the same course all night, and was surprised in the morning to see nothing of the slaver: cursing the carelessness of his men, he catted all the look-outs, and stopped the grog of the whole crew. And savage at having been thus baffled, he shaped his course toward Havana; determined to capture Willis on his next voyage, if he had to carry all the masts out of his brig.

CHAPTER IV.

Did fortune guide,
Or rather destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this best place?
FLETCHER.

Nearly the first visit Captain De Vere made, after his arrival at Havana, was to the family of Don Velasquez. The old Don found in the Englishman's hauteur, fastidious notions of etiquette, and pride of family, a disposition so nearly similar to his own, that he soon became prepossessed in his favor.

Donna Clara, seeing nothing objectionable in the visiter, and knowing him to be wealthy, and of good birth, with that coquetry and love of conquest, so natural in the hearts of most of the fair sex, but all powerful in the breasts of beauties, exerted her uncommon powers of fascination with great success. In answer to an inquiry after Señorita Francisca, he found that her health had been declining for a month past, and her father had, at her earnest solicitation, permitted her to return to his country-seat, accompanied by an old and faithful duenna that had been with her since her infancy.

When Captain De Vere rose to depart, after spending a most agreeable hour, he was pressed, with more warmth than Don Manuel usually used in inviting guests to his house, to call often; this invitation he took advantage of, and was soon a daily visiter. Being thus frequently in the society of Clara, his thoughts were so usurped by her, that he nearly forgot his animosity to the captain of the schooner that had used his vessel so roughly, and then baulked him of his revenge.

Willis, after landing his negroes on the coast, where the agent of the planter who had purchased the cargo was ready to receive them, made for the nearest harbor, for the purpose of overhauling his vessel, and repairing more effectually than he had been able to do at sea, the damage occasioned by the Scorpion's cannonade. It accidentally happened that he was only a few miles to the eastward of the bay, upon the margin of which Don Velasquez's country-house was situated; and, standing-in, he came to anchor nearly abreast of the dwelling: it being the only residence visible, Willis determined to go on shore, and endeavor to obtain from the

owner, or overseer, some fresh provisions, of which he stood in need.

Ordering the launch to follow, and bring off the things he expected to get, he pulled ashore in his gig, and landing on the beach, a few hundred yards from the house, he proceeded to the garden, which, extending nearly to the water's edge, was beautifully laid out, and full of choice and exquisite flowers; he entered it, and walked up to the piazza without seeing any person. He thought it something unusual not to find any servants lounging about so fine a looking place; but just then beerv-ing a large gang of slaves, in a neighboring field, running, jumping, and moving about, as if they were amusing themselves, he expected it was a holyday, and was just going to make a noise that would attract the attention of the inmates, when a succession of sharp, shrill, ear-piercing shrieks rung through the air, evidently uttered by a female in deep distress.

Willis, gifted by nature with a heart keenly alive to the sufferings of woman, and judging from the peculiar agony of the tones he had heard, that some foul tragedy was in progress, rushed into the house, and hurrying to the room from which the noise proceeded, discovered lying on the floor, motionless, dead, or in a syncope, an elderly lady, dressed in black; and struggling violently in the grasp of two huge, swarthy, and half naked negroes, armed with machetas, or sugar-knives, a young girl, in robes of white, whom he instantly recognized as Francisca, and whose shrieks he had heard on the piazza.

The negroes were so engaged in trying to secure Francisca (for their aim did not seem to be murder) that they had not observed the entrance of Willis.

He at one glance understood the scene; drew a pistol from his breast and shot the nearest slave dead; catching his macheta from his hand as he fell, he clove with it the head of the other negro to the chin, and received Francisca fainting into his arms, but was compelled to lay her on the floor, and spring to the door, to repel the entrance of a dozen negroes, with large machetas, who, crowding the passage, were about to occupy the room.

Willis succeeded in getting to the door first, and as it was narrow, he for a short time was able to maintain his ground; the first four that presented themselves he sent to their long home, but their fellows, exasperated at the death of their comrades, and seeing it was but one man that opposed them, rallied for a rush, that must necessarily have proved fatal to Willis, with all his strength and courage, had not a diversion been made in his favor by the opportune arrival of his boat's crew, who had heard the pistol shot, and hurried up to the house; seeing the game going on, with a loud shout, they attacked the blacks in the rear. For a moment the slaves gave back, but the gig's crew, consisted of only four men, and they were armed with nothing but stretchers, boat-hooks, and their common short knives, and the negroes gaining a fresh accession to

their numbers, were again on the point of being victorious, as the crew of the launch, which had been in sight when the gigsmen left their boat, came driving into the passage; they were sixteen of the most powerful men in the schooner's complement, all armed with cutlasses, (twenty being constantly kept in a locker in the stern of the launch,) and falling on the negroes with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, they bore them down like chaff; and in two moments more the house was in possession of the whites.

As soon as Willis was free from the fray, he hastened back to the apartment in which he left Francisca and the old lady. The duenna had recovered her senses, and was anxiously employed in trying to reanimate Francisca, whose pale face, as it lay upon the dark dress of her attendant, was so corpse-like, that for a short time Willis was fearful that her ethereal spirit had fled.

Stooping down he impressed a gentle kiss on her cold forehead, and the vile slaver! the man who had been branded with the name of "brute!" breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven for the happy repose of her pure soul; to his great joy, however, he soon found that his fears were premature. A low sigh escaped Francisca; her bosom heaved, and after nervously twitching her eyelids a short time, she opened them, and gazed vacantly around the room, until her sight resting upon Willis, she recovered her faculties, and, with a blush suffusing her cheek, she tried to thank him; but the effort was too great, and she again swooned away. By the use of stimulants, she was perfectly restored in the course of half an hour, and, had Willis permitted it, would have overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude.

But he did not think the danger was over yet; and, informing them of it, invited them to accompany him on board the *Maraposa*, until he had been able to land a party, and see that all was quiet. The duenna was clamorous to go, and soon overpowered the weak objections of Francisca, who was in reality desirous of going, but was uneasy lest Willis might think it unmaidenly.

With all courtesy, and every soothing, gentlemanly attention, Willis accompanied them on board the schooner; and leaving them in possession of his cabin, and under the protection of Mateo, he armed a large part of his crew, and went with them on shore, to inquire into the cause of the insurrection, and make an effort to suppress it.

In the sugar-house he found the overseer of the plantation, bound hand and foot, and gagged with his own whip. Freeing him from his painful situation, Willis found that the insurrection had not been general, but was confined, as yet, to the plantation of Don Manuel; whose negroes, being all under the influence of an old Obeah man on the place, had by him been excited to rise, to take revenge on the whites for a severe whipping the overseer had been forced to give him a few days before; and the over-

seer said the only reason they spared his life was because the Obi man wanted to have a grand Fetich that evening, and offer him up as a sacrifice.

The active measures taken by Willis, who was accustomed to deal with refractory negroes, soon restored order on the plantation; and leaving every thing quiet, he returned to his vessel.

Reporting the state of affairs on shore, he told the ladies he was going directly to Havana, and would be most happy to give them a passage, if they felt any timidity in reoccupying their mansion. Francisca professed to feel no uneasiness, as she now understood the cause of the outbreak; and said that the negroes had been so severely punished for this attempt, that they would be afraid to make another, particularly as the ringleaders had been killed, and was for at once going back to the house.

But this arrangement met with violent opposition from the duenna, who would not even listen to any such proposition. Ductile, and ready to be guided by her slightest wish, Francisca had always found the old lady to be heretofore, and in exact proportion was she now obstinate. Talking was thrown away upon her. She said it would be actually tempting Providence for them to return! That Don Manuel would never forgive her if she let Francisca neglect this opportunity of returning to him, while she was safe; and, finally, sullenly refused to leave the schooner until Francisca would promise to go in it to Havana.

Francisca, truly, did not feel perfectly secure in remaining at the house, and would have preferred going back to her father, had the vessel been commanded by any one but Willis; but knowing well her ardent love for him, now increased by gratitude for her recent delivery, she was fearful that in the constant and close communion that would be necessarily created by their being together, in a small vessel, for several days, she would be unable entirely to suppress all evidences of it; and as he had never yet given her any assurance that her affection was reciprocated, her pride and delicacy revolted at the thought of his discovering the state of her heart.

But she found that she had no choice; for the old lady's fears had been so vividly excited, by the events of the day, that persuasion had no effect upon her; and Francisca, not wishing to remain at the plantation alone, reluctantly consented to take passage in the *Maraposa*.

As soon as the promise had been extorted, the duenna was as anxious to get ashore, for the purpose of preparing for their departure, as if she had been getting ready for her wedding; and Willis sent them home, accompanied by a number of his men, armed, and under the charge of his mate, whom he ordered to remain at the house and keep a vigilant watch until the ladies were ready to depart.

Francisca, wishing to defer the hour of departure as long as possible, made no effort to hurry the operations of her attendant, whose fears being relieved

by the presence of the guard, found so many things she wanted to arrange and take with them, that the third day arrived ere she reported every thing ready to start.

So inconsistent are the feelings of woman, that Francisca, who for several months had thought of naught but Willis, and looked forward to the time when she again might meet him as the dearest boon of her life, now that an opportunity offered of being constantly with him for several days, without overstepping the bounds of propriety, hung back with dread; yet in the bottom of her heart she was glad that no excuse offered for her longer postponing the step.

Willis, who had called personally upon them but once since the day of the insurrection, pleading his duties as the cause of his absence, when he learned they were ready to start, came in his gig to take them off to the schooner.

The Maraposa's appearance had been much altered since she came into the bay; advantage had been taken of the three days to repair all the damage that had been caused by the Scorpion, and, in honor of the fair passenger she was about to receive, instead of the coat of black with which she had been covered, she was now painted pure white, with a narrow ribbon of gold around her, and the Portuguese flag was flying from her main-gaff.

So charmed was Francisca with the beautiful appearance of the vessel, that it nearly overcame her repugnance to going on board; and the behavior of Willis, who, though perfectly courteous and kind in his manner, was reserved, dissipated the remainder of her scruples; and it was with feelings of pleasure at being near him, and able to hear his voice and see him, and with a presentiment that her love would not always be unrequited, that she stepped upon the deck.

The distance from Havana was only about three hundred and fifty miles, but a succession of light airs and calms prevailing, it was five days before the schooner accomplished the passage.

During these five days, many and various were the emotions that agitated the breast of Francisca; now she was all joy, from the pleasure afforded her by Willis's presence, then a sickening anxiety would overcome her joy, for fear her love would never be returned, when some word, look, or tone of Willis would make her imagine that he *did* love her; and for a little while she would be perfectly contented, until the thought of their speedy separation, and the fear that Willis might not confess his feelings, with the uncertainty of their again meeting, would cast a heavy cloud over her spirits; and when they passed the Moro Castle, on entering the harbor, she could not determine whether she had been very happy or very miserable for the last few days.

Francisca had addressed Willis by the name of "Brewster," the name by which he had been introduced to her at the ball; and as he did not inform her to the contrary, she had no reason to believe

that it was not his proper appellation. She had some curiosity to know why he was in command of an armed vessel, but he did not mention the subject, and delicacy prevented her asking him.

The duenna was restrained by no such scruples; and having become intimate with Mateo, endeavored by all manner of inquiries to get at the history of his captain, for she had some suspicion of the state of her young charge's feelings; the mate, however, was afflicted with a spell of taciturnity whenever she commenced about the captain, though upon all other subjects he was very communicative; and all the good dame was able to learn from him was, that the schooner was a Portuguese man-of-war, and that the captain was a young American, high in the confidence of the government, who had been sent out to the West Indies on a special mission of some kind, he did not know what!

This account would have been likely to excite the doubts of one conversant with maritime affairs, but with Francisca and the duenna, it passed current, without a suspicion of its falsity.

Willis's mind, during this short passage, had been likewise subject to many struggles; when he first saw Francisca, his knowledge of the sex had enabled him to form a correct opinion of her character, though he had sought her out at the governor's, with no other intention than that of passing an agreeable evening. The respect with which she had inspired him, involuntarily compelled a softer tone in his voice, and more point and feeling to his conversation than he had intended.

His course of life had, for several years, excluded him from any very intimate intercourse with the refined and virtuous of the other sex; and to be thus brought in close conjunction with one eminently lovely, and whom he knew to be intelligent, gentle, and pure, gave a direction to his thoughts, and cast a shade of happiness over his feelings, that had been foreign to them for a long time; and knowing from the expression of Francisca's eye, and an indescribable something in her manner, that she entertained partial feelings toward him, he could not help loving her, and pictured to himself the happiness with which he could spend the balance of his life with such a companion; with eagerness would he have sought her affection, had he occupied that station in life he knew he was entitled to.

But the dark thought of his present position intruded itself. He was a slave—an outlaw! and in the estimation of many in the world, worse than a pirate. His sense of honor revolted at the idea of taking advantage of the ignorance and confidence of an inexperienced girl, and inducing her to share his lot, even if he could have succeeded.

He therefore treated Francisca with scrupulous politeness during the passage; and desirous of removing the temptation from him, while yet he had strength to resist, landed the ladies as soon as permits were received from the authorities, and accompanying them to Don Manuel's door, bid them fare-

well, without going in. Both Francisca and the duenna were very urgent for him to enter, if only for a moment, that Don Velasquez might have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude.

The sudden return of Francisca greatly surprised her father and sister, who, after the first embrace, overwhelmed her with questions. She related all the particulars of the insurrection—her danger, and the great obligations she was under to the captain of the schooner in which she had come home; and her father was nearly angry at her for not compelling her preserver to come in with her, that he might have given him some evidence of his appreciation of the deep obligation he had laid him under; and he hurried off to find Willis, and tell him his feelings of gratitude, and endeavor to find some means of requiting him.

He readily found the Maraposa, but Willis had not yet returned on board; and Don Velasquez waited until dinner time without his making his appearance. Disappointed, he returned home, leaving with the mate a note, earnestly requesting "Captain Brewster" to call upon him.

After Willis had parted with Francisca, he found the loss of her society a greater denial, and more difficult to bear than he had imagined; and with his mind much troubled, he proceeded to a monte-room, to allay the distress of his feelings by the excitement of play. He staked high, but the luck was against him; and in a few hours all the drafts he had received from the purchasers of his last cargo passed from his pocket to the hands of the monte bank-keeper. This loss at any other time would not have disturbed him, for he made money too easy to place much value upon it; but now it caused him to feel as if every thing was against him, and in a state of mind ready to quarrel with the world, and all that was in it, he walked into the saloon attached to the monte-room, which was the fashionable lounging place of the city.

Seating himself at one of the tables, he ordered some refreshments, and was discussing them, when Captain De Vere, accompanied by two other gentlemen, entered, and placing themselves at an adjoining table, continued the conversation they had been engaged in before their entry.

Willis's back being toward them, he would not have seen De Vere, had not his attention been attracted by hearing the name of the Maraposa mentioned, when turning around, he discovered the English Captain. His first impulse was to get up, and by insulting De Vere, compel him to give satisfaction for the contumely he had heaped upon his name the night of the ball; but remembering his person was unknown to the Englishman, he thought he would first learn the subject of their conversation.

"You only feel sore, De Vere, because the slaver dismayed you, and then played you such a slippery trick when you thought you were sure of her. By the Virgin! I would like to have seen you

getting cut to pieces by a little schooner, and you unable to return a shot. Faith, I do n't blame you for hating the fellow so," said one of De Vere's friends.

"Hate him! yes, I would give a thousand pounds to have him on the beach alone for half an hour. Every midshipman in port laughs at the Scorpion, and says her sting was extracted by a musqueto; but, by heavens! if I can't get a fight out of the captain, I will have the schooner as soon as she gets past the Moro."*

Willis, who desired a personal encounter as much as De Vere, waited until he had finished, and stepping up to the group, bowed to the captain, and told him he had the honor of being Charles Willis, master of the schooner Maraposa; and that he would be happy to accommodate him with his company as soon as it would suit his convenience.

This sudden and unexpected movement startled De Vere and his friends; but the Englishman soon recovered his composure, and struck by the appearance of Willis, in whom, to his surprise, he discovered a gentleman of refined manners, when he expected to meet a rough, rude sailor, returned his salute, and said "That the next morning at sunrise he would meet him on the sea-shore, six miles above the city, accompanied by a friend; and if Mr. Willis had no objection, the weapons should be pistols."

Willis replied "that it was a matter of indifference to him, and if he preferred pistols, he was perfectly satisfied;" and with a bow he wished them good afternoon, and left the saloon.

After Willis's departure, De Vere's friends commenced joking him upon his success, in having so soon been able to get an opportunity of revenging himself upon the dismantler of his brig.

But on the eve of a deadly encounter with a determined antagonist, a man, no matter how brave, does not feel like jesting; and after engaging the services of one of the gentlemen for the morrow, looking at his watch, De Vere suddenly remembered a pressing engagement, and bidding his companions adieu, he went to Don Manuel's to spend another evening, perhaps his last, with Señorita Clara, to whom he was now engaged to be married.

Willis, after leaving the café, proceeded to the office of his agent, where business matters detained him until nearly dark. Attracted by the appearance of a splendid equipage that came driving from the other end of the street as he was about starting for his vessel, he looked to see if he knew the inmates, and discovered Francisca and her father sitting on the back seat. He would have gone on without speaking, but the recognition had been mutual; and the vehicle instantly stopping, Don Manuel got out, and approaching Willis with dignity and great kind-

* It is necessary for the condemnation of a slaver, to capture her when she has either negroes on board, or slave-irons and extra water-casks. These they always disembark before they come into port, and do not take on board until they are ready to sail.

ness mingled in his manner, and deep feeling in his words, thanked him for his assistance and gallantry to his daughter; and begged Willis to point out some substantial method by which he could prove his gratitude, and told him he had waited all the morning on board the schooner to see him.

The captain of the *Maraposa* replied, that the pleasure of being able to do any thing to increase the safety or happiness of a lady, amply repaid the trouble; and that he considered all the obligation on his side, for he had by that means enjoyed for several days the society of his daughter.

"Your actions do n't tally with your words, señor capitan, or you would have come in this morning, and not have kept me so long from thanking you. But you must go with us now; no excuse will avail, for we will not take any—will we Francisca?"

"No, no! but el señor will certainly not refuse." The look that accompanied her words had more influence on Willis than all the old gentleman had

said; and getting into the carriage, they drove to Don Velasquez's house.

Entering the drawing-room, they found Clara and Captain De Vere, to whom Don Manuel introduced Willis as "Captain Brewster," of the Portuguese navy; the gentleman who had rendered such distinguished service to Francisca.

Clara received him with much kindness; but De Vere's inclination was as cold and haughty as if he had been made of ice.

During the evening the family treated him with the greatest attention and consideration, and seemed hurt at De Vere's reserve. But Willis, certain that his true character would soon be known, and feeling that he was deceiving them, though he had been forced into his present situation against his inclination, retired as soon after supper as politeness would allow, and promised Don Manuel to make his house his home, with the intention of never coming near it again. *[To be continued.]*

TO EVELYN.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

"I had a dream, and 't was not all a dream,"

DEAR cousin mine, last eve I had a vision—

Nay, do not start!

There softly stole into the bright Elysian

Of my young heart—

A glowing dream, like white-winged spirit stealing
Amid the shadows of my soul's revealing.

The sunset clouds were fading, and the light,

Rose and dim,

Fell on the glorious page where wildly bright

"The Switzer's Hymn"

Of exile, and of home, breathed forth its soul of song—
Waking my heart's hushed chords, erst slumbering long.

Then that sad farewell-hymn seemed floating on,

Like wild, sweet strain

Of spirit-music o'er the waters borne—

Bringing again

Fond memories, and dreams of many a kindred heart,
Dim cloistered in my bosom's shrine apart.

And then came visions of my own bright home—

The happy band

Far distant—who at eventide oft come,

Linked hand in hand—

When to my quickened fancy love hath lent
Each thrilling tone, and each fond lineament.

They come again—the young, the beautiful—

The maiden mild,

The matron meek—whose soft low prayer doth lull

Her sleeping child;

The proud and fearless youth, with soul of fire!

Who guides his trembling steps—yon gray-haired sire.

And then came thronging all earth's gentle spirits—

That minister

Like angels to our hearts—thus they inherit

From Heaven afar—

Their blessed faith of Truth, and love for aye,

Which scatters sunbeams on our darksome way.

My vision changed—those messengers of light,

To fays had turned,

Then trooped they o'er our fairy-land, when night

Her star-lamps burned;

They peeped in buds and flowers, with much suspicion,
For all deep-hidden sweets—for 't was their mission.

And then they scattered far and wide, and sought

The thorny ways,

And toilsome paths, to strew with garlands wrought—

The cunning fays!—

From all the brightest and the fairest flowers

They culled by stealth from Flora's glowing bowers.

And some were thoughtful, and removed the thorns—

Because, perchance,

Some traveler, wandering ere the morning dawns,

Might rashly dance

Thereon with his worn sandals; others planted

Bright flowers instead, at which they were enchanted.

And some were roguish fays—right merry elves,

Who loved a jest,

And oftimes stole away "all by themselves,"

Within some rose's breast,

And there employed their most unwearied powers

In throwing "incense on the winged hours."

What ho! the morning dawns! the orient beams

With glory bright,

Lo! flee the fairies with the first young gleams

Of rosy light;

But fadeth not that vision from my soul,

Where its soft teachings e'er shall hold control.

And blest, like thine, is every gentle spirit

That ministers

Like angels to our hearts! such shall inherit,

From Heaven afar,

That pure and radiant light, whose holy rays

E'er bathe in sunlight earth's dark, toilsome ways.

A PIC-NIC AT WHITE LAKE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

"CONTINGENT or executory remainders, whereby no present interest passes, are, where the estate in remainder is limited to—(how warm it is)—to take effect either to a dubious and—uncertain—person—or—upon—either to a dubious and uncertain person, or (conscience, how sleepy I am) upon a—~~a~~—dubious—and—uncertain—event—to take effect—either—estate in remainder—is—contingent or executory remainders whereby—no—" woods—birds—~~sunshine—moss—green-leaves—crash—bless me,~~ Sir William Blackstone, Knt., one of his majesty's Justices of Common Pleas, flat upon his reverend face, (wig and all) shocking! Well, all I can do by way of apology, will be to raise the learned knight from his unbecoming posture, and—how tedious this law is! I really thought a moment ago I was in the woods; but, alas! I was only dozing. My office to-day appears very dull. That book-case, with its rows of Johnson's, Cowen's, and Wendell's Reports, Chitty on Bills, Comyn on Contracts, Barbour's Chancery Practice, et cetera—this desk piled with papers tied with red tape—these three or four yellow chaires—that spectral broom in its dark corner—and this spotted spider on my one window, industriously engaged in weaving a large wheel-like web over two of its upper panes—really I begin to be sick of them. I'll see what is "going on" out of doors. What a golden day. The sky is of a rich, tender blue, with here and there a soft pearly cloud sleeping in its depths, like snow-flakes on a bed of violets. And the sunshine, what a rich, deep blue it has. I think I'll take a walk. Those woods, out there beyond Fairchild's pond, seem beckoning to me; and the village offers as little variety as my office. There are two or three idlers on Wiggins' tavern stoop—a cow and three geese are feeding quietly in the green lane that runs to "our barn," past my office—beside the barn stands my gig, clean and glittering, from the just suspended efforts of "Black Jake"—a couple of stage-drivers are tarring the wheels of one of the huge red coaches that run regularly between Bloomingburgh and Monticello—the captain is on his way to the "corner well," for a pail of water—an old horse is grazing on the "green" near the court-house—and a "team" or two are standing by St. John's store. Let me see—which way shall I go! up the turnpike, or down to the "Big Rock." But, hey-day! here comes Mayfield in great haste.

"Well, Mayfield, what's in the wind now?"

"I say, squire, how would you like a pic-nic at White Lake this afternoon?"

"A pic-nic! hurrah! just the thing. Will the girls go?"

"They are all crazy at the idea—that is, all that I've seen."

"Then let us speak to Lavigne, and Hull, and Murray, and Williams, and so on, and all bustle round and invite our ladies, and be off in an hour."

Away we both go, and in a short time the boys are all notified, the girls all invited, and the arrangements all made.

At three P. M. we start from "Hamilton's stoop," as usual. Williams, with his wife, in his neat little wagon; myself and lady in the gig, and the rest in a huge, lumbering two-horse conveyance, with a range of seats, and clattering, when in motion, like a hail-storm. Up the broad village street (to wit, turnpike) we merrily go—by the Episcopal Church, surrounded with its mountain-ash trees (amidst which even now stands our respected "Dominie," gazing at them with the affection of a parent—for he planted them there with his own hands)—through the outskirts of the village—past the fence of pine-roots, wreathed in every imaginable shape, like twining serpents—and in a short time we are toiling up the steep winding pitch, called "Jones' Hill." The sunshine is sweet, although somewhat warm, and there is now and then the downy touch of a breeze upon our foreheads. We glance at the stretch of wood and meadow, backed by a low, blue line of hills, which meets us at the summit, and then bowl down the slope into the hollow. "Kinne's Hill" next taxes the endurance of our steeds; but we reach the top, and look around us. How beautiful is the scene! What streaming black shadows are cast by every object; what a soft gloss is on yon emerald meadow, and how far the pointed shade of that solitary hay-barrack is cast upon its rich surface. How the light gleams upon the fences—catches upon the acclivities—bathes the tips of the scattered chimneys, and stripes half the bosoms of the distant hills. How it touches in here, and streaks out there, and settles in a broad space of deep yellow in another place; for, be it known, that at four o'clock of a summer afternoon (just the hour that we are upon "Kinne's,") commences the time for witnessing the effects of the now slanting sunshine. But I must not stay here forever admiring views and effects, particularly as my horse, "Old George," is dancing up and down as if his hoofs were encased in hot iron. So I ease the reins, and down we dash toward the Mongaup, which we soon see flowing, sweet and cool, in the shadow

cast by the opposite hill. Beautiful stream, I hail thee! How often have I "churned" thy pure, soft current in pursuit of the golden-spotted trout; and in the mellow autumn sunshine, when the rich haze of the "Indian Summer" shimmered in thy forests, how long and patiently have I beat thy thickets, and stood upon thy run-ways to "draw lead" upon the deer. However, this is no time for the pathetic; so I keep a cautious rein upon "George," as I pass through the covered bridge spanning the stream, and then let him out past the white-porcoced tavern upon the right. Up and down hill we then all move and rattle, until gaining the summit of a long ascent, we see "Jordan's Inn," and a little beyond, the broad, bright waters of our destined goal, White Lake. Severally alighting at the door of the tavern, our steeds are commended to the tender mercies of the landlord; and we all, with our baskets of eatables and drinkables, pursue our way to the borders of the lovely sheet. How beautifully it is slumbering beneath this rich light and soft heaven. The pictures of the white clouds sail across it like pure thoughts over a happy heart. Deliciously stream the shadows from the projecting banks; and see, there comes a little breeze, dotting the waters with its light footsteps, and then leaping up into yonder maple, making it turn suddenly pale with its flutter. The opposite shore looks green and cool; and there, in a beautiful recess or hollow, is to be our picnic. I discovered that recess myself. I was out fishing one day with Ike Davis, and waxing rather weary toward sundown, we pulled along the western shore to enjoy the shadow. Pushing along through the water-lilies, whose blossoms were strewn like golden balls all around us, I chanced to spy this little hollow. So we drove our skiff half its length on the silver strip of sand, and threw ourselves upon the soft grass, enjoying the coolness and fragrance till the stars came. I dreamed a great day-dream during those two hours; a dream fleeting and unsubstantial as the gold and crimson cloud whose reflection lay upon the smooth water before me. But to return.

There is the scow (not a very romantic craft, reader, I own) fastened by its stone to the bank; and near it is the very skiff Davis and I used. The skiff is light and fleet, but as for the scow, it goes every way but the straight one. It will glide corner-wise, and make tolerable good way even broad-side; but as for going straight forward, it appears to be the last thing in the world it intends doing. However, not more than four can sit comfortably in the skiff, so the majority of us must trust ourselves to the corkscrew propensities of the scow. Lavigne and Murray, with their ladies, take possession of the former, and the rest of us the latter. We all, then, embark upon the pure, glossy sheet for the recess. Ha! ha! ha! this is too amusing. Whilst the skiff shoots from us straight as a dart toward the goal, we go shuffling and wriggling along, first one side and then the other, like a bumpkin in a ball-room; and as

the four who assumed the paddles relax their efforts in despair, the old scow turns broad-side, and as if in contempt, is actually, I believe, making way backward.

"Paddle away, boys!" I exclaim, "or we'll be at the bank again in a minute."

"Paddle yourself," growls Hull, who always entertained a decided objection to much exertion, although in the enthusiasm of the moment he had grasped one of the propellers. I seize the paddle he relinquishes, and whilst he seats himself sluggishly on the side of the scow, I bend myself to my task. The skiff is by this time half way over; and the good-natured laugh of its party at our troubles, comes ringing over the water. However, after a while we "get the hang" of the odd thing, and the pleasant tap, tap, tap of the ripples at its front, tell that we are moving merrily forward. Oh, is n't the kiss of that wandering air-breath delicious! Whew! what a fluttering and whizzing! A flock of wild ducks, scared up from that long, grassy shallow to the right. How the sunshine gleams upon their purple backs, and flashes from their rapid wings. There they go toward the outlet at "the mills." And the water, how beautifully mottled are its depths; how clear and transparent! It seems almost like another atmosphere. See the fishes swarming below. There goes a shiner like a flash of silver; is that an ingot of gold shooting past there, or a yellow perch? And, upon my word, if there was n't a salmon-trout showing its long, dark wavy back beside that log at the bottom, large enough for a six-pounder. I do wish we had our lines here. However, we came for a picnic, not a "fish."

Well, here we are at the recess, and the skiff has been here certainly these fifteen minutes. It is a beautiful place, really. The bank recedes in a half circle from the water, leaving a space of short, thick turf, with an edge of pure white sand, on which the ripples cream up and melt in the most delicate lace-work. The place is in cool shadow, cast by the tall trees of the forest crowning the bank—and such fine trees, too. There is the white birch, with its stem of silver-satin; the picturesque grim hemlock, soaring into the heavens, with a naked top dripping with gray moss; the beech, showing a bark spotted like a woodpecker; and the maple, lifting upon a trunk fluted like a cathedral-column, a green dome of foliage, as regular as if fashioned by an architect. Of all the forest-trees the maple is my favorite, although it is somewhat difficult to select where all are so beautiful. Besides the birch, hemlock, and beech, above mentioned, there is the poplar or aspen, which, although horribly nervous, is a very pretty tree. The stem is smooth and polished, with white streaks over its green; the limbs stretch out broadly, and the leaves are finely cut with a "white lining" underneath. When the breezes are stirring, the changes of the tree are marvellous; and its whispers in a still, sunny, noon, when the rest of the woodland is motionless, are

delightful, like the continuous and rapid drip, drip, drip, of a little rill in the grass. Then there is the elm, bending over its flexile summit in a perpetual bow to the trees around it, with clusters of fringe over its branches in April, and flaunting its October banner of rich yellow. There is the chestnut also, in June showing you tassels of pale gold amidst long, deep-green leaves, and in the autumn hanging its brown fruit over head, as if tempting you to climb. And lastly, there is the bass-wood, displaying in the latter days of May its creamy blossoms, so sweet, that you know you are approaching it, whilst wandering in the forest, by the rich odor alone. Still the maple, the beautiful maple, is "my passion." It hails the blue-bird in spring, with its crimson fringes, dropping them in a short time to lie like live embers amidst the green velvet of the rising grass; in summer it clothes itself in broad scalloped leaves that flicker to the most delicate wind in the softest music, changing from green to white very gracefully, and in the autumn—reader, you have witnessed a crimson cloud burning in the mid-west, at sunset, after a shower! well, the color is not richer than that of the maple in that magic season. It shows like a beacon in the forest. I have stood in a deep dell, so deep, that I could discern a white star or two in the sky above me, and seeing the autumnal maple, have supposed it for the instant a spot of flame. How splendid! how gorgeous it is in its "fall" garb! It blushes, as Percival says,

"Like a banner bathed in slaughter."

There are various flowers peeping out of the crevices of the bank—the pink briar-rose, and the yellow wild sunflower. The mellow hum of the bee swings now and then past us; and the cricket grates upon its tiny bars (a fairy lute) from the dusky nooks about. It is just the place for the occasion. There is a natural mound, too, in the middle of the place, that will serve excellently well for a table. So let us open our baskets and produce their contents. Ham, chicken, tongue, sandwiches, et cetera, with pies, cake, and preserved fruit. Some half-dozen long-necked bottles then make their appearance, with their brand upon them. What can be within them! What is that which makes the cork pirouette with such a "pop" in the air, and then swells to the rim of the glass in a rich, glittering foam, and with a delicious hum, like the monotone of a sea-shell? Don't you know, reader? If you do n't, I sha n't tell you. It is n't water, however.

The cloth, in snowy whiteness, is spread over the mound, and garnished with cup, saucer, plate, and dish. In an angle of the bank, faced with rock, a fire in the meanwhile has been lighted, of pine-knots and dry branches, for the manufacture of our tea and coffee. One of the party, having gone a little into the woods in search of blackberries, now returns, bearing a basket heaped up with the rich, glossy fruit, as black as Kather—somebody's eyes—the somebody is now making our tea and coffee at

the fire yonder)—and they are as bright specimens of ebony as any I know of. The golden butter, and the silver sugar—(I like epithets—do n't you, Mr. Critic?)—are ranged in their places with the other viands, and the whole so crowd the table-cloth as fairly to hide its whiteness. We draw to, and fall to. What a clatter of knives and forks, and what a sound of cheerful voices. Care is at a discount—mirth is in the ascendant, and nature is in accordance with our mood. We are in the height of fashion, too, out here in the woods, so far as respects music, to grace our repast; not the clanging sounds of brass instruments, and the head-ache poundings of the bass-drum, but the sweet melodies of the forest. A cat-bird is spitting out a succession of short notes like a bassoon; the brown thrasher is sounding her clear piccolo flute; one of the large black wood-peckers of our forests, with a top-knot like a ruby, is beating his drum on the hollow beech yonder; a blue-jay every now and then makes an *entrée* with his trumpet, and the little wren flourishes her clarinet in such a frenzy of music as fairly to put her out of breath. The scene itself is very bright and beautiful. Sunset has now fallen upon us. A broad beam of mellow light slants through the trees above us, making the leaves transparent, each one looking as if of carved gold, and shooting through the midst of our party so as to bathe sweetly the faces of some three or four of our girls, and then making a bridge over the long nose of Hull, it stretches across the lake to the opposite shore, where the windows of Jordan's Inn are in a blaze with it. At the edge of the lake, and a few feet from our party, a great swarm of gnats is dancing in its light, now up, now down, speckling the air in the shape of a wheel in motion. And the lake before us—so pure, so breathless, so holy—it seems entranced in a mute sunset prayer to its Maker. It has a tongue of praise sometimes—a tongue of liquid and dashing music—but it is now holding "Quaker meeting," and is communing with God in sacred silence. And yet, after all, not wholly silence, for these little ripples, clothed in silver, run up the sand, and then fall prostrate, with a sound like the faint patterings of a shower upon leaves.

With the exception of this pencil of light, our hollow is filled with a cool, clare-obscure tint, like sunshine robbed of its glare—or like sunshine and moonlight mingled together—or, on the whole, like the rich harvest moonlight, with a dash of green in it. It is exquisitely soft, soothing, and beautiful. It seems like a light reproduced by the forests after they have all day been drinking the day-beams.

The jest—the story—the lively sally—the quick repartee, pass gayly around the circle. The destruction amongst the good things of the table becomes momentarily less, and finally ceases altogether. The solitary sunbeam melts away, but the clouds overhead are becoming richer and rosier; and the lake—it is a perfect Eden of beauty. Pure as innocence, and smooth as the brow of childhood, it stretches away,

decked in the most glorious colors that eye ever beheld. Long lines of imperial purple—the tenderest azure—broad spaces of gleaming gold, and bars of richest crimson—all, all are blended upon the beautiful sheet, like the tints that tremble upon “shot” silk, or those that chase each other along the neck of the sheldrake. The sight fills the heart brim full of loveliness, so as even to surcharge the eye with tears. The most delicious emotions struggle for utterance, but the majesty of the beauty represses all sound—it awes the soul to silence. Old memories throng upon the heart—memories of early, happy days, and of the loved and lost. The lost—ah, too soon did some die in their young beauty, whilst others dropped, like ripe fruit, into the tomb. But they all went home, receiving “the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Happy in their lot, ay, truly happy. And the youthful hopes and aspirations, they have all, too, vanished. The indefinite brightness resting upon the future—the soaring ambition—the romantic day-dream—the generous feeling—the warm trustfulness and confidence in the goodness of our race—all, all vanished.

Now right across that streak of crimson the loon pursues her way. Her track seems made of diamonds and rubies, and the plumage of her wings is touched with the magic brilliance that fills the breathless air. And now she glides within yon purple shadow, and is seen no more. The tints grow richer, and then begin to fade; sweet rural sounds come softly over the water; the low of cattle; the tinkling sheep-bell; the echoing bark of the dog; and the ploughman's shout to his homeward oxen.

And the twilight deepens. One by one the stars break out from the sky, and on the earth the outlines of objects begin to intermingle. The trees on the banks around us are blending, and the spaces beneath their branches are becoming black. The farther waters glimmer dim and dusky; and the tavern on the opposite shore is half shaded into the misty background.

But the wild, red globe of the harvest-moon slow heaves to view until it rests upon the hill-top like the old Scotch beal-fire. How glorious will the scene shortly be rejoicing in her pearly beauty; yet the indistinct gray of the landscape, now showing like an India-ink drawing, is sweet and tender, social, and full of kindness. It is emphatically the hour for song; and so, recovering from the short silence that had fallen upon us, a call is made upon our two singers for the exercise of their abilities. Now both of them are of the masculine gender; for, strange to say, not a girl of our party has any voice for the public, but one, and she is painfully bashful; so our two thrushes are always in requisition. They differ, however, in their accomplishment. Lavigne has a sweet, flexible, tenor voice, whilst Murray's is a rich sonorous bass. Our first call is upon the latter, who, being a lieutenant in the “Monticello Greys,” has a taste inclining to

the warlike; and so, clearing his voice with a loud effort, he sings—

Banners all around us flying,
Trumpets all around us ringing,
Weapons gleaming, chargers springing
Comrades, who's afraid of dying!
Forward march! on, on we go,
Gladly, freely, breast to foe;
Forward, comrades! on we go—
Such the joys we soldiers know;
Honor bright to fleeting breath,
Give us victory or death!
With our bosoms to the foe—
Such the joys we soldiers know.

When is past the conflict gory;
When the veins have ceased their leaping,
Then the watch-fire redly heaping,
Round fly merry song and story.
Care and grief behind we throw,
As the gleaming glasses flow.
Forward march! we bid them go—
Such the joys we soldiers know.
Ever ready for the field,
Never fearing life to yield,
Firm we stand before the foe,
Such the joys we soldiers know.

As the deep tones die upon the ear, we all, after expressing the usual thanks, turn to Lavigne to follow up the good example thus set him. Descended from an old Huguenot family, his first thought is to the land of his fathers, and with much animation in his looks, he breaks out into the following strain:—

Lovely France—la belle France!
At thy name my bosom bounds,
To my eyes sweet visions dance,
In my ear soft music sounds.
Hail, thy purple vineyards glowing!
Hail, thy flowery streamlets flowing!
Of my life thou seem'st a part,
Lovely France—la belle France!
Glorious France, how dear thou art!

Lovely France—la belle France!
Famous are thy battle-fields;
Where e'er points thy glittering lance,
Victory there her trophies yields.
Hail, thy high historic story!
Hail, thy legends rife with glory!
Shrine where bends my willing heart,
Lovely France—la belle France!
Glorious France, how dear thou art!

We are now all fairly embarked on the tide of song, and Murray is again called upon. There is no affection or false modesty in our circle, and he instantly complies.

Merrily row boys! merrily row boys!
Merrily, cheerily, row along!
And whilst our prow makes merry music,
We'll too raise the song;
We'll too raise the song, my boys,
Swift as we row along,
Each to his oar, boys—bend to the oar, boys,
Merrily, cheerily, row along;
And whilst the waters ripple round us,
We'll too raise the song.

Spreads the wave, boys, broad and clear, boys!

Spreads the wave, boys, bright along;
And whilst our oars make merry dashings,
We'll too raise the song;

We'll too raise the song, my boys,

Swift as we row along,

Each to his oar, boys—bend to the oar, boys,

Merrily, cheerily, row along;

And whilst our prow makes merry music,

We'll too raise the song.

"Now, Lavigne, your turn has come again," say we all; and fixing his eye upon pretty, modest little Mary Maitland, with whom he is, or fancies himself to be, in love, he launches into the following tender ditty:—

What thought makes my heart with most tenderness swell?

'Tis the thought of thy beauty, my sweet Gabrielle;
To the light wind of summer the pine-top swings free,
But lighter and freer thy footstep to me.

Oh! the sunshine around thee casts brighter its glow;
And the breeze sighs more blandly when kissing thy brow;
The robin chaunts sweet its melodious glee,
But the sound of thy voice is far sweeter to me.

Thou hast linked thy bright chain, thou hast woven thy spell,
For aye round my bosom, my sweet Gabrielle;
The star of the evening is lovely to see;
But the glance of thy eye is far brighter to me.

In life my bright angel, when struggling in death,
Thy loved name will dwell on my last ebbing breath.
Heaven's bliss would be clouded and dark without thee,
The step, voice, and eye, that a heaven are to me.

By the way, Lavigne, to his natural gallantry adds somewhat of poetical ability; and it is shrewdly suspected that he is the author of the above song. However that is, whilst he was in the midst of his pathetic strain, with his hand on his heart, and his eye fixed expressively upon Mary, a small manuscript fell from his pocket, which I took possession of, for the purpose of restoring to him after he had finished his song; but the superscription catching my eye, by the clear light of the now risen moon, I concluded to keep it awhile for the purpose of teasing him. I subsequently took a copy; and after hinting most provokingly concerning it at several of our gatherings, in his presence and that of Mary, restored it to him. Here it is—

TO MARY,

ON HER PRESENTING ME WITH A VIOLET.

This gem of vernal breezes bland,
How bright its azure beauty shone,
When first thy soft and fairy hand,
Placed the slight stem within my own.

So rich the fragrance round bequeathed
By this fair flower—this modest shrine—
I thought thou must have on it breathed,
With those sweet crimson lips of thine.

I placed the blossom next my heart,
And fondly hoped its life to stay;
But each hour saw its hue depart,
Until it withered quite away.

Oh! how unlike my love for thee,
The blighting of this tiny flower!
Time gives it but intensity,
And years will but increase its power.

For I have shined thee in my heart,
Thou all of Earth's sweet flowers most sweet;
And never thence canst thou depart,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

By day thou art my constant thought,
Thy sweet, dark eyes I ever see;
My dreams are of thy image wrought,
And when I wake I think of thee.

Loveliest of God's created things!
My soul to thee through life is given;
And when that soul takes upward wings,
I'll search for thy bright form in heaven.

Richly doth the moon now kindle up the scene with her pure silver glory. How deliciously her delicate dreamy light rests upon the quiet fields, the motionless forests, and the slumbering lake. How sweet the harmony between heaven and earth. The sky is flooded with the rich radiance, quenching the stars, save one or two that sparkle near the orb'd source of all this brightness. And on the lake is a broad path of splendor, gorgeous as the angel-trodden ladder witnessed by the patriarch in his dreams. Our little hollow is lit up with matchless brilliancy. It is absolutely filled with the moon's smile. Let us examine some of the small effects of the light. There is a shifting, dazzling streak upon each ripple as it dances up—the side of yon pine, this way, is covered all over with bright tassels, whilst the other portion, except its dim outline, is lost in gloom. There is an edging of pearl woven along the outer fringes of this hemlock, gleaming from the jet-blackness enveloping the stem. This great crouching laurel, which Ike Davis and I saw looking like one giant bouquet of snowy blossoms, seems now, in each individual leaf, to be sculptured from ivory, or as if the blossoms had all been melted into a liquid mantle of light. The moss underneath that bank seems covered with rich net-work; whilst beside it, on that little glade, is a broad space of pure lustre, like a silver carpet spread there by Titania for the dance of her sprites.

And there is another radiance, too, besides that of the moon—the fire-flies. Every dark covert is alive with the gold-green sparklers, winking and blinking very industriously, as if they had only a short time to work in, and were determined to make the most of it.

There are multitudinous voices also all around us—on the ground, and in the branches—crickets—tree-toads—now and then a wakeful grasshopper—and the whet-saw, or cross-bill, tolling out its clear metallic notes from the depth of the forest.

Ah! it is a witching hour—most sweet, most touching and beautiful. However, we cannot stay here all night, even in the midst of moonlight fragrance, and music. So we all quit our seats, un-

willingly, however, and move to the edge of the water. The scow receives us, with the exception of our two singers, who, with their ladies, embark in the skiff. We leave the whispering ripples—break through the net of lilies, making the yellow globes all round palpitate up and down like living objects trying to escape—and launch, straight as the sideway spasms of our swinish craft will allow, into the moon-lit middle of the lake. The skiff is performing numerous antics, as if in derision of our slow progress, crossing and re-crossing the spangled pathway of light, with an effect picturesque and spectre-like. The boat—each figure in its most minute outline, hat, profile, limbs, and all—the oars—even the row-locks—are drawn with a spider-web accuracy upon the rich, bright back-ground in the passages across, seen, however, only for a moment—quick—startling—as if lightning had flashed over, and then all relapsing into the usual moonlight indistinctness. It is something, also, like the opening and shutting of the fire-fly's lamp, this exhibition of the party, as it were, by flashes.

But, hark! subsiding into quiet, and keeping but a

little distance now from our slow, laboring bark, the skiff sends forth upon the night a strain of richest harmony. Lavigne and Murray blend their voices primo and secundo; and as we all glide slowly and sweetly toward the shore whence leads the way to home, to the air of "Come rest in this bosom;" this is the song they sing:—

Oh! what are Earth's pleasures and glories to me,
Compared with the bliss that I know when with thee;
I grieve when thou grieve'st—feel mirthful when gay,
And happy when near thee, and sad when away.

The sunshine is darkened when missing thy smile,
There's naught then my sorrow and care can beguile;
My path seems deserted, Hope's pinions are furled,
For thou art my sunshine, my hope, and my world.

I've gazed with delight on thy beautiful eyes,
Till words were denied me—I breathed naught but sighs;
I've watched thy sweet motions so graceful and light,
Till my heart overflowed with pure joy at the sight.

I would turn from the song of an angel to hear
Thy voice of soft silver fall sweet on my ear;
And, oh! in despair's bitter anguish and gloom,
I would turn e'en from life, for thy rest in the tomb.

A BACCHIC ODE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

WINE! bring wine!
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,
Brimming o'er with the draught divine!

The crimson glow
Of the lifted cup on my forehead throw,
Like the sunset's flush on a field of snow!

I burn to lave
My eager lip in the purple wave!
Freedom bringeth the wine so brave!

The world is cold!
Sorrow and Pain have gloomy hold,
Chilling the bosom warm and bold!

Doubts and fears
Veil the shine of my morning years!
My life's lone rainbow springs from tears!

But Eden-gleams
Visit my soul in immortal dreams,
When the wave of the goblet burns and beams!

Not from the Rhine—
Not from fields of Burgundian vine,
Bring me the bright Olympian wine!

Not with a ray,
Born where the winds of Shiraz play—
Or the fiery blood of the ripe Tokay!

Not where the glie
Of Falernian vintage echoes free—
Or the gardens of Scio gem the sea!

But wine! Bring wine!
Flushing high with its growth divine,
In the crystal depth of my soul to shine!

Whose glow was caught
From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought
To the vintage-fields in the Land of Thought!

Rich and free
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,
Poured by the Hebe, Poesy!

A VALENTINE.

BY R. E. BACON.

ALAS! sweet —, how hard a task is mine
Thy behest to fulfill. The poet's heart
Freezes with winter; and his lyric art,
Torpid and dull, no coronals can twine,
Even in honor of Saint Valentine!
Yet must the saint be honored; so I lay
A frozen dove upon his frozen shrine,
And ice-twigs pile for sacrificial pyre,

While driving snows obscure the short-lived day,
Praying thine eyes for soft consuming fire!
The thawing ice fit emblem then will be
Of tears, that sickness laid its hand on thee:
The flashing light, that shows the altar burning,
Shall be my gladness at thy health's returning;
Health, Joy and Spring in one sweet band returning!
Cambridge, St. Valentine's Day, 1847.

ARTHUR HARRINGTON.

OR A YOUTH OF PROMISE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I yearn for the future, vague and vast ;
And lo ! what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings. M. TUPPER.

"MOTHER, which shall I be—which would you rather have me be—an author or statesman?" said Arthur Harrington, a handsome boy of some twelve years of age, looking up from his Latin exercise to his mother, who sat reading at the same table where her son was studying.

The mother laid down her book, and smiling as she looked in the glowing face of her boy, answered,

"I hardly know, Arthur. The statesman who presides in his country's councils, and guides at the helm of state, has a proud, a noble position. But the author, again, who influences a nation's mind, and stirs up the heart of a people, is one of the benefactors of his race. I should wish, however, that you consult your own taste and genius in the choice of your future career, my son."

"There was Sir Walter Scott, mother—he surely stirred up the heart of a people. To be read all over the world must be glorious! And yet to be William Pitt—prime minister at one-and-twenty!—I think, mother, I'd rather be William Pitt—"

"You had better study your lesson, Arthur," said Frank Ashhurst, a youth of about the same age, in a low tone, without raising his eyes from the Greek page which lay open before him.

But Arthur, too intent upon the comparative merits of statesmen and authors, Sir Walter Scott and William Pitt, took little heed of his friend's suggestion, but eagerly pursued the conversation with his scarce less interested mother, who gazed in his sparkling eyes and animated face, and thought every question the indication of aspiring genius and the prompting of proud ambition.

Mrs. Harrington was a woman of some reading, and lively imagination, and, full of theories, thought herself a genius; and so she delighted in what she called "cultivating Arthur's mind;" and thus they talked on of heroes and authors and great men, while Arthur's spirit soaring beyond his Latin exercise, and expanding in the region of castle building, (which his mother, not less than himself, mistook for the land of inspiration,) quite forgot the studies of the morrow.

Francis Ashhurst, meanwhile, never raised his eyes from the book he so intently studied, while the silent but rapid movement of his lips, and earnest

expression of his dark eyes, showed he had no ears for the discussion going on at his side. Presently drawing a long breath, he closed his book and put it one side.

"Have you finished your Greek already, Frank?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," he replied, opening his mathematics. "You had better be studying. It is late."

"We had better talk no more now, Arthur," said Mrs. Harrington gently. "You do not know all your lessons yet."

Arthur sighed, and studied a little while, and then yawned, and presently began again with

"But, mother, do you think that literary fame is as great—as glorious—as political or—military even—Wellington and Napoleon were greater—"

"Arthur," said Frank, in a low, quiet tone, "you have your Greek yet, and your problems—"

"Oh, I hate mathematics!" said the boy, impatient of his cousin's sober interruption. A mathematician is never a man of genius. And I have no genius for mathematics," he added contemptuously, though you have, I believe, Francis."

Francis made no reply. He was deep in a problem, and did not look up to answer, or perhaps did not even hear his cousin's taunt.

Mrs. Harrington had, however, the sense to follow Francis's suggestion, and remind her son of the lateness of the hour; and taking up her own book, advised him to pursue his studies.

Silence reigned for half an hour perhaps in the little party, which was at last broken by Arthur's throwing his book on one side, saying, "There—I've done with you. Frank, give me the Greek Lexicon."

Francis complied with his request, saying with surprise, "Do you know it?"

"Yes—well enough—I'll look it over in the morning." And in the same way he skimmed through his remaining studies.

"Come, Frank," said he, at last, "have you not almost done. How you do stick at those problems," he continued impatiently.

"Presently," replied the other. "Don't speak to me now." And after some minutes intense application, he raised his head with a bright, calm look and said, "I've finished. What now, Arthur?"

"You are studying for the mathematical prize, I suppose, Frank?" said Arthur.

"For the prize! No," replied Francis, with sur-

prise. "I never thought of such a thing. Harry Forrester will carry that off, of course. You know he is far ahead of me."

"No—is he?" said Arthur. "I did not know it. What then makes you study so, if you have no chance of the prize?"

"Why, Arthur," said Frank, laughing, "if we only study to gain prizes, most of us may as well close our books at once, for there are but half a dozen prizes, and over a hundred boys. What is your number?"

"Oh, I do n't know. Pretty low. If I can't be head, I do n't care where I am. Mathematics is not the bent of my genius," replied Arthur.

"Nor mine, that I know of," said Frank—"but, hang it, my genius has got to bend to it for all that."

And there was a resolute tone, and a look of determination that showed that Frank Ashhurst was one who did not look for "aid and comfort" to his "genius" always, in difficulties.

Mrs. Harrington smiled as she listened to the conversation. She said afterward to her husband—

"Frank is a boy of no ambition. But he is a steady, plodding lad, and a very safe companion for Arthur. He's a heavy boy—no genius—very different from Arthur."

"And Arthur was a boy, in truth, that would have gratified the pride, and flattered the vanity, of most mothers, for he was what most parents like, a precocious, *showy* boy. He was quick in abilities, handsome in person, tall of his age, with bright hazel eyes, and a round, glowing cheek; graceful, too, in his manners, and very fluent in speech—altogether a striking boy—somewhat forward, perhaps—but his good looks and cleverness made his peace with those who might have found fault with his want of diffidence.

Now Frank was a lad no one ever noticed. Perhaps now and then some one of unusual discernment might have said, "that youth has a fine countenance;" but it was a remark that always elicited surprise when it was made, for most persons would have said, with Mrs. Harrington, that he was a "heavy boy." He was shorter by a head nearly than Arthur, and heavily moulded, and people generally are apt to take the body for the soul, and judge the spirit by the flesh. And, then, though Frank had a fine brow, and clear, well set, deep eye, there was nothing of what Mrs. Harrington called the "flash of genius in his look up." It was a calm, earnest face, and when in study, there was an intensity of expression, a concentration of attention, that is rare—otherwise he was not a striking, and certainly not a handsome boy. He was rather shy, too, and awkward when brought forward, and one of those who never made a figure on "exhibition days." In short, he was not one of the *show boys*, which Arthur was. Heads of schools, and teachers generally, are very quick to know the effect produced by such pupils as Arthur. They like to put them forward. All they know tells, and what they

don't know is not seen. Manner and appearance never go further than on such occasions. The human heart naturally warms to beauty, and to youthful beauty it is particularly indulgent; and when united to any thing like precocity of talent, it is sure to take the greater part of parents.

Consequently Arthur carried off more than one prize at the examinations, that, had he not been so highly endowed with external gifts, might not have been so readily awarded him.

But this exhibition, to Mrs. Harrington's surprise and mortification, Arthur carried off none of the highest premiums. The boy himself was loud in his complaints of injustice and ill-treatment, and Mrs. Harrington lent a willing and indignant ear to all he said.

It never occurred to the loving mother that Arthur might not deserve the prizes. She did not remember that his application had rather relaxed than increased with the increasing difficulties of his studies, and that much of the time that should have been devoted to work had been passed in light reading, or quite as often, perhaps, in talking with herself. She only felt that Arthur had been most unjustly treated, and tried to soothe and console his wounded feelings, and talked of the "too frequent fate of unrewarded merit." But the more she talked, the keener grew his sense of slighted talents. He grumbled and talked—and finally called his teacher names, and then his mother yielded; for as she afterward said to her husband—"When a boy loses his respect for his teachers, the moral influence that should work is destroyed." And the good man assented, without very clearly understanding what she meant. He only comprehended that his wife was dissatisfied with Arthur's school, and he himself was indignant at the idea of his boy's being treated with injustice. He never inquired into Arthur's studies, nor examined into his progress. "He had not time." He was a hard-working, money-making man, and while he slaved body and soul to amass a fortune, he left the education, mental, moral and physical, of his only son to his wife. A not uncommon case, we are sorry to say; for the most intelligent and cultivated of mothers have rarely the firmness, and never the knowledge of men and the world, required in the education of boys. Not that we would disparage woman or her acquirements, nor lessen the influence due to mothers, but only suggest that she is not to be *both* father and mother, and hint that men have other duties beside the all-absorbing one of making money. Mr. Harrington was steeped to the very lips in commercial affairs. Business was his occupation—his pleasure—his life—the breath of his nostrils—every thing in short.

He went early to the counting-house and came home late, and generally tired, and often perplexed, and did not want then to be worried with domestic matters.

He loved his boy, and was proud of him; and his wife told him he was a very uncommon boy, and

he believed her. She talked a great deal of the peculiarities of his mind, and the traits of his character, and told many anecdotes indicative of his superiority, mental and spiritual, and much that the husband would have thought "great nonsense," if it had been anybody but *his* wife talking, and *his* boy she was talking of. But as it was, it was amusing to see the complacency with which he listened. He paid the bills regularly, and left the rest to his wife; satisfied that he had put his money out to good interest, and never doubting that he had done his whole duty. So when at the present time she told him she thought they had better withdraw Arthur, and place him at a "select school, where only twenty boys were taken," he assented, and told her to do as she thought best.

"The Rector of the Grammar School," she said, "is not a man of enlarged mind. He does not enter sufficiently into the original capacities of boys, but makes them all go through the same mill, no matter how different their natural talents. Indeed, the school is so large, that it would be out of the question for him to do justice to them all, even if he were a man of more comprehensive and discriminating mind than he is. There are upward of a hundred boys there, I believe."

"Ah! there it is," said Mr. Harrington, indignantly; "they will take in such a crowd." Quite forgetting that other men beside merchants may like to make money in their professions, too. So it was pretty well settled that Arthur was to go to this "select school," of which Mrs. Harrington had heard a great puff from Mrs. Osborn, for many mothers beside Mrs. Harrington manage their sons' education in this "work-day world" of ours. There are a good many moral "half orphans" in our community. And so Mrs. Harrington consulted some half dozen of her friends, quite as deep as herself in the work of education, before she decided, and spoke at last to Mrs. Ashhurst, who replied—

"We have no idea of withdrawing Francis. His father is quite satisfied with his progress."

Mrs. Harrington was surprised at hearing a father cited as authority, but she turned and applied herself to Mr. Ashhurst, for she was one of those who rather liked to have others do as she did, and patronize a school, or withdraw their children, according as she inclined, but Mr. Ashhurst said—

"I am perfectly satisfied, my dear madam, where Frank is. He studies hard, which is the great point, and I think the general system of the establishment good. I am always unwilling to make a change in a child's school, without I see strong reasons for doing so, for much time I think is lost in changing studies and teachers. New systems, new books, are always introduced, and not often for the better, and as long as Frank studies well, and has time for exercise, I am satisfied where he is."

"The scholarship may be equal," replied Mrs. Harrington, "in these great schools, although even that I doubt, but what I chiefly object to for my son,

Mr. Ashhurst, is the contaminating influence of such a crowd of all sorts of boys." (Now Mrs. Harrington had a holy horror of "all sorts" of people, at any time of life.) "Now the moral influence must be so much purer, so much healthier, of a select number of boys, whose families you know."

"There, my dear madam, I differ from you," said Mr. Ashhurst, smiling. "I look upon the moral influence of a public school as decidedly—not perhaps what you would call purer—but healthier than that of a 'select few.' Indeed, if it were not for the languages, I had rather Frank went to a district school than any other."

"Oh, Mr. Ashhurst! A district school! You surely are not in earnest. Pray, what advantage can they or any public school have over a private one?"

"Just the one," said Mr. Ashhurst, smiling, "that you seem so much to dread—'all sorts of boys.' Manliness of character, that first point in education, is only to be acquired by throwing a boy early on himself. Of course it is a parent's duty to watch over his child; and to cultivate the higher moral feelings is the home part of the business. But to make him *hardy* and vigorous in mind as well as body is the great object of out-door education."

"But, my dear sir, you would not wish your son to acquire unrefined habits and boorish manners, which he must, if you condemn him to mix with his inferiors, by way of making him hardy, as you call it."

"By no means," replied Mr. Ashhurst. "But I am very far from thinking that I condemn him to mix with his inferiors, when I let him find his own footing among his equals, and perhaps superiors. And I look to the influence of home for the refinement of his habits and manners."

Mrs. Harrington had been a little annoyed at the turn the conversation had taken—not that it altered her views and opinions in the least, what conversation ever does—but that her husband happened to be present; and as he occasionally indulged in some slap against the "white-kid gentry," she feared Mr. Ashhurst's arguments might meet a more ready acquiescence than she desired, so saying,

"Well, we must talk this over another time," hastily turned the subject, and there the matter dropped.

"Ashhurst is a sensible man," observed Mr. Harrington to his wife as they walked home.

"Yes," she replied, well knowing the track her husband's mind was on, and shaping her answer to meet it. "Yes, he's a sensible, though a coarse man."

Mr. Harrington's countenance changed.

"I am sorry," she continued, "that he is unwilling to give Francis the best advantages; but I presume he cannot afford it very well. He has a large family. And though he did not like to acknowledge it, the terms are an object to him."

"Of course," said Mr. Harrington, in a tone of approbation that alarmed her.

"I am satisfied," she continued, "that the 'Institute' is the best place for Arthur. The Howards, and the Harpers, and the Astleys and Langdons all speak of it in the highest manner, and their boys have been there several years."

Mr. Harrington could not withstand this. The names his wife had mentioned, and purposely mentioned, were those of some of the wealthiest men in the community. They were men after whose names he took pride in placing his on a subscription list—or seeing them lovingly associated in the papers as bank directors, or as trustees for life, fire, trust, or any other monied institutions, and so, on the same principle, he relaxed at once, and saw with complacency his Arthur placed among the select few, the dimes fresh from the mint of "good society."

Mrs. Harrington, satisfied of having gained her point, never stopped to question herself as to the means. She never paused to inquire as to whether she had done her part, as woman and wife, when she roused her husband's weakness to take advantage of the failing. She never asked whether it was womanly or wise—if she could only "put her finger on fortune's pipe, and sound what stop she pleased," she did not look much higher.

And yet Mrs. Harrington was a woman of fine theories, exalted views, rather a transcendentalist—till it came to action, and then what she wanted she must have—if she could get it.

With some imagination, considerable enthusiasm, and a something mixed of the two, that she called romance, she had yet married Mr. Harrington, who was the opposite of every thing to her taste. And why? Because, though she would have been glad to have united the ideal with the real in her choice, she had yet no idea of sacrificing luxury to feeling. And with all her poetry she had an intense appreciation of *well being*. She found she could not gratify romance, ambition, and ease, too, and so between the body and soul she preferred the body. But the love and ambition she had sacrificed in her marriage she now centered in her son. The wife was nothing, the mother all in all.

CHAPTER II.

Ab! poor youth! in pitiful thruth,
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth!
What thou shalt be well have I seen—
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

The commonest drudge of men and things,
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings!

MARTIN TUPPER.

Arthur Harrington continued very much at the "Institute" what he had been at the grammar school, a show boy, with now an incipient dash of the dandy. From thence he was transferred to college, which he did not enter as high as he and his mother expected. She took it for granted that he must enter the Junior year, as Frank Ashhurst had done,

though most boys of his age commence with the Freshman. And here again, but for the crying injustice that always followed Arthur, when he found himself not rated higher than others, he would have taken the first honors. But, somehow, though Arthur was universally reckoned a "promising youth," he never achieved any decided distinction when put to the test. At the debating societies he was ready and fluent, though often incorrect as to his facts, (but that made little impression on his auditors, who did not expect exact information from so young an orator,) and there he was quite conspicuous. He was a scribbler, too; wrote for magazines and papers, and now and then had the triumph of having an article inserted in one of the graver reviews. Altogether he had quite a reputation with parents, though the boys did not rate him as much.

"He's a conceited chap," they would say, and their elders and betters thought they were jealous. But give me a boy's reputation with boys, and I'll give you the future man's among men. However, let that pass. Arthur graduated, and this time with an honor. It was not the highest, but he did not care much for that. It gave him an opportunity of delivering an oration; and fluent and easy, sparkling with well-turned phrases and showy antithetical sentences, though containing little thought, and no originality, it drew down frequent applause, and, in short, made quite a hit. The graceful manner and handsome person of the youthful orator went a great way—three-fourths certainly—for Francis Ashhurst, who took the valedictory, really delivered an oration that showed the germ (and that is all that can be looked for on such occasions) of real power. But then the manner was so bad that few listened to the matter, and he hurried through as fast as he could, and retired, much to his own relief and that of the audience.

On quitting college, Mr. Harrington would have been glad to have had his son enter the counting-house. But "Harrington & Son" did not shine as proudly in the mother's eyes as in her husband's. And Arthur thought it was the "old man's" business to make money, not his, and negatived the proposition decidedly, not to say haughtily. He was destined to be a great man—the head of the bar—the leader of the Senate, possibly an author, certainly an orator, perhaps an ambassador—the path was not clearly defined—in fact, it was crossed with too many bright lights to be very distinct—but it was to be something distinguished—that point had been settled by his mother when he was in his cradle—and he himself had entertained the same views ever since he had been out of petticoats.

The bar, of course, was the only stepping-stone to these future honors, and it chanced that he and Francis Ashhurst entered the same office.

Francis had gone on quietly but steadily, the same boy and lad that he now entered life as man, and set himself in earnest to his profession.

Arthur talked earnestly, nay enthusiastically of his profession, and delighted in attending court when any great cause was being argued. But for the reading Blackstone, Coke and Littleton he found heavy work, and the dull routine of office business quite disgusting. He was fond of general reading, and skimmed the surface of things with great rapidity. He was quite a brilliant talker, too; for one so young, though more remarkable for his fluency than facts, and always made an impression, particularly on a first acquaintance. He had a decided reputation for talents in general circles, though in the office Mr. Osgood never turned to him when he wanted any thing of consequence done. He had soon found that Ashhurst was the man for real work, and being a man of keen perceptions, and but few words, he said nothing, but placed every thing that required attention in his hands.

Arthur was unpopular with the young men of the office. They called him "shallow and conceited." The fact was, he assumed a superiority they were unwilling to accord to him. He prided himself not only on his talents, but his position, and thought they entitled him to a consideration that he never dreamt of according to others.

He did not mean to give offence, nor was even aware of his haughty tone of superiority, for it never occurred to him that his fellow-students could put themselves on a footing of equality with himself. They did not mix in the same circles—had neither fashion, nor wealth, nor consequence of any kind. What claims had they to his civility? He looked upon them merely as Mr. Osgood's "clerks," who did the underwork of the office; and from a boy Arthur had only associated with lads as delicately brought up as himself, and he now shrunk from the association of others as an annoyance. He would rather they had not come between the "wind and his nobility;" but since it was a "necessary evil," he endured it. Ashhurst was the only one of them with whom he was on any terms of fellowship, and that was rather from early habit than from real feeling. Besides Ashhurst's family belonged to the same clique as his own, and therefore was entitled to some respect, though Ashhurst himself seldom frequented the gay circles of which Arthur formed quite a prominent member. Mrs. Harrington delighted to see him conspicuous in society, and looked anxiously around to select from the youthful belles of the day the most distinguished for his wife. But Arthur showed no disposition to lay his heart as yet on the shrine of any fair one. In fact he was too much wrapped up in himself to find interest in others, and thereupon grew fastidious, and gave himself airs. Perhaps this somewhat enhanced his fashion, as he had the reputation of talent, and was decidedly good looking; beside which, as the only son of a rich man, he was called a "good match." Ah! that *bon parti*—how much does it help and cover in "good society."

Much, therefore, was excused him that might not

have been so kindly received had circumstances been different. And so, what with reading a little law, and a good deal of light literature, mixing much in society, and doing none of the drudgery of the office, the three years of Arthur's preparatory studies glided by pleasantly enough, at the end of which time he passed his examination, and supposed himself fairly started for his future career. But there's nothing brilliant in the life of a *young* lawyer, let his talents and application be what they may. It's hard work for the present with compensation in the future. Now Arthur had never done work—real work—in his life. His quick abilities had enabled him to skim the surface of subjects, and make a show with whatever knowledge he had. But the law is not to be skated over so rapidly; and Arthur had neither the taste, and, indeed, scarcely the power now of the close application the dry study required; and not being urged by necessity, he scorned the small business that might have fallen in his way, and taught him something. He longed for a great cause—which he could not have tried if he had got it; and being tired now of society, panted for distinction, and became impatient and dissatisfied with a profession which required labor, and brought in no immediate returns of reputation. There was such a crowd, too, of young lawyers that it was quite disgusting; and so he neglected his office rather more, perhaps, than he had ever done Mr. Osgood's, and began to turn his weary, impatient spirit to politics, as the "only arena, after all, worthy of a man of talent;" and "the lawyer rarely makes a great statesman—the study contracts the mind; the most distinguished of them seldom rises above a special pleader, when called upon in the more elevated sphere of public business."

Mr. Harrington died suddenly about this time—fell in the traces, exhausted with the labors and anxieties of his arduous life; and it was found to the surprise of most people, that his fortune was not the half of what it had been estimated. No doubt it had been greater at different times, but the variations of commercial affairs are known to all, and Mr. Harrington had had his ups and downs as well as others. It happened to be at one of these times of depression that he died, and the estate he left was scarcely more than a comfortable provision for his wife and son. Arthur was no longer looked upon as a young man of fortune; but then he had what he had at command, and that satisfied him for the present quite as well, and perhaps better, than fortune in perspective. It enabled him to do as he chose just then, and gave him the immediate consideration he wanted with a certain class of politicians. He attended public meetings, and spoke frequently, and took sides hotly and denounced men and measures that did not meet his views fiercely; and as he threw himself with ardor in the opposition party, and spent liberally, he was received with open arms and cheered heartily.

This was the excitement he had longed for. He

now felt that he had gained the open space he wanted, and his mother, flattered and delighted, spoke of him as one of the leaders of the party. There's no telling the visions with which his brain now teemed; but as most dreamers, whether waking or sleeping, are the principal figures in their visions, so he himself always occupied the foreground in all his mental pictures. Meantime his nights were passed chiefly in clubs, and halls, and committee-rooms, where he condescended, in the hot conflict of political feeling, to companionship he would once have stood aloof from as from something quite contaminating. He made himself conspicuous at the next election, expecting to be taken up after that as one of the prominent men himself. But when the second term came round, Arthur saw his means well nigh exhausted, and he no nearer the goal than when he first started. His mortification and disappointment were extreme, when he found he had no chance for any nomination whatever, either for general, state, or even City Councils; for he would have been glad to run for any thing rather than not run at all. But they would not even take him up. In fact they found he was neither a useful nor a popular man. Talents and information of a commanding order may dispense with the minor morals of good manners; but Harrington's conceit was not atoned for by any such qualifications; and arrogance that is not backed by decided talent and sound information meets with small favor from the community at large.

And so he had had a few years of excitement, and spent his little patrimony, and was now just where he had started—if that can be said of any man, when years have passed over his head bringing neither added reputation nor knowledge. He had lost time and gained nothing; and, moreover, as we have said, had spent the little independence left him by his father.

It was now necessary for him to do something, for though his mother could give him a home, her fortune was not sufficient for them both. There was his profession, which he hated. He could not go back and drudge for dollars and cents. Beside it was too late—others that had started with him had got before him. Those who had kept to the beaten well-worn path, while he had been hunting for a short-cut, had reached the goal before him. As for Ashhurst, he was not only doing a good business, but beginning to be known. His name was mentioned with respect, and he was often associated as junior counsel with the leaders of the bar.

There, too, was his pen. But sketchy articles and slight productions, which are kindly received as the efforts of a boy, elicit no applause when coming from a man of mature years. And Harrington had not risen with the public; he had been called a "youth of promise" when a lad, but his manhood had not kept pace with the promise. He had made no friends and some enemies in his state of political effervescence, when he had dealt

round accusations and epithets that scarcely even electioneering excitement will excuse. So now what to do he knew not. He paused and looked around, discomfited and mortified. He complained loudly, of course, of the treatment that he had met with—for injustice, as we have seen, had pursued Arthur from a boy, and now he was growing bitter—a keen sense of ill-usage is sometimes a great comfort—and his mother listened to his out-pourings with the deepest sympathy; for Arthur's ambition and conceit had been of her cultivation. She had planted the seed, and now the tree over-shadowed her. She was deeply chagrined by his failure in all he had undertaken, or rather, we should say, commenced; for, like him, she did not comprehend that there is no rail-road to fame. But still she did not give up. Matrimony, woman's great resource, was left him. She had always wanted him to marry; and now an heiress seemed the readiest means of mending his broken fortunes. Harrington himself saw no other; and so he entered society again with other views beside amusement.

A new set of beaux and belles were occupying the places of those who had been prominent when he first came forward; those who had been the gayest of the dancers then, were now wives and mothers, and most of them withdrawn from such assemblies. The men looked to him like boys, and the "boys" returned the compliment, and called him an "old fellow." The beauties were most of them penniless; and it so happened that the few girls of fortune in society just at that time, were any thing but beauties; and Harrington wanted to suit his taste as well as his necessities, and he hated to do any thing he did not like; and he detested an ugly woman. He had always been very dainty of his feelings, and he could now neither work nor marry, if it was not in exact accordance with his taste. And, altogether, society did not seem to him the same as it once had been. Somehow it had lost its zest and freshness. He did not know where the change was, but he felt there was a change that robbed it of all its charm.

The secret was, that he was no longer a person of consequence, and excited no sensation among the young belles he saw around him. His first glow of youth and beauty was gone; and he had acquired no reputation to stand him in its stead in youthful eyes. He had no fortune either, and mammas and daughters don't court and flatter a *ci-devant jeune homme*, who is no match. Nor was he called agreeable. He was bitter, and cynical, and egotistical; and girls don't want to talk to men who talk always of themselves, particularly when there is nothing in their attentions to flatter their vanity. Women expect either to be amused, or to have their feelings interested, or their pride gratified. Now Arthur Harrington did none of these things, and consequently he thought society a "bore," and society was beginning to return the compliment.

There was but one person who at all interested

him, not that he thought of her—for she had no fortune, and would not do—but still he admired her. Sybil Effingham he could not look at nor listen to, without partly forgetting himself. She was in truth a bright, spirited, beautiful creature, high-toned, with a look of sensibility and disinterestedness—a something to touch the imagination—altogether a being that made him sigh as he thought of his altered fortunes; and though he meant nothing, he could not help visiting at her father's more frequently than he thought quite prudent. To his surprise he occasionally met Ashhurst there; and what surprised him more was the consideration with which he was received when he did come. But Ashhurst was now a marked man, distinguished for his age, and women always yield a ready homage to talent, and delight in honoring those whom the world honors. And, moreover, Ashhurst was a man to please, though Harrington could not comprehend it; and, indeed, few men understand the female taste in that respect. What is called a "lady's man," is not, as men suppose, the most agreeable to women. Those are not the men who excite enthusiastic and romantic attachments. A woman's imagination must be roused before her heart is deeply touched; and it is only a man of superior mind and character that does that.

And Ashhurst's was an earnest, vigorous spirit, and the beautiful Sybil felt her soul awoken in his presence, and she listened to his words of power and truth as she listened to no other man. But if Harrington was surprised and vexed to see the reputation and ascendancy Ashhurst was gaining, his feelings were as nothing to his mother's on the subject. It was really amusing to see the tenacity with which she clung to early impressions, (and Mrs. Harrington was a woman who had great faith in her own "impressions.") She had pronounced him then a "heavy boy," and altogether thought him a very coarse piece of clay, compared to her son of delicate porcelain; and how he had stood the fire and heat, and come out so much truer tempered through the rough usage of the world, was a matter she did not comprehend or patiently acquiesce in.

But to return to Arthur. He found it would not do to spend his time dangling after Sybil Effingham; and, perhaps, the coolness with which she received his attentions helped to awaken him to their folly; and about this time, too, a really pretty, high-bred heiress made her appearance on the horizon of fashion, and set all the gay world in a commotion, and among the first and most assiduous of her admirers was Arthur Harrington. But the young lady, like most heiresses and beauties, knew her own claims quite as well as anybody, and expected as much for her money as Arthur could for his

name and talents; and so, to his great wrath and amazement, he was coolly rejected.

Her fashion and beauty were now his misfortunes, as in making her prominent in society, they also made her suitors conspicuous, and consequently, Arthur's rejection was immediately as well known to the public as if it had been published in the papers; and he who one heiress would have, another is very apt to refuse, because he has already been rejected—and one or two others settle him as a fortune-hunter, and then his business is done.

And so it was with our hero. And this mortification he and his mother felt more keenly, perhaps, than all the rest—for there could be no injustice or foul play in these cases; and angry though he might be, he could not complain. He anathematized the whole sex in his heart, and said to his mother,

"I've supported politics—let politics now support me." The meaning of which grand sentiment was, that he would turn office-seeker—a party politician for private purposes—the meanest of all professions.

Meanwhile Ashhurst had won the beautiful Sybil; and not only that, but was deemed a great match for her, for he had made an independence and a name, and might justly look forward to the highest honors that are open to genius and industry.

"That Harrington is a disagreeable man," was one day remarked by some one, "he abuses every body—only no one cares for his abuse."

"He's a disappointed man," was the reply.

"Disappointed!" rejoined the first speaker, "I like that! And what right has *he* to be disappointed? What are his claims to any thing more than he has?"

"Well, I hardly know," replied the other, smiling, "now that you bring me to the point. But, somehow, we all expected Harrington to make a figure in the world; and why he has not done so I don't know."

"Then I'll tell you," said the first speaker; "because he's a poor creature—there's no stamina in him. He has neither vigor of mind or character. He's been cursed with ambition without industry. He has not the energy to act out his own dreams. He was just one of those promising youths who never come to any thing."

"Pity 'tis 'tis true; but there's no reputation without labor; and he who expects it, will turn out like Arthur Harrington, bitter and cynical. He may give himself the airs of a disappointed man, but that does not alter the fact of his being only a 'poor creature.'"

And so Arthur Harrington sunk to a place-hunter; and, poor devil! "To dig he was unable, and beg he was ashamed."

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

A MEMOIR of Gen. Taylor's life is, to one who writes it with no purpose but to do justice to a bright particular star in the constellation of our country's patriots, a pleasant and easy task; for his career and character present no inconsistencies to be reconciled, no acts that crave vindication. His actions form his eulogy; and the severest narrative of what he is, and what he has done, is the most appropriate tribute to his modesty and merit, and to the gratitude and admiration of his country.

Zachary Taylor is descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of those who, two centuries since, settled in Virginia; and is kindred to James Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, Judge Pendleton, and others, the most ardent and spotless patriots of their time. His father was one of the pioneers of Kentucky, one of those who worshipped with their rifles beside them, and listened, in the pauses of their labor, for the yell of the Indian. Of the heroes of the dark and bloody ground he is said to have been the most daring. To that wilderness of woe, for such it then was, he bore his family, including Zachary, who was born in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1790. It was under these auspices that the young hero was educated. His way to school was beset by savage foes, and in one instance, one of his mates snatched from him by the Indians. There could be no better school to form the mind and fix the character of the warrior, to teach caution and thoughtfulness, and to inspire enterprise and a contempt of danger. This education—the education of early Kentucky—has been admirably described by Byron, in his verses on Boone—

And tall and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing cities' pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Derived from such a stock, and invigorated by such an education, he grew, as might be expected, a man ardent but thoughtful, bold but guarded—one likely to be successful in any sphere, and if after life afforded the means of maturing his powers, certain to be eminent. His early life abounds in anecdotes characteristic of generous and noble qualities, which, though derived from the best authority, our limits compel us to omit. From the first to the last, he has been regarded by those who knew him as above the common stature of his fellow men. In his retirement he was characterized as one whose genius and power were adequate to any exigency,

civil or military, and who lacked only an opportunity to leave his name

"A light and landmark on the cliff of fame."

He has ever possessed those rare faculties which induce the trust of others; to him has always been consigned the task which involved most of peril and demanded most of the power which overcomes it; and it is singular that every prominent action of his life has been a conflict with an adverse superiority, in which he has always triumphed. The greatest generals of the past have been applauded as fortunate; but Taylor has triumphed, at every step, with fortune against him. He has trusted nothing to luck; his achievements have been the result of a genius fertile in resources, prompt in their application, resolute to the exclusion of a doubt, and energetic to compel the result which had been determined upon.

The outrages of England upon our commerce fired every generous spirit in the west, and as early as 1808, about the time when the outrage upon the Chesapeake thrilled through every nerve of the republic, young Taylor determined to wed his fortunes with those of his country. The character and the influence of his family readily secured him a commission as lieutenant in the seventh infantry. He addressed himself with characteristic ardor to his profession, and before the war broke out, had arisen to the rank of captain. His first commission was granted by Jefferson, his second and third by Madison, his fourth by Jackson, and his subsequent commissions by Polk. He received the first reward of valor, granted in the last war—a brevet majority; and his rise to his present lofty position has been gained, not from the patient indolence of rank, but from brevets for victories.

The most vulnerable point of our country, in the commencement of the last war, was the sparsely settled West, encompassed as it was by ferocious Indians in the pay of the British Government. This was naturally the sphere of exertion for the young hero. In a war abounding with almost daily and ever deadly skirmishes with the Indians, he was, of course, exposed to a series of perilous adventures which escape the attention of the historian. He was early appointed to the command of one of the most important defences of the west, Fort Harrison. In this post he won the first laurels, and the first brevet, of the late war—the oldest brevet in the army.

Fort Harrison, a rude structure, was garrisoned by fifty men, though but ten or fifteen were in health and effective; and it was crowded with the sick,

with women and children. Every precaution had been taken, though it was impossible to raise a guard of more than six men and two commissioned officers. It was known that the Indians, in great strength, were in the vicinity; and at 11 o'clock on the night of September 3d, 1812, the attack was made. The odds were fearful; and the fort, though it contained many souls, could boast few prepared to meet the exigency. The night was dark, and the forests rung with the yells of hundreds of Indians. The little band, forewarned of their danger, were at their posts. But scarcely had the attack been made, before a broad glare of light, rising in the gloom of midnight, informed the feeble garrison that the block-house connected with the fort had been fired by the Indians. Every being, save Taylor, within the fort, was panic-stricken at this terrible intelligence. The alternative seemed a death in the flames, or by the tomahawks of the Indians. The yells of the Indians, the shrieks of the devoted women and children, heard above the reports of the Indian rifles, which poured a death-shower upon the fort, appalled the garrison, who, enveloped in smoke, and exposed by the glare of the conflagration to the rifles of the foe, shrunk and cowered. It was the trial-hour that determined the character of the young hero. He rose above the exigency; he rallied his few assistants, disconnected the block-house from the fort, by throwing off the roof, subdued the fire, fortified the gap made by the destruction of the block-house, and, after a desperate encounter of seven hours, drove off the overwhelming force that beleaguered him. The triumph was his alone; for all, save he, had faltered under what seemed an inevitable doom. In his after career he has encountered no darker danger; and this achievement, though small the numbers under his command, forms a worthy opening to the daring and lustrous actions which followed.

He held the fort until the population of the West gathering around him, rendered the post secure. For this achievement he was brevetted by Madison, and admired by the nation; but, although glowing with a desire to distinguish himself in the fields that followed, his orders compelled him to remain in the seat of dangers which he had proved himself so well qualified to encounter. In active and perilous service in this section of the country, he remained until the close of the war, and long after. A soldier of the republic, he has never repined at any duty imposed upon him, and never desired to gratify his ambition by abandoning an humble post to win laurels in other and more favorable fields. He was, however, distinguished in all the operations in the west; and in the expedition of Major Gen. Hopkins, received, in the dispatches of that officer, thanks "for a prompt and effectual support in every instance."

In the war of 1832, against Black Hawk and his tribe, Col. Taylor was actively engaged. He commanded the regulars, under Gen. Atkinson, in the

trying march through the wilderness, in pursuit of Black Hawk; and was, at their head in the destructive and decisive battle of the Wisconsin. The result of that battle was the capture of Black Hawk and the Prophet, who were surrendered to Col. Taylor. This sanguinary conflict closed the war.

Col. Taylor remained in the West, in command of different posts, until the period of the Florida War. In this long interval of peace, his attention was directed to study, and to the improvement of his private fortune. He married a lady of Maryland, who blessed his fire-side with one son and two daughters, one of whom married Col. Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, severely wounded at Buena Vista. During this period Col. Taylor, (for in 1832 he was advanced to that rank,) established, throughout the entire west, a reputation for enlarged intelligence, bold sagacity, and high moral character, which marked him out as the hero of an exigency. Such an one arrived, and secured for him the confidence and admiration of the government and the nation.

It is unnecessary to characterize the failures of the Florida War, or the war itself. It is sufficient to say that our boldest and best sunk under its hardships, and were left to the wolf of the wilderness, while no encounter won laurels, and no advantage promised success. Col. Taylor was, in 1836, ordered to Florida, and soon became distinguished for his energy, perseverance, and indomitable hardihood and resolution. His determination was to bring the Seminoles to battle, and this was effected by efforts of the most extraordinary character.

On the 19th of December, 1837, he received intelligence that all efforts for conciliation had failed, and being then in command of the first brigade, at Fort Gardiner, he struck into the wilderness. He bore but twelve days' rations, and had with him about one thousand men. He had learned that the Seminoles and Micksasukies, under their chiefs, Alligator and Sam Jones, had selected a post deemed impregnable, and that they challenged him to the encounter. Advancing with caution but celerity, and overcoming every obstacle, he arrived on the 25th of December at the point selected by the enemy, upon the lake of Okeechobee. They were concealed in a thick hammock, which could only be approached by a swamp three quarters of a mile in breadth, covered with grass five feet high, and knee deep in mud and water. Our forces advanced; the volunteers were received with a fire from the hammock, and after a brief resistance, retired across the swamp. The regulars, however, persisted in advancing, and drove the enemy back. The struggle was terribly severe. The advantages were all against us. Our officers signalized themselves by their valor, and many of them fell. The battle lasted from half past twelve until three P. M. The immediate command of Col. Taylor suffered most severely; and his own preservation, conspicuous as he was, for he refused to dismount, was almost

miraculous. Our victory was complete. The enemy received a blow which, more than any thing that occurred during the war, broke their spirits and prepared them for submission. The loss of Col. Taylor was severe. To use his own words, "besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded, officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position." His humanity was, however, as conspicuous as his valor; and though the wounded were conveyed back to their post with incredible difficulty and labor, every thing was done which the most delicate sensibility could have suggested in their behalf. The detachment commanded by Col. Taylor in this desperate encounter numbered about five hundred. The enemy were seven hundred strong, and from their concealment, and the extraordinary advantages of their position, confidently calculated upon a victory. The battle was the most successful of the war; and the victory was only won by an extraordinary effort of heroism—more than one-fourth of the whole number engaged being killed or wounded.

The government appreciated, applauded, and rewarded the conduct and heroism of Taylor in this bloody conflict, and immediately promoted him to the brevet rank of brigadier general, and gave him the chief command of the war. On taking this command he fixed his head-quarters at Tampa Bay, and continued to prosecute what was termed "a war of movements," with a vigor and enterprise which no ordinary energy of mind and body could have endured. The foe, after the lesson taught at Okeechobee, afforded him no subsequent opportunity of meeting them in a general battle; but in the prosecution of a contest peculiarly exhausting and dangerous, he manifested the rarer qualities of patience, vigilance, and unwearied promptitude and vigor which form so large a part in the character of a great military leader.

In 1840 he was relieved from duty in Florida, and in the following year was assigned to the command of the second department on the Arkansas, in which station he continued, performing his duties with characteristic diligence and success, until the difficulties with Mexico opened a new and more glorious career for the development of those powers matured by so long a career of arduous and devoted service.

In prospect of the annexation of Texas, Gen. Taylor received from the Department an order, dated 17th September, ordering him to hold the troops under his command in readiness to march into Texas, and repel any hostile incursion of Indians. An "Army of Observation" upon the south-western frontier having been determined upon, the Administration selected Gen. Taylor for that command. The relations of our country rendered it a post of great difficulty, requiring the highest qualities of civil and military intellect; and the

choice of Gen. T. in preference to those of superior rank, was a distinguished evidence of the confidence of the Government. He was commanded to take a position between the Neuces and Rio Grande; and in August, 1845, established his camp at Corpus Christi. The army remained in this position until March 11th, 1846.

Having received positive orders to take a position upon the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, Gen. Taylor commenced his march. At the Rio Colorado he was met with a stern resistance, and assured that an attempt to cross would be followed by actual hostilities. It is scarcely necessary to add that he crossed, notwithstanding. On the 24th, Gen. Taylor left the advancing army, and, with a body of dragoons, repaired to Point Isabel, which place he occupied, and received, from steamboats opportunely arriving, supplies for the army. Gen. Taylor soon rejoined the army; a position was occupied opposite Matamoras, and the army proceeded to fortify their camp. On the 11th of April, Gen. Ampudia, in command at Matamoras, summoned Gen. Taylor to break up his camp, and retire beyond the Neuces within twenty-four hours, adding that if he did not, arms alone must decide the question. In reply, Gen. Taylor informed him that his instructions would not permit him to retrograde from the position he occupied.

Col. Cross, of our army, having been murdered when absent, and alone, some distance from the camp, a party was, on the 17th, sent to discover and seize the murderers. They were set upon by a large party of Mexicans, and some of them killed. On the 19th, Gen. Taylor blockaded the Rio Grande, a measure which elicited an immediate protest from Ampudia; and it was vindicated by Taylor as the necessary result of the Mexican declaration of a determination to commence, and actually commencing, hostilities. The character of the two letters is in singular contrast, that of Gen. Taylor being high-toned and masterly, but moderate and courteous. A collision had, from the first movement to occupy the western bank of the Rio Grande, been inevitable; and every day precipitated that result. Addresses, over the signature of the Mexican general, were scattered throughout our camp, inviting desertion. The communications between Fort Brown and Point Isabel were forcibly interrupted by large bodies of the enemy. The war had begun. On the first of May Gen. Taylor took up his line of march for Point Isabel, leaving a small but sufficient force at Fort Brown. His departure was the signal for a furious but ineffectual attack, which resulted in the death of the gallant commander, Major Brown, and continued until the glorious return of Gen. Taylor.

The course of Gen. Taylor in this trying emergency has elicited the praise of the greatest surviving captain of the age—Wellington. The exigency was a fearful one. Surrounded by an enemy greatly superior in force, his supplies limited, and all communication cut off, he resolved, not on retreat—for he left his flag

flying in face of the enemy—but on resuming his position. He reached Point Isabel, May the 3d, without interruption; and the Mexicans exulted in the division of his army—one portion at Fort Brown, and another at Point Isabel, and a superior force between them. Intelligence was received at this latter place of the successful resistance of Fort Brown, and the embodiment of vast masses of Mexican troops to oppose the return of Gen. Taylor. He waited for no reinforcements, although they were daily expected; he did not even take with him the untrained soldiers at Point Isabel—for the conflict was to be one in which the blenching of a single company might be ruin. On the 7th of May he moved forward, and the next day, about noon, at Palo Alto, he found the enemy. His force consisted of less than 2300 men—the enemy had in the field 6000 regular troops, the irregular force not known. He encountered the flower of the Mexican army, fully equipped, provided with ten pieces of artillery, and confident of victory.

Gen. Taylor paused a time, that his panting host might slake their thirst in the water of Palo Alto, and then moved on to the conflict. The enemy were drawn in line of battle, stretching a mile and a half across the plain—their resplendent lancers in advance on the left, and their overpowering masses of infantry, and batteries of artillery forming the rest of the line. On our side, Col. Twiggs commanded, with the 3d, 4th, and 5th infantry, and Ringgold's artillery, on the right; Col. Belknap on the left, with the 8th, and Duncan's artillery; and Lieutenant Churchill commanded the two eighteen pounders in the centre. The battle was almost wholly one of artillery—and never did artillery such service as ours that day. Ringgold opened with terrible effect; the gallant cavalry of the enemy fell as if smitten by lightning; yet they recovered, and making a sweep, threatened our rear, where they were met and repelled by the infantry in square. While Ringgold mowed his fatal harvest on the right, Duncan on the left poured 'volley upon volley into the reeling columns of the foe; and in the centre, the two eighteen pounders kept up a steady and staggering fire. Still the enemy, notwithstanding the obvious superiority of our artillery, maintained their fire with vigor, and urged the battle with determination. At length, as if to swell the horror of the scene, the prairie took fire, and for a time veiled the combatants from each other, and stayed the contest. When suddenly dashing, like incarnate spirits, through the flames, which rose ten feet high, Duncan and his men took position on the flank of the enemy, and opened with terrific effect, rolling back the ranks of the enemy, who recoiled in confusion. Assailed in front and flank, they retired into the chapparal; and thus night found the combatants—the victors encamping where they fought, amid the dying and the dead, with the promise of a bitterer and bloodier conflict for the morrow. That night the Mexicans retired to Resaca de la Palma. Their

loss was two hundred killed and four hundred wounded; and ours was four men killed, three officers, and thirty-seven men wounded, several mortally, and among the latter, Major Ringgold and Capt. Page.

Gen. Taylor's bearing in this battle was marked by every trait that ennobles a hero. But his victory had not relieved him from the danger that overshadowed his little host. He had won glory, but not safety. Should he advance, it must be against an enemy overpowering in his superiority of numbers, and with an advantage of position. A council was held on the early morn of the next day. Its advice was against an advance; Gen. Taylor closed its deliberations by declaring that, if living, he would sleep that night in Fort Brown. The army advanced against the foe.

The next morning disclosed the retreat of the Mexicans. Reinforced by 2000 men, they had selected a position of great strength, with a ravine in front, guarded by a pond on one flank, and the chapparal on the other, defending their position with eight pieces of artillery, and with a vast superiority of force, they awaited the approach of the American army. Their expectations were not baffled. The field is known, and will be remembered as Resaca de la Palma.

The advance of our army was accompanied by every precaution, and at length the presence of the enemy was ascertained. The artillery of Lieut. Ridgely moved rapidly to the front and encountered that of the enemy. The infantry, meanwhile, pressed upon those on the right, and though met with resolution, succeeded in penetrating through the chapparal, and gaining his flank; while on the left a murderous fire was kept up by our advancing troops. But, in the centre, the enemy maintained a steady and destructive fire, from which Gen. Taylor, when entreated to do so, refused to retire. Lieut. Ridgely, unlimbering, advanced, from time to time, toward the enemy, discharging his canister at a distance of one hundred yards upon the foe. The Mexicans, however, with a well-directed fire, continued to sweep our lines. At this crisis Gen. Taylor ordered Capt. May to charge the battery with his dragoons. His words were, "*Capt. May, you must take it.*" That gallant officer, saying to his company, "*Men, we must take it,*" leapt to the charge. It was successful. With those who survived the discharge with which they were met, he swept through the enemy's line, and was immediately followed and sustained by a fierce onslaught from the infantry at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's centre was broken, and the fortune of the day decided. The flight of the Mexicans became general, and was soon hurried into panic by the ardor of the victors. Every thing was left to the conqueror; and rushing on in one confused mass, the Mexicans trampled down each other in the eagerness of fear. The victory was complete as it was wonderful. Never, in any field, was the omni-

potence of heroism more signally displayed; and of those most calm, yet most ardent—in every chasm made by the swoop of the artillery—in every scene that demanded the cool, clear intellect, and the daring heart—the foremost was Taylor.

This conflict was one to be remembered. Taylor brought into the action but 1700 wearied men, against a force of at least 6000, well disciplined, officered and conditioned. The enemy had every advantage of position, and that position was not only strong, but was valiantly maintained. The victory was the result of no sudden panic on the part of the enemy; it was wrested from them by fair, open, hard fighting. Our loss in this contest was about 110 killed and wounded. That of the enemy was probably tenfold, though not ascertained, as many perished in the river. The triumph was affluent in standards, artillery, prisoners and other evidences of victory. To use the language of Gen. Taylor's dispatch—"Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops Mexico can furnish—veteran regiments, perfectly equipped and appointed."

Gen. Taylor's promise was fulfilled, and Fort Brown was rescued. But it was found impossible immediately to follow up the victory. Every obstacle was, however, by untiring energy and perseverance overcome; when, on the 17th of May, Arista offered an armistice. It was now too late: the offer was declined. The next day Taylor, without resistance, took possession of Matamoras.

His instructions required his advance into the interior, but for a long period, a period filled up by the hero with impatient protests to the War Department, and entreaties for further means of transportation, and anxious efforts, on his own part, to supply them, he was compelled to remain inactive. At length, however, the army was set in motion. Its object was Monterey, a place strong by nature, amply fortified, and maintained by an army of 7000 troops of the line, and 3000 irregulars. Against this stronghold he marched with an army comprising 425 officers, and 6220 men. Against the forty-two pieces of cannon of the Mexicans, he arrayed but one 10 inch mortar, two 24 pounder howitzers, and four light field batteries of four guns each—the mortar being the only piece suitable to the operations of a siege. With these fearful odds against him he advanced upon Monterey.

Gen. Taylor arrived before the city on the 19th, and established his camp three miles from its defences. Reconnoissances were made, and it was found possible to turn the position of the enemy, and gain the heights in his rear. The gallant Worth was detached upon this duty, and to carry the enemy's works. From this moment the operations became two-fold—the assailing party of Worth being independent of the command of Taylor, and the object of the latter principally to divert the enemy from Worth.

This order was given on the 19th; and the next

day at 2 o'clock Worth moved forward, and succeeded in reaching a position above the Bishop's Palace. The succeeding morning, that of the 21st, commenced the conflict which determined the fate of Monterey. Worth pressing forward, encountered the enemy in force, and overcame him; he gained the Saltillo road, and cut off his communications; and he succeeded in carrying two heights west of the Saltillo road, and turned a gun on one of them upon the Bishop's Palace. These triumphs were confident auguries of victory. Meanwhile, a vigorous assault was made upon the city from below, by the force under Gen. Taylor. It would be vain to attempt a description in limits so brief as those allotted us, of this terrific and bloody contest. Our loss was heavy, from the character of the enemy's defences, and the daring ardor of our troops; and where it was heaviest, Gen. Taylor, seeming to bear a charmed life, was exposed unharmed. His object was, however, attained; he diverted attention from the operations of Gen. Worth, carried one of the enemy's advanced works, and secured a strong foothold in the town. Thus passed the third day of this desperate conflict. The fourth saw Worth victorious at every point. The Bishop's Palace was taken at dawn, the palace itself at mid-day; while the force under Taylor pressed upon the city, the lower part of which was evacuated that night. On the fifth day, the 23d, the troops under Taylor advanced from square to square, every inch of ground being desperately disputed, until they reached within a square of the principal Plaza; while Worth, with equal vigor, pressed onward, encountering and overcoming difficulties insuperable, except to such energies as he commanded. At length the period had arrived for a concerted storm of the enemy's position, which was determined upon for the ensuing day. The morning, however, brought an offer of capitulation. The negotiation resulted in the surrender of the city. This victory, though won at the expense of about 500 hundred killed and wounded, secured the possession of an immense territory, and a vast amount of military spoil.

Monterey now became Gen. Taylor's headquarters. Saltillo and Parras were occupied; and the Mexicans fell back to San Luis Potosi. This movement was, however, the precursor of a fresh and most formidable effort against our army under Gen. Taylor. Santa Anna was recalled to Mexico, and placed at the head of the government and army. He proceeded immediately to raise and organize an army, and before December, had 20,000 men under his command. With this force he determined to encounter and crush Taylor, and redeem the extensive provinces conquered by the Americans. While he was thus engaged, our government, for the purposes of an attack upon Vera Cruz, withdrew from Gen. Taylor the most effective portion of his force, leaving him with an extended line of territory to defend, a formidable foe in front, and a small force, principally untried volunteers, with which to en-

counter the enemy. He was advised by the Department to retire to Monterey, and there defend himself; but such a policy would have opened the entire country, as far as the Rio Grande, and probably the Neucos, to the enemy, and have given a severe, if not fatal, blow to our arms. He therefore determined to encounter the foe at an advanced position, and selected Buena Vista for that purpose. This field was admirably chosen, and the hero and his little band there awaited the shock of his powerful adversary. Santa Anna brought 20,000 men into the field, and was encountered by a force of 334 officers and 4425 men.

On the 22d of February, Santa Anna summoned Gen. Taylor to surrender, vaunting his immense superiority, and the impossibility of successful resistance. The hero's reply was a brief and polite refusal. It was followed by the attack of the Mexicans upon our extreme right, in an effort to gain our flank, and the skirmishing was continued until night. During the night the enemy threw a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of outflanking the left of our army; and at an early hour the next morning the engagement here commenced. Our limits will not permit us to give its details. On the part of the Mexicans it was conducted with consummate skill, and maintained with courage and obstinacy. Overpowering masses of troops were poured upon our weakest points, and at several periods of the battle their success seemed almost inevitable. But Gen. Taylor was found equal to every crisis of the conflict. Calm, collected, and resolved, he rose superior to the danger of his situation, and compelled a victory. It is admitted by all who were present, that no man but Gen. Taylor could have won the victory of Buena Vista. The battle raged with variable success for ten hours; and the carnage on both sides was terrible. At length night put an end to the conflict. The Americans slept upon the field of their heroic achievements; and the foe, shattered and disheartened, retired, and the next day were in full retreat to San Luis Potosi. Our loss in this extraordinary conflict was 267 killed, and 456 wounded; that of the enemy was from 1500 to 2000. A distinguished officer present, thus describes the demeanor of Gen. Taylor during the battle:

"During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to General Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy, when the Mexican officer was presented. In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that 'he had been sent by his excellency General Santa Anna to his excellency General Taylor, to inquire, in the most respectful manner, what he (General Taylor) was waiting for?' From the silence of General Taylor's batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna's terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very proper question; to which, however,

old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply that 'he was only waiting for General Santa Anna to surrender.' The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a *ruse* to ascertain where General Taylor's position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks, the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor's position, and the balls flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy-glass at the long lines of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorite point of observation, nor to give up his old white horse. To the suggestions of his staff that 'old whitey' was rather too conspicuous a charger for the commander, he replied, that 'the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time.'

The victory of Buena Vista closed the war in that quarter of Mexico. Since that period Gen. Taylor has found no enemy willing or able to encounter him.

The character of Gen. Taylor has been throughout his life, from the commencement of his career of victory at Fort Harrison down to the present moment, consistent and self-sustained. Its leading trait has been a disinterested devotion to his country, and the dedication of his life and energies to its service. In public and in private, he has always been distinguished for the lofty and iron integrity of an Aristides or Cincinnatus. Always independent and self-reliant, he owes nothing to the patronage of the great, or the partiality of the powerful, but has fought his way up to the lofty eminence which he now occupies in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. His triumphs have been won by his own genius and virtues—his own counsels have directed, his own energies sustained him. His vigor of character, his power of will, and fertility of resources, have swept every obstacle from his path; laborious and intense in his exertions, patient and perseverant in the pursuit of his object, he has risen superior to the most perilous exigencies, and made every trial a triumph. To these high qualities he has added a sagacity which nothing could baffle or elude, and which, in the course of his long career, has in no emergency been found in error. Unerring and profound, it has been prompt to discover every advantage and powerful to improve it. His dispatches, in answer to questions propounded by the Department, in relation to the general policy, disclose a grasp and comprehension of intellect, an extent of information, and a depth of judgment that would distinguish any living statesman; while the style of his correspondence, simple, but polished, eloquent, but unostentatious, may be and has frequently been cited as a model of that species of composition. Gen. Taylor's disposition is kindly and affectionate;

his heart glows with benevolence, and his manners are gentle and pleasing. To those under his command his demeanor has ever been paternal and affectionate; and he has been rewarded in a devotion on their part as zealous and ardent as any which soldiers ever cherished for the hero that led them to victory. To his officers his deportment has always been generous, affording them, as in the case of Worth, every opportunity to win distinction, and eager to secure for them the admiration and reward which they merited. Even the foe not only learned to fear him as an enemy, but to revere him as a protector. His refusal to sack Monterey and ex-

pose the helpless and innocent women and children to the mercy of the flushed soldier, rough, and hard of heart, will be remembered as one of the noblest incidents of the war. His tenderness to the wounded of the foe, and his anxiety to secure sepulture for their dead, approve him to be as humane as he is heroic. Gen. Taylor is now fifty-seven years of age; he is about five feet ten inches in height, well built, muscular and hardy in his appearance. Our portrait may be relied upon as a correct and characteristic delineation of the features of one who will hereafter live in the most cherished affections of our people, and on the brightest page of our country's history.

TO —, AT PARTING.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

THOU sayest thou wilt ne'er forget;
That I shall ever be
A green spot on Life's desert waste,
A star of love to thee—
A ray to cheer and warm—and yet,
Believe it not; thou *wilt* forget!

A few short years perchance thou 'lt keep
My mem'ry fresh and green,
Recalling e'en each look of mine,
Without a mist between—
And think 't will *aye* be so—and yet,
Believe it not; *thou wilt* forget!

I've met with friends who've vowed to me,
To love through good and ill;
To cherish me till life's great pulse
Within their hearts grew still—
Forgetting me, oh, ne'er!—and yet,
Alas! Alas! they *did* forget.

My name to them is now like some
Dim mem'ry of a song
They used to love to listen to—
But that was long since—*long*—
'T is charmless now—and yet, and yet,
They *said* they never would forget.

A little time, and thou wilt write
My name all names above,
And then, perchance, thou too wilt find
Some dearer one to love—
Some fairer one whom thou hast met,
And I, alas! thou *wilt* forget!

Believe it not that I shall live
Within thy heart for aye;
Recall this weary parting hour,
Some future, distant day—
And thou wilt start to find that yet,
With *all* thy care, *thou did'st* forget!

SONNET FROM PETRARCH, ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY ALICE GREY.

Fallen is the lofty column, the laurel green;
The refuge sweet of my o'er wearied thought.
I have lost that, which may in vain be sought
The stormy North and the sweet South between.
My dearest treasure death's cold arms enfold,
The joy and glory of my every hour;
And Earth cannot restore it; nor can power,

Nor oriental gems, nor hoards of gold.
Since fate such sorrow doth for me prepare,
How can I choose but bear a bleeding heart,
Eyes ever moist, and looks by grief inspired?
Oh life! which seen afar appears so fair,
How often in one morning doth depart,
That which long years of suffering had acquired.

SALLY LYON'S

FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WHEN Sally Lester gave her hand in marriage to Ralph Lyon, she was a delicate, timid girl of eighteen, who had passed the spring-time of life happily beneath her father's roof. To her, care, anxiety, and trouble were yet strangers. The first few years of her married life passed happily—for Ralph was one of the kindest of husbands, and suffered his wife to lean upon him so steadily, that the native strength of her own character remained undeveloped.

Ralph Lyon was an industrious mechanic, who always had steady work and good wages. Still, he did not seem to get ahead as some of them did, notwithstanding Sally was a frugal wife, and did all her own work, instead of putting him to the expense of help in the family. Of course, this being the case, it was evident that there was a leak somewhere, but where it was neither Ralph nor his wife could tell.

"Thomas Jones has bought the piece of ground next to his cottage," said Ralph one day to Sally, "and says that next year he hopes to be able to put up a small frame-house, big enough for them to live in. He paid sixty dollars for the lot, and it is at least a quarter of an acre. He is going to put it all in garden this spring, and says he will raise enough to give him potatoes, and other vegetables for a year to come. It puzzles me to know how he saves money. He does n't get any better wages than I do, and his family is quite as large."

"I am sure," returned Sally, who felt that there was something like a reflection upon her in what her husband said, "that Nancy Jones does n't spend her husband's earnings more frugally than I do mine. Every week she has a woman to help her wash, and I do it all myself."

"I am sure it is n't your fault—at least I do n't think it is," replied Ralph; "but something is wrong somewhere. I do n't spend any thing at all, except for a glass or two every day, and a little tobacco; and this, of course, could n't make the difference."

Sally said nothing. A few glasses a-day and tobacco, she knew, must cost something, though, like her husband, she did not believe it would make the difference of buying a quarter of an acre of ground, and building a snug cottage in the course of a few years.

Let us see how this is. Perhaps we can find out the leak that wasted the substance of Ralph Lyon. He never drank less than three glasses a-day, and sometimes four; and his tobacco cost, for smoking

* This story is founded upon a brief narrative which met the author's eye in an English newspaper.

and chewing, just twelve and a half cents a week. Now, how much would all this amount to? Why, to just sixty-five dollars a year, provided but three glasses a-day were taken, and nothing was spent in treating a friend. But the limit was not always observed, and the consequence was, that, take the year through, at least eighty dollars were spent in drinking, smoking, and chewing. Understanding this, the thing is very plain. In four years, eighty dollars saved in each year would give the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars. Thomas Jones neither drank, smoked, nor chewed, and, consequently, not only saved money enough in a few years to build himself a snug little house, but could afford, during the time, to let his wife have a washerwoman to help her every week, and to dress much more comfortably than Sally Lyon had been able to do.

The difference in the condition of the two families sets Mrs. Lyon to thinking very seriously about the matter, and thinking and calculating soon made the cause quite plain to her. It was the drinking and the smoking. But with a discovery of the evil did not come a cheering consciousness of its easy removal. How could she ask Ralph to give up his glass and his tobacco, to both of which he seemed so strongly wedded. He worked hard for his money, and if he chose to enjoy it in that way, she had no heart to interfere with him. But from the time that Ralph discovered how well his neighbor Jones was getting along, while he, like a horse in a mill, had been toiling and sweating for years, and yet stood in the same place, he became dissatisfied, and often expressed this dissatisfaction to Sally, at the same time declaring his inability to tell where all the money he earned went to.

At length Sally ventured to hint at the truth. But Ralph met it with—

"Pooh! nonsense! Do n't tell me that a glass of liquor, now and then, and a bit of tobacco, are going to make all that difference. It is n't reasonable. Besides, I work very hard, and I ought to have a little comfort with it. When I'm tired, a glass warms me up, and makes me bright again; and I am sure I could n't do without my pipe."

"I do n't ask you to do so, Ralph," replied Sally. "I only said what I did, that you might see why we could n't save money like our neighbor Jones. I am sure I am very careful in our expenses, and I have n't bought myself a new gown for a long time, although I am very bare of clothes."

The way in which Ralph replied to his wife's suggestion of the cause of the evil complained of,

determined her to say no more; and as he felt some convictions on the subject, which he was not willing to admit, he was ever afterward silent about the unaccountable way in which his money went.

In about the same ratio that the external condition of Thomas Jones improved, did that of Ralph Lyon grow worse and worse. From not being able to save any thing, he gradually began to fall in debt. When quarter-day came round, there was generally several dollars wanting to make up the rent; and their landlord, with much grumbling on his part, was compelled to wait for the balance some two or three weeks beyond the due-day. At length the quarter-day found Ralph with nothing laid by for his rent. Somehow or other, he was not able to earn as much, from sickness, and days lost from other causes; and what he did earn appeared to melt away like snow in the sunshine.

Poor Mrs. Lyon felt very miserable at the aspect of things; more especially, as in addition to the money squandered at the ale-house by her husband, he often came home intoxicated. The grief to her was more severe, from the fact that she loved Ralph tenderly, notwithstanding his errors. When he came home in liquor, she did not chide him, nor did she say any thing to him about it when he was sober; for then he appeared so ashamed and cut down, that she could not find it in her heart to utter a single word.

One day she was alarmed by a message from Ralph that he had been arrested, while at his work, for debt, by his landlord, who was going to throw him in jail. They now owed him over twenty dollars. The idea of her husband being thrown into a jail was terrible to poor Mrs. Lyon. She asked a kind neighbor to take care of her children for her, and then putting on her bonnet, she almost flew to the magistrate's office. There was Ralph, with an officer by his side ready to remove him to prison.

"You shan't take my husband to jail," she said, wildly, when she saw the real aspect of things, clinging fast hold of Ralph. "Nobody shall take him to jail."

"I am sorry, my good woman," said the magistrate, "to do so, but it can't be helped. The debt must be paid, or your husband will have to go to jail. I have no discretion in the matter. Can you find means to pay the debt? If not, perhaps you had better go and see your landlord; you may prevail on him to wait a little longer for his money, and not send your husband to jail."

"Yes, Sally, do go and see him," said Ralph; "I am sure he will relent when he sees you."

Mrs. Lyon let go the arm of her husband, and, darting from the office, ran at full speed to the house of their landlord.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not send my husband to jail."

"I both can and will," was the gruff reply. "A man who drinks up his earnings as he does, and

then, when quarter-day comes, can't pay his rent, deserves to go to jail."

"But, sir, consider—"

"Don't talk to me, woman! If you have the money for the rent, I will take it, and let your husband go free; if not, the quicker you leave here the better."

It was vain, she saw, to strive with the hard-hearted man, whose face was like iron. Hurriedly leaving his house, she hastened back to the office, but her husband was not there. In her absence he had been removed to prison. When Mrs. Lyon fully understood this, she made no remark, but turned from the magistrate and walked home with a firm step. The weakness of the woman was giving way to the quickening energies of the wife, whose husband was in prison, and could not be released except by her efforts. On entering her house, she went to her drawers, and took therefrom a silk dress, but little worn, a mother's present when she was married; a good shawl, that she had bought from her own earnings when a happy maiden; a few articles of jewelry, that had not been worn for years, most of them presents from Ralph before they had stood at the bridal altar, and sundry other things, that could best be dispensed with. These she took to a pawn-broker's, and obtained an advance of fifteen dollars. She had two dollars in the house, which made seventeen; the balance of the required sum she borrowed from two or three of her neighbors, and then hurried off to obtain her husband's release.

For a time, the rigid proceedings of the landlord proved a useful lesson to Ralph Lyon. He worked more steadily, and was rather more careful of his earnings. But this did not last a great while. Appetite, long indulged, was strong; and he soon returned to his old habits.

The shock the imprisonment of her husband produced, awoke Mrs. Lyon to the necessity of doing something to increase their income. All that he brought home each week was scarcely sufficient to buy food; and it was clear that there would be nothing with which to pay rent when next quarter-day came round, unless it should be the product of her own exertions. Plain sewing was obtained by Mrs. Lyon, and an additional labor of three or four hours in the twenty-four added to her already overtasked body. Instead of feeling rebuked at this, the besotted husband only perceived in it a license for him to use his own earnings more freely, thus making his poor wife's condition really worse than it was before.

Things, instead of getting better, grew worse, year after year. The rent Mrs. Lyon managed always to pay; for the fear of seeing her husband carried off to jail was ever before her eyes, stimulating her to constant exertion; but down, down, down they went steadily and surely, and the light of hope faded daily, and grew dimmer and dimmer before the eyes of the much enduring wife and mother. Amid all, her

patience was wonderful. She never spoke angrily to Ralph, but strove, rather, always to appear cheerful before him. If he was disposed to talk, she would talk with him, and humor his mood of mind; if he was gloomy and silent, she would intrude nothing upon him calculated to fret his temper; if he complained, she tried to soothe him. But it availed nothing. The man was in a charmed circle, and every impulse tended to throw him into the centre where ruin awaited him.

At last even the few dollars she had received every week from her husband's earnings, ceased to come into her hands. The wretched man worked little over half his time, and drank up all that he made. Even the amount of food that the entire product of Mrs. Lyon's labor would procure, was barely sufficient to satisfy the hunger of her family. The clothes of her children soon began to hang in tatters about them; her own garments were faded, worn, and patched; and every thing about the house that had not been sold to pay rent, was in a dilapidated condition. Still, there had been no unkind word, not even a remonstrance from the much-enduring wife.

Matters at last reached a climax. Poor Mrs. Lyon had not been able to get any thing to do for a week, and all supplies of food, except a little meal, were exhausted. An anxious day had closed, and at night-fall the mother made some hasty-pudding for the children, which was eaten with a little milk. This consumed her entire store. She had four children, the two oldest she put to bed, but kept the two youngest, one five years old, and the other three, up with her. She moved about with a firmer step than usual, and her lips were tightly closed, as if she had made up her mind to do something from which, under ordinary circumstances, she would have shrunk.

After the older children had been put to bed, she made the two younger ones draw near to the hearth, upon which a few brands were burning, and warm themselves as well as the feeble heat emitted by the almost exhausted fire would permit. Then she wrapped each around with a piece of an old shawl, and after putting on her bonnet, took them by the hands and left the house. It was a chilly night in winter. The wind swept coldly along the streets, piercing through the thin garments of the desperate mother, who was leading forth her tender little ones on some strange, unnatural errand. But she shrunk not in the blast, but walked rapidly along, almost dragging the children after her. At length she stopped before the window of an ale-house, and standing on tip-toe, looked over the red curtain that shaded half the window, and concealed the inmates from the view of passers by. Within she saw her husband sitting comfortably by a table, a glass by his side, and a pipe in his mouth. Half a dozen pot-companions were sitting around, and all seemed enjoying themselves well.

Mrs. Lyon remained without only a few moments;

then taking hold of the door she walked firmly in, and without appearing to notice her husband, went up to the bar and called for three glasses of brandy. After doing this, she seated herself at a table near by her husband. Great, of course, was the surprise of Lyon at this apparition. He jumped from his chair and stood before his wife, just as she had taken her seat at the table, saying, in an undertone, as he did so—

"For Heaven's sake, Sally! what brings you here?"

"It is very lonesome at home, Ralph," she replied, in a calm but sad voice. "Our wood is all gone, and it is cold there. I am your wife, and there is no company for me like yours. I will go anywhere to be with you. I am willing to come even here."

"But, Sally, to think of your coming to such a place as this."

"If it is pleasant to you, it shall be so to me. Any where that my husband goes, surely I can go. God hath joined us together as one, and nothing should divide us."

By this time the three glasses of brandy that Mrs. Lyon had called for were placed before her on the table.

"Bring another glass," said Mrs. Lyon calmly, "my husband will drink with us."

"Sally, are you mad?" ejaculated Ralph.

"Mad, to go with my husband? Why should you say that, Ralph? Drink, children," she added, turning to her two little ones, and placing a glass of unadulterated brandy before them. "It will do you good." As Sally said this, she lifted her own glass to her lips.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" said Ralph.

"Why not? You drink to forget sorrow; and if brandy have that effect, I am sure no living creature needs it more than I do. Besides, I have eaten nothing to-day, and need something to strengthen me."

Saying this, she sipped the burning liquid, and smacking her lips, looked up into her husband's face and smiled.

"It warms to the very heart, Ralph!" she said. "I feel better already." Then turning to the children, whose glasses remained untouched before them, she said to the astonished little ones,

"Drink, my children! It is very good."

"Woman! are you mad? My children shall not touch it;" and he lifted the glasses from the table and handed them to one of the company that had crowded around to witness this strange scene.

"Why not?" said his wife, in the calm tone with which she had at first spoken. "If it is good for you, it is good for your wife and children. It will put these dear ones to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. To you it is fire and food and bed and clothing—all these we need, and you will surely not withhold them from us."

"By this time Ralph was less under the influence of liquor than he had been for weeks, although he had drank as freely as ever through the day. Taking hold of his wife's arm, he said, in a kind voice, for he began to think that her mind was really wandering—

"Come, Sally, let us go home."

"Why should we go, Ralph?" she replied, keeping her seat. "There is no fire at home, but it is warm and comfortable here. There is no food there, but here is plenty to eat and to drink. I don't wonder that you liked this place better than home, and I am sure I would rather stay here."

The drunken husband was confounded. He knew not what to do or to say. The words of his wife smote him to the heart; for she uttered a stunning rebuke that could not be gainsaid. He felt a choking sensation, and his trembling knees bore heavily against each other.

"Sally," he said, after a pause, in an altered and very earnest tone—"I know it is more comfortable here than it is at home, but I am going home, and I intend staying there. Wont you go with me, and try to make it as comfortable as it used to be? The change is all my fault, I know; but it shall be my fault no longer. Here, once and forever, I solemnly pledge myself before God never again to drink the poison that has made me more than half a brute, and beggared my poor family. Come, Sally! Let

us hurry away from here; the very air oppresses me. Come, in Heaven's name! come!"

Quickly, as if an electric shock had startled her, did Mrs. Lyon spring from her seat, as her husband uttered the last word, and lay hold of his arm with an eager grasp.

"The Lord in heaven be praised!" she said, solemnly, "for it is his work. Yes, come! Let us go quickly. There will again be light, and fire and food in our dwelling. Our last days may yet be our best days."

Lifting each a child from the floor, the husband and wife left that den of misery with as hasty steps as Christian's when he fled from the City of Destruction.

The hopeful declaration of Mrs. Lyon proved indeed true. There was soon light, and fire, and food again in that cheerless dwelling; and the last days of Ralph and his family have proved to be their best days. He has never since tasted the tempting cup, and finds that it is a very easy matter to save one or two dollars a week, and yet live very comfortably.

The scene in the ale-house is never alluded to by either the husband or wife. They take no pleasure in looking back—preferring, rather, to look forward with hope. When it is thought of by either, it is something as a man who has endured a painful operation to save his life, thinks of the intense sufferings he then endured.

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG INVALID ABROAD.

HEALTH unto thee! 'T will come, though coy and slow:
Thou canst not die, before I cease to live.

Are we not one? Ay, brother, boughs that give
Their verdure from one trunk, and cannot know
A life-drop but from thence? The topmost bough
Still withers first: whilst mine is green on high,
I feel—and fear not—that thou canst not die!

Would that my life's blood, warm and healthful now,

Were welling in thy veins—and I like thee!

'T were joy to suffer for thee, could I hear

Thy light laugh, as of old, ring in my ear:

So thou wert happy what aught else to me?

An angel-ward our mother's prayers have set

Around thee. Courage then! Thou'lt kiss her pale cheek
yet!

Philadelphia, April 1847.

C.

MIRIAM.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

SEE opens her lattice,
And looks on the lake;
O'er its slumbering surface,
No murmurs awake.
Afar, o'er the mountain,
The moon has long set:
The morning breeze freshens,—
Why tarries he yet?

A sound in the distance,
A low plashing oar:
See! yonder a shadow;
It touches the shore.
'T is he—safe returning—
Joy leaps to her eyes:
And clasped to his bosom,
"My husband!" she sighs.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 360.)

PART IX.

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time. *MACBETH.*

It is seldom that man is required to make an exertion as desperate and appalling, in all its circumstances, as that on which Harry Mulford was now bent. The night was starlight, it was true, and it was possible to see objects near by with tolerable distinctness; still, it was midnight, and the gloom of that hour rested on the face of the sea, lending its solemn mystery and obscurity to the other trying features of the undertaking. Then there was the uncertainty whether it was the boat at all, of which he was in pursuit; and, if the boat, it might drift away from him as fast as he could follow it. Nevertheless, the perfect conviction that, without some early succor, the party on the wreck, including Rose Budd, must inevitably perish, stimulated him to proceed, and a passing feeling of doubt, touching the prudence of his course, that came over the young mate, when he was a few yards from the wreck, vanished under a vivid renewal of this last conviction. On he swam, therefore, riveting his eye on the "thoughtful star" that guided his course, and keeping his mind as tranquil as possible, in order that the exertions of his body might be the easier.

Mulford was an excellent swimmer. The want of food was a serious obstacle to his making one of his best efforts, but, as yet, he was not very sensible of any great loss of strength. Understanding fully the necessity of swimming easily, if he would swim long, he did not throw out all his energy at first, but made the movements of his limbs as regular, continued, and skillful as possible. No strength was thrown away, and his progress was in proportion to the prudence of this manner of proceeding. For some twenty minutes he held on his

course, in this way, when he began to experience a little of that weariness which is apt to accompany an unremitting use of the same set of muscles, in a monotonous and undeviating mode. Accustomed to all the resources of his art, he turned on his back, for the double purpose of relieving his arms for a minute, and of getting a glimpse of the wreck, if possible, in order to ascertain the distance he had overcome. Swim long in this new manner, however, he could not with prudence, as the star was necessary in order to keep the direct line of his course. It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers, that, though the surface of the ocean may be like glass, as sometimes really happens, it is never absolutely free from the long, undulating motion that is known by the name of a "ground swell." This swell, on the present occasion, was not very heavy, but it was sufficient to place our young mate, at moments, between two dark mounds of water, that limited his view in either direction to some eighty or a hundred yards; then it raised him on the summit of a rounded wave, that enabled him to see, far as his eye could reach under that obscure light. Profiting by this advantage, Mulford now looked behind him, in quest of the wreck, but uselessly. It might have been in the trough, while he was thus on the summit of the waves, or it might be that it floated so low as to be totally lost to the view of one whose head was scarcely above the surface of the water. For a single instant, the young man felt a chill at his heart, as he fancied that the wreck had already sunk; but it passed away when he recalled the slow progress by which the air escaped, and he saw the certainty that the catastrophe, however inevitable, could not yet have really arrived. He waited for another swell to lift him on its summit, when, by "treading water," he raised his head and shoulders fairly above the surface of the sea, and strained his eyes in another vain effort to catch a glimpse of the wreck. He could

not see it. In point of fact, the mate had swam much further than he had supposed, and was already so distant as to render any such attempt hopeless. He was fully a third of a mile distant from the point of his departure.

Disappointed, and in a slight degree disheartened, Mulford turned, and swam in the direction of the sinking star. He now looked anxiously for the boat. It was time that it came more plainly into view, and a new source of anxiety beset him, as he could discover no signs of its vicinity. Certain that he was on the course, after making a due allowance for the direction of the wind, the stout-hearted young man swam on. He next determined not to annoy himself by fruitless searches, or vain regrets, but to swim steadily for a certain time, a period long enough to carry him a material distance, ere he again looked for the object of his search.

For twenty minutes longer did that courageous and active youth struggle with the waste of waters, amid the obscurity and solitude of midnight. He now believed himself near a mile from the wreck, and the star which had so long served him for a beacon was getting near to the horizon. He took a new observation of another of the heavenly bodies nigh it, to serve him in its stead when it should disappear altogether, and then he raised himself in the water, and looked about again for the boat. The search was in vain. No boat was very near him, of a certainty, and the dreadful apprehension began to possess his mind, of perishing uselessly in that waste of gloomy waters. While thus gazing about him, turning his eyes in every quarter, hoping intently to catch some glimpse of the much-desired object in the gloom, he saw two dark, pointed objects, that resembled small stakes, in the water within twenty feet of him. Mulford knew them at a glance, and a cold shudder passed through his frame, as he recognized them. They were, out of all question, the fins of an enormous shark; an animal that could not measure less than eighteen or twenty feet in length.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that when our young mate discovered the proximity of this dangerous animal, situated as he was, he gave himself up for lost. He possessed his knife, however, and had heard of the manner in which even sharks were overcome, and that too in their own element, by the skillful and resolute. At first, he was resolved to make one desperate effort for life, before he submitted to a fate as horrible as that which now menaced him; but the movements of his dangerous neighbour induced him to wait. It did not approach any nearer, but continued swimming back and fro, on the surface of the water, according to the known habits of the fish, as if watching his own movements. There being no time to be wasted, our young mate turned on his face, and began again to swim in the direction of the setting star, though nearly chilled by despair. For ten minutes longer did he struggle on, beginning to feel exhaustion,

however, and always accompanied by those two dark, sharp and gliding fins. There was no difficulty in knowing the position of the animal, and Mulford's eyes were oftener on those fins than on the beacon before him. Strange as it may appear, he actually became accustomed to the vicinity of this formidable creature, and soon felt his presence a sort of relief against the dreadful solitude of his situation. He had been told by seamen of instances, and had once witnessed a case himself, in which a shark had attended a swimming man for a long distance, either forbearing to do him harm, from repletion, or influenced by that awe which nature has instilled into all of the inferior, for the highest animal of the creation. He began to think that he was thus favored, and really regarded the shark as a friendly neighbor, rather than as a voracious foe. In this manner did the two proceed, nearly another third of a mile, the fins sometimes in sight ahead, gliding hither and thither, and sometimes out of view behind the swimmer, leaving him in dreadful doubts as to the movements of the fish, when Mulford suddenly felt something hard hit his foot. Believing it to be the shark, dipping for his prey, a slight exclamation escaped him. At the next instant both feet hit the unknown substance again, and he stood erect, the water no higher than his waist! Quick, and comprehending every thing connected with the sea, the young man at once understood that he was on a part of the reef where the water was so shallow as to admit of his wading.

Mulford felt that he had been providentially rescued from death. His strength had been about to fail him, when he was thus led, unknown to himself, to a spot where his life might yet be possibly prolonged for a few more hours, or days. He had leisure to look about him, and to reflect on what was next to be done. Almost unwittingly, he turned in quest of his terrible companion, in whose voracious mouth he had actually believed himself about to be immolated, a few seconds before. There the two horn-like fins still were, gliding about above the water, and indicating the smallest movement of their formidable owner. The mate observed that they went a short distance ahead of him, describing nearly a semi-circle, and then returned, doing the same thing in his rear, repeating the movements incessantly, keeping always on his right. This convinced him that shallower water existed on his left hand, and he waded in that direction, until he reached a small spot of naked rock.

For a time, at least, he was safe! The fragment of coral on which the mate now stood, was irregular in shape, but might have contained a hundred feet square in superficial measurement, and was so little raised above the level of the water as not to be visible, even by daylight, at the distance of a hundred yards. Mulford found it was perfectly dry, however, an important discovery to him, as by a close calculation he had made of the tides, since quitting the Dry Tortugas, he knew it must be near

high water. Could he have even this small portion of bare rock secure, it made him, for the moment, rich as the most extensive landholder living. A considerable quantity of sea-weed had lodged on the rock, and, as most of this was also quite dry, it convinced the young sailor that the place was usually bare. But, though most of this sea-weed was dry, there were portions of the more recent accessions there that still lay in, or quite near to the water, which formed exceptions. In handling these weeds, in order to ascertain the facts, Mulford caught a small shell-fish, and finding it fresh and easy to open, he swallowed it with the eagerness of a famishing man. Never had food proved half so grateful to him as that single swallow of a very palatable testaceous animal. By feeling further, he found several others of the same family, and made quite as large a meal, as, under the circumstances, was probably good for him. Then, grateful for his escape, but overcome by fatigue, he hastily arranged a bed of sea-weed, drew a portion of the plant over his body, to keep him warm, and fell into a deep sleep that lasted for hours.

Mulford did not regain his consciousness until the rays of the rising sun fell upon his eye-lids, and the genial warmth of the great luminary shed its benign influence over his frame. At first his mind was confused, and it required a few seconds to bring a perfect recollection of the past, and a true understanding of his real situation. They came, however, and the young man moved to the highest part of his little domain, and cast an anxious, hurried look around in quest of the wreck. A knowledge of the course in which he had swam, aided by the position of the sun, told him on what part of the naked waste to look for the object he sought. God had not yet forsaken them! There was the wreck; or, it might be more exact to say, there were those whom the remaining buoyancy of the wreck still upheld from sinking into the depths of the gulf. In point of fact, but a very little of the bottom of the vessel actually remained above water, some two or three yards square at most, and that little was what seamen term nearly awash. Two or three hours must bury that small portion of the still naked wood beneath the surface of the sea, though sufficient buoyancy might possibly remain for the entire day still to keep the living from death.

There the wreck was, however, yet floating; and, though not visible to Mulford, with a small portion of it above water. He saw the four persons only; and what was more, they saw him. This was evident by Jack Tier's waving his hat like a man cheering. When Mulford returned this signal, the shawl of Rose was tossed into the air, in a way to leave no doubt that he was seen and known. The explanation of this early recognition and discovery of the young mate was very simple. Tier was not asleep when Harry left the wreck, though, seeing the importance of the step the other was taking, he had feigned to be so. When Rose awoke, missed her

lover, and was told what had happened, her heart was kept from sinking by his encouraging tale and hopes. An hour of agony had succeeded, nevertheless, when light returned and no Mulford was to be seen. The despair that burst upon the heart of our heroine was followed by the joy of discovering him on the rock.

It is scarcely necessary to say how much the parties were relieved on ascertaining their respective positions. Faint as were the hopes of each of eventual delivery, the two or three minutes that succeeded seemed to be minutes of perfect happiness. After this rush of unlooked for joy, Mulford continued his intelligent examination of surrounding objects.

The wreck was fully half a mile from the rock of the mate, but much nearer to the reef than it had been the previous night. "Could it but ground on the rocks," thought the young man, "it would be a most blessed event." The thing was possible, though the first half hour of his observations told him that its drift was in the direction of the open passage so often named, rather than toward the nearest rocks. Still, that drift brought Rose each minute nearer and nearer to himself again. In looking round, however, the young man saw the boat. It was a quarter of a mile distant, with open water between them, apparently grounded on a rock, for it was more within the reef than he was himself. He must have passed it in the dark, and the boat had been left to obey the wind and currents, and to drift to the spot where it then lay.

Mulford shouted aloud when he saw the boat, and at once determined to swim in quest of it, as soon as he had collected a little refreshment from among the sea-weed. On taking a look at his rock by daylight, he saw that its size was quadrupled to the eye by the falling of the tide, and that water was lying in several of the cavities of its uneven surface. At first he supposed this to be sea-water, left by the flood; but, reflecting a moment, he remembered the rain, and hoped it might be possible that one little cavity, containing two or three gallons of the fluid, would turn out to be fresh. Kneeling beside it, he applied his lips in feverish haste, and drank the sweetest draught that had ever passed his lips. Slaking his thirst, which had begun again to be painfully severe, he arose with a heart overflowing with gratitude—could he only get Rose to that narrow and barren rock, it would seem to be an earthly paradise. Mulford next made his scanty, but, all things considered, sufficient meal, drank moderately afterward, and then turned his attention and energies toward the boat, which, though now aground and fast, might soon float on the rising tide, and drift once more beyond his reach. It was his first intention to swim directly for his object; but, just as about to enter the water, he saw with horror the fins of at least a dozen sharks, who were prowling about in the deeper water of the reef, and almost encircling his hold. To throw himself in the midst

of such enemies would be madness, and he stopped to reflect, and again to look about him. For the first time that morning, he took a survey of the entire horizon, to see if any thing were in sight; for, hitherto, his thoughts had been too much occupied with Rose and her companions, to remember any thing else. To the northward and westward he distinctly saw the upper sails of a large ship, that was standing on a wind to the northward and eastward. As there was no port to which a vessel of that character would be likely to be bound in the quarter of the Gulf to which such a course would lead, Mulford at once inferred it was the sloop-of-war, which, after having examined the islets, at the Dry Tortugas, and finding them deserted, was beating up, either to go into Key West, or to pass to the southward of the reef again, by the passage through which she had come as lately as the previous day. This was highly encouraging; and could he only get to the boat, and remove the party from the wreck before it sunk, there was now every prospect of a final escape.

To the southward, also, the mate fancied he saw a sail. It was probably a much smaller vessel than the ship in the north-west, and at a greater distance. It might, however, be the lofty sails of some large craft, standing along the reef, going westward, bound to New Orleans, or to that new and important port, Point Isabel; or it might be some wrecker, or other craft, edging away into the passage. As it was, it appeared only as a speck in the horizon, and was too far off to offer much prospect of succor.

Thus acquainted with the state of things around him, Mulford gave his attention seriously to his duties. He was chiefly afraid that the returning tide might lift the boat from the rock on which it had grounded, and that it would float beyond his reach. Then there was the frightful and ever increasing peril of the wreck, and the dreadful fate that so inevitably menaced those it held, were not relief prompt. This thought goaded him nearly to desperation, and he felt at moments almost ready to plunge into the midst of the sharks, and fight his way to his object.

But reflection showed him a less hazardous way of making an effort to reach the boat. The sharks' fins described a semicircle only, as had been the case of his single attendant during the night, and he thought that the shoalness of the water prevented their going further than they did, in a south-easterly direction, which was that of the boat. He well knew that a shark required sufficient water to sink beneath its prey, ere it made its swoop, and that it uniformly turned on its back, and struck upward whenever it gave one of its voracious bites. This was owing to the greater length of its upper than of its lower jaw, and Mulford had heard it was a physical necessity of its formation. Right or wrong, he determined to act on this theory, and began at once to wade along the part of the reef that his enemies seemed unwilling to approach.

Had our young mate a weapon of any sort larger than his knife, he would have felt greater confidence in his success. As it was, however, he drew that knife, and was prepared to sell his life dearly should a foe assail him. No sooner was his step heard in the water, than the whole group of sharks were set in violent motion, glancing past, and frequently quite near him, as if aware their intended prey was about to escape. Had the water deepened much, Harry would have returned at once, for a conflict with such numbers would have been hopeless; but it did not; on the contrary, it shoaled again, after a very short distance at which it had been waist deep; and Mulford found himself wading over a long, broad surface of rock, and that directly toward the boat, through water that seldom rose above his knees, and which, occasionally, scarce covered his feet. There was no absolutely naked rock near him, but there seemed to be acres of that which might be almost said to be awash. Amid the greedy throng that endeavored to accompany him, the mate even fancied he recognised the enormous fins of his old companion, who sailed to and fro in the crowd in a stately manner, as if merely a curious looker on of his own movements. It was the smaller, and probably the younger sharks, that betrayed the greatest hardihood and voracity. One or two of these made fierce swoops toward Harry, as if bent on having him at every hazard; but they invariably glided off when they found their customary mode of attack resisted by the shoalness of the water.

Our young mate got ahead but slowly, being obliged to pay a cautious attention to the movements of his escort. Sometimes he was compelled to wade up to his arms in order to cross narrow places, that he might get on portions of the rock that were nearly bare; and once he was actually compelled to swim eight or ten yards. Nevertheless, he did get on, and after an hour of this sort of work, he found himself within a hundred yards of the boat, which lay grounded near a low piece of naked rock, but separated from it by a channel of deep water, into which all the sharks rushed in a body, as if expressly to cut off his escape. Mulford now paused to take breath, and to consider what ought to be done. On the spot where he stood he was quite safe, though ankle deep in the sea, the shallow water extending to a considerable distance on all sides of him, with the single exception of the channel in his front. He stood on the very verge of that channel, and could see in the pellucid element before him, that it was deep enough to float a vessel of some size.

To venture into the midst of twenty sharks required desperation, and Harry was not yet reduced to that. He had been so busy in making his way to the point where he stood as to have no leisure to look for the wreck; but he now turned his eyes in quest of that all interesting object. He saw the shawl fluttering in the breeze, and that was all he could see. Tier had contrived to keep it flying as a signal where he was to be found, but the hull of the

schooner had sunk so low in the water that they who were seated on its keel were not visible even at the short distance which now separated them from Mulford. Encouraged by this signal, and animated by the revived hope of still saving his companions, Harry turned toward the channel, half inclined to face every danger rather than to wait any longer. At that moment the fins were all gliding along the channel from him, and in the same direction. Some object drew the sharks away in a body, and the young mate let himself easily into the water, and swam as noiselessly as he could toward the boat.

It was a fearful trial, but Mulford felt that every thing depended on his success. Stimulated by his motive, and strengthened by the food and water taken an hour before, never had he shown so much skill and power in the water. In an incredibly short period he was half way across the channel, still swimming strong and unharmed. A few strokes more sent him so near the boat that hope took full possession of his soul, and he shouted in exultation. That indiscreet but natural cry, uttered so near the surface of the sea, turned every shark upon him, as the pack springs at the fox in view. Mulford was conscious of the folly of his cry the instant it escaped him, and involuntarily he turned his head to note the effect on his enemies. Every fin was gliding toward him—a dark array of swift and furious foes. Ten thousand bayonets, leveled in their line, could not have been one half as terrible, and the efforts of the young man became nearly frantic. But strong as he was, and ready in the element, what is the movement of a man in the water compared to that of a vigorous and voracious fish? Mulford could see those fins coming on like a tempest, and he had just given up all hope, and was feeling his flesh creep with terror, when his foot hit the rock. Giving himself an onward plunge, he threw his body upward toward the boat, and into so much shallower water, at least a dozen feet by that single effort. Recovering his legs as soon as possible, he turned to look behind him. The water seemed alive with fins, each pair gliding back and forth, as the bull-dog bounds in front of the ox's muzzle. Just then a light-colored object glanced past the young man, so near as almost to touch him. It was a shark that had actually turned on its back to seize its prey, and was only prevented from succeeding by being driven from the line of its course by hitting the slimy rock, over which it was compelled to make its plunge. The momentum with which it came on, added to the inclination of the rock, forced the head and half of the body of this terrible assailant into the air, giving the intended victim an opportunity of seeing from what a fate he had escaped. Mulford avoided this fish without much trouble, however, and the next instant he threw himself into the boat, on the bottom of which he lay panting with the violence of his exertions, and unable to move under the reaction which now came over his system.

The mate lay in the bottom of the boat, exhausted and unable to rise, for several minutes; during that space he devoutly returned thanks to God for his escape, and bethought him of the course he was next to pursue, in order to effect the rescue of his companions. The boat was larger than common. It was also well equipped—a mast and sail lying along with the oars, on its thwarts. The rock placed Harry to windward of the wreck, and by the time he felt sufficiently revived to rise and look about him, his plan of proceeding was fully arranged in his own mind. Among other things that he saw, as he still lay in the bottom of the boat, was a breaker which he knew contained fresh water, and a bread-bag. These were provisions that it was customary for the men to make, when employed on boat duty; and the articles had been left where he now saw them, in the hurry of the movements, as the brig quitted the islets.

Harry rose the instant he felt his strength returning. Striking the breaker with his foot, and feeling the basket with a hand, he ascertained that the one held its water, and the other its bread. This was immense relief, for by this time the sufferings of the party on the wreck must be returning with redoubled force. The mate then stepped the mast, and fitted the sprit to the sail, knowing that the latter would be seen fluttering in the wind by those on the wreck, and carry joy to their hearts. After this considerate act, he began to examine into the position of the boat. It was still aground, having been left by the tide; but the water had already risen several inches, and by placing himself on a gunwale, so as to bring the boat on its bilge, and pushing with an oar, he soon got it into deep water. It only remained to haul aft the sheet, and right the helm, to be standing through the channel, at a rate that promised a speedy deliverance to his friends, and most of all, to Rose.

Mulford glanced past the rocks and shoals, attended by the whole company of the sharks. They moved before, behind, and on each side of him, as if unwilling to abandon their prey, even after he had got beyond the limits of their power to do him harm. It was not an easy thing to manage the boat in that narrow and crooked channel, with no other guide for the courses than the eye, and it required so much of the mate's vigilance to keep clear of the sharp angles of the rocks, that he could not once cast his eyes aside, to look for the fluttering shawl, which now composed the standing signal of the wreck. At length the boat shot through the last passage of the reef, and issued into open water. Mulford knew that he must come out half a mile at least to leeward of his object, and, without even raising his head, he flattened in the sheet, put his helm down, and luffed close to the wind. Then, and then only, did he venture to look around him.

Our mate felt his heart leap toward his mouth, as he observed the present state of the wreck. It was dead to windward of him, in the first place, and

it seemed to be entirely submerged. He saw the shawl fluttering as before; for Tier had fastened one corner to a button-hole of his own jacket, and another to the dress of Biddy, leaving the part which might be called the fly, to rise at moments almost perpendicularly in the air, in a way to render it visible at some distance. He saw also the heads and the bodies of those on the schooner's bottom, but to him they appeared to be standing in, or on, the water. The distance may have contributed a little to this appearance, but no doubt remained that so much air had escaped from the hold of the vessel, as to permit it to sink altogether beneath the surface of the sea. It was time, indeed, to proceed to the relief of the sufferers.

Notwithstanding the boat sailed particularly fast, and worked beautifully, it could not equal the impatience of Mulford to get on. Passing away to the north-east a sufficient distance, as he thought, to weather on the wreck, the young man tacked at last, and had the happiness to see that every foot he proceeded was now in a direct line toward Rose. It was only while tacking he perceived that all the fins had disappeared. He felt no doubt that they had deserted him, in order to push for the wreck, which offered a so much larger, and a so much more attainable prey. This increased his feverish desire to get on, the boat seeming to drag, in his eyes, at the very moment it was leaving a wake full of eddies and little whirlpools. The wind was steady, but it seemed to Mulford that the boat was set to leeward of her course by a current, though this could hardly have been the case, as the wreck, the sole mark of his progress, would have had at least as great a drift as the boat. At length Mulford—to him it appeared to be an age; in truth it was after a run of about twenty minutes—came near the goal he so earnestly sought, and got an accurate view of the state of the wreck, and of those on it. The hull of the schooner had, in truth, sunk entirely beneath the surface of the sea; and the party it sustained stood already knee deep in the water. This was sufficiently appalling; but the presence of the sharks, who were crowding around the spot, rendered the whole scene frightful. To the young mate it seemed as if he must still be too late to save Rose from a fate more terrible than drowning, for his boat fell so far to leeward as to compel him to tack once more. As he swept past the wreck, he called out to encourage his friends, begging them to be of good heart for five minutes longer, when he should be able to reach them. Rose held out her arms entreatingly, and the screams of Mrs. Budd and Biddy, which were extorted by the closer and closer approach of the sharks, proclaimed the imminency of the danger they ran, and the importance of not losing a moment of time.

Mulford took his distance with a seaman's eye, and the boat went about like a top. The latter fell off, and the sail filled on the other tack. Then the young mariner saw, with a joy no description can

pourtray, that he looked to windward of the fluttering shawl, toward which his little craft was already flying. He afterward believed that shawl alone prevented the voracious party of fish from assailing those on the wreck, for, though there might not yet be sufficient depth of water to allow of their customary mode of attack, creatures of their voracity did not always wait for such conveniences. But the boat was soon in the midst of the fins, scattering them in all directions; and Mulford let go his sheet, put his helm down, and sprang forward to catch the extended arms of Rose.

It might have been accident, or it might have been the result of skill and interest in our heroine, but certain it is, that the bows of the boat came on the wreck precisely at the place where Rose stood, and her hand was the first object that the young man touched.

"Take my aunt first," cried Rose, resisting Mulford's efforts to lift her into the boat; "she is dreadfully alarmed, and can stand with difficulty."

Although two of Rose's activity and lightness might have been drawn into the boat, while the process was going on in behalf of the widow, Mulford lost no time in discussion, but did as he was desired. First directing Tier to hold on to the painter, he applied his strength to the arms of Mrs. Budd, and, assisted by Rose and Biddy, got her safely into the boat, over its bows. Rose now waited not for assistance, but followed her aunt with a haste that proved fear lent her strength in despite her long fast. Biddy came next, though clumsily, and not without trouble, and Jack Tier followed the instant he was permitted so to do. Of course, the boat, no longer held by its painter, drifted away from the spot, and the hull of the schooner, relieved from the weight of four human beings, rose so near the surface again as to bring a small line of its keel out of water. No better evidence could have been given of the trifling power which sustained it, and of the timely nature of the succor brought by Mulford. Had the boat remained near the schooner, it would have been found half an hour later that the hull had sunk slowly out of sight, finding its way, doubtless, inch by inch, toward the bottom of the gulf.

By this time the sun was well up, and the warmth of the hour, season, and latitude, was shed on the sufferers. There was an old sail in the boat, and in this the party dried their limbs and feet, which were getting to be numb by their long immersion. Then the mate produced the bag and opened it, in quest of bread. A small portion was given to each, and, on looking farther, the mate discovered a piece of boiled ship's beef had been secreted in this receptacle. Of this also he gave each a moderate slice, taking a larger portion for himself, as requiring less precaution. The suffering of the party from hunger was far less than that they endured from thirst. Neither had been endured long enough seriously to enfeeble them, or to render a full meal very dangerous, but the thirst had been much the hardest to be

borne. Of this fact Biddy soon gave audible evidence.

"The mate is good," she said, "and the bread tastes swate and refreshing, but wather is a blessed thing. Can you no give us one dhrap of the wather that falls from heaven, Mr. Mulford; for this wather of the saa is of no use but to drown Christians in?"

In an instant the mate had opened a breaker, and filled the tin pot which is almost always to be found in a boat. Biddy said no more, but her eyes pleaded so eloquently, that Rose begged the faithful creature might have the first drink. One eager swallow went down, and then a cry of disappointment succeeded. The water was salt, and had been put in the breaker for ballast. The other breaker was tried with the same success.

"It is terrible to be without one drop of water," murmured Rose, "and this food makes it more necessary than ever."

"Patience, patience, dearest Rose—patience for ten minutes, and you shall all drink," answered the mate, filling the sail and keeping the boat away while speaking. "There is water, God be praised, on the rock to which I first swam, and we will secure it before another day's sun help to make it evaporate."

This announcement quieted the longings of those who endured a thirst which disappointment rendered doubly hard to bear; and away the boat glided toward the rock. As he now flew over the distance, lessened more than one-half by the drift of the wreck, Mulford recalled the scene through which he had so painfully passed the previous night. As often happens, he shuddered at the recollection of things which, at the moment, a desperate resolution had enabled him to encounter with firmness. Still, he thought nothing less than the ardent desire to save Rose could have carried him through the trial with the success which attended his struggles. The dear being at his side asked a few explanations of what had passed; and she bowed her head and wept, equally with pain and delight, as imagination pictured to her the situation of her betrothed, amid that waste of water, with his fearful companions, and all in the hours of deep night.

But that was over now. There was the rock—the blessed rock on which Mulford had so accidentally struck, close before them—and presently they were all on it. The mate took the pot and ran to the little reservoir, returning with a sweet draught for each of the party.

"A blessed, blessed thing, is wather!" exclaimed Biddy, this time finding the relief she sought, "and a thousand blessings on *you*, Mr. Mulford, who have niver done us any thing but good."

Rose looked a still higher eulogy on the young man, and even Mrs. Budd had something commendatory and grateful to say. Jack Tier was silent, but he had all his eyes about him, as he now proved.

"We've all on us been so much taken up with our own affairs," remarked the steward's assistant, "that we've taken but little notice of the neighborhood. If that is n't the brig, Mr. Mulford, running through this very passage, with stun'sails set, aloof and aloft, I don't know the Molly Swash when I see her!"

"The brig!" exclaimed the mate, recollecting the vessels he had seen at the break-of-day, for the first time in hours. "Can it be possible that the craft I made out to the southward, is the brig?"

"Look, and judge for yourself, sir. There she comes, like a race-horse, and if she holds her present course, she must pass somewhere within a mile or so of us, if we stay where we are."

Mulford did look, as did all with him. There was the Swash, sure enough, coming down before the wind, and under a cloud of canvas. She might be still a league, or a league and a half distant, but, at the rate at which she was traveling, that distance would soon be past. She was running through the passage, no doubt with a view to proceed to the Dry Tortugas, to look after the schooner, Spike having the hope that he had dodged his pursuers on the coast of Cuba. The mate now looked for the ship, in the north-western board, believing, as he did, that she was the sloop-of-war. That vessel had gone about, and was standing to the southward, on a taut bowline. She was still a long way off, three or four leagues at least, but the change she had made in her position, since last seen, proved that she was a great sailer. Then she was more than hull down, whereas, now, she was near enough to let the outline of a long, straight fabric be discovered beneath her canvas.

"It is hardly possible that Spike should not see the vessel here in the northern board," Mulford observed to Tier, who had been examining the ship with him. "The look-out is usually good on board the Swash, and, just now, should certainly be as good as common. Spike is no dawdler with serious business before him."

"He's a willian!" muttered Jack Tier.

The mate regarded his companion with some surprise. Jack was a very insignificant-looking personage in common, and one would scarcely pause to give him a second look, unless it might be to laugh at his rotundity and little waddling legs. But, now, the mate fancied he was swelling with feelings that actually imparted somewhat more than usual stature and dignity to his appearance. His face was full of indignation, and there was something about the eye, that to Mulford was inexplicable. As Rose, however, had related to him the scene that took place on the islet, at the moment when Spike was departing, the mate supposed that Jack still felt a portion of the resentment that such a collision would be apt to create. From the expression of Jack's countenance at that instant, it struck him Spike might not be exactly safe, should accident put it in the power of the former to do him an injury.

It was now necessary to decide on the course that ought to be pursued. The bag contained sufficient food to last the party several days, and a gallon of water still remained in the cavity of the rock. This last was collected and put in one of the breakers, which was emptied of the salt water in order to receive it. As water, however, was the great necessity in that latitude, Mulford did not deem it prudent to set sail with so small a supply, and he accordingly commenced a search, on some of the adjacent rocks, Jack Tier accompanying him. They succeeded in doubling their stock of water, and found several shell-fish, that the females found exceedingly grateful and refreshing. On the score of hunger and thirst, indeed, no one was now suffering. By judiciously sipping a little water at a time, and retaining it in the mouth before swallowing, the latter painful feeling had been gotten rid of; and as for food, there was even more than was actually needed, and that of a very good quality. It is probable that standing in the water for hours, as Rose, and her aunt, and Bidley had been obliged to do, had contributed to lessen the pain endured from thirst, though they had all suffered a good deal from that cause, especially while the sun shone.

Mulford and Tier were half an hour in obtaining the water. By the end of that period, the brigantine was so near as to render her hull distinctly visible. It was high time to decide on their future course. The sail had been brailed when the boat reached the rock, and the boat itself lay on the side of the latter opposite to the brig, and where no part of it could be seen to those on board the *Swash*, with the exception of the mast. Under the circumstances, therefore, Mulford thought it wisest to remain where they were, and let the vessel pass, before they attempted to proceed toward Key West, their intended place of refuge. In order to do this, however, it was necessary to cause the whole party to lie down, in such a way as to be hid by the inequalities in the rock, as it was now very evident the brig would pass within half a mile of them. Hitherto, it was not probable that they had been seen, and by using due caution, the chances of Spike's overlooking them altogether amounted nearly to certainty.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, the boat's masts unstepped, the party placed behind their covers, and the females comfortably bestowed in the spare sail, where they might get a little undisturbed sleep, after the dreadful night, or morning, they had passed. Even Jack Tier lay down to catch his nap, as the most useful manner of bestowing himself for a couple of hours; the time Mulford had mentioned as the period of their stay where they were.

As for the mate, vigilance was his portion, and he took his position, hid like all the rest, where he could watch the movements of his old craft. In about twenty minutes, the brig was quite near; so near that Mulford not only saw the people on board

her, who showed themselves in the rigging, but fancied he could recognize their persons. As yet, nothing had occurred in the way of change, but, just as the *Swash* got abreast of the rock, she began to take in her studding-sails, and that hurriedly, as is apt to occur on board a vessel in sudden emergencies. Our young man was a little alarmed at first, believing that they might have been discovered, but he was soon induced to think that the crew of the brigantine had just then begun to suspect the character of the ship to the northward. That vessel had been drawing near all this time, and was now only some three leagues distant. Owing to the manner in which she headed, or bows on, it was not a very easy matter to tell the character of this stranger, though the symmetry and squareness of his yards rendered it nearly certain he was a cruiser. Though Spike could not expect to meet his old acquaintance here, after the chase he had so lately led her, down on the opposite coast, he might and would have his misgivings, and Mulford thought it was his intention to haul up close round the northern angle of the reef, and maintain his advantage of the wind, over the stranger. If this were actually done, it might expose the boat to view, for the brig would pass within a quarter of a mile of it, and on the side of the rock on which it lay. It was too late, however, to attempt a change, since the appearance of human beings in such a place, would be certain to draw the brig's glasses on them, and the glasses must at once let Spike know who they were. It remained, therefore, only to await the result as patiently as possible.

A very few minutes removed all doubt. The brig hauled as close round the reef as she dared to venture, and in a very short time the boat lay exposed to view to all on board her. The vessel was now so near that Mulford plainly saw the boatswain get upon the coach-house, or little hurricane-house deck, where Spike stood examining the ship with his glass, and point out the boat, where it lay at the side of the rock. In an instant, the glass was leveled at the spot, and the movements on board the brig immediately betrayed to Mulford that the boat was recognized. Sail was shortened on board the *Swash*, and men were seen preparing to lower her stern boat, while every thing indicated that the vessel was about to be hove-to. There was no time now to be lost, but the young man immediately gave the alarm.

No sooner did the party arise and show themselves, than the crew of the *Swash* gave three cheers. By the aid of the glass, Spike doubtless recognized their persons, and the fact was announced to the men, by way of stimulating their exertions. This gave an additional spur to the movements of those on the rock, who hastened into their own boat, and made sail as soon as possible.

It was far easier to do all that has been described, than to determine on the future course. Capture was certain if the fugitives ventured into the open

water, and their only hope was to remain on the reef. If channels for the passage of the boat could be found, escape was highly probable, as the schooner's boat could sail much faster than the brig's boat could row, fast as Mulford knew the last to be. But the experience of the morning had told the mate that the rock rose too near the surface, in many places, for the boat, small as it was, to pass over it; and he must trust a great deal to chance. Away he went, however, standing along a narrow channel, through which the wind just permitted him to lay, with the sail occasionally shaking.

By this time the Swash had her boat in the water, manned with four powerful oars, Spike steering it in his own person. Our young mate placed Tier in the bows, to point out the deepest water, and kept his sail a rap full, in order to get ahead as fast as possible. Ahead he did get, but it was on a course that soon brought him out in the open water of the main passage through the reef, leaving Spike materially astern. The latter now rose in his boat, and made a signal with his hat, which the boatswain perfectly understood. The latter caused the brig to wane short round on her heel, and boarded his fore-tack in chase, hauling up into the passage as soon as he could again round the reef. Mulford soon saw that it would never do for him to venture far from the rocks, the brig going two feet to his one, though not looking quite as high as he did in the boat. But the Swash had her guns, and it was probable they would be used, rather than he should escape. When distant two hundred yards from the reef, therefore, he tacked. The new course brought the fugitives nearly at right angles to that steered by Spike, who stood directly on, as if conscious that, sooner or later, such a rencounter must occur. It would seem that the tide was setting through the passage, for when the boat of Mulford again reached the reef, it was considerably to windward of the channel out of which she had issued, and opposite to another which offered very opportunely for her entrance. Into this new channel, then, the mate somewhat blindly ran, feeling the necessity of getting out of gun-shot of the brig at every hazard. She at least could not follow him among the rocks, let Spike, in his boat, proceed as he might.

According to appearances, Spike was not likely to be very successful. He was obliged to diverge from his course, in order to go into the main passage at the very point where Mulford had just before done the same thing, and pull along the reef to windward, in order to get into the new channel, into which the boat he was pursuing had just entered. This brought him not only astern again, but a long bit astern, inasmuch as he was compelled to make the circuit described. On he went, however, as eager in the chase as the hound with his game in view.

Mulford's boat seemed to fly, and glided ahead at least three feet to that of Spike's two. The direction of the channel it was in, brought it pretty close to the wind, but the water was quite smooth, and

our mate managed to keep the sail full, and his little craft at the same time quite near the weatherly side of the rocks. In the course of ten minutes the fugitives were fully a mile from the brig, which was unable to follow them, but kept standing off and on, in the main passage, waiting the result. At one time Mulford thought the channel would bring him out into open water again, on the northern side of the reef, and more than a mile to the eastward of the point where the ship-channel in which the Swash was plying commenced; but an accidental circumstance prevented his standing in far enough to ascertain the fact. That circumstance was as follows.

In running a mile and a half over the reef, in the manner described, Mulford had left the boat of Spike quite half a mile astern. He was now out of gun-shot from the brig, or at least beyond the range of her grape, the only missile he feared, and so far to windward that he kept his eye on every opening to the southward, which he fancied might allow of his making a stretch deeper into the mazes of the reef, among which he believed it easiest for him to escape, and to weary the oarsmen of his pursuers. Two or three of these openings offered as he glided along, but it struck him that they all looked so high that the boat would not lay through them—an opinion in which he was right. At length he came abreast of one that seemed straight and clear of obstacles as far as he could see, and through which he might run with a flowing sheet. Down went his helm, and about went his boat, running away to the southward as fast as ever.

Had Spike followed, doubled the same shoal, and kept away again in the same channel as had been done by the boat he chased, all his hopes of success must have vanished at once. This he did not attempt, therefore; but, sheering into one of the openings which the mate had rejected, he cut off quite half a mile in his distance. This was easy enough for him to accomplish, as a row-boat would pull even easier, near to the wind, than with the wind broad on its bow. In consequence of this short cut, therefore, Spike was actually crossing out into Mulford's new channel, just as the latter had handsomely cleared the mouth of the opening through which he effected his purpose.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the two boats must have been for a few minutes quite near to each other; so near, indeed, did the fugitives now pass to their pursuers, that it would have been easy for them to have conversed, had they been so disposed. Not a word was spoken, however, but Mulford went by, leaving Spike about a hundred yards astern. This was a trying moment to the latter, and the devil tempted him to seek his revenge. He had not come unarmed on his enterprise, but three or four loaded muskets lay in the stern-sheets of his yawl. He looked at his men, and saw that they could not hold out much longer to pull as they had been pulling. Then he looked at Mulford's boat, and saw it

gliding away from him at a rate that would shortly place it another half mile in advance. He seized a musket, and raised it to his shoulder, nay, was in the act of taking aim at his mate, when Rose, who watched his movements, threw herself before Harry, and if she did not actually save his life, at least prevented Spike's attempt on it for that occasion. In the course of the next ten minutes the fugitives had again so far gained on their pursuers, that the latter began to see that their efforts were useless. Spike muttered a few bitter curses, and told his men to lay on their oars.

"It's well for the runaway," he added, "that the gal put herself between us, else would his grog have been stopped forever. I've long suspected this; but had I been sure of it, the Gulf Stream would have had the keeping of his body, the first dark night we were in it together. Lay on your oars, men, lay on your oars; I'm afeard the villian will get through our fingers, a'ter all."

The men obeyed, and then, for the first time, did they turn their heads, to look at those they had been so vehemently pursuing. The other boat was quite half a mile from them, and it had again tacked. This last occurrence induced Spike to pull slowly ahead, in quest of another short passage to cut the fugitives off; but no such opening offered.

"There he goes about again, by George!" exclaimed Spike. "Give way, lads—give way; an easy stroke, for if he is embayed, he can't escape us!"

Sure enough, poor Mulford *was* embayed, and could see no outlet by which to pass ahead. He tacked his boat two or three times, and he wore round as often; but on every side shoals or rocks, that actually rose above the surface of the water, impeded his course. The fact was not to be concealed; after all his efforts, and so many promises of success, not only was his further progress ahead cut off, but equally so was retreat. The passage was not wide enough to admit the hope of getting by his pursuers, and the young man came to the conclusion that his better course was to submit with dignity to his fate. For himself he had no hope—he knew Spike's character too well for that; but he did not apprehend any great immediate danger to his companions. Spike had a coarse, brutal admiration for Rose; but her expected fortune, which was believed to be of more amount than was actually the case, was a sort of pledge that he would not willingly put himself in a situation that would prevent the possibility of enjoying it. Strange, hurried, and somewhat confused thoughts passed through Harry Mulford's mind, as he brailed his sail, and waited for his captors to approach and take possession of his boat and himself. This was done quietly, and with very few words on the part of Spike.

Mulford would have liked the appearance of things better had his old commander cursed him, and betrayed other signs of the fury that was boiling in his very soul. On the contrary, never had Stephen

Spike seemed more calm, or under better self-command. He smiled, and saluted Mrs. Budd, just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, and alluded to the sharpness of the chase with facetiousness and seeming good humor. The females were deceived by this manner, and hoped, after all, that the worst that would happen would be a return to their old position on board the Swash. This was being so much better off than their horrible situation on the wreck, that the change was not frightful to them.

"What has become of the schooner, Mr. Mulford?" asked Spike, as the boats began to pass down the channel to return to the brig—two of the Swash's men taking their seats in that which had been captured, along with their commander, while the other two got a tow from the use of the sail. "I see you have the boat here that we used alongside of her, and suppose you know something of the craft itself?"

"She capsized with us in a squall," answered the mate, "and we only left the wreck this morning."

"Capsized!—hum—that was a hard fate, to be sure, and denotes bad seamanship. Now I've sailed all sorts of craft these forty years, or five-and-thirty at least, and never capsized any thing in my life. Stand by there for'ard to hold on by that rock."

A solitary cap of the coral rose above the water two or three feet, close to the channel, and was the rock to which Spike alluded. It was only some fifty feet in diameter, and of an oval form, rising quite above the ordinary tides, as was apparent by its appearance. It is scarcely necessary to say it had no other fresh water than that which occasionally fell on its surface, which surface being quite smooth, retained very little of the rain it received. The boat was soon alongside of this rock, where it was held broadside-to by the two seamen.

"Mr. Mulford, do me the favor to step up here," said Spike, leading the way on to the rock himself. "I have a word to say to you before we get on board the old Molly once more."

Mulford silently complied, fully expecting that Spike intended to blow his brains out, and willing the bloody deed should be done in a way to be as little shocking to Rose as circumstances would allow. But Spike manifested no such intention. A more refined cruelty was uppermost in his mind; and his revenge was calculated, and took care to fortify itself with some of the quibbles and artifices of the law. He might not be exactly right in his legal reservations, but he did not the less rely on their virtue.

"Hark'e, Mr. Mulford," said Spike, sharply, as soon as both were on the rock, "you have run from my brig, thereby showing your distaste for her; and I've no disposition to keep a man who wishes to quit me. Here you are, sir, on *terram firmam*, as the scholars call it; and here you have my full permission to remain. I wish you a good morning, sir; and will not fail to report, when we get in, that you left the brig of your own pleasure."

"You will not have the cruelty to abandon me on this naked rock, Captain Spike, and that without a morsel of food, or a drop of water."

"Wather is a blessed thing!" exclaimed Biddy. "Do not think of lavin' the gentleman widout wather."

"You left *me*, sir, without food or water, and you can sit out your own rock—yes, d—e, sir, you left me *under fire*, and that is a thing no true-hearted man would have thought of. Stand by to make sail, boys, and if he offer to enter the boat, pitch him out with the boat-hooks."

Spike was getting angry, and he entered the boat again, without perceiving that Rose had left it. Light of foot, and resolute of spirit, the beautiful girl, handsomer than ever perhaps, by her excited feelings and disheveled hair, had sprung on the rock, as Spike stepped into the boat forward, and when the latter turned round, after loosening the sail, he found he was drifting away from the very being who was the object of all his efforts. Mulford, believing that Rose was to be abandoned as well as himself, received the noble girl in his arms, though ready to implore Spike, on his knees, to return and at least take her off. But Spike wanted no solicitation on that point. He returned of his own accord, and had just reached the rock again when the report of a gun drew all eyes toward the brig.

The Swash had again run out of the passage, and was beating up, close to the reef as she dared to go, with a signal flying. All the seamen at once understood the cause of this hint. The strange sail was getting too near, and everybody could see that it was the sloop-of-war. Spike looked at Rose, a moment, in doubt. But Mulford raised his beloved in his arms, and carried her to the side of the rock, stepping on board the boat.

Spike watched the movements of the young man with jealous vigilance, and no sooner was Rose placed on her seat, than he motioned significantly to the mate to quit the boat.

"I cannot and will not voluntarily, Capt. Spike," answered Harry, calmly. "It would be committing a sort of suicide."

A sign brought two of the men to the captain's assistance. While the latter held Rose in her place, the sailors shoved Harry on the rock again. Had Mulford been disposed to resist, these two men could not very easily have ejected him from the boat, if they could have done it at all, but he knew there were others in reserve, and feared that blood might be shed, in the irritated state of Spike, in the presence of Rose. While, therefore, he would not be accessory to his own destruction, he would not engage in what he knew would prove not only a most harassing, but a bootless resistance. The consequence was that the boats proceeded, leaving him alone on the rock.

It was perhaps fortunate for Rose that she fainted. Her condition occupied her aunt and Biddy, and

Spike was enabled to reach his brig without any further interruption. Rose was taken on board still nearly insensible, while her two female companions were so much confused and distressed, that neither could have given a reasonably clear account of what had just occurred. Not so with Jack Tier, however. That singular being noted all that passed, seated in the eyes of the boat, away from the confusion that prevailed in its stern-sheets, and apparently undisturbed by it.

As the party was sailing back toward the brig, the light-house boat towing the Swash's yawl, Jack took as good an observation of the channels of that part of the reef as his low position would allow. He tried to form in his mind a sort of chart of the spot, for, from the instant Mulford was thus deserted, the little fellow had formed a stern resolution to attempt his rescue. How that was to be done, however, was more than he yet knew; and when they reached the brig's side, Tier may be said to have been filled with good intentions, rather than with any very available knowledge to enable him to put them in execution.

As respects the two vessels, the arrival of Spike on board his own was not a moment too soon. The Poughkeepsie, for the stranger to the northward was now ascertained to be that sloop-of-war, was within long gun-shot by this time, and near enough to make certain, by means of her glasses, of the character of the craft with which she was closing. Luckily for the brig she lay in the channel so often mentioned, and through which both she and her present pursuer had so lately come, on their way to the northward. This brought her to windward, as the wind then stood, with a clear passage before her. Not a moment was lost. No sooner were the females sent below, than sail was made on the brig, and she began to beat through the passage, making long legs and short ones. She was chased, as a matter of course, and that hard, the difference in sailing between the two crafts not being sufficiently great to render the brigantine's escape by any means certain, while absolutely within the range of those terrible missiles that were used by the man-of-war's men.

But Spike soon determined not to leave a point so delicate as that of his own and his vessel's security to be decided by a mere superiority in the way of heels. The Florida Reef, with all its dangers, windings, and rocks, was as well known to him as the entrances to the port of New York. In addition to its larger channels, of which there are three or four, through which ships of size can pass, it had many others that would admit only vessels of a lighter draught of water. The brig was not flying light, it is true, but she was merely in good ballast trim, and passages would be available to her, into which the Poughkeepsie would not dare to venture. One of these lesser channels was favorably placed to further the escape of Spike, and he shoved the brig into it after the struggle had lasted less than

an hour. This passage offered a shorter cut to the south side of the reef than the main channel, and the sloop-of-war, doubtless perceiving the uselessness of pursuit, under such circumstances, wore

round on her heel, and came down through the main channel again, just entering the open water, near the spot where the schooner had sunk, as the sun was setting. [To be continued.]

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSMER.

(INSCRIBED TO SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.)

THE castle hall is lighted—
Its roof with music rings,
For Carolan is sweeping
The clairsheck's quivering strings;
And, catching inspiration
From faces fair around,
His voice is richer far than gush
Of instrumental sound.

Of Erin's banner, green and bright,
Of Tara's mighty kings,
Who never to invader knelt,
Exultingly he sings;
And on the glittering sands that edge
The blue and bellowing main,
Beneath the blade of Bryan falls
The yellow-bearded Dane.

The master touches other chords—
His brow is overcast—
And tears, from his old, withered orbs,
Are falling warm and fast:
In soul he looks on Athunree,
Dismal field of gore!
The glory of O'Connors house
Expires to wake no more.

As died, in mournful echoings,
The wond'rous strain away,
Approving smile and word requite
The minstrel for his lay;
And by the hand of high-born maid
The golden cup was filled,
Commotion in a heart to hush
By grief too wildly thrilled.

When tuned to lighter airs of love
His harp of magic tone,
Quoth Carolan—"What bard will not
The sway of Beauty own?
Kind hostess! I will now compose
A planxty, promised long,
In honor of thy daughter fair,
Oh! matchless theme for song!"

A few preluding notes he woke,
So clear and passing sweet,
That, timing to the melody,
The heart of listener beat;
But when the white-haired bard began
His tributary lay,

The Soul of Music from the strings
Wild Discord drove away.

Thrice, with the same result, his hand
Upon the chords he laid—
He turned the keys, but harsher sound
The trembling clairsheck made:
In honor of the mother, then,
A planxty he composed,
And perfect was the harmony
Until the strain was closed.

Then other ladies urged the bard
To celebrate their charms,
But he replied—"No rapture now
My fainting spirit warms;
By shadows from another world
My soul is clouded o'er—
Oh! would that I might never see
The light of morning more!"

"What gives a paleness to thy cheek,
Meet only for the dead—
What sorrow weighs upon thy heart?"
His noble hostess said:
The minstrel whispered in reply—
"The daughter of thy heart,
Before the flowers of summer-time
Are faded, will depart."

Ere morning dawned, old Carolan
Went sadly on his way;
To bid green Erin's Flower farewell
He could not, would not stay;
But sought, ere vanished many days,
That lordly hall again,
And through its gateway, moving slow,
Defiled a funeral train.

NOTE.

It is related of Carolan, Twaugh, the Irish Handel, that in his gayest mood he could not compose a planxty on a Miss Brett, the daughter of a noble house in the county of Sligo.

One day, after a vain attempt to compose something in honor of the young lady, in a mixture of rage and grief he threw his clairsheck aside, and, addressing her mother in Irish, whispered—"Madam, I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me, there is not a string in my discordant harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound—I fear she is not long for this world." Tradition says that the event verified the prediction. See *Sketch of Carolan in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.

THE LOVE-CHASE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

"Each ambushed Cupid I'll defy—
In cheek, or chin, or brow!"

EXCLAIMED Auburn, at the same time casting an admiring glance upon his easel, where a young and lovely face peeped forth from the canvas with such a roguish, bewitching look, as seemed to laugh to scorn the bold defiance of the young painter.

"No! painting shall be my mistress," he continued, "my pallet and brush my defence against the witcheries of the fair; for me there is no peril in a lady's eyes; my heart is an impregnable castle—no admittance there, fair lady."

"Most wisely and heroically said!" exclaimed a young girl, who had stood for some moments at the elbow of the artist unobserved, now suddenly bursting into a merry laugh, and placing herself before him. "Bravo, Harry, you are, indeed, a hero!"

"Pshaw! Kate, who would have thought you so near!" cried Auburn, reddening with vexation.

"Alas! coz, my heart already aches for those unhappy damsels who will be suing for admittance at that impregnable castle of yours," continued the young girl, with mock gravity.

"Have mercy, do—you have overheard my nonsense, now pray spare me; for, after all, Kate, if I *should* ever fall off from my allegiance, here is the face would tempt me," pointing as he spoke to the easel.

"Indeed! what a vain fellow you are, Harry. I suppose you think I should make a humble courtesy for this concession in my favor. It is well you leave the city to-morrow, or I should be tempted to set my cap at you, and boldly revenge the sex. I do n't think," she added, archly, "I should find the castle invincible."

"You are a dear girl, Kate, I know that," answered Auburn; "but come, take your seat at once—you have just the expression now I have so often tried to catch, to make your picture perfect. There—don't move—no more rillery for at least five minutes—so shut your mouth."

For five minutes, then, the work went rapidly on, when, springing triumphantly from his chair, Auburn exclaimed,

"There, coz, it is done! not a feature but is perfect. Come, judge for yourself, if it is not to the life."

Kate admitted the correctness of her cousin's pencil, and then added,

"You had best unsay that rash oath of yours, however; for I have come to summon you to tea this evening, where you will meet one whose slightest glance will subdue at once your boasted intrepidity."

"I have no fears, Kate, yet must decline; as I have already several engagements on hand for the evening."

"Better own that, coward-like, you shun the encounter—and well you may; for, ah, Harry, such a charming girl!"

"Who is she?—have I ever seen her?"

"Seen her! and yet ask that question. Why you cool, self-satisfied fellow! Think you, you could have asserted such heresy as just now fell from your lips had you ever met my lovely friend?"

"But you have not yet told me the name of your paragon."

"No—nor shall I, in revenge for your obstinacy. But here I sit chatting with you when ma'ma is waiting for me at home. I suppose, my dainty cousin, you will condescend to be my escort."

"And esteem myself most fortunate, I assure you, to enjoy that privilege."

Arm in arm, therefore, they then proceeded to the street, and were soon immersed with the gay, moving throng up Broadway.

Leaving Kate at the door of her father's residence, in the upper part of the city, Auburn turned and strolled leisurely down this great thoroughfare of fashion. And no small ordeal is it for a bachelor, let him be even as inexorable to all the fascinations of beauty as Auburn has declared himself to be—no small thing is it to pass unscathed along this *rendezvous* of fair foes. It was really provoking, however, to see with what an air of nonchalance he suffered many a graceful, lovely form to flit by him; and sweet young faces, which ought to have set his heart beating, and eyes which should have dazzled by their brilliancy; to see their claims to admiration so stubbornly unrecognized would have tried the patience of any reasonable man.

Absorbed in his own reflections, Auburn proceeded slowly *en route* down Broadway, until attracted by some gem of art displayed at the window of Colman, he stopped for some moments to admire it, with several other loungers like himself. Turning suddenly to pursue his walk, he found himself very awkwardly *vis-à-vis* two young ladies. He stepped quickly on one side to allow of their passing—most

provokingly, they did the same, and in the same direction; with a half-futtered apology, and in much confusion, Auburn again attempted to give them the *pave*; but now, hemmed in by the crowd, egress either way seemed impossible; and thus the three, so awkwardly drawn together, remained very foolishly, (I speak only for the artist,) looking at each other. There was a spice of mischief, too, mingling with the half-repressed smiles of the young girls, which only added to his embarrassment. In a moment, however, the multitude passed on, and with another glance at our plainly perplexed hero, they did the same.

But not from the mind of Auburn did they thus easily glide away. Why throbs his heart thus tumultuously? What sends the sudden thrill through his frame? Those persons less charitable than ourselves, considerate reader, might deem the impregnable fortress of the valiant artist already undermined by Cupid's random shot.

"Heavens, what divine eyes!" suddenly occurred to Auburn, as very slowly he passed on his way.

"What a lovely mouth—how much expression!" and his step became still slower and slower.

"Fancy never formed aught half so lovely!" Here he paused, undeterminate; then exclaiming almost audibly, "I must see her again, I must know who it is whose breathing charms so far excel even the painter's art." He suddenly turned, and swiftly retraced his steps, hoping to overtake the *one* fair enslaver; for so decisive had been the attraction of the taller of the two girls, that the other, had she been fair as Venus, or even ugly as Hecate, the result would have been the same.

On, on rushes the busy throng—a ceaseless tide of human hopes and worldly ambition, cares and disappointments; and on, on presses Auburn. At length he catches a glimpse of that charming figure; not for an instant does he doubt its identity—so on, on he presses, while nearer, still nearer to his eager vision floats the white robe of the pursued. Small respect has he for persons, as he elbows his way through the crowd. Bravo! his aim is now accomplished, and close behind the unconscious maidens he follows in their dainty footsteps. Trinity was open, and into its holy aisles the young girls passed, nor did our hero hesitate to follow. Choosing a seat which commanded a view of the pew into which they had entered, he remained unobserved, gazing upon the object of his sudden passion.

She was beautiful, at least in his eyes, and evidently young. Her dress, more marked for its uniform simplicity than fashionable display, while her manner, at once so earnest and sincere during the sacred rites, might well rebuke the inappropriate thoughts of Auburn within that holy pile, who, in short, during those few brief moments, quaffed deeply of love's soul-entrancing draught.

The services over, the two girls left the church, still followed by Auburn. A thousand rash resolves floated through his dizzy brain. He would address

them; he would even boldly declare the interest awakened; he would demand in return the name of the fair one. O, that some lucky chance, or mischance, might call forth the offer of his services. Why might they not be terrified by the cry of "mad dog," or nearly run over by some careless cab-man; any thing, in fact, short of absolute death, so that *he* might attract their notice. But, to his great chagrin, nothing of this kind seemed likely to happen. Like two beautiful swans, side by side, gracefully glided the fair ones along, until reaching the corner of a fashionable street, they turned down. Auburn was about to do the same, his heart leaping at the thought of discovering at least the residence of his fair enslaver, when his arm was suddenly seized, and a good-humored voice exclaimed,

"Ha! my dear fellow, I am glad to meet you! I have been looking all over town for you; but whither so fast? Stop, I want to say a word to you."

"Not just now, Evans—I—I—the fact is I am engaged—I—"

"Engaged!—how?—where?" continued his friend, holding on perseveringly to his arm. "Come, I want you to go with me; but what are you looking at—who do you see?" following the direction of Auburn's eyes eagerly straining down C— street.

"No one," answered Auburn, in a tone of vexation; for, alas! in that very moment, when his attention had been unavoidably given to his friend, the fair vision had disappeared, and, like a vision, "left not a rack behind."

CHAPTER II.

From the *pave* we will now step into a spacious drawing-room.

A lively Italian air, exquisitely sung by a fair young girl, falls with delightful cadence upon the ear, while touched by the fingers of one scarcely less fair, the piano adds its pleasing accompaniment, filling the lofty apartment with thrilling melody. Seated in a comfortable lolling chair, is a gentleman of middle age—the only listener, by the by, to the charming music of his niece and daughter, yet more than compensating by his true love of the "art divine," and the heartiness of his approval, for the superficial plaudits of a fashionable assembly. This is evidently the dwelling of a man of fortune and of taste. Elegance without ostentation mark its adornments. A choice collection of paintings from the old masters decorate the walls, and scattered around are various specimens of rare artistic skill and beauty.

The song ended, a lively conversation ensued.

"So I find, Margaret, you have been gadding as usual this morning," said Mr. Belden, "and filling your cousin's little head with more folly and nonsense than her good mother can eradicate in a twelve-month."

"O, no, papa, I have done nothing of the kind, I assure you; and yet I should not like to be answerable for all the mischief done that little head and

heart, too, to day," answered Margaret, looking archly at her cousin. "See how she blushes. Now confess, Emma, the image of a certain person, who so awkwardly beset us this morning, still haunts your fancy."

"Well, Margaret, I do confess," replied Emma, while a crimson glow mantled her cheeks, "that I think he possessed one of the finest faces I ever saw. He was not more awkward, certainly, than we were; and I much doubt whether, in fact, we were not the most so of the three."

"Speak for yourself, if you please," was the reply; "for my part, I never enjoyed any thing more. Such sideling and bowing; such blushing, and such bobbing about; why a dancing-master might make a fortune out of this new *pas de trois*. And as for you, Emma, you really looked like a little simpleton."

"What is all this, girls—what new adventure have you met with?" inquired Mr. Belden.

"Only one of those awkward rencounters, papa, which happen every day, except, perhaps, that one seldom sees a handsomer young man than the poor fellow who came so near running us down. Tall and erect, eyes like stars, brows black as night, and, but for his awkwardness, a very—but, mercy, Emma, look, look—there he is—yes, it certainly is," she suddenly exclaimed; "do come here, quick. See, he is evidently looking for some number. Now he is at 87; there, he stops at 91—no that is not it; see how he gazes this way. As I live, the fellow is crossing over! Why the audacious—he bows. Emma, Emma, he is coming up the steps!" and even as she spoke there was a ring at the door. The girls quickly disappeared, and the next moment Auburn was ushered into the presence of the astonished Mr. Belden; doubtless no less astonished himself at his position and daring errand.

Daring, indeed—but what will not love dare!

After so suddenly losing sight of his *inamorata*, without the shadow of a hope that he might ever again behold her, Auburn turned, and gloomily accompanied his friend Evans to his lodgings, wishing, nevertheless, that he had been many fathoms deep, ere he had thus inopportunistly encountered him. His unusual taciturnity drew forth the railery of his friend. Auburn vainly endeavored to shake off this depression; but the very effort only caused him to talk the more wildly, then plunged him again into the same moody silence. Evans jested the more, until finally, already in no very amiable frame of mind, he became provoked; high words ensued, and the two friends parted in anger.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Discussion between hearts that love."

Auburn now took refuge in his studio, vainly striving to forget his chagrin in his late all-engrossing pleasure—painting—the mistress to whom that morning he had sworn eternal fealty. At length throwing down the brush in despair, he exclaimed,

"Heavens, how that face haunts me! And must I leave the city to-morrow, and thus lose the only chance I may ever have of meeting her again. No, I cannot do it! and yet what folly," he added, "why should I allow such a trifle to disturb me thus? Even should I discover who she is, what good can result to me?" And now the poor artist paced the room despairingly; again he soliloquized:

"Yes, I will postpone my journey. I will haunt Broadway, Trinity, the Opera, theatres—I will neither eat nor sleep until I have found her."

At this moment his eye rested upon the roguish face of his cousin Kate, still upon his easel; and the conversation of the morning at once flashed upon him.

"*Pshaw!*" he exclaimed, "it can't be—I can't be such a simpleton as to have fallen in love! Pooh! no, no—it can't be. Love! ha! ha! ha! ridiculous!—in love! No, Miss Kate, all right yet. Let me shake off this idle mood. Love!—nonsense!" and seizing his pallet, he first, somewhat spitefully, removed the provoking portrait from its position, and then commenced copying a beautiful head of Titian. But in vain he toiled. It was soon evident he had forgotten his subject; his head drooped upon his breast; his brush motionless, and for many moments he remained buried in deep thought. Suddenly starting up with such vehemence as nearly to overturn the easel, he seized his hat and rushed from the room, plunged down stairs, and into the street. Up Broadway he once more pushed along, nor paused until C— street was attained. Here, for a moment, he halted, irresolute, then turning the corner, commenced a deliberate survey of every house, and gazing most pertinaciously at the windows in particular, careless of the attention which his peculiar manner attracted. When, then, he really caught a glimpse of the object of his search peeping through the rich hangings at the window of Mr. Belden, it is no wonder his senses forsook him, and that without a moment's consideration, he impulsively rushed up the steps, rang the bell, and found himself, as has already been shown, in the presence of that gentleman.

One rapid glance around the room betrayed the fair object of his search had disappeared. Then the awkwardness of his position dawned faintly through the maze in which his wits were wandering. But it was too late to retreat, so summoning courage to address Mr. Belden, he inquired,

"Can I have the pleasure of speaking with Miss —Miss—your daughter, sir?"

A frown gathered dark on the brow of Mr. Belden, as he replied,

"Who are you, sir?—and what is your business with Miss Belden, may I ask?"

"Here is my card," answered Auburn. "I am aware my presence here may appear somewhat singular, yet as I leave town early to-morrow, I must urge a few moments conversation with that young lady."

"Your boldness, sir, is unsurpassed. Miss Belden cannot have the honor of seeing you."

The reply of Auburn was interrupted by the sudden appearance of that young lady, whom, we must frankly confess, had, with Emma, been playing the part of eaves-dropper, and fearing her father would really drive the rash youth away without an interview, which her love of mischief tempted her to grant. She broke from the entreaties of her cousin, and stepped quietly into the room.

"Ah, here is my daughter," added Mr. Belden. "Now, sir, your business—what have you to say?"

But poor Auburn had nothing to say. That Miss Belden was not the one he sought, a glance sufficed to assure him; and Margaret, too, most provokingly assumed a stately never-saw-you-before-sir air, which rendered his embarrassment tenfold.

"I beg your pardon for this intrusion, Miss Belden," said he at length, "for which I can offer no excuse, except that I have been laboring under a delusion," and bowing, he was about to leave the apartment, when, by chance, his eye fell upon a music-book, on which the name of "Emma Willis" was inscribed. A drowning man will catch at a straw—so will a desperate lover. Turning abruptly he now hazarded the inquiry,

"Is Miss Willis at home?"

"Miss Willis is at home," coldly answered Mr. Belden.

Auburn's heart throbbed tumultuously.

"Can I see her for a moment?" he eagerly demanded.

"No, sir, you cannot!" exclaimed Mr. Belden, now rising, and angrily confronting his visitor; "and by what right, sir, do you longer intrude upon my family. Your conduct at least warrants suspicion. You first inquire for Miss Belden—you equivocate—you acknowledge yourself mistaken, and then demand an interview with my niece. Pray, what authority have you for such proceedings—you are not acquainted with the young lady, I believe?"

"No, sir, I am not," replied Auburn, now fully restored to his senses, "and until to-day I acknowledge I never saw either this lady (bowing to Miss Belden,) or Miss Willis. Again I ask pardon for my intrusion. I know appearances are much against me; but the interest awakened in my bosom for your lovely niece, even in those few brief moments when it was my happiness to see her, and the fact that I am forced to leave the city to-morrow, is all I can urge in favor of my rashness; it was this alone which inspired me with boldness to call here."

"Boldness, indeed! If this is all you have to say in extenuation, I, young sir, shall have the boldness to show you the door, and request a speedy retreat therefrom," cried Mr. Belden.

Forgetting in his anger that Mr. Belden had any grounds for such uncourteous treatment, mortified, and disappointed, Auburn turned indignantly upon his heel and left the house—a merry laugh from

the drawing-room ringing discordantly in his ear as he passed out.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening of the same eventful day in the history of our hero, that a merry little circle of young girls were assembled at Kate Kennedy's; and to the amused group Miss Belden related the adventures of the morning, giving to the whole scene an effect so truly ludicrous, as elicited many a merry peal of laughter from her joyous listeners. Even Emma Willis, though made to figure so largely in the story, could not resist a smile at the ridiculous light in which she was shown up by her provokingly mischievous cousin.

"And to think, after all," cried Kate, "that this sudden conquest has been achieved by a simple country girl—our own blushing Emma here, who never before even lost sight of her lambs and chickens. Why, from your grandiloquent description, Margaret, I should not wonder if he should prove some foreign count."

"Or a play-actor, from his tragic air," said another.

"Or a poet," cried a third.

"Or a fugitive from the Insane Hospital," added a fourth.

"Or a writer of romances, stealing his characters from real life. I'll warrant his name to be Adolphus Gustavus Augustus Fitz—something or other—"

"O, no," interrupted Miss Belden, "his name is a thousand times prettier than any of your *Sts.* and *Füzs.*—it is Auburn—Henry C. Auburn."

"Henry C. Auburn!" screamed Kate. "Say that again, Margaret! Henry C. Auburn!—delightful!" and bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, the little gypsy clapped her hands, and danced about the room apparently in an ecstasy of delight. The next moment she vanished from the room, and hastily dispatched the following note to the lodgings of Auburn.

"DEAR COUSIN HARRY—

"One so imperturbable to all the blandishments of beauty; one who has sworn fealty to pencil and pallet, and jests at all the powers of Cupid, can surely fear no danger in coming hither this evening, even though to meet the charming friend of whom I told you this morning. I therefore once more entreat, nay, I command your presence, though at the eleventh hour. I will only hint that if you come you may not leave town to-morrow. In haste,

"KATE"

Auburn received the note, but, ingrate that he was to his pretty cousin, and feeling in no amiable mood of mind, he returned this brief reply.

"DEAR KATE—

"I cannot come—I told you so. Do n't annoy me any more about your '*charming friend*.' I hate all women but you! Kate, I go to-morrow.

"HARRY."

He remained that night until a late hour writing and arranging his things for his departure. Then

bidding the servant call him at an early hour in the morning, he threw himself upon the bed—but not to sleep.

What the fair vision continually flitting through his brain and repelling the powers of the drowsy god, needs not be told.

CHAPTER IV.

Summer has come with its fruits and flowers; and away from the dust and turmoil of the city, our story takes us to a beautiful village overlooking the bright waters of the Cayuga Lake.

It is evening. The laborers are returning from their daily toil, some with their cradles and scythes thrown over their lusty shoulders, others, sunk amid the fresh and fragrant new-mown hay, are driving their teams homeward. From every branch the birds are gayly singing; cheerful sounds greet the ear from the farm-yard, and sweet on the gentle evening air floats the fragrance of the countless blossoms which adorn the neat garden-plots, and climb around the windows of the villagers.

Seated in the piazza of the comfortable inn is a traveler, who but a half hour since alighted from the stage, and made known his intention of spending some weeks in the village; consequently, the best room in the house is at his service, as also the best bows of Boniface and his attendants.

One glance will suffice us to recognize in the stranger our young artist, yet at the second we shall wonder what can have wrought so great a change in the outward man; why that happy, joyous air is exchanged for one so grave and even gloomy; why that fresh and blooming countenance is now so wan and haggard!

O, this love—this love!

Either absorbed in the beauty of the scene around him, or in his own moody thoughts, most probably the latter, the moments passed unheeded away, nor until aroused by his host with the announcement of supper, did he once move from his half-recumbent position. After slightly partaking of this repast, to the evident discomfiture of the good landlady, who attributed the dainty appetite of her guest, to nothing less than a dislike for her excellent fare, Auburn strolled forth from the inn, and proceeded slowly along the now almost deserted street.

The moon had by this time risen, casting her mild radiance over the peaceful village, and silvering the bosom of the placid lake below, while many a gambol did the shadows play upon the dewy greenward, and upon the house-tops, as the leaves of the large elms flittered and danced in the soft evening breeze.

Suddenly a strain of delicious music broke the stillness. It aroused Auburn from his reverie; he paused, and found himself near a small cottage, standing at some little distance from the street, the peculiar beauty of which at once attracted him. An avenue of horse-chestnuts and other ornamental

trees led up to the entrance, while for some distance the road and enclosures were lined with the tall, silvery poplar. Clusters of beautiful flowers nodded their fragrant heads in the moonlight, while the soothing murmur of a brook winding through a grove of willows, shadowing one end of the cottage, fell pleasantly upon the ear.

Still the music floated around him—now pensive, now gay. Well known airs brought back the memory of other scenes; one voice, too, was strangely familiar—he could almost fancy he was listening, as of old, to the sweet notes of his cousin, Kate Kennedy.

The music ceased, yet still Auburn lingered. Two ladies, accompanied by a gentleman, now appear in the piazza which encircles the cottage. Arm in arm they saunter down the walk, talking and laughing gayly. When near the gate, they pause for a moment; an affectionate good-night is interchanged—one lady returns slowly to the house, while the other two persons continuing their walk are in a moment close to Auburn.

"Harry!"

"Kate?" were simultaneous exclamations, and the next instant the cousins affectionately embraced.

"My husband, Harry," said Kate, disengaging herself; and to add to the surprise of our hero, his friend Evans claimed that happy privilege—and a warm, cordial greeting was exchanged.

"How singular we should have thus met! I must have had some prescience there was pleasure in store for me!" exclaimed Auburn. "This half hour, dear Kate, have I been listening to the songs you used to sing me, with a strange conviction that it was your voice I heard."

"But you surely must have known of my intended marriage, Harry?" said Kate. "And that reminds me that you never even answered my letter inviting you to the ceremony; and here is George, too, who also wrote, requesting you to act upon the interesting occasion conjointly with my dear friend—but I forget—you do not like to hear about *her*—the more *your* loss. Say, why did you not answer?"

"Simply because I never received your letter. The fact is, I have been a rover since I left the city—to no place 'constant ever.' How long have you been here?" continued Auburn—"I trust I have not arrived just as you are about leaving?"

"Oh, no, we have been here but a few days, on a visit to George's parents. That same annoying friend of mine also dwells here, and possibly we may remain to attend her wedding—but what brought *you* here?"

"Partly pleasure—partly the hope of profit. You both know my ardent desire to visit Italy, and the small means I possess to carry my wishes into effect. Apart from my own desire to improve the superior facilities which the old world affords, you are aware that in this country it is rarely an artist arrives to eminence, or even a reputation above the medium, unless he has first sunned himself be-

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

POPULAR SONG FROM

CHARITANA.

COMPOSED BY W. V. WALLACE

PRESENTED BY J. G. GARDNER, NO. 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILAD'A.

Cantabile e con molta Semplicità.

5va - - - -



Ped. *pp*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It features a series of ascending eighth notes, followed by a descending scale and then a series of chords. The left staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It features a series of descending eighth notes, followed by a series of chords. The introduction is marked with a piano (p) dynamic and a pedaling (Ped.) instruction.



Scenes that are bright - est May charm a - - - while;

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is in a treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "Scenes that are bright - est May charm a - - - while;".



Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that smile; Yet

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is in a treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: "Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that smile; Yet".

THE WINGED WATCHER.

(WRITTEN OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.)

BY FANNY FORESTER.

PART I.

MORNING arose, and from their dreams,
Awoke the slumbering flowers;
Red glowed the hill-tops in her beams,
Her crest lay glittering on the streams,
And on one cot her gayest gleams
Broke in warm golden showers.

A pair of eyes had oped that morn,
Eyes soft and sweet and blue;
A poor, weak, helpless thing forlorn,
Beneath that humble roof was born,
A folded bud from blossoming thorn,
Save that a soul peeped through.

And many a jocund laugh there rung,
Up from that cottage low,
And glad words sat on many a tongue,
And bliss upon fond bosoms hung,
For there a rill of life had sprung,
Which would forever flow.

One form unseen stood meekly nigh,
Which drew the sunlight there,
His radiance for a time flung by,
He was an Angel from the sky,
With loving pity in his eye,
And brow new-wreathed with care.

Down from the palace of the King,
That morning had he hied;
The song was stayed upon the string,
The glory folded in the wing,
For sad would be his wandering
By that poor mortal's side.

PART II.

Years passed; the boy a man had grown,
And shadowy things of fear
With many an ill his path had strown;
Foes trooping came, and friends had flown,
But one white wing, to him unknown,
Kept ever hovering near.

It was a lovely sight to see,
By those who watched above,
That Spirit glorious and free
In such an humble ministry,
Unflinching, unflinching,
Pursue his work of love.

When the worn youth lay down to rest,
The Angel stood beside;
And stole the burden from his breast,

And soothed his wearied sense to rest,
Fanned his hot brow, his cheek caressed,
And blissful dreams supplied.

Once on a mountain peak stood he,
A high and rugged steep;
Where many dangerous shapes there be,
And many things most fair to see,
While shouting crowds bent low the knee,
And broke wild Echo's sleep.

Pride centered in his burning eye,
Pride mantled on his brow;
"Who ever stood the clouds so nigh?"
Ah! he has climbed a step too high!
For giddily, bewilderingly,
His brain is whirling now.

But ever that pure Watcher bright
Pleads softly in his ear,
"Think, mortal, of the coming night!
Think of the mildew and the blight;
Think of thy ransomed spirit's light,
Dimmed by thy dallying here!"

He hears, and lo! his pulses wild
Are hushed, and in his veins
The riot ebbs; things which beguiled,
Seem heaps of mist about him piled;
He bends his knee, a little child,
And tears efface his stains.

PART III.

The babe, the youth, was bent and gray,
A feeble man and old;
Death stood beside him as he lay;
No mourner there his breath would stay,
Or guide him on his untrod way,
When lip and heart were cold.

He loved, had served the God of heaven,
But death's a fearful thing;
And when all earth-wrought ties are riven,
When back to dust the dust is given,
The soul which long with sin has striven,
May shrink to meet the King.

He trusted; but still shivering clung,
Where long he'd been a guest;
Meanwhile death-pangs his bosom wrung;
The scared soul on the hushed lip hung,
Then lay, soft wings about it flung,
Upon the Angel's breast.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

POPULAR SONG FROM

ERABITANA.

COMPOSED BY W. V. WALLACE

PRESENTED BY J. C. OSGOORN, NO. 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILAD'A.

Cantabile e con molto Semplicità.

Sva - - - -

The first system of musical notation is for a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The treble staff begins with a series of ascending sixteenth notes, marked with a crescendo hairpin and the dynamic *pp* (pianissimo). The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The word *Ped.* (pedal) is written below the first few notes of the bass staff.

The second system of musical notation includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics "Scenes that are bright - est May charm a - - - while;" are written below the vocal staff. The music continues with a similar piano accompaniment style.

The third system of musical notation continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that smile; Yet" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

o'er them, a - bove us, Tho' na - ture beam, With

dim.

dolento.

none to love us, How sad They seem, With

none to love us, How sad they seem.

ad lib.

Words cannot scatter The thoughts we fear;
For though they flatter, They mock the ear.
Hopes will still deceive us With tearful cost,
And when they leave us The heart is lost!.

SECOND VERSE.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear;
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear.
Hopes will still deceive us
With tearful cost,
And when they leave us
The heart is lost!.

THE STRICKEN.

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

Turn thou unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and in misery. PSALMS.

HEAVY! Heavy! Oh, my heart
Seems a cavern deep and drear,
From whose dark recesses start,
Flutteringly, like birds of night,
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
Screaming 'in their flight:
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
Spreading a horror dim—a wo that cannot weep!

Weary! Weary! What is life
But a spectre-crowded tomb?
Startled with unearthly strife—
Spirits fierce in conflict met,
In the lightning and the gloom,
The agony and sweat;
Passions wild and powers insane,
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean
pain!

Gloomy—gloomy is the day;
Tortured, tempest-tost the night;
Fevers that no founts allay—
Wild and wildering unrest—
Blessings festering into blight—
A gored and gasping breast!
From their lairs what terrors start,
At that deep earthquake voice—the earthquake of the heart!

Hopeless! Hopeless! Every path
Is with ruins thick bestrown;
Hurling bolts have fallen to scathe
All the greenness of my heart;
And I now am Misery's own—
We never more shall part!
My spirit's deepest, darkest wave
Writhes with the wrestling storm. Sleep! Sleep! The
grave! The grave!

ROSABELLE.

BY "CAEO."

A thing all life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild;
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom,
Is our sweet Rosabelle.

I wish that you could meet her;
Her clear and happy eyes
Would break upon your vision,
Like light from Paradise!
You'd know her in a moment—
You could n't help it well—
For there 's no other like her—
Our own, dear Rosabelle!

Her brow is just as open,
And sunny as the day;
And curls are dancing o'er it,
In their unfettered play.
Ah! loveliness and beauty
Have thrown their brightest spell,
Around our darling blossom—
Our witching Rosabelle!

Her mouth is made for kisses,
And when she lifts her face,
She seems to ask the tribute,
With her unconscious grace.
Her lips are ripe and glowing,
With just that pouting swell
That painters like to copy—
Our peerless Rosabelle!

Her voice is soft and child-like,
Yet gleeful as a bird's;
I love to list the cadence
Of her half-warbled words.
Her laugh is like the music
Of some sweet, silver bell;
I hear it in the passage,
And know 't is Rosabelle.

A thing all life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild;
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom,
Is our sweet Rosabelle!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Early British Dramatists. By Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, George Darley and William Gifford. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains the biographies prefixed to Moxon's library editions of the elder dramatists. The Life of Shakspeare, by Campbell, embodies all that is known of the poet, with some reasonable conjectures in regard to what is unknown, together with a short criticism on each of the plays. Though it has not that sustained excellence, either in composition or criticism, we might expect from the pen of such a writer, it still abounds in felicitous expressions and striking remarks, and, with the exception of De Quincy's Life of Shakspeare, published in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is the most interesting biography of Shakspeare, for the general reader, we can bring to mind. A few of the criticisms are very lame, and all of them imperfect—but the last objection is a natural consequence of the limited space in which the life is compressed. The style glitters occasionally with those smart impertinences which Campbell affected in his later compositions. Some of these are exceedingly pleasant. Thus in speaking of *Much Ado About Nothing*, he remarks that he once knew such a pair as Benedick and Beatrice. "The lady was a perfect Beatrice; she sailed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world." Again, in some slight observations on *Coriolanus*, which neither charity nor flattery could call criticism, there occurs a good hit at a common play-house profanation: "The enlightened public, in 1682, permitted Nahum Tate, the executioner of *King David*, to correct the plays of Shakspeare, and he laid his hangman hands on *Coriolanus*. . . . This mode of re-writing Shakspeare, was, for the time being, called correcting the saint of our stage. In like manner the Russians correct their patron saint when they find him deaf to their prayers for more favorable weather; they take him out in his wooden effigy and whip him soundly and publicly. I suspect they borrowed this custom from our mode of correcting Shakspeare."

The best piece in the volume is Mr. Darley's biography and criticism of Beaumont & Fletcher. The style is a little too much elaborated, and the opinions are not always free from prejudice, but the author writes like a poet, and really paints his subjects to the intellect of the reader—catching and conveying the spirit of the dramatists, as well as subjecting it to a high and manly criticism.

In most essays of this kind it is impossible to gain any notion of the author's mind and individuality, amid all the words squandered on events of his life and the detail of his writings. This is illustrated in the biography of Ben Jonson, by Gifford. The "mountain belly and rocky face" of old Ben are hidden behind the form of his reviewer. It is like reading a snapping-turtle's account of a whale, in which the said snapping-turtle contrives to make it out that the whale is just his size and conformation, and proves it by "undoubted facts."

The account of Massinger and Ford is by Henry Nelson Coleridge, the son of the poet. It is rather brilliantly written, and contains much information relating to the time of James I. and Charles I. The lives of Wycherley, Con-

greve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, are in Leigh Hunt's most characteristic style of thought and expression, and consequently sparkle with many a bright fancy and jaunty impertinence. As his band of dramatists were gentlemen of easy virtue, both in literature and life, and violated all the decencies and moralities which keep society together in the most brilliant way imaginable, they are very fortunate in having a biographer who launches no thunderbolts of indignation, and indulges in no yelps of rhetorical horror.

This volume of "lives" is almost indispensable to the lover of the old dramatists, and gives on the whole, the best account of their moral and intellectual character which can be obtained. The publishers have done well in presenting them in such an elegant and available form.

Washington and his Generals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner. Vol. I., 12mo.

Mr. Headley has already won a popularity by his work on Napoleon and his Marshals, which his present volume will much increase. It doubtless has many inaccuracies, and displays here and there too much of the earthquake and thunderbolt in the style, but the object which the author set before him to obtain he has brilliantly accomplished. This object we take to be, the representation of the most glorious portions of American history in such a style as to impress them vividly on the popular imagination. In reading his book, the old passions burn anew in the veins of the reader, and the old forms start up, as from the tomb, and fight all their battles o'er again. The volume is as entertaining as the most exciting novel, and will convey more real information than many histories. All we have to regret is, that the author does not produce his effects by simpler and subtler means, with a less convulsive strain upon his rhetoric, and less carelessness of minor excellencies. As his books will have a very large circulation, it becomes him to avoid faults of diction, which must exert a bad influence upon public taste. His fiery and picturesque manner would really be even more effective if unaccompanied by his faults of taste; and these faults in so able a writer, must be rather the result of haste than of design or natural defect. We should advise him to look at Alison less, and at Robertson more, and combine simplicity with vividness.

Memoirs of the Queens of France. By Mrs. Forbes Bush. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 2 vols. 12mo.

These elegant volumes should have a place on every lady's table. The authoress has treated those portions of her subject which most require softening, with that cunning delicacy peculiar to a woman's mind. Most of these queens were associated in their empire over the hearts of their lords, with certain queens, belonging to what Mrs. Stowe might call "the frail sect," and the latter were more numerous than the former. Both queens and mistresses had no small share in the government of France, especially after it became an absolute monarchy. Frederick the Great said that the "petticoat government of the 18th century was yet to be written." Mrs. Forbes has done much to supply this defect in the case of France, for a number of centuries.

Hill-Side and Border Sketches: with Legends of the Cheviots and Lammermuir. By W. H. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a very pleasant, readable book, evincing great animal spirits, if not wit, and written in a vein of delightful recklessness. The author, we believe, is a soldier, and a military air is around every thing he writes. He fires into the ranks of his readers uncounted quantities of small, hissing shot, peppers them now and then with an epigram, and anon charges them with a troop of well-compacted, screaming sentences. In every page there is implied a most edifying notion of his own rhetorical prowess, and a cavalier carelessness of contrary opinions. We wish his book success.

Holy Living and Dying. By the Rt. Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Boston: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a cheap and excellent edition of one of the most beautiful and eloquent works in the whole compass of theological literature. Taylor has been called "the Shakespeare of divines." The extent of his learning, the strength of his understanding, and the wonderful richness and copiousness of his imagination, were all penetrated by a spirit of holiness as remarkable for its sweetness as its intensity. Of all divines he is the best expression of heavenly-mindedness; and his Holy Living and Dying is the most perfect expression of his leading grace.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. Third edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the best volumes of sermons for family reading we ever read; and its rapid passage to a third edition, shows how soon it has taken hold of the public mind. Dr. Greenwood's character had a sweetness, sanctity, and gentleness, which especially fitted him to carry light and consolation into the house of mourning. His sermons breathe the very spirit of peace and holiness. The style is exquisite. The volume cannot be read without having its tone of serious thought and devout aspiration insinuated into the most worldly mind, by "a process of smoothness and delight."

Prevention Better Than Cure: or the Moral Wants of the World we Live In. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of this book is indicated by the title, and its mode of treatment by the general character of the authoress. The volume is laden with valuable suggestions, which, if carried out by those who have the guardianship of the young, would save the world from a vast mass of its social evils. One of the best indications of the age, is the interest taken in all the influences which go to mould individual character, and the severe scrutiny to which they are subjected. Mrs. Ellis's book is a good illustration of a general disposition, and we trust it will fall into the right hands.

Tincred, or the New Crusade. A Novel. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. Phila.: Carey & Hart.

Of all the political and literary charlatans of the day, D'Israeli is the ablest, most brilliant, and most impudent. If any of our readers disagree with this opinion, we refer

them to the work which has provoked it. To attempt a sober answer to its leading opinions would make the disputant as ridiculous as the author. The reader silently consigns them to contempt, or passes them lightly over for the other portions of the novel. The whole book is made up of foppery; but the foppery of sentiment, satire, and description, is infinitely more readable than the foppery of politics and religion.

A Year of Consolation. By Fanny Kemble Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the most attractive volumes of the season. It is written in Mrs. Butler's most brilliant style, and is spiced with just enough personality to make it piquant. That portion of her journal relating to Italy is especially readable. The side allusions to this country are very characteristic. Every page of the book bears the stamp of a strong, proud, frank mind, heedless of what Mrs. Grundy will say, and fearlessly expressing even its whims and caprices. There is a kind of impatient daring even in the use of figurative language, and analogies are sometimes brought violently together, as much from passion as fancy. A reader goes through the book at rail-road speed.

The Cadet de Colobrieres. Translated from the French of Madame Charles Reybaud. Phila.: Carey & Hart.

This is an excellent novel; interesting as a narrative; showing great artistic skill in composition and grouping, and unblemished by the faults and indecencies usually connected with the very idea of a French romance.

Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena. By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile and Testamentary Executor. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8mo.

To those who take an interest in Napoleon, either as a general or statesman, this work will be of absorbing interest. Napoleon, at St. Helena, is even a greater man than Napoleon at Marengo or Austerlitz.

A Voyage up the River Amazon, Including a Residence at Para. By William H. Edwards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an exceedingly interesting account of a region which is but little known, but which is truly what the author styles it, the "garden of the world." The book deserves an extensive circulation. It is sure to amuse those who are indifferent to its value in other respects.

The Progress of Ethnology, an Account of Recent Archaeological, Philological and Geographical Researches in Various Parts of the Globe, Tending to Elucidate the Physical History of Man. By John Russell Bartlett. New York: Bartlett & Welford.

In this pamphlet of a hundred and fifty pages, Mr. Bartlett has compressed the information of as many volumes. It evinces the most extensive knowledge, and as fine judgment, and is altogether a work which no scholar can be without.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

(Continued from page 12.)

CHAPTER V.

All lost! To prayers, to prayers!
All lost!

He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. *TEMPER.*

THE next morning, at the appointed time, accompanied by a young Spaniard, as second, Willis was on the beach, where he found De Vere and his friend. The foes saluted each other with the most scrupulous politeness. Ten paces were measured as the distance, and they took their positions.

The signal was given, and both fired, but with unequal success; at the report De Vere sprung up, and then fell senseless at full length upon the sand; Willis was unharmed, and merely asking his opponent's second if his friend wished another shot—to which, of course, he replied in the negative—he got into his boat, and without even looking at De Vere, pulled back to the harbor.

Anxious to get away from Havana as soon as possible, for, since his encounter with De Vere, he was confident that Francisca must know his true character, or rather the character De Vere had falsely given him, and not desiring to meet her or her father, Willis made all possible dispatch to get through with his business; and in two days after the duel he was again at sea, and bound for Africa.

The cargo he would bring with him was engaged to a trader on the other side of the island, and he did not intend returning to Havana.

He had a quick and fortunate run over, and was four days out, on his return, with the best lot of negroes he had ever obtained, all grown men, strong and healthy, when he fell in with a sail.

He discovered it to be a large ship, to leeward of him some six or eight miles; he knew her to be a man-of-war, by the squareness of her yards, and who, as soon as she saw the *Maraposa*, took another pull at the lee-braces, and put her helm a little more a-lee; but she might as well have tried to sail in the teeth of a tornado as out-weather the schooner, though the accuracy with which she maintained her distance and position proved her to be a remarkably fast sailer. Willis had no fear of the ship overtaking him, and held on his course; day after day, for nearly a week, the two vessels were in the same relative position, almost on parallel lines, but between six and eight miles apart; both under all the sail they could carry. On the eighth day it fell dead calm, and both the ship and schooner lay motionless on the smooth water.

The scorching beams of an equatorial sun rendered the heat insufferable, even on deck; but in the hold of the slaver the heat and the stench were absolutely awful! and the poor negroes, nearly frantic, were continually shrieking for water and air.

Their cries brought them small relief. The attention of Willis and the crew was too much occupied by other matters, to pay any more attention to the blacks than see they were secure; for as soon as the wind died away, the ship had commenced getting out her boats. Already had Willis seen three of them lowered over, and he felt confident the captain of the sloop-of-war intended attacking him with the whole strength of his crew.

One! two! three! more boats he counted, as they swung an instant in the air, and then dropped in the water. Aided by his glass, he saw the men hurrying down the ship's side to man them.

But he knew it was a work of time and labor to row eight miles in the intense heat, and it was not until he had seen the launch, four cutters, and even the gig, six boats in all, pull round the sloop's bows, crowded with men, and forming a line, stretch out toward the Maraposa, that he commenced preparations to repel the attack.

The force approaching was formidable, nearly an hundred men, and the crew of the slaver, counting all hands, even Willis and the cook, was barely half the number.

The schooner, acting only on the defensive, and being so much higher out of the water than the boats, made this disparity in numbers less to be dreaded; and the confidence Willis had in his men, and they in him, made the slavers feel secure in the result of the approaching struggle; and it was with a loud and hearty shout that his crew answered, when Willis called—

"All hands to quarters!"

"Open the magazine! Trice up the boarding-nettings! and stand by, to give those English fools h—! for meddling with what do n't concern them."

These orders were soon obeyed, and the schooner with her six carronades looking through the port-holes, double boarding-nettings triced up, and her desperate crew armed to the teeth, with calm, determined resolution printed on their countenances, quietly watching the coming foe, was the personification of men "grown old in desperate hardihood;" fortified with the determination of resisting to the death.

The line of black boats, with their long oars regularly rising and falling, resembled huge beetles, as they came across the glass-like sea; and in an hour and a half they were within a mile of the schooner. Shot after shot was fired at them from the long gun of the Maraposa, but unharmed they steadily approached to within the distance of a hundred yards, when, with a loud huzza, they formed abreast, the launch a little in advance, and made a dash at the schooner, with the intention of all boarding at once.

Then was heard the thunder of the three larboard carronades, as they hurled forth their iron hail, and a yell of agony, and the sudden swamping of the launch and fourth cutter attested the deadly effect of the fire; but the other boats undaunted, before the guns could be again loaded, had reached the vessel, and, with shouts and hoarse huzzas, were trying to board her.

But the attempt was futile! with boarding-pike, cutlas point, and pistol shot, her hardy crew repulsed them. Again! and again! with the determined and dogged courage of English tars, they endeavored to get on deck, but the men of the slaver, cheered on by Willis, drove them back each time with loss, and the lieutenant in command of the expedition, fearing all his men would be lost, drew off. Another broadside from the schooner sunk one more of the boats, and pulling as quickly as possible out of the range of the slaver's guns,

with slow and feeble strokes, crest fallen, and deprived of half their boats and men, the attacking party proceeded toward their ship.

Ere they had accomplished a third of the distance, the ship was seen to square away her yards, and commenced moving through the water to meet them; the wind had sprung up again, but coming out from the south'ard, it brought the ship to windward, instead of to leeward, as she had been before the calm, and feeling its effects first, she was gathering way before the schooner felt it, soon however it reached the slaver, and with her sheets eased off, the Maraposa commenced merrily to continue her course.

Willis had only four men killed in the late action, and with his feelings elated at the severe repulse he had given the men-of-wars-men, whom he cordially hated for their incessant persecution of the slavers, and whose boasted philanthropy, the motive which they pretend actuates them, he was aware was only practiced for the effect it had upon the world, and not for any benefit the Africans derived; for he knew that the condition of the recaptured negroes, as English apprentices, was infinitely worse than as Spanish slaves; for in the one case they had all the horrors of slavery without the name or benefits, in the other the name without the horrors.

He was congratulating himself on his good fortune, and the prospect of making a safe and profitable voyage, when the current of his thoughts were changed by the appearance of a sail on his weather bow. The sloop lost time by heaving-to, to get in her boats, and was about ten miles astern; and the strange sail was some six miles ahead, standing to the northward and eastward, a course that would bring her exactly across the schooner's track.

"Take the glass, Mateo," said Willis, "and jump up on the fore-topsail yard, and see if you can make out that chap ahead; he may be only some merchantman after all."

Mateo took the glass, and rapidly going aloft, sung out in a voice of surprise—"Soul of my mother! if it is not our old friend the Scorpion! who must have a new captain, for you left the other past service!"

Willis was at a loss how to act. If he kept on he would meet the Scorpion, and the sloop behind would soon be up, and then he would have them both on him, and the brig alone was more than a match for the Maraposa; eat them out of the wind he could not, for they were both to windward of him; to bear away dead before it was only the same thing as keeping on, for both vessels, spreading a great deal more canvas, would have outsailed him, going with the wind over the taffarel.

"Well, Mateo, what do you think of the prospect?" asked Willis of his mate, as he joined him on deck.

"Pretty equally, sir! we can't run either way."

"No! but we can keep on and fight!"

"Yes, sir! but if the brig wings us, and we can hardly expect to get off again with sound spars, we will only fall into the clutches of the sloop, even if we whip the brig."

"Well," said the captain, "we can't do any better, and must make our wits help us. To begin with, set the Portuguese flag, and let each man arm himself with four pistols and a cutlas, and be ready to obey orders."

The vessels were rapidly approaching one another, and the brig, getting within reach, fired. The ball struck in the water so close to the schooner as to cast the spray on her deck; but another shot coming through the bulwarks, and lodging in the heel of the bowsprit, Willis lowered his ensign, in token of submission; and putting his helm up, lay-to, by bringing the schooner in the wind.

When the ensign was lowered, the brig ceased firing; and getting within hailing distance, an officer on her fore-castle, ordered the *Maraposa* to round-to under her lee-quarter.

"Ay, ay," answered Willis, as he heard the order given on board the brig to back the main-topsail. Shoving his helm sheer a-port, he brought the schooner directly athwart the brig's weather bow. As soon as he heard the vessels grate, as they came in contact, he sung out, "Away, ye butterflies! away!" and springing up his own fore-rigging, leaped, cutlas in hand, down on the deck of the brig, followed by his whole crew, with the exception of two or three, who remained behind to take charge of the schooner.

The brig's crew had not time to rally from the surprise of this unexpected and desperate onslaught; for the slavers rushed upon them with the ferocity and vindictiveness of bloodhounds. Discharging their pistols as they jumped on board, they threw them at the heads of their foes, with wild yells, and then, with boarding-axe and cutlas, they joined in the deadly encounter.

Surprised by the suddenness of Willis's attack, and unprepared for it, the Englishmen gave back before the impetuosity of his first burst, and he was soon in possession of the fore-castle; but, rallying in the gangways, the slaughter on both sides was immense—hand to hand, toe to toe, they fought; and as a man on either side fell, another stepped into his place.

The shouts and huzzas that resounded from both parties, at the commencement of the affray, had now died away, and the only sounds heard were the clink of steel, as their weapons came in contact, or the sullen, dead sound of a boarding-axe, as it crushed through a skull, and an occasional groan, uttered by some poor fellow in his death-agony. The termination of the conflict was doubtful, when the state of affairs was altered, by an event equally startling to both sides.

The negroes confined in the hold of the *Maraposa*, frantic from their confinement and suffering, and finding the crew had left her, succeeded in breaking

their bonds, and rushed on deck, wild with delight at being loose, and burning for revenge, they threw overboard the few men left in charge of the schooner, and hearing the conflict on the brig, some sixty of them, armed with handspikes, iron belaying-pins, monkey-tails,* and whatever they could pick up, came tumbling on board, and falling upon the rear of the slavers, with unearthly and savage noises, they threw them into great disorder, and created a diversion in favor of the man-of-war's men, which they were not slow in taking advantage of, and with a loud hurrah, they charged over the *Maraposa*, and thought the day was already theirs; but the negroes, who had only attacked the slavers because they met them first as they came over the bow, knew no difference in the white men; and as the brig's crew came within their reach, were assaulted as fiercely as the slavers; and not until every African had been slain, or forced overboard, was the brig once more in the possession of her own crew.

The *Maraposa*, after the men in charge of her were thrown overboard, had forged clear of the brig, and was now drifting about, sometimes with her sails full, and then all aback, some quarter of a mile off—the negroes dancing, jumping, and fighting on her deck like a drove of monkeys.

Willis, who, looking around when the slaves first fell upon his men to see what was the matter, had received a severe blow on the back of his head from a cutlas. His hat turning the edge, he was only stunned by the force of the blow, and gradually recovering his senses, he raised himself on his elbow. At first his mind wandered, and he did not recollect where he was; but soon the familiar faces of many of his own men, and the bodies of the English sailors who lay around him, covered with ghastly wounds, and stiff in the cold embrace of death; the groans of the wounded, as they were borne past him, on their way to the cockpit, recalled vividly to his imagination his melancholy situation.

Rising to his feet, and looking around, he found that, for the present at least, his position was nearly hopeless. Scarce half a dozen of his men had escaped with life, his vessel out of his reach, and he a prisoner to those from whom he did not expect civil treatment; then with the certainty, nearly, of the dangling noose, and foreyard-arm in the future.

A few months previous it would have caused the slaver's captain not a moment's uneasiness, had he been in even a greater strait. If the gallows-rope had been quivering over his head, its noose gaping to receive his neck, it would not then have caused a difference in his pulse, or a pang of sorrow in his heart—for he was then both brave and reckless; and knowing when he entered his present life that the penalty was death, he would but have thought the deal had been against him, the game lost, and

* Monkey-tails. Short, iron crow-bars, used as levers in moving the breech of the guns.

he, of course, must pay the stake. For what is life worth without an aim—an object; living but to eat, drink, and toil. With nothing to look forward to in the future but a cessation from monotony, is worse than death. And Willis, driven from the field of honorable ambition, at enmity with his relations, and loving or beloved by no one, had little to fear from death or disgrace.

But now, his feelings were altered. Love, that all powerful passion, had brought about a change; not that he now *feared* death, but the manner of it; and the thought that the last Francisca would hear of him, as the condemned felon, who had paid the penalty of the law without even repenting of his course, was harrowing. And he had thought, too, that time, which brings about the most apparently improbable things, might so arrange events, that he would not always be the outcast he now was; and even in the dim future he had pictured to himself Francisca as being his.

It seemed, however, as if his course would now soon be run, and his hopes blighted; and, steeped in intense agony of mind, he was insensible to aught around, when he was aroused by a rough grasp on the shoulder, and a sailor asked if he was not the captain of the schooner.

He answered in the affirmative, and was told the captain of the brig wished to see him. Following the sailor, he was led to the cabin. Coming from the light of the sun, it was comparatively dark, and at first Willis did not observe that any one was in it; but becoming accustomed to the light, he discovered the figure of De Vere, pale and attenuated, lying on a sofa.

At first Willis was somewhat shocked; for he thought that De Vere had been killed in the duel, which belief was confirmed by not seeing him on deck during the fight; but knowing, now, that he had been only wounded, he quickly regained his look of quiet composure, and fixing his eye on De Vere's, he stood silently before him.

A smile of gratified hatred was playing over De Vere's white face; and the sight of Willis, knowing him to be completely in his power, seemed to afford him so much pleasure, that, gloating on him with a sparkling eye, he did not break the silence for some moments.

"You thought I was dead, did you, my noble captain?" he at last said, in a satirical tone; "but you find I have life enough left yet to be at your hanging; and I have a mind, for fear I should not, to have you strung up now. Twice you have had the luck—the third time is mine."

Willis dignified not an answer; and with a curled lip, expressive of his scorn, remained motionless.

For a short time the captain of the brig looked at him in silence, and then, apparently overcome by bodily fatigue, ordered Willis to be put in double irons, which being put upon him at once, he was carried on the berth-deck, and placed under the charge of a sentinel.

As soon as the wounded had been carried below, the brig sent a prize crew on board the captured slaver; and after a short struggle, they succeeded in reducing her negroes to submission.

By this time the ship that had been chasing the schooner, and whose boats had been repulsed in the morning, came up, and proved to be the *Vixen*, whose captain coming on board of the *Scorpion*, in consequence of Capt. De Vere's inability to leave his cabin, and congratulated him on his good fortune in capturing the *Maraposa*, ordered him to proceed to Havana with the prize, and have her condemned, and her crew, or what remained of them, tried by the mixed commission;* and leaving them to make the passage, we will return to where we left De Vere, on the beach, after his duel with Willis.

CHAPTER VI.

Jul. What villain, madam?

Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

When De Vere's second picked him up, he was senseless; and his shirt, stained with blood on the left breast, made him think he had been shot through the heart. But the surgeon of the brig, who was in attendance, examined him more closely, and found that he had made a narrow escape; he was not mortally, but still dangerously wounded; the ball had struck directly over the heart, but taking a diagonal direction, it had passed out under his arm, without touching the seat of life.

Carefully raising him, they carried him to the boat, and supporting him on their knees, he was conveyed to his vessel, then at anchor in the harbor.

De Vere had promised to dine at Don Manuel's the day of the duel; and the old gentleman, surprised at his absence—for he had always been most punctual in keeping his appointments there—sent a servant down to the brig to see if the captain was unwell.

The man came hurrying back with a long, exaggerated report of the affair, and said that "Captain De Vere had been shot by a notorious slave captain; and was dying, if not already dead."

Alarmed at this information, the old gentleman went at once to see De Vere; and finding he was only badly wounded, by the consent of the physician, had him removed from the brig to his own house.

So occupied was Don Velasquez with attending on the sick captain, that for a day or two he neglected to call on "Brewster," though he was constantly endeavoring to think of some method by which he could express the gratitude he felt for the preservation of his beloved daughter; and he wondered why "Brewster" had not again been to the house.

On the third day, however, his sense of duty not permitting him longer to neglect one to whom he

* A court established in Havana, expressly for the trial of slavers.

was under such great obligations, he went out to see the captain of the schooner, and was surprised to find the vessel had left the port.

Feeling vexed and mortified with himself that he had not more promptly called upon "Brewster;" and believing his unceremonious departure was occasioned by his own lack of proper attentions, he returned home, and told his daughters of the disappointment he had met.

Clara, whose pride was hurt, that one to whom the family were indebted had been permitted thus to depart, with the obligation unrequited, freely expressed her sorrow. Francisca said very little, nothing more than was absolutely necessary, but felt far, far more than either of them.

Pleased by the favorable impression Willis had made upon Clara, and knowing that her father would naturally feel kindly toward one who had rendered her such valuable service, she had been permitting herself to indulge in pleasant visions of the future, in which she saw every thing "*coeur de rose*," and a happy consummation to her heart's passion.

These bright day-dreams were now all dispelled; and with a sad heart she retired to the privacy of her chamber, to mourn over her hard lot; for she thought "if Brewster had cared anything for me, he would at least have said, adieu, before leaving, perhaps for ever."

De Vere, knowing the obligations Don Velasquez was under to Willis, had, from a gentlemanly feeling, refrained from telling him that Captain "Brewster, of the Portuguese navy," was no other than Willis, the notorious slaver, and the person who had so nearly killed him; but when the old gentleman told him of "Brewster's" sudden departure, he apparently suffered so much from mortification and self-reproach, that De Vere thought it would relieve his mind to know the true character of the person in whom he took so much interest; he therefore told him, giving Willis, not his true character, but the false one public report had fastened upon him.

Don Manuel listened to this narrative with varying emotions. At first he could not credit it, so much was Willis's appearance, manners, and air *distingué*, at variance with his calling; but De Vere insisted upon the correctness of his statement, and then the Don was sorry, that one fitted to move in so much more elevated a sphere, had no higher ambition or aim.

Upon the whole, however, Don Velasquez's wounded self-esteem was soothed; for though the obligation was in reality the same as before, believing, now, that Willis's mind must necessarily be sordid and base, he thought money would liquidate the debt, and he would still have an opportunity of acknowledging it. In the other case, with a high-minded and gentlemanly man, as he had supposed him to be, courtesies and attentions were the only return he could have made; and to do this he had lost the opportunity.

6*

Soothing his feelings, therefore, by resolving handsomely to reward Willis, if ever he had the opportunity, he determined to give himself no further trouble about the matter.

Clara, when she learned that "Brewster" had shot De Vere, and was a negro trader, was loud in her reproaches; and calling him many hard names, wondered how he had the impudence to enter the house of a gentleman, and congratulated her sister upon her lucky escape, after being in the power of such a wretch.

Poor Francisca, when she first heard the intelligence, felt as if her heart had been shocked by an earthquake; for it seemed as if an insurmountable barrier had now been raised between her and Willis.

True to her woman's heart, she still loved him as much as ever, and would not believe the reports to his detriment. She thought of him but as she had known and seen him—kind, gentle, and noble; and that if he was a slaver, it was not his own choice, but the result of some dire necessity; and each time she heard De Vere or her sister berate him, though it deeply wounded her, it only made the remembrance of him more dear; for she felt the slanders were false. Silently, however, she bore her sorrows; for, fearing to increase her sister's animosity, she never took the part of Willis when his name was slurred.

The old duenna was the only one that stood out openly for the defamed Willis; she stoutly declared "that Brewster, or Willis, slaver, or man-of-war, she did not care which, he was the handsomest, the most gentlemanly, and the kindest man she had ever seen; and if ever she was in danger, she hoped he might be near to protect her; and that it was a shame for them thus to run him down behind his back, when he saved Señorita Francisca's life, to say nothing of her own."

Balm it was to Francisca, to hear the old lady thus give utterance to the thoughts she did not dare to speak; and in her daily orisons, regularly did she supplicate the Virgin to protect the slaver's captain, and keep him in safety.

Captain De Vere's wound, by assiduous nursing, did not prove fatal; but his anxiety to be revenged on Willis was so great, that before he was able to leave his couch, and against the advice and entreaties of Don Manuel, Clara, and the physician, he insisted upon joining his vessel, and going to sea, with the hope of capturing the *Maraposa* on her return passage.

The result of his cruise has already been given in the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Be not afraid!

'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill,
And then an end of human ill;
For thou art dead.—SCOTT'S LAY OF LOUISE.

The Scorpion and her prize had arrived safely in Havana. Willis, heavily manacled, was brought on

deck, where, joined by the small remnant of his crew, amongst whom he was glad to discover the face of Mateo, though its symmetry had been spoiled by a cutlas-cut, extending from under his right eye to the left corner of his mouth, entirely severing the end of his nose. The captain of the *Maraposa* was kept a few moments waiting, and then, under a strong guard, they were all carried to the Moro Castle, and lodged in its dungeons, were left to await their trial.

Mateo and the rest of the men were put in a cell together, Willis, for greater security, had been confined in a strong apartment alone.

It was the first time the slaver had ever been in prison, and the close, dank air, the gloom, the high, dull, cold, stone walls, the heavy fetters upon his limbs, the entire lack of any thing external to distract his thoughts from his situation, all together, produced a feeling of depression he had never known before.

Thus was he four days, with naught to while away the time but his own thoughts, and they brought any thing but comfort to his mind, for the past scenes of a misspent life were constantly presenting themselves with the vividness of a panorama.

His early youth, when a good and gentle boy he had listened to the kind admonitions of his excellent mother; then the loss of his sweet parent, throwing him amongst selfish and careless relations; his first steps in vice; then his desire to repent and reform; the cold looks and want of sympathy with which he had been met; and bitterly cursing the want of charity that had been so parsimonious of kindness, when a few soothing words would have established him in the road to rectitude, he looked at the darker deeds of the few last years, and the end to which they would soon bring him.

Harassed by such painful reflections, it was a relief when the jailor came to conduct him to trial, though he knew that with him the road would be short from the tribunal to the gallows.

He felt that his fate was sealed; he had mortified De Vere so much, by dismantling his vessel and killing so many of his men, besides wounding him in the duel, that he knew the Englishman's influence would prevent his being treated with the least leniency, and that the utmost penalty of the law would be exacted. He lacked also that powerful friend, gold. Aware of the uncertain tenure one in his profession had of life, he squandered the immense sums he made as he got them, and he had not been allowed an opportunity of obtaining aid from his associates.

It was with a mind conscious of the worst, and prepared to bear it, that with a calm, determined countenance, and collected air, he was confronted with his judges.

The indictment was read, and the presiding judge asked him if he was "Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty I am!" said Willis, "as who that hears

me is not? but, that I am more worthy of condemnation than even you, my judges, or than the accuser, I deny!" 'Tis true, I have been guilty of bringing negroes from Africa to this island. But wherein am I thereby more guilty than you? Do you not eagerly buy them as soon as landed; and so hold out the temptation to bring them? 'Tis also true, that on the high sea I did, with force and death, resist 'her Britannic Majesty's vessel.' Were moral right to prevail for once, her captain would be in my situation; for by his intervention the slaves that I would have brought here, to live in comfort to a good old age, will now be condemned to hard and short lives, as apprentices, in Brazil. But what avails my talking! My life; I know, is forfeited! and I will not degrade myself by making useless efforts to save it."

The counts in the indictment were all sustained. After a short consultation, he was adjudged to die. And standing up to hear his sentence, he found he was to be hung, the day after the morrow, to the fore-yard of his own vessel. He then was carried back to his dungeon.

After the captain had been sentenced, the rest of the crew were brought up for trial; but being all men of little notoriety, and pleading their necessity to obey the commands of Willis, and that when they had joined the *Maraposa* they did not know she was a slaver, they were all pardoned except Mateo, who was compelled to pay a fine.

De Vere, after the trial, returned home exultingly; the man that had caused him to be laughed at by the whole squadron, the one who had nearly killed him, and again came within an ace of capturing his brig, was about to be punished.

Clara was likewise glad to hear of Willis's fate, for she hated him for wounding her betrothed.

But Don Manuel learned the result of the trial with sadness; he had tried to prevail upon De Vere not to prosecute, but the Englishman said it was impossible; his sense of justice, his oath and honor as an officer, all, he contended, compelled him to have the law enforced; he had even made an effort to influence the court, but found De Vere's influence governed them all; he had not, however, given up all hope yet.

Well was it for the secret of Francisca's heart that the sentence of Willis was conveyed to her in her own chamber, by the faithful duenna, for as soon as she heard the awful news she sunk senseless on the floor; swoon succeeded swoon for some time, but recovering, in a degree, her composure, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed, as if some happy idea had flashed across her mind, and leaving the room she sought her father.

It was the night after the day of the trial, the bells of the many churches had just ceased chiming ten, when the silence that reigned in the slaver's cell was broken by the sound of a key grating in the lock of his door.

Surprised at having a visiter at so unusual an

hour, Willis turned to see why he was disturbed, and was astonished to discover, as the door opened, by the light in the hands of the jailor, who remained in the passage, a female figure, closely enveloped in the folds of a large mantilla, glide into his dungeon. When within a few feet of Willis, the lady paused, and, save the convulsive motion of her breast, stood for a moment motionless. Then, slowly dropping the mantilla from about her face, she revealed to the startled gaze of the prisoner the features of Francisca, not as he had seen them, but pale as death, and thin, as if she had lately been very ill.

Willis was about to speak, but raising her finger as a sign for him to be silent, she said—

"Time is precious, Captain Willis, waste it not in inquiries or conjectures of the cause of my being here, but believe that I am deeply grateful for the life I owe you, and am desirous of repaying it in kind. Every exertion has been made without success by my father to procure your pardon, but my efforts have been more blessed. In two hours the turnkey, who has been bribed, will let you out; proceed to the nearest quay, where you will find all that is left of your crew, waiting for you in a boat; take them to your schooner, which is at anchor in the same place she was when you were brought here; the few men in charge of her have also been bought; and then to make your way out safely will have to depend upon yourself."

Again Willis endeavored to speak, and express his thanks, but Francisca motioned him to hush.

"One moment more, and I must begone. In this package," she handed him a small bundle, apparently of paper, "you will find that which will be useful to you, if you get to sea. And praying that the blessed Virgin will protect you, I wish you God speed."

She turned, and was going, but Willis seized her hand for an instant, and imprinting upon it a kiss, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"The gratitude I feel, lady, after years shall prove;" and letting her hand go she vanished, and the door shutting, Willis was again in the dark.

Had it not been for the palpable evidence of the package, still in his hand, he would have thought the interview had been a dream; as it was, he could hardly convince himself it was aught else. So sudden had been the entrance of Francisca, she had looked so much an angel, so quickly vanished, that the two hours had elapsed before he was really certain he had not been only blest by a vision.

But the noiseless entry of the turnkey established the fact of mortal agency. And his fetters being unlocked, he once more was comparatively free. With deep feelings of gratitude and love toward Francisca, for her noble conduct, he left his cell, and in silence followed the unechoing steps of his former jailor, through many long passages and winding ways that led at last to a small private door, built in the outer wall, opening toward the harbor.

Here Willis paused, to bid his conductor good night, and thank him. But the man said his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if he were found there in the morning, and he had been paid well enough to leave his situation, and that if el Señor Capitan had no objection, he would go with him.

Willis of course could not have refused; but he had no such intention; and knowing the sparseness of his crew, was very glad thus to obtain another able-bodied man.

Much pleased at the captain's ready acquiescence, the obliging turnkey locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket, saying he never liked to part with old friends, and it might be of use to him again.

Quietly continuing their way, Willis and his quondam jailor walked out to the extremity of the nearest quay, where, in a boat laying close in the shadow of the wharf, he found Mateo and the remnant of his former crew. Brief, but cordial, were the greetings that passed between the slavers and their recovered captain, who, telling them how much he was indebted to his companion, stepped with him into the boat.

The night was dark; thick clouds of misty vapor obscuring the light of the stars; and every thing seemed to be slumbering; even the "alerto sentinelo" of the guards on the castle, and in the city, as it broke the silence, had a sleepy sound; and the safety with which the boat shoved off and pulled into the basin proved they were not very wide awake.

The tall masts of the *Maraposa* were dimly seen by Willis, as his boat, slowly and with muffled oars, made toward her, and the ebb tide was running out with all its force by the time he was alongside.

"Who comes there?" some one hailed, in a stifled voice, from the schooner, as the bow of the boat slightly touched her side.

"Friends!" was Willis's reply, and with the celerity and noiseless tread of Indian warriors, he and his boat's crew transferred themselves to the deck of the schooner.

As the foot of Willis once more pressed his own quarter-deck he seemed a new being, and felt as if he were already safe, but a glance at the dark pile of the *Moro*, and the black hull of the *Scorpion*, just visible in the haze behind him, reminded him of the dangers still to be overcome.

"Silently! silently, men! on your lives!" he whispered; "put the helm hard a-port, one of you! and, Mateo, forward and slip the cable."

With the silence of men who knew their lives depended on their quietness, but with the dispatch engendered by long habit, his orders were obeyed, and the schooner forced from her anchor, swung round with the tide and began to drift toward the sea.

Not a word was spoken, or a foot moved; had the vessel been unmanned, until the castle had been

passed, she could not have been more silent; unchallenged she floated on.

So excited and alert were the organs of her men, however, that when Willis ordered them to hoist away the jib, though speaking in a low tone, it caused them all to start. The jib greatly increased the Maraposa's way through the water; and as soon as he thought it would not excite the attention of the sentinels at the castle, he hoisted his main-sail and fore-sail, loosing his square-sails quietly, the yards rose to their places, and in half an hour more the gallant schooner, under all sail, was standing out to sea. With a wild huzzza, the crew gave vent to their feelings, and Willis, rejoiced to be again at liberty, and in safety, could not help joining them.

Upon examining the state of his vessel, which he did at once, he was gratified to find every thing undisturbed in the hold—all the provisions and water were still in her—the powder had not even been removed from the magazine, and the only things missing were the schooner's papers.

His crew, indeed, instead of numbering fifty men, as it had, now only mustered ten beside himself—Mateo, and his six companions, with the two men who had been in charge of the Maraposa, and the turnkey. Though too few to fight with, they were amply sufficient to manage the vessel.

The course he intended ultimately to pursue Willis had not yet decided. The first and most imperative object was to get beyond the reach of pursuit; and leaving Mateo in charge of the deck, with directions to steer to the eastward, and to call him if he saw a sail, he descended to the cabin, to reflect on the eventful changes of the last few hours, and think about his future line of conduct.

The first thing that attracted his attention, when he entered the cabin, was a small, strong wooden box, well secured with cords, setting on the table. Never having seen it before, and curious to know why it was so carefully fastened, he approached the table, and with surprise discovered the box was directed to "Captain Willis, of the Maraposa." Hastily undoing the rope that bound it, and lifting the lid, he found the box full of Spanish doubloons, and a note, likewise endorsed with his name, lying on the top of them. Opening it, he read—

"SIR,—Having in vain endeavored to find some other method by which I could testify the gratitude I feel to the preserver of my beloved Francisca, I hope you will accept of the enclosed contents, as a slight evidence of the obligation I feel; and sincerely desiring it may prove useful, I have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully,

"MANUEL VELASQUEZ."

Willis was mortified to think the old Spaniard believed he was actuated by any hope of gain when he saved Francisca; and had he been able, would at once have returned him the money. But, situated as he now was, to return it at once was impossible. So, replacing the cover on the box, and putting it in his chest, he took from his breast the package given

him by Francisca in the dungeon, which his constant occupation had prevented him as yet from examining.

Undoing the wrapper, he found the bundle contained nothing but Portuguese papers, regularly authenticated for a vessel exactly of the size and build of the Maraposa. In vain he looked amongst their folds, and on them, for a note, or even a line, from the fair donor, but nothing of the kind was to be seen; and disappointed, he scarce knew why, for he had not the slightest reason to expect any thing of the kind, he sat down by the cabin table, and with his face buried in his hands, the following thoughts, reflections, and resolutions, passed through his mind.

For some time the image of Francisca usurped his thoughts. He felt confident she took a more tender interest in his welfare than she had expressed; for there is a species of clairvoyance in love, that enables one to see things that are meant to be hidden; and though gratitude had been assigned as the cause of her efforts in delivering him from death, he believed it was only an excuse, and his heart warmed with love as he thought of her. With the long frozen springs of his better feelings thus thawed by tender sentiments, the kind and impressive lessons of virtue that had been inculcated by his departed mother, and which had been allowed to slumber in forgetfulness for many years, now all distinctly and forcibly presented themselves; and the hardened slaver, the stern man, shed bitter tears, as he thought of the happy days of his youth, and the slight regard he had paid to the teachings of his once dearly loved parent.

It seemed as if a veil had been removed from his sight, and he now saw, in all its deformity, his present course of life, and the desire became strong within him to reform. He now had an object to strive for—the possession of Francisca's love.

But how was he to begin? All he possessed in the world was his vessel, and the money on board of Don Manuel's. He could not hope to win the consent of the proud Spaniard, even if his daughter was willing, while he was poor. He knew no profession but that of ploughing the deep; and as a merchant captain, who would employ him?

A short time longer he sat, and then rising, spoke aloud. "I cannot reform yet; one more voyage I must make—one more voyage in the slave trade. I will use the old Spaniard's money to buy a new cargo, sell it, and repay my doubloons; and with the capital remaining I will begin a new and honorable career, and win, spite of all opposition, the hand of Francisca."

CHAPTER VIII.

Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited!
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.—BYRON.

On the following morning the sentinel on the fore-castle of the Scorpion was the first one who dis-

covered the disappearance of the captured slaver. Looking in the direction the schooner had been the evening before, he missed her. As it was hardly light, he thought the fog must have hidden the vessel; but it cleared away, and still nothing was to be seen of her. Rubbing his eyes, to be sure he was awake, he took a long and careful survey of the harbor, but without finding any traces of the object of his search, and hastening to the officer of the deck, he reported the news of the *Maraposa's* departure.

The officer of the deck, equally astonished, hastened to let the first lieutenant know of the strange event; for they were all concerned in the loss of the schooner, as the price she would have sold for was to be divided amongst the brig's crew as prize money.

He had a boat called away, and getting into it, was rowed over to the castle, to see if he could hear any thing of the missing vessel there; but instead of getting information, found the whole garrison in a state of excitement at the unaccountable events of the night—Willis and the turnkey having just been missed.

As soon as the lieutenant of the brig learned of Willis's escape, he very readily and truly conjectured the whereabouts of the schooner; and knowing it would be useless to seek her in the harbor, went ashore to inform his captain that Willis and the *Maraposa* had both again escaped, and were probably on their way back to the coast.

This intelligence, like that of the trial, affected the members of Don Manuel's family differently. De Vere was very angry, and would have gone to sea at once, and chased Willis to Africa; but Clara made him promise he would not go more than fifty or sixty miles; and if he did not meet him, then to return, as it was not to be very long ere their nuptial day. De Vere agreed to gratify his lady love; and after taking a short cruise, returned without having seen any thing of the *Maraposa*.

Clara comforted him on his return, by telling him Willis would live to be hung yet, a notion that the old duenna vigorously opposed, and contended that "the handsome captain of the slaver would die in his bed, in spite of all the navy officers on the station;" for, for some reason, the members of the R. N. were no favorites with the old lady. Don Manuel was more than pleased to hear of Willis's escape, and expressed a hope that the warning he had received might be the means of reforming him.

But Francisca was overjoyed, and did nothing but offer up thanks to the Virgin the remainder of the day; and she also prayed fervently that Willis might embrace some less dangerous and more honorable pursuit.

De Vere, feeling assured that Willis had escaped by the agency of some one in the city or castle, and anxious to have them punished, made every exertion to discover who they were. He had some suspicion of Don Manuel; but all his

efforts to get any clue from the Spaniard were unsuccessful.

He complained to the Governor-General of the Island, and had all the garrison of the castle, from the commander down, rigorously examined. But it was all of no avail; the only person who could be charged with conniving at Willis's escape, or in any way aiding him, was the jailor who had him in charge; and their efforts to retake him proved as futile as to find the captain.

De Vere could comfort himself in no other way, and therefore made a mental resolve to hang Willis at once, if he ever was so fortunate as to get possession of him again, and leave him no chance for another escape.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt water like a mountain stream,
Tearing and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And with hyena laughter, died despairing.—BYRON.

In the last chapter but one, we left Willis on his way once more to the coast of Africa. We will now join him, as he is about starting back for Cuba, with a cargo of negroes, purchased with the money Don Manuel had sent him.

His crew being too small to do any thing more than navigate the schooner; and having been unable, on the coast, to increase their number, he had, prior to taking in his cargo, dismounted his guns, and stowed them, with their carriages, in the hold, under the ballast.

This change of weight he now found altered much and greatly retarded the schooner's speed; but it was now too late to make any alterations; and it was with greater anxiety than he had ever felt on any former voyage that he looked out for men-of-war. He could neither fight, nor confidently trust to his vessel's speed; and he was particularly anxious to get in safely with this, if he could land them, his last cargo of Africans.

The schooner was within ten days of making land, and had not seen a vessel. All hands were congratulating themselves on their good fortune, when, far astern, and to windward, a sail was discovered just on the verge of the horizon. It did not appear larger than a speck, and to any but most practiced eyes, would have been invisible. Had the *Maraposa* been in her usual trim, they never would have had a clearer view of the stranger; but now, to Willis's mortification, the distant vessel gradually became visible; first the royals were seen, then her topgallant-sails, and in three hours they could even make out the head of her courses; enough to confirm the fact of her being a man-of-war, and she gaining rapidly on the schooner.

Though in consequence of the *Maraposa's* being so much smaller, it was not probable that the stranger had yet observed her, but was only steering in the same direction. But Willis knew that if he had not yet been seen, if the distance was still

lessened, he could not escape, and it behooved him to increase his speed by all means, and avoid being chased. Captured he had sworn never again to be, let the consequences be what they might.

How to accelerate the Maraposa's way was a question of some difficulty. Already was every stitch of canvas that would draw, and some that did not, set; and there was nothing on deck he could throw over to lighten his vessel, except his anchor and cable; as the other had been left in the harbor at Havana, she had but one; the guns he could not get at, covered as they were by the ballast and provisions in the hold; and feeling uncertain how to act, he called his mate to him to get his opinion.

"Well, Mateo, this is the squalliest prospect we have ever had, and the first time we could neither fight or run. What do you think we had better do? That fellow astern will be down on us before night, unless we can get along faster."

"Why, sir, the only way we can make the Butterfly fly faster, is by taking some of the load off of her; and there is only two ways we can do that—and it will have to be done quickly to be of any avail—for that chap astern is coming along as if he carried a tornado with him."

"What can we start over to lighten her?" asked Willis.

"Why nothing but the niggers, or the water—either of them would do it. Those ten pipes of water, if they were overboard, would let the schooner along as she used to go; but without the water the niggers would die. So that I think, sir, we had better heave over half the niggers, and half of the water."

This the mate said with as much nonchalance as if he had been recommending the drowning of a score of hogs; for he had been engaged in the slave-trade for many years, and had learned to regard negroes, not as human beings, but as he would any other species of merchandize with which the vessel might be loaded. And as to his thinking it murder, or a sin to kill a "woolly-head," as he called them, it never entered his mind, and he would have jerked the whole lot overboard, had it been necessary for his own safety, with as little compunction as he would so much old junk.

But Willis's mind had been too much under the influence of better feelings, for the last few weeks, to think of drowning in cold blood, one hundred and fifty mortals, if they were black, to save his own life; he therefore resumed the conversation with Mateo by saying,—

"I know it will be a chance if we don't lose all the negroes if we start over the water, but I cannot think of drowning the poor devils; so they will have to take their chance of dying with thirst, and you must start over all the water but one pipe."

The water was in large pipes, some lashed amidships, abaft the fore-mast, some on the quarter-deck, and a couple on the fore-castle. The casks being unlashed, and the bungs turned down, soon emptied

themselves of their contents, and the schooner sprung forward as if she felt the relief, and was soon speeding along at her old rate of sailing, which by the next morning had left the strange sail so far astern that she was out of sight.

Though he had succeeded in eluding pursuit, Willis's troubles still came thick upon him. The cask of water that had been left was the one from which they had already used, and it was found to have not more than sixty gallons of water in it to last over three hundred men ten days, in the heat of the tropics.

Willis called up his crew and proposed dividing it out equally amongst all hands, negroes and all, and then there would have been hardly a gill a day for each man, but enough to sustain life. The men would not hearken to him, swore they were not going to be put on such short allowance for the sake of the d—d niggers; and said if there was not enough to go round, to throw the blackbirds into the sea.

Willis, by persuasion, at last succeeded in getting his men to agree to be allowanced to half a pint of water per diem, and let him portion the rest out to the negroes as he chose. This he did impartially, as far as it went; but the quantity was so small that the slaves, confined as they were constantly in the hold, on account of the smallness of the crew, could not exist upon it—and the hold of the slaver became a perfect pandemonium. Daily the poor Africans were attacked with brain fever, and, perfectly crazy, would shout, yell, cry, sing, and shuffle about as well as their fetters would permit, until they were relieved by death; and so many died each day, that the whole crew were kept busy getting them out of the hold, and heaving them into the ocean. Ere land was made, the last of the three hundred were dead; and Willis, putting into the first bay he came to on the coast to re-water, was worse off than when he started for Africa, having made nothing, and spent all the money given him by Don Manuel, and which he wished to repay.

His hopes of being able to quit the traffic, which was now becoming odious to him, were thus deferred; for the money he had used, and which he was most anxious to refund, was an additional argument in his mind for taking another voyage to the coast; and hoping it would prove more profitable, and enable him to quit the trade then forever, he made sail again, and running into the same river in which we first found the Maraposa, he left her there, in the charge of Mateo, and disguising himself, for fear of being recognized by De Vere, Don Manuel, or Francisca, he proceeded by land to Havana, for the purpose of increasing his crew, and obtaining funds from some of his friends to enable him to get another cargo.

In a few days he had been able, by constant exertion, to enlist from amongst the numerous desperadoes that are ever to be found in Havana, forty

new men, nearly all good sailors. The bravery and skill of Willis being well known amongst the merchants who were engaged in the slave trade, he found no difficulty in borrowing from them the amount of money he wanted, on the security of the cargo he was going to bring.

The day he was to leave Havana, Willis was strolling along the streets, and accidentally came in sight of the Cathedral. Before the entrance were numerous carriages drawn up, the splendor of the equipages, and the bridal favors with which the servants and horses were decked, were evidence that the nuptial knot was being tied in the church between some of the magnates of the city; and having nothing else to engage his attention, Willis walked in to witness the ceremony.

Entering the spacious temple, he saw in front of the high altar, a large and brilliant group of elegantly attired gentlemen, and magnificently dressed ladies, in attendance on the couple whom the priest was just in the act of joining together.

From the door, the air and figures of the principal persons seemed familiar to him. Keeping in the shade of the pillars that ran along the side aisle, he approached nearer, and discovered in the bride and bridegroom, Clara and De Vere. He gave them but a glance, for just behind them, and leaning on the arm of her father, he saw Francisca.

Lovely she looked—more lovely than he had ever seen her; but the brilliancy of her glorious black eye contrasted strangely with the deathly pallor of her cheek, and her thoughts seemed far away from the scene before her; and Willis, during the cere-

mony, intently watching her, hoped the next time they met before the altar, it might be to claim her as his bride, and wondered if that distracted air with which Francisca regarded the passing event was at all occasioned by thoughts of him.

Clara was beautiful—proudly, haughtily beautiful; and a smile of gratified pride lighted her face as she surveyed the surrounding throng, and felt herself the most brilliant and beautiful of the group. De Vere seemed proud of his haughty beauty, and Don Manuel appeared perfectly contented, and felt assured that he was consulting his daughter's happiness by consenting to her marriage with the Englishman.

Willis had not, however, wasted a glance on them; concealed by the column near which he was standing, he had feasted his eyes on Francisca; and when, after the benediction, the party moved away, he still continued to gaze on the spot where she had been. The noise made by their carriages, as they rolled away, aroused him, and he left the church.

Gathering up his new men at nightfall, he returned to his vessel, to which he had already sent provisions. Hard all that night did they work, getting up and remounting the guns; and the next morning, as the Maraposa went to sea, she was again the same looking craft that she was when we first saw her leaving the cove, both beautiful and dangerous, with her guns all ready for use, and a large crew to handle them; and leaving her to make her last voyage to the coast, in the capacity of a slaver, let us rejoin De Vere and his new bride.

[Conclusion in our next.]

L I N O L E E .

BY JOHN WILFORD OVERALL.

She always seemed, I know not why,
Too beautiful and bright,
For aught but yon pure golden sky,
And heaven's fairest light.
Oh! one would think, to see her smile,
She was a sinless thing,
And slept the night, nay, all the while,
Beneath an angel's wing.

The sky bent down to kiss the hill,
That girt her cottage home,
And laughingly the silver rill
Stole through the leafy loam;
And Tempe, with its dreamy vale,
Its sunny stream and grot,
And balmy flower-scented gale,
Was ne'er a sweeter spot.

Here first she taught me how to love,
And dream of woman's eyes;
Here first I turned from things above,
To passion's paradise.
There came an hour when we should part—
How dark that hour to me—
She dwells a picture in my heart,
My lost, loved Linolee.

We laid her in a summer tomb,
And wept that spirit fled,
Where honeysuckle blossoms bloom,
The lily hangs its head;
And at the midnight's dreary hour,
They watch by that sweet earth,
And weep for her, a sister flower,
Who loved them from their birth.

CORAN NEILL,
OR LOVE'S OBSTACLES.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"BRAVO! bravo!" exclaimed the delighted Mons. Dunoyer.

"Beautiful! exquisitely graceful!" repeated the young ladies that filled the dancing room, as Therese Wilson, a fine looking girl of fourteen or fifteen, went through a fashionable dance with Harry Belton, a handsome youth near the same age. It was the "practicing afternoon" of the young ladies belonging to Madame Chalon's fashionable boarding-school—and a pretty sight was Mons. Dunoyer's rooms on those afternoons. Stylish-looking girls of all ages, from the dainty little miss, just lisping her French phrases, up to the dashing school-belle, just on the eve of making her entrée into "*society*," panting for the heart-conquests her imagination pictured forth in her future. And right lucky were those youths, who, having sisters, or sweet pets of cousins at the school, were permitted by Madame Chalon to take part in these practicings—a privilege which caused many an envious thought to their less favored school-fellows.

At the close of the dance the beautiful Therese approached her young companions, with cheeks glowing, and young heart beating high with gratified pride. What more could her girlish ambition desire? Harry Belton, the favorite beau of the school, stood by her, fanning her, and saying a thousand pretty things, while the young ladies, her class-mates, looked on. The dance had been performed with grace and beauty; and every one in the room expressed aloud their admiration.

"See, Therese," said a little girl, anxious to attract the attention of the envied school-belle, "see what wonders your lovely dancing has performed; the little cry-baby creole, Cora Neill, has quite forgotten her tears; and her nurse, Rita, will tell you she has done nothing but weep since she left her father's plantation up to this moment."

Therese shook back her curls carelessly, without deigning to notice the compliment intended to be conveyed; but Harry Belton instantly turned his eyes toward the poor little Cora. The child was, indeed, lost in admiration. She leaned her tiny form against her black nurse, while her large, dark eyes, swollen with incessant weeping, flashed brightly, as they met the boy's inquiring gaze. She seized his hand with childish earnestness, and exclaimed in Spanish, "*Ah venga danza vmd. conmigo?*" "Ah, come, dance with me," and raising

herself, her little feet went quickly over the first movements of the dance. The young girls surrounding Therese, seeing her smile contemptuously, laughed aloud at what they called the child's presumption. Poor Cora stopped suddenly as she heard their laughter, then, with a burst of passionate tears, she hid her little head on her nurse's shoulder. The indignant nurse poured out in a breath, soothing to her darling, and invectives upon the young ladies.

"Poor child!" said Harry. "You must not be so angry. Pray, stop weeping—do you not know you are to be my little dancing partner? Come, Cora, show these doubting young ladies how well you can dance."

Although the child could hardly understand his imperfect Spanish, still she gathered sufficient from his tone of voice to know that he intended kindness. Gradually he succeeded in persuading her to leave nurse Rita's shoulder, and obtaining permission from the dancing-master, he gave orders to the musicians to repeat the dance. At the introduction of the air, little Cora's eyes flashed, and she seemed to forget all cause of discontent and sorrow. The dance proceeded, and those who had looked on at first from mere curiosity, found themselves applauding quite as much as they had a little while before the graceful execution of Therese. The floating, airy figure of the child, gave her a syb-like appearance; and as she entered into the spirit of the dance, her dark cheeks glowed, and full lips seemed still redder; and then her bright eyes beamed forth such a childish lovingness in the concluding waltz movement, that quite bewitched them all. Mons. Dunoyer complimented her, and the young ladies pronounced her a "little love."

"And who taught you to dance so prettily, Cora?" asked Harry.

The large eyes of the child again filled with tears, for the question carried her childish memory back to her island home, and the happy days when her mother, now no longer living, had taken delight in teaching her graceful child the dances she herself excelled in. Her sobbings commenced anew, and with agonizing exclamations she begged her dear Rita to take her to her own *querida madre*. Harry assisted the nurse in soothing the unhappy little creature, while the rest of the school joined in the concluding dance. After it was finished, the atten-

dant governess gave the signal for departure. The little weeping Cora clung to her nurse as her only friend.

"*Adios mi queridita Cora,*" said Harry, as he stooped down his tall, graceful, though boyish form, and looked affectionately in her dark eyes. She brightened as she saw his kind, brotherly look, and with bewitching *naïveté* held up her pretty, cherry lips to kiss him. The boy blushing caressed her, and drove away his confusion by teaching her to call him in English her "dear brother Harry," telling her she should be his own *querida hermana*. His kind words comforted her, and with the happy forgetfulness of childhood, she laughed aloud merrily, as she repeated after him, "dear brother Harry;" then, after caressing adieux to her adopted brother, she accompanied Rita and the governess to her new home, happier than she had been since her mother's death.

Cora Neill was the daughter of an Irish gentleman who had resided at Havana for many years. There he had married a young and lovely girl belonging to one of the resident Spanish families. Many beautiful children had his gentle wife borne him, but one after another had bowed their little heads like drooping blossoms, and had been laid in the grave. At last the little Cora alone remained to them—the idol of both mother and father. Scarcely had she passed the age of infancy, when her beautiful mother's cheeks glowed with a hectic flush, and her eyes burned with unnatural lustre. Poor Cora was but eight years of age when her mother was laid down to rest beside her other children. A year or two passed, and the bereaved father endeavored to soothe his grief in the caresses of his daughter. At last, when he reflected how unable he was to give her those advantages of education she needed, he resolved, though with a severe struggle, to part with her for a few years, and accordingly sent her to Madame Chalon's establishment in one of the large Atlantic cities of the United States. She had only arrived a few days previous to the dancing lesson, and her poor little aching heart had throbbed with intense agony when she found herself surrounded by strangers. True, she had her black nurse, Rita, with her, and in the old woman's nursery soothing she sometimes forgot her troubles; but there were moments when even the good old nurse failed to quiet her, and the poor little Cora refused to be comforted. But from the day when Harry plighted to her his brotherly faith, the school-home seemed more bearable. All in the establishment became interested in the little West Indian, and she seemed in a fair way to be spoiled; even the vain Therese was seen to caress her. The dancing *reunions*, as they came around weekly, were bright suns in her existence; for then she met again with Harry, and again renewed their brother and sister troth. Two or three years floated sunnily by, when her first unhappiness was caused by Harry's receiving a summons from his Southern

home. They parted at Mons. Dunoyer's rooms on one of the practicing *reunions*, where they had first met. All the girls, and even the assistant governesses sympathized with little Cora; and she was permitted to converse apart with him at this sad time.

"Do not forget me, Cora," said the boy, as he affectionately wound his arm around the tearful girl. "When I grow to be a man, I will visit your beautiful island, and you shall introduce your brother Harry to his sister Cora's father."

With renewed protestations of constancy the children parted.

Madame Chalon's fine house was brilliantly lighted; carriages were rolling to and from the door; the sound of gay music could be heard by the passers-by; and from the large balconied windows of the drawing-rooms might be seen, group after group of gayly dressed women, and *distinguished* looking men in the promenade. The elegant and courteous lady of the mansion was receiving her dear five hundred friends at one of her annual balls, given to introduce the young ladies who had finished the course of studies at her school into general society. Delighted and satisfied, she moved quietly and smilingly through her rooms, receiving her friends, and superintending her young *élèves*. Every thing was as it should be—the most fastidious could not fail to be satisfied, either as they looked at the tasteful decorations of the rooms, the entertainment, the music, or the guests; therefore, knowing all this, Madame Chalon's heart was at rest. Of her young ladies who were at this season making their *entrées* into the fashionable world under her auspices, Cora Neill created the greatest sensation; and even in such an assemblage of beauty as was here on this night, she was universally admitted to be the belle of the room. Years had rolled by since she had first entered the school—years, which had changed her into a beautiful, accomplished woman. Her docility of disposition, her winning manners, and quickness of intellect, had endeared her to the governesses and pupils; and her approaching departure from the school, which was to take place in a few months, at the close of the season, was looked forward to by them with great regret.

Cora had just finished a dance, when Madame Chalon came up to her, leaning on the arm of a gentleman.

"Allow me, my dear," she said, "to recall to your memory a friend of your little girlhood. He was too timid to trust to your recollection. I need not call him Mr. Belton—you already remember him, I am sure, although the years that have passed since you met, have changed you both."

The rich color mounted to Cora's cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed with pleasure as, with a frank expression of joyful greeting, she extended her hand to her old playmate. They had not met since Harry had been summoned home, years before, to

attend the death-bed of his mother. Shortly after that sad event he had entered the navy, and had passed from boyhood to manhood. He often thought of the little West Indian, Cora Neill. Her sweet winning ways would come before him in his lonely night-watches, and her graceful, floating form would be recalled to his memory, when in southern climes he would bear through the voluptuous waltz some brilliant maiden. But only as *little* Cora had he thought of her; and when he saw her at Madame Chalon's ball, so dazzlingly beautiful, instead of renewing instantly, as was his intention, their old friendship, he hesitated, and at last called on the Madame to present him; but Cora's frank manner threw aside all reserve, and they were in a little while waltzing and talking, as they had years before at Mons. Duncoyer's reunions. The following day found him a visitor at the Madame's; and as his sisters had been favorite pupils of hers, he was greeted with a pleasant welcome.

It was Cora's first winter in society, and under Madame Chalon's *chaperonage* she frequented all the gay resorts of the fashionable world. Beautiful, and a reputed heiress, of course, she was a belle; but prominent amongst her admirers was the young lieutenant. It was not long before they made the mutual discovery of their love for each other—and they both yielded themselves without reflection to this first love. They dreamed only of happiness, and fondly imagined no clouds could hang over their future. Madame Chalon was finally consulted by both, and she enclosed in a letter of her own, Harry Belton's application for Cora's hand to Mr. Neill. The hours floated joyously by, and Cora thought life increased in beauty daily, when all her rosy dreams were dispelled, and she rendered miserable by the receipt of three letters from her father. One contained a brief, polite dismissal to Mr. Belton. The second was a civil acknowledgment to Madame Chalon for her kind care of his daughter for so many years, and a request that she should prepare Cora to accompany some West India friends, then traveling in the United States, who, in the following month, were to return to Cuba, and would take charge of her. The third was a letter to Cora—not a severe, upbraiding one, but one filled with sorrowful lovingness and fatherly entreaties. He pictured his solitary life since her mother's death; how earnestly he had devoted himself to business, that he might accumulate enough to lavish freely on her, his only one, every luxury, when she should be old enough to take her mother's place. He described the day-dreams he had indulged of an old age that was to be cheered by his only child.

"I know, my own idolized girl," he wrote, at the conclusion of his letter, "that I am submitting myself to the imputation of selfishness; but when you reflect upon my past desolate life, and my future, you will pardon, I am sure, this selfishness. I am an old man, Cora; I need kindness, nursing, and love—I pine for a daughter's care. Many years

have elapsed since your blessed mother's death; and I might have, with propriety, married again, in order to guard against a lonely old age. Regard for her memory, and for your future prospects, Cora, have deterred me from taking this step. I have submitted willingly to the penance of a solitary life, when I reflected it was for the mental benefit of my daughter, comforting my weary hours by looking forward to the period when we should be again united. Your letters, heretofore, have been filled with affection for me, and a similar desire for this reunion. Come to me, my Cora—come to your old solitary father, who needs your society. Let not a stranger usurp my place in the heart of my only, my idolized child."

Cora shed bitter tears on reading this letter, but her heart was filled with sad reproaches. Her memory reverted to the days of her childhood, when her mother and father watched over her with fondness. She recalled the agonizing moments that followed her mother's death, when no one was permitted to approach her father but herself. She remembered the intense look of devotion with which he used always to regard her; and then she thought of the solitary, unhappy years that he must have passed while she, with the unthinking spirit of youth, had been seeking happiness for herself, independent of the kind, old, forsaken father, who had no one on earth to love but her. In vain were Harry's entreaties, or Madame Chalon's proffers of assistance and interference. She resolved, though with a sad, aching heart, to renounce all expectation of ever marrying Harry, and made preparations for her departure.

"Give me some period to look forward to, Cora," was her lover's last entreaty.

"I cannot, Harry," she replied, "henceforth I belong only to my father; I never shall marry so long as he lives."

"And will you forget me?" exclaimed her lover, passionately.

Tears of reproach started to Cora's eyes as he asked this angry question, but she refrained from assurances to the contrary. "Forget me, dear Harry," she said, so soon as she had mastered her emotion. "It will be better for us both; my duty lies in a different path from yours; my heart should go hand in hand with duty."

Prudent and cold were her words, and the lover would have felt wounded, had he not seen her swollen eyes, cheeks flushed with weeping, and whole frame agitated with emotion. They parted, and in a few weeks she had bidden adieu to her kind teacher and friends, and was on the broad ocean, each day lessening the distance between her and her island home. As the hour of meeting with her father approached, her heart sunk within her, and she could scarcely restrain her emotion; but the sight of his sad face beaming with fatherly gratification, and the broken words of welcome with which he greeted her, completely over-

powered her, and she threw herself upon his bosom with a burst of self-reproaching tears. He soothed her, and with loving words expressed his gratitude to her for having thought of his happiness in preference to her own.

"If you value my peace of mind, dearest father," she exclaimed, "you must never allude to the past—in the future you will find me, I trust, all you can wish. I have no other desire than that of making you happy."

Cora's home was a luxurious though a solitary one. Her father had purchased a fine plantation, where, surrounded by slaves, she scarcely ever met with any society. With the families of some neighboring planters she occasionally mingled, but from preference both her father and herself preferred seclusion. The most rare and costly specimens of art surrounded her. Her father had spared no expense in preparing the house for her reception. He had employed a trusty friend in Europe to purchase every luxury, and she found her drawing-rooms, music-room, conservatory, boudoir, and bed-room fitted up in the most exquisite and elegant style.

"You are a person of perfect taste, dear papa," she said. "Every thing I see around me gives evidence of the most refined and cultivated mind."

Her father looked his pleasure as she expressed her admiration of the house and its appointments, and said,

"You must not, Cora, give me the credit entirely. I was assisted in every thing by my friend Martinez. He helped me plan my house. Insisted that it should be placed on this delightful slope, that the windows of your suite of rooms might command the fine view you so much admire, and then, as he was about leaving for Europe, I commissioned him to procure there every thing that could possibly add a charm to the residence of my only, long expected daughter. Five years, dear Cora, have we been planning and perfecting this home for you.

Martinez spent three years abroad in collecting all these paintings, statuary, and other elegancies. According to his directions are these beautiful books constantly forwarded; those instruments were chosen by him while in Paris; a fine musician himself, he selected your musical library, and has given orders to have the best of the new compositions constantly sent to you."

"What! M. Martinez your partner?" inquired Cora. "Dear old man, how well I remember him—but I thought I heard of his death many years ago?"

"This M. Martinez is his nephew," replied her father; "he succeeded his uncle in business, and has been my partner for some ten or fifteen years. He is a very superior man—"

"Where is he now?" asked Cora.

"He is in Italy," replied her father. "He has never been a very active business man. Inheriting his uncle's fortune, he concluded to leave the capital in our concern, and his name in the firm, though

not by any means performing his uncle's duties. His pursuits are wholly different—he is a fine scholar, and resides almost entirely in Europe. He returned last summer to see the completion of my house, and the arrangement of the furniture, but I could not persuade him to remain longer than a few months with me."

"And his family, where are they?" inquired Cora.

"He lost his wife," replied Mr. Niell, "many years since. A few months after their marriage she died. He was devotedly attached to her, and I think he never has recovered entirely from the shock; and on that account a residence in Cuba is disagreeable to him—it recalls his suddenly wrecked hopes."

Cora had not been many months with her father when she discovered that the close attention he had paid to his business, since the elder Martinez' death, had impaired his health. She had, on her first arrival at home, contented herself with performing what few duties fell to her, and the hours her father spent with her, she exerted herself, though sometimes with labor, to amuse him; but those hours of the day that were left unoccupied, she was too prone to give herself up to the luxury of sad reminiscences, and as she looked around her luxurious home she would weepingly sigh for that one being, who, next to her father, held the first place in her heart. Her health would have been undoubtedly affected by this romantic indulgence, had she not had her fears aroused for her father's safety, and terrified at the shadow of real sorrow she reproached herself for her weakness.

She entreated him to yield up some of his duties; part of the business might be given up. "You are not well," she urged, "leave business entirely; what you have already made will suffice for us—though, owing to your kindness, I have indulged myself in imaginary wants, I will most willingly content myself with fewer luxuries."

Her father opposed her entreaties. Martinez, the only partner, was abroad—no agent could attend to his affairs—business had never been so prosperous as now—he was well enough. In a few years he would wind up, and then they would go to Europe for a year or two to restore his strength. A few months afterward however found him stretched on a bed of sickness, and so alarming was it, that M. Martinez had to be summoned to what the weeping Cora feared would be her father's death-bed. But careful, devoted attention on her part, and skillful physicians, warded off the immediate danger, and when M. Martinez arrived, Mr. Neill was convalescent, though his health remained in a very delicate state.

He then consented to yield to Cora's entreaties, and in a little while all his affairs were arranged by M. Martinez, and he had retired from business. There was no need for any sacrifice, even of a single luxury. Mr. Neill found himself possessed

of ample means—placed in good investments it yielded more than sufficient for their expenditures.

Cora was surprised at M. Martinez' appearance. She had pictured to herself a middle-aged Spaniard, recalling the recollections she had of his uncle, which were any thing but complimentary to the nephew; for though the elder Martinez was a good old man, he was a very homely one; being short, thick-set, and his complexion was cloudy and dark. The younger Martinez, on the contrary, was a tall, handsome man, and although forty or forty-five years of age, looked full ten years younger, and was exceedingly polished and agreeable in his manners. He was their constant guest, and she found the hours passing much more agreeably since his arrival than before. His conversation was interesting—he had seen much of the world, and had improved by intercourse with society. He possessed many accomplishments and soon interested himself in Cora's pursuits.

She was charmed with his superior attainments, and found herself at last relying on him, and looking up to him as to a much-loved elder brother. She never for an instant thought of loving him. Though hopelessly separated from Harry Belton, she cherished the memory of their attachment with almost sacred earnestness. She frequently heard from Madame Chalon, but the good Madame never mentioned his name, and she was quite ignorant of any thing relating to him. She had ceased repining for their separation since her father's dangerous illness, but her thoughts dwelt upon him as a loved one buried.

Three or four years passed quietly but happily away. M. Martinez almost resided with them. He talked with Mr. Neill, and read, sketched, rode or practiced music with Cora. Her intercourse with M. Martinez gave a new impulse to her mind, and instead of giving herself up to the "luxury of grief," and indulging in idle reveries of the past, as she had formerly, she studied and strengthened her intellectual nature. Her father's health still remained delicate, which was the only drawback on her placid happiness. It was necessary to observe great precaution with him, for the slightest exposure or excitement brought on symptoms of his first attack. The constant watchful care which M. Martinez and Cora observed over him, might have prolonged his life many years, had not pecuniary misfortunes overtaken him. The principal part of his fortune had been invested in stocks that proved to be worthless, and left him penniless. The news of their insolvency reached Mr. Neill by letters, before M. Martinez had heard of it, and the anguish he felt at finding himself in his old age deprived of the fruits of long laborious years, produced a fresh hemorrhage from the lungs, more alarming than the first, and nearly caused his immediate death. He rallied, however, and appeared better; still the physicians could give no hope for his recovery; he might linger, they said, but only for a little while. After

the immediate danger was over, M. Martinez departed for Havana, to make inquiries into Mr. Neill's affairs. A few days after his departure, Cora received from him a letter, which filled her with amazement. It contained an offer of marriage from M. Martinez.

"Of your first attachment, Cora, I am aware," he wrote. "I knew of it at the time, and felt for you deeply and honored you for your heroic self-sacrifice. I have always considered myself as wedded to the memory of my wife, but I have felt for you since I have known you, a regard that approaches very near to the love I felt for my lost Inez. I am alone in life. I have no one to care for but you and your father. Be my wife—one half, yes, I may say all your father's sorrow will be alleviated by this step on your part. He knows not of this application, nor shall he if you reply in the negative. If I am repulsive to you, or if you look forward to a marriage with Lieut. Belton, I will not urge you—but if, as I hope, you are disengaged, and have long since given up all expectation of marriage with your first choice, and I am not personally disagreeable to you, I entreat of you to give me a favorable hearing. Be my wife, Cora—beloved Cora—I may say, for however you decide, you are very dear to me; and if constant, devoted attention on my part can secure your happiness, or can even make life placidly agreeable to you, I shall feel content. I do not hesitate to say, Cora, though cherishing the memory of my Inez with tenderness, if you reject my suit my life will become as wearisome and devoid of sunshine as it was before I knew you—lonely and dreary will be my future.

"I only waited, before your father's troubles brought me to this crisis, for the least evidence of interest on your part toward me, to make the offer which I do now. In a few days I shall return—from your first glance, dearest Cora, I shall know your decision. I pray you, let it be favorable."

She was aroused from the perplexing reverie this letter had plunged her into, by an evident change in her father. He was weaker, and apparently sinking rapidly—and when M. Martinez returned, he met Cora over her father's death-bed. Mr. Neill expressed his anguish in heart rending lamentations at leaving his daughter, and besought M. Martinez to watch over her as a brother.

Martinez took the hand of the sobbing girl and murmured—

"Beloved Cora, cheer your father's last moments by yielding to my wishes; let me tell him that as a husband I will guard you."

She permitted him to raise her head and rest it on his shoulder, and the good father's last moments were soothed by witnessing the marriage of his daughter with the man he most highly valued as a friend. It was a sad bridal, but Cora felt that two at least were happy; self-sacrifice she had brought her mind years before to endure; and she prayed that Heaven might make the present sacrifice work

out her own content. Mr. Neill died, and Cora found herself a fatherless bride. Untiring was her husband's devotion, and most soothing and consoling were his attentions. Soon after her father's death he persuaded her to leave their beautiful home for a while, and they accordingly traveled for some time in Europe. The change of scene enlivened her, and she was becoming satisfied with the step she had taken, when, at Naples, one season she met with Harry, now Captain Belton. He was still unmarried, for, like her, he had retained a feeling of romance for his first love. They met with a few flutterings on both sides, which, however, soon disappeared. Each found the other different from the ideal image cherished in their memories. Harry was a noble-hearted, frank fellow, but sadly wanting in the intellectual elevation that characterized M. Martinez, and Cora, though still beautiful, he thought her not half so conversible or interesting as his little black-eyed cousin, Sophie Wilson, with whom he had flirted at Washington on her *entrée* into society, the previous winter, and with whom he corresponded most platonically and brother-like. Had Cora and Harry married early in life, she would have adapted herself partly to his tastes, and he to hers—they would have met half way. She would

have elevated him intellectually, and they would probably have been happy; but their pursuits had been different. His had been a careless, indolent life, independent of the mere performance of the duties of his profession—hers an intellectual one. She had become entirely elevated above him; her mental powers had developed while his laid dormant, and she felt as she turned and looked upon the intellectual beauty of M. Martinez, and contrasted it with the tolerably good-looking, though broad and rather inexpressive face of her early love, that the prayer she had made so fervently over her father's death-bed, had been granted. Her marriage had brought to her true happiness.

Harry Belton returned home with his romantic dreams dispelled, and the next season the American papers gave notice of the marriage of "Captain Belton, U. S. N., to Sophie, only daughter of Gen. Wilson."

Cora pointed out the notice to her husband with a smile on her now full red lip, and with a deeper flush on her cheek than it usually wore, she said—

"How fortunate it was, dearest, that Harry and I met at Naples last summer—otherwise we might both have gone through life, fancying ourselves miserably unhappy about the romance of a first love."

THE DREAMER.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

I dream the only happiness I know. MRS. BUTLER.

ONE year ago my heart, like thine, sweet friend,
Thrilled to the music of the rustling leaves,
And loved all gentle harmonies that blend
In one low chorus, when the bosom heaves
With long drawn sighs of tremulous delight,
As slowly fades the day to deeper night.

And I have sat as now in this lone wood,
At twilight hour to commune with my heart,
All wilder thoughts at rest, a dreamy mood
Stole o'er my spirit; sorrow had no part
In those still musings, but to breathe, to live,
Did such exceeding pleasure to me give.

One little year! Oh, heart, thy throbbing cease!
How much of life was crowded in its span!
My daily paths were pleasantness, and peace,
When with swift round this circling year began,
But now a shadow rests on earth and sky,
Day after day still passes wearily.

I meant not to complain; for I have learned
In life each hath a sorrow to conceal.
I would but tell thee that from earth I turned;

I may not even to my friend reveal
Why one who is a very child in years
Hath drank so deeply at the fount of tears.

Thank God for gentle sleep! I close mine eyes,
And though all fevered fancies round me throng—
Though doubts that almost madden will arise—
She hath a power more subtil, and more strong.
Her blessed hand is on my forehead pressed,
Then comes forgetfulness, and I am blessed.

Forgetfulness of care—for oh, I move
In happier worlds, and live a purer life;
Scorn may not enter there, nor envy prove
Discord to melody—unholy strife
Afar is banished—joy's unclouded beams
Ever illumine that fair land of dreams.

Then wonder not I seek this forest dell,
Although mine ears are closed to nature's voice,
A hush, a twilight 'neath the branches dwell;
So I have made the summer woods my choice,
And sleeping with the shadows through the day,
Forget the world, and dream my life away.

THE DEMON OF THE MIRROR.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

It was sunset on the mountain,
It was twilight on the plain ;
And the Night was slowly creeping,
Like a captive from his keeping,
Up the Fading East again,
Where on rosy shores of sunlight broke the surges of his
main.

Where the orange branches mingled
On the sunny garden-side,
In a rare and rich pavilion
Sat the beautiful Sicilian—
Sat the Count Alberto's bride,
Musing sadly on his absence, in the balmy eveningtide.

Like a star, in ocean mirrored,
Beamed her liquid, tender eye ;
But within her bearing queenly,
Deepest passion slept serenely
As the flame in summer's sky,
Which to fiercest being wakens, when we dream it least is
nigh !

She had grown, in soul and beauty,
Like her own delicious clime—
With the warmth and radiance showered
On its gardens, citron-bowered,
And its winds that woo in rhyme :
With its fiery tropic fervors, and its Etna-throes sublime !

Near her stood the fair Bianca,
Once a shepherd's humble child,
Who with tender hand was twining
Through her tresses, raven-shining,
Pearls of lustre pure and mild ;
And the lady in the mirror saw their braided gleam, and
smiled.

Falling over brow and bosom,
Swept her dark and glossy hair ;
And the flash on Etna faded,
As Bianca slowly braided
With her fingers small and fair,
While a deeper shadow gathered o'er the chamber's scented
air.

On the jeweled mirror gazing,
Spoke the lady not a word,
When, within its picture certain,
Slowly moved the silken curtain,
Though the breezes had not stirred,
And its faintly falling rustle on the marble was unheard.

Breathless, o'er her tender musing
Came a strange and sudden fear.
With a nameless, chill foreboding,
All her fiery spirit goading,
Listened she with straining ear ;
Through the dusky laurel foliage, all was silent, far and
near !

Not a stealthy footfall sounded
On the tessellated floor ;
Yet she saw, with secret terror,
Count Alberto, in the mirror,
Stealing through the curtained door,
Like a fearful, shadowy spirit, whom a curse is hanging
o'er.

What ! so soon from far Palermo ?
Has he left the feast of pride—
Has he left the knightly tourney
For the happy homeward journey
And the greeting of his bride ?
Coldly, darkly, in her bosom, the upspringing rapture
died !

With a glance of tender meaning
On the maid he softly smiled,
And the answering smile, and token
In her glowing blushes spoken,
Well betrayed the shepherd's child !
To her gaze, within the mirror, stood that picture dim and
wild !

Moved again the silken curtain,
As he passed without a sound ;
Then the sunset's fading ember
Died within the lonely chamber,
And the darkness gathered round.
While in passion's fierce delirium was the lady's bosom
bound.

Threat'ning shadows seemed to gather
In the twilight of the room,
And the thoughts, vibrating changeful
Through her spirit, grew revengeful
With their whisperings of doom :
Starting suddenly, she vanished far amid the deep'ning
gloom.

In the stillness of the forest
Falls a timid, trembling gleam,
With a ruby radiance sparkling
On the rill that ripples darkling
Through the thicket, like a dream :
'T is from out the secret chamber, where are met the Holy
Vehm !*

Wizard rocks around the entrance
Dark and grim, like sentries, stand ;
And within the ghostly grotto
Sits the gloomy Baron Otto,
Chieftain of the dreaded band,
Who in darkness and in secret ruled Sicilia's sunny land.

* The author is aware that the name of the Holy Vehm—that dreaded order of the middle ages—belongs properly to Germany ; but as its influence extended over Italy and Sicily, he has retained the title, and given a German name to the chieftain.

As in sable vestments shrouded
 Sat the ministers of doom,
 Came a step by terror fleetened,
 And the dank, foul air was sweetened
 With the orange-buds' perfume,
 And the starry eyes of jewels shone amid the sullen gloom !

Then uprose the gloomy Otto—
 Sternly wrinkled was his brow ;
 " Why this sudden, strange intrusion
 On the Holy Vehm's seclusion ?
 Why thus wildly comest thou,
 Noble lady, claiming vengeance from the Brothers of the
 Vow ? "

" There is one among your order
 Whom I dare to sue for aid :
 Will a brother's dagger falter,
 When the bridegroom from the altar
 Hath his bosom's vow betrayed,
 And the princely bride is slighted for a low-born peasant
 maid ? "

Straight the summoned one departed
 Out into the starry air ;
 Cold the silence seemed, and dreary,
 And the moments grew more weary,
 While the lady waited there
 With a deep, uncertain anguish, which her spirit scarce
 could bear.

Mingled thoughts of love and vengeance
 Madly battled in her brain ;
 All her bosom's passionate feeling
 Struggled with the dread revealing,
 Till her eyes o'ergushed in rain—
 Then anon they flashed and kindled, and her soul grew
 stern again !

Once a sweet and happy vision
 Nigh her fiery will had won—
 When the silver lamp of Hesper
 Twinkled through the silent yesper,
 And their bosoms beat as one,
 Thrilling o'er with too much fervor, like a blossom in the
 sun.

Olden words in music echoed
 Through her heart's forsaken bowers ;
 But its buds of love were rifled,
 And the spirit voice was stifled,
 Which would tell of tender hours ;
 Nevermore may secoud sunshine bid re-bloom its perished
 flowers !

Still that dark foreboding lingered
 Over all her pride and hate,
 Like a stifling mist, that ever
 Hangs above a burning river
 With its dull and stagnant weight :
 Slowly o'er the spectral Future crept the shadows of her
 fate !

Now the eastern stars had mounted,
 And the midnight watch was o'er,
 When the long suspense was broken
 By a hasty watchword spoken,
 And a dark form passed the door.
 Blood was on his golden scabbard, and the sable robe he
 wore.

" By this blade, most noble lady,
 Have I done thy will aright ! "

Then, upstarting from her languor,
 Cried she, in returning anger :

" Where reposed the trait'rous knight ?
 Didst thou tear him from *Aer* clasping—strike him down
 before her sight ? "

" Nay, not so : in bright Palermo,
 Where the tourney's torches shine—
 In the gardens of the palace,
 Did the green earth, from its chalice,
 Drink his bosom's brightest wine,
 And the latest name that fluttered on his dying lips, was
thine ! "

With a scream, as agonizing
 In its horror and despair,
 As if life's last hold were started,
 Ere the soul in torture parted,
 Stood she, pale and shuddering, there,
 With her face of marble lifted in the cavern's noisome air.

" God of Heaven ! that fearful image,
 On the mirror's surface thrown !
 Not Alberto, but a demon,
 Looked on her as on a leman,
 And the guilt is mine alone !
 Now that demon-shadow haunts me, and its curse is made
 my own !

" See ! its dead, cold eyes are glaring
 Through the darkness, steadily ;
 And it holds a cloudy mirror,
 Imaging that scene of terror,
 Which was bloody death to *thee* !
 Mocking now thy noble features, turns its fearful gaze on
 me !

" And I see, beneath their seeming,
 How the demon features glow !
 Ghastly shadows rise before me,
 And the darkness gathers o'er me,
 With its never-ending wo—
 Now I feel, avenging spirits ! how your spells of madness
 grow ! "

With a shriek, prolonged and painful,
 Through the wood she fled afar,
 Where the air was awed and fearful,
 And between the boughs the tearful
 Shining of a dewy star
 Pierced alone the solid darkness which enclosed her as a bar.

Night by night, in gloom and terror,
 From the crag and from the glen
 Came those cries, the quiet breaking,
 Till the shepherd-dogs, awaking,
 Bayed in loud and mournful pain,
 And the vintager, benighted, trembled on the distant plain.

Years went by, and stranger footsteps •
 Rang in castle, bower and hall ;
 Yet the shrieks, at midnight ringing,
 Spoke the curse upon it clinging,
 And they left it to its fall,
 And an utter desolation slowly settled over all.

Still, when o'er the brow of Etna
 Livid shades begin to roll,
 Tell the simple herdsmen, daunted
 By the twilight, terror-haunted,
 How she felt the fiend's control,
 And they sign the cross in saying—" God in mercy keep
 her soul ! "

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT AN OLD DEBT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

EARLY in life Mr. Jenkins had been what is called unfortunate in business. Either from the want of right management, or from causes that he could not well control, he became involved, and was broken all to pieces. It was not enough that he gave up every dollar he possessed in the world. In the hope that friends would interfere to prevent his being sent to jail, some of his creditors pressed eagerly for the balance of their claims, and the unhappy debtor had no alternative but to avail himself of the statute made and provided for the benefit of individuals in his extremity. It was a sore trial for him; but any thing rather than to be thrown into prison.

After this tempest of trouble and excitement, there fell upon the spirits of Mr. Jenkins a great calm. He withdrew himself from public observation for a time, but his active mind would not let him remain long in obscurity. In a few months he was again in business, though in a small way. His efforts were more cautiously directed than before, and proved successful. He made something above his expenses during the first year, and after that accumulated money rapidly. In five or six years Mr. Jenkins was worth some nine or ten thousand dollars.

But with this prosperity came no disposition on the part of Mr. Jenkins to pay off his old obligations. "They used the law against me," he would say, when the subject pressed itself upon his mind, as it would sometimes do, "and now let them get what the law will give them."

There was a curious provision in the law by which Jenkins had been freed from all the claims of his creditors against him; and this provision is usually incorporated in all similar laws, though for what reason it is hard to tell. It is only necessary to promise to pay a claim thus annulled, to bring it in full force against the debtor. If a man owes another a hundred dollars, and by economy and self-denial succeeds in saving twenty dollars and paying it to him, he becomes at once liable for the remaining eighty dollars, unless the manner of doing it be very guarded, and is in danger of a prosecution, although unable to pay another cent. A prudent man, who has once been forced into the unhappy alternative of taking the benefit of the insolvent law, is always careful, lest, in an unguarded moment, he acknowledge his liability to some old creditor, before he is fully able to meet it. Anxious as he is to assure this one and that one of his desire and intention to pay them if ever in his power, and to say to them that he is struggling early and late for their sakes as well as his own, his lips must

remain sealed. A word of his intentions and all his fond hopes of getting fairly on his feet again are in danger of shipwreck.

Understanding the binding force of a promise of this kind, made in writing, or in the presence of witnesses, certain of the more selfish or less manly and honorable class of creditors, are ever seeking to extort by fair or foul means, from an unfortunate debtor who has honestly given up every thing, an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to them, in order that they may reap the benefit of his first efforts to get upon his feet again. Many and many an honest but indiscreet debtor, has been thrown upon his back once more, from this cause, and all his hopes in life blasted forever. The means of approach to a debtor in this situation are many and various. "Do you think you will ever be able to do any thing on that old account?" blandly asked, in the presence of a third party, is answered by, "I hope so. But, at present, it takes every dollar I can earn for the support of my family." This is sufficient—the whole claim is in full force. In the course of a month or two, perhaps in a less period, a sheriff's writ is served, and the poor fellow's furniture, or small stock in trade, is seized, and he broken all up again. To have replied—"You have no claim against me," to the insidious question, seemed in the mind of the poor, but honest man, so much like a public confession that he was a rogue, that he could not do it. And yet this was his only right course, and he should have taken it firmly. Letters are often written, calling attention to the old matter, in which are well timed allusions to the debtor's known integrity of character, and willingness to pay every dollar he owes in the world, if ever able. Such letters should never be answered, for the answer will be almost sure to contain something, that, in a court of justice, will be construed into an acknowledgment of the entire claim. In paying off old accounts that the law has canceled, which we think every man should do if in his power, the acknowledgment of indebtedness never need go further than the amount paid at any time. Beyond this, no creditor who does not wish to oppress, will ask a man to go. If any seek a further revival of the old claim, let the debtor beware of them; and also, let him be on his guard against him who, in any way, alludes either in writing or personally, to the previous indebtedness.

But we have digressed far enough. Mr. Jenkins, we are sorry to say, was not of that class of debtors who never consider an obligation morally canceled. The law once on his side, he fully made up his mind to keep it forever between him and all former

transactions. Sundry were the attempts made to get old claims against him revived, after it was clearly understood that he was getting to be worth money, but Jenkins was a rogue at least, and rogues are always more wary than honest men.

Among the creditors of Jenkins was a man named Gooding, who had loaned him five hundred dollars, and lost three hundred of it—two-fifths being all that was realized from the debtor's effects. Gooding pitied sincerely the misfortunes of Jenkins, and pocketed his loss without saying a hard word, or laying the weight of a finger upon his already too heavily burdened shoulders. But it so happened that as Jenkins commenced going up in the world, Gooding began to go down. At the time when the former was clearly worth ten thousand dollars, he was hardly able to get money enough to pay his quarterly rent bills. Several times he thought of calling the attention of his old debtor to the balance still against him, which, as it was for borrowed money, ought certainly to be paid. But it was an unpleasant thing to remind a friend of an old obligation, and Gooding, for a time, chose to bear his troubles, as the least disagreeable of the two alternatives. At last, however, difficulties pressed so hard upon him, that he forced himself to the task.

Both he and Jenkins lived about three quarters of a mile distant from their places of business, in a little village beyond the suburbs of the city. Gooding was lame, and used to ride to and from his store in a small wagon, which was used for sending home goods during the day. Jenkins usually walked into town in the morning, and home in the evening. It not unfrequently happened that Gooding overtook the latter, while riding home after business hours, when he always invited him to take a seat by his side, which invitation was never declined.

They were riding home in this way one evening, when Gooding, after clearing his throat two or three times, said, with a slight faltering in his voice.

"I am sorry, neighbor Jenkins, to make any allusion to old matters, but as you are getting along very comfortably, and I am rather hard pressed, do n't you think you could do something for me on account of the three hundred dollars due for borrowed money. If it had been a regular business debt, I would never have said a word about it, but—"

"Neighbor Gooding," said Jenkins, interrupting him, "do n't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that matter. It shall be paid, every dollar of it; but I am not able, just yet, to make it up for you. But you shall have it."

This was said in the blandest way imaginable, yet in a tone of earnestness.

"How soon do you think you can do something for me?" asked Gooding.

"I do n't know. If not disappointed, however, I think I can spare you a little in a couple of months."

"My rent is due on the first of October. If you can let me have, say fifty dollars, then, it will be a great accommodation."

"I will see. If in my power, you shall certainly have at least that amount."

Two months rolled round, and Gooding's quarter day came. Nothing more had been said by Jenkins on the subject of the fifty dollars, and Gooding felt very reluctant about reminding him of his promise; but he was short in making up his rent, just the promised sum. He waited until late in the day, but Jenkins neither sent nor called. As the matter was pressing, he determined to drop in upon his neighbor, and remind him of what he had said. He accordingly went round to the store of Jenkins, and found him alone with his clerk.

"How are you to-day?" said Jenkins, smiling.

"Very well. How are you?"

"So—so."

Then came a pause.

"Business rather dull," remarked Jenkins.

"Very," replied Gooding, with a serious face, and more serious tone of voice. "Nothing at all doing. I never saw business so flat in my life."

"Flat enough."

Another pause.

"Ahem! Mr. Jenkins," began Gooding, after a few moments, "do you think you can do any thing for me to-day?"

"If there is any thing I can do for you, it shall be done with pleasure," said Jenkins, in a cheerful way. "In what can I oblige you?"

"You remember, you said that in all probability you would be able to spare me as much as fifty dollars to-day?"

"I said so?" Jenkins asked this question with an appearance of real surprise.

"Yes. Do n't you remember that we were riding home one evening, about two months ago, and I called your attention to the old account standing between us, and you promised to pay it soon, and said you thought you could spare me fifty dollars about the time my quarter's rent became due?"

"Upon my word, friend Gooding, I have no recollection of the circumstance whatever," replied Jenkins, with a smile. "It must have been some one else with whom you were riding. I never said I owed you any thing, or promised to pay you fifty dollars about this time."

"Oh yes! but I am sure you did."

"And I am just as sure that I did not," returned Jenkins, still perfectly undisturbed, while Gooding, as might be supposed, felt his indignation just ready to boil over. But the latter controlled himself as best he could; and as soon as he could get away from the store of Jenkins, without doing so in a manner that would tend to close all intercourse between them, he left and returned to his own place of business, chagrined and angry.

On the same evening, as Gooding was riding home, he saw Jenkins ahead of him on the road. He soon overtook him. Jenkins turned his usual smiling face upon his old creditor, and said "Good evening," in his usual friendly way. The invitation

to get up and ride, that always was given on like occasions, was extended again, and in a few moments the two men were riding along side by side, as friendly, to all appearance, as if nothing had happened.

"Jenkins, how could you serve me such a scaly trick as you did?" Gooding said, soon after his neighbor had taken a seat by his side. "You know very well that you promised to pay my claim; and also promised to give me fifty dollars of it to-day, if possible."

"I know I did. But it was out of my power to let you have any thing to-day," replied Jenkins.

"But what was the use of your denying it, and making me out a liar or a fool in the presence of your clerk?"

"I had a very good reason for doing so. My clerk would have been a witness to my acknowledgment of your whole claim against me, and thus make me liable before I was ready to pay it. As my head is fairly clear of the halter, you cannot blame me for wishing to keep it so. A burnt child, you know, dreads the fire."

"But you know me well enough to know that I never would have pressed the claim against you."

"Friend Gooding, I have seen enough of the world to satisfy me that we don't know any one. I am very ready to say to you, that your claim shall be satisfied to the full extent, whenever it is in my power to do so; but a *legal* acknowledgment of the claim I am not willing to make. You must n't think hard of me for what I did to-day. I could not, in justice to myself, have done any thing else."

Gooding professed to be fully satisfied with this explanation, although he was not. He was very well assured that Jenkins was perfectly able to pay him the three hundred dollars if he chose to do so, and that his refusal to let him have the fifty dollars, conditionally promised, was a dishonest act.

More than a year passed, during which time Gooding made many fruitless attempts to get something out of Jenkins, who was always on the best terms with him, but put him off with fair promises, that were never kept. These promises were never made in the presence of a third person, and might, therefore, have just as well been made to the wind, so far as their binding force was concerned. Things grew worse and worse with Gooding, and he became poorer every day, while the condition of Jenkins as steadily improved.

One rainy afternoon, Gooding drove up to the store of his old friend, about half an hour earlier than he usually left for home. Jenkins was standing in the door.

"As it is raining, I thought I would call round for you," he said, as he drew up his horse.

"Very much obliged to you, indeed," returned Jenkins, quite well pleased. "Stop a moment until I lock up my desk, and then I will be with you."

In a minute or two Jenkins came out, and stepped lightly into the wagon.

"It is kind in you, really, to call for me," he said, as the wagon moved briskly away. "I was just thinking that I should have to get a carriage."

"It is no trouble to me at all," returned Gooding, "and if it were, the pleasure of doing a friend a kindness would fully repay it."

"You smell strong of whisky here," said Jenkins, after they had ridden a little way, turning his eyes toward the back part of the wagon as he spoke. "What have you here?"

"An empty whisky hogshead. This rain put me in mind of doing what my wife has been teasing me to do for the last six months—get her a rain barrel. I tried to get an old oil cask, but could n't find one. They make the best rain barrels. Just burn them out with a flash of good dry shavings, and they are clear from all oily impurities, and tight as a drum."

"Indeed! I never thought that. I must look out for one, for our old rain hogshead is about tumbling to pieces."

From rain barrels the conversation turned upon business, and at length Gooding brought up the old story, and urged the settlement of his claim as a matter of charity.

"You do n't know how much I need it," he said. "Necessity alone compels me to press the claim upon your attention."

"It is hard, I know, and I am very sorry for you," Jenkins replied. "Next week I will certainly pay you fifty dollars."

"I shall be very thankful. How soon after do you think you will be able to let me have the balance of the three hundred due me. Say as early as possible."

"Within three months, at least, I hope," replied Jenkins.

"Harry! Do you hear that?" said Gooding, turning his head toward the back part of the wagon, and speaking in a quick elated manner.

"Oh, aye!" came ringing from the bung-hole of the whisky hogshead.

"Who the dickens is that?" exclaimed Jenkins, turning quickly round.

"No one," replied Gooding, with a quiet smile, "but my clerk, Harry Williams."

"Where?"

"Here," replied the individual named, pushing himself up through the loose head of the upright hogshead, and looking into the face of the discomfited Jenkins, with a broad smile of satisfaction upon his always humorous phiz.

"Whoa, Charley," said Gooding, at this moment reigning up his horse before the house of Jenkins.

The latter stepped out, with his eyes upon the ground, and stood with his hand upon the wagon in thought for some moments; then looking up, he said, while the humor of the whole thing pressed itself so fully upon him, that he could not help smiling.

"See here, Gooding, if both you and Harry will promise me never to say a word about this com-

founded trick, I will give you a check for three hundred dollars on the spot."

"No, I must have four hundred and twenty-six dollars, the principal and interest. Nothing less," returned Gooding firmly. "You have acknowledged the debt in the presence of Mr. Williams, and if it is not paid by to-morrow twelve o'clock, I shall commence suit against you. If I receive the money before that time we will keep this little matter quiet; if suit is brought, all will come out on the trial."

"As you please," said Jenkins angrily, turning away and entering his house.

Before twelve o'clock on the next day, however, Jenkins' clerk called in at the store of Gooding, and paid him four hundred and twenty-six dollars, for which he took his receipt in full for all demands to date. The two men were never afterward on terms of sufficient intimacy to ride in the same wagon together. Whether Gooding and his clerk kept the matter a secret, as they promised, we do n't know. It is very certain, that it was known all over town in less than a week, and soon after was told in the newspapers as a most capital joke.

THE LIFTED VEIL.

BY MISS H. E. GRANNIS.

A voice of music, borne by fragrant gales,
And echoing softly to the dimpled waves,
Stole from the bosom of Hesperia's vales,
Whose jeweled sands the flashing water laves,
'Mid shadowy banks, and bright enchanted isles,
And fairy bowers, where joys own summer smiles.

Sweet as a spirit's song it rose and fell
On the rich air, o'erburdened with perfume;
Each varying cadence, or voluptuous swell,
Far-breathing o'er one wilderness of bloom,
Through princely gardens ne'er by mortal drest,
Amid the broad savannas of the west.

A bark was gliding down the silvery stream
That claims its birth from far Itasca's fount,
And bids its waves o'er many a valley gleam,
And join the well-springs of full many a mount,
Till, proud, at length, Columbia's wealth to drain,
It sweeps, deep-freighted, to the Mexican main.

About that vessel's prow the foam-wreaths hung,
And pearls were glancing in her wake behind;
Fair silken curtains from her casements swung,
And banners wooed aloft the balmy wind;
And where rich lamps 'mid graceful arches gleamed
O'er gilded walls, the gorgeous sunlight streamed.

The turtle dove had hushed her plain on shore—
The whirring locusts of the woods were still—
The listening willows leaned the waters o'er—
While drooped the blue-eyed hare-bell with a thrill
Through all its filmy foliage, at the sound
That earth and wave in foud enchantment bound.

Within that bark, where flowed the golden light
O'er velvet cushions, 'mid th' enameled flowers,
Flowed, mingling with those beams, the tresses bright
From a fair brow of girlhood, where the hours
Of earthly life had not o'erhung the bliss
Of heaven's existence with the clouds of this.

Her hand, scarce resting from the strings it swept,
Lay on a harp whose chords yet felt its thrill,
And fain had breathed the strains that in them slept;
And her half-parted lips were tremulous still,
As on them lingered, fluttering to depart,
Th' unuttered burden of a gushing heart,

The voiceful murmur of the waves below—
The airs of balm that whispered through the leaves—
The trill of fountains in their dazzling flow—

The soul-born song the bright-winged wild bird weaves,
The various tones of teeming nature, rife
With the warm bliss of heaven-imparted life.

Glimpses of cities through far vistas seen—
Flashes of light from garden, bower and shrine—
All forms and sounds of loveliness had been
To eye and ear as messengers divine;
And, to each glorious sight, and joyous tone,
Answered a breathing melody of her own.

But now her voice was hushed, and all unheard
The many tones that roused it; for a strain
Of richer song her spirit's depths had stirred;
As if some angel harp that there had lain,
Untouched as yet, were thrilled in every chord,
And o'er her soul its wealth of music poured.

We all have felt such awakenings; in our hearts'
Deep treasure cells is many a gift from Heaven,
To the commissioned spirit, ere it starts
Upon earth's pilgrimage, by seraph's given,
To cheer life's shadows, and illumine its shrine,
With fadeless tokens of our birth divine.

Sealed and forgot they lie, till some blest gleam,
Or sacred note steal down those seals to break—
As roses, kissed to life by day's fond beam,
Thrilled with the sense of their own beauty wake;
Or hidden streams burst forth from earth's dark caves,
Wild at the brightness of their own sweet waves—

So gush they o'er the soul; at gems so rare
We startle, wondering at their loveliness,
But, of our heritage still unaware,
We wist not whence those sights and sounds of bliss;
And lightly recking of their priceless worth,
Let the seals close, and bind our thoughts to earth.

O, we might watch, for aye, the fountains bright
Of Paradise; or list the moving strains
Of Eden's harps; or revel in the light
Of gems that glisten on celestial plains,
Did we but bend more anxious ear and eye,
And learn to ope the heart-cells where they lie.

Yet Eva listened; for her steps had trod,
Fearless of clouds that rose her pathway o'er,
Closer than some do to the walks of God;
And, in her own warm heart, she ever bore
A flowing urn, from whence a balm was shed
O'er sorrows wounds, where'er her footsteps led.

There had arisen from all created things
 An anthem and an incense, and they came,
 Rousing in her own breast those hidden springs,
 With a mysterious power, that she might name
 Fragrance, or motion, beauty, light, or tone—
 So seemed each exquisite sense to blend in one.

"O, life is bliss!" she murmured. "Let each breath
 Rise with a warm thank-offering from my heart
 To Him who gave it; the blue heavens beneath,
 All things a brightness and a joy impart;
 And earth's harmonious melodies have been
 Rivalled but by the voice they wake within.

"The skies bend fondly o'er me; the pure air
 Steals to my temples with a holy kiss;
 The bright stars watch me with a kindly care;
 And flowers, and streams, and birds, and winds express
 Their mingled joy, around, beneath, above,
 In tones whose chorus and whose freight is Love.

"Love! Life's gemmed key-stone! being's single source!
 Creative power, that makes all creatures one—
 That speeds the rivers in their onward course,
 To bless the valleys that they gleam upon—
 That bids the fond birds woo the answering flowers,
 And dallying breezes kiss the leafy bowers.

"They tell us of the shadow and the thorn,
 And care and grief—and, though the pearly dew
 Of life's young matin still my feet adorn,
 I have found thorns—the guardians of the rose
 I plucked unharmed—and at their terrors laughed,
 So light a touch could blunt the barbed shaft.

"Free potions have I drank of being's cup,
 And found no bitterness; the sparkling tide
 Hath grown but brighter as I quaffed it up,
 And if rank weeds have sprung its rim beside,
 Or serpents risen, its drops contain a spell
 To blast the weed, or crush the monster fell.

"Yet one thing lack I. I have sought the flow
 Of kindly sympathies, and vainly sought—
 Though human hearts are with me here below
 To which my own hath called, they answer not:
 Kind tones I've met, fond eyes have round me shone,
 But my soul's holiest founts have gushed alone.

"Fair, dove-eyed children at my feet have lain
 Their young affections, as an offering pure;
 And when I wipe the clammy brow of pain
 Pale lips will bless me: gentle smiles may lure
 The gay or sad around me; and I've yearned
 To breathe to them the speech my heart had learned—

"The mystic speech of nature; but it seemed
 As a strange language to them: Marble sealed
 Their lips were, to the founts that 'neath them gleamed,
 And their cold, icy eyes have half congealed
 The glowing tide that, in my heart, I felt
 Still struggling forth to bid those ice bonds melt.

"Yet know I that man's soul, born of the light
 Of heavenly mansions, still must be divine;
 Perhaps I have not learned its language right,
 Or found the key that opens its holiest shrine,
 And they may deem my soul hath lost the gem
 Whose kindling rays I vainly sought from them.

"But there's a hollow seeming in their mirth
 That chimes not with the joy my bosom feels;
 And the glad music of the teeming earth,

From breasts that men call soulless, o'er me steals
 With more of sympathy than hath been given
 By those who claim the heritage of heaven.

"Still hath my life led down a vale of Eden;
 Where mystic foot-prints marked the dewy sod;
 As if some angel's steps had near me trodden,
 Bearing blest gifts from 'neath the throne of God;
 And low, sweet tones oft sooth me while I sleep,
 From the kind spirits that my vigils keep,

"Like to the strain that now around me lingers,
 Roused, in my breast, from some long hidden string;
 While choirs of air-harps, swept by seraphs' fingers,
 Upon my listening ear responsive ring—
 Lo! my eyes catch the flash of glancing wings,
 And half seen visions of all glorious things."

Half seen no longer—from the sky were rolled
 Its azure curtains, and a fragrant light
 Stole down, o'er glittering walks of gems and gold—
 The veil was lifted from her mortal sight,
 And one beside her stood, of air and mien
 Familiar, like the forms our dreams have seen.

"Mine own I claim thee; thou at length hast heard
 And known the voice with which I wooed thee first,
 In life's young morn. Though oft thy soul hath stirred,
 Echoing the strains that from my lyre have burst,
 Still too forgetful of the world of bliss,
 Thou didst but hear them as the tones of this.

"Though thy young heart had found no answering tone
 To its o'erflowing gladness, knewest thou not
 That Heaven ne'er sends commissioned souls alone,
 To bear the darkness of their earthly lot,
 But each frail pilgrim of the thorny land,
 Moves earthward with its kindred hand in hand?

"Through Eden's vales we had together trod,
 And quaffed its streams, before the mandate came
 To rear us temples of this earthly clod,
 And win from dull mortality the claim
 To richer coronals; and with the flow
 Of mingled hearts we sought our homes below.

"But we were severed, from terrestrial bowers
 The angels called me early; yet was mine
 The sweetest task, to watch thy path of flowers,
 And yield thee visions of a land divine;
 And even the veil that hid my form from thee
 Oped the sealed fountains of thy heart to me.

"I have been with thee still—at eventide
 Fanning thy temples till thy soul was free,
 While the clay slept, to wander at my side;
 And to its bonds at dawn restoring thee,
 A child of earth, till, for a holier shrine,
 Thy wings at length are fledged, and thou art mine."

Thus spake the spirit, and the veil of light,
 That round him hung, o'er Eva's form was cast:
 The bark that bore her, ne'er to mortal sight
 Came up the stream from whence its keel had passed.
 They watched her from the shore-girt river glide,
 And float far westward o'er the boundless tide:

And where the wave is mingled with the sky,
 In the bright pathway of the dying day,
 'Mid clouds too luminous for human eye,
 She seemed to vanish on her airy way;
 While earth's fair flowers, and ocean's pearly shell,
 Breathed a low answer to some fond farewell.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. *As You Like It.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 48.)

PART X.

Shallow. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.—*SHAKESPEARE.*

As for Spike, he had no intention of going to the southward of the Florida Reef again until his business called him there. The lost bag of doubloons was still gleaming before his imagination, and no sooner did the Poughkeepsie bear up, than he shortened sail, standing back and forth in his narrow and crooked channel, rather losing ground than gaining, though he took great pains not to let his artifice be seen. When the Poughkeepsie was so far to the northward as to render it safe, he took in every thing but one or two of his lowest sails, and followed easily in the same direction. As the sloop-of-war carried her light and loftier sails, she remained visible to the people of the Swash long after the Swash had ceased to be visible to her. Profiting by this circumstance, Spike entered the main channel again some time before it was dark, and selected a safe anchorage there that was well known to him; a spot where sufficient sand had collected on the coral to make good holding ground, and where a vessel would be nearly embayed, though always to windward of her channel going out, by the formation of the reef. Here he anchored, in order to wait until morning ere he ventured further north. During the whole of that dreadful day, Rose had remained in her cabin, disconsolate, nearly unable, as she was absolutely unwilling to converse. Now it was that she felt the total insufficiency of a mind feeble as that of her aunt's to administer consolation to misery like her own. Nevertheless, the affectionate solicitude of Mrs. Budd, as well as that of the faithful creature, Biddy, brought some relief, and reason and resignation began slowly to resume their

influence. Yet was the horrible picture of Harry, dying by inches, deserted in the midst of the waters on his solitary rock, ever present to her thoughts, until, once or twice, her feelings verged on madness. Prayer brought its customary relief, however; and we do not think that we much exaggerate the fact, when we say that Rose passed fully one-half of that terrible afternoon on her knees.

As for Jack Tier, he was received on board the brig much as if nothing had happened. Spike passed and repassed him fifty times, without even an angry look, or a word of abuse; and the deputy-steward dropped quietly into the duties of his office, without meeting with either reproach or hindrance. The only allusion, indeed, that was made to his recent adventures, took place in a conversation that was held on the subject in the galley, the interlocutors being Jack himself, Josh, the steward, and Simon, the cook.

"Where you been scullin' to 'bout on dat reef, Jack, wid dem 'ere women, I won'er now?" demanded Josh, after tasting the cabin soup, in order to ascertain how near it was to being done. "I t'ink it no great fun to dodge 'bout among dem rock in a boat, for anudder hurricane might come when a body least expeck him."

"Oh," said Jack, cavalierly, "two hurricanes no more come in one month, than two shot in the same hole. We 've been turtlin', that's all. I wish we had in your coppers, cook, some of the critturs that we fell in with in our cruise."

"Wish 'e had, master steward, wid all my heart," answered the fat, glistening potentate of the galley. "But, hark'ee, Jack; what become of our young mate, can 'e tell? Some say he get kill at 'e Dry Tortugas, and some say he war' skullin' round in dat boat you hab, wid 'e young woman, eh?"

"Ah, boys," answered Jack, mournfully, "sure enough, what *has* become of him?"

"You know, why can't you tell? What good to hab secret among friend."

"Are ye his friends, lads? Do you really feel as if you could give a poor soul in its agony a helpin' hand?"

"Why not?" said Josh, in a reproachful way. "Misser Mulford 'e bess mate dis brig ever get; and I don't see why Capt. Spike want to be rid of him."

"Because he's a willian!" returned Jack between his grated teeth. "D'ye know what that means in English, master Josh; and can you and cook here, both of whom have sailed with the man years in and years out, say whether my words be true or not?"

"Dat as a body understand 'em. Accordin' to some rule, Stephen Spike not a werry honest man; but, accordin' to 'nudder some, he as good as any body else."

"Yes, dat just de upshot of de matter," put in Simon, approvingly. "De whole case lie in dat meanin'."

"D'ye call it right to leave a human being to starve, or to suffer for water, on a naked rock, in the midst of the ocean?"

"Who do dat?"

"The willian who is captain of this brig; and all because he thinks young eyes and bloomin' cheeks prefer young eyes and bloomin' cheeks to his own grizzly beard and old look-outs."

"Dat bad; dat werry bad," said Josh, shaking his head, a way of denoting dissatisfaction, in which Simon joined him; for no crime appeared sufficiently grave in the eyes of these two sleek and well-fed officials to justify such a punishment. "Dat mon-sous bad, and cap'in ought to know better dan do dat. I nebber starves a mouse, if I catches him in de bread-locker. Now, dat a sort of reason'ble punishment, too; but I nebber does it. If mouse eat my bread, it do seem right to tell mouse dat he hab enough, and dat he must not eat any more for a week, or a mont', but it too cruel for me, and I nebber does it; no, I t'rows the little debblin overboard, and lets him drown like a gentle'em."

"Y-e-s," drawled out Simon, in a philanthropical tone of voice, "dat 'e best way. What good it do to torment a fellow critter? If Misser Mulford run, why put him down run, and let him go, I say, on'y mulk his wages; but what good it do anybody to starve him. Now dis is my opinion, gentle'em, and dat is, dat starvation be wues dan choleric. Choleric kill, I knows, and so does starvation kill; but of de two, gib me de choleric fuss; if I gets well of dat, den try starvation if you can."

"I'm glad to hear you talk in this manner, my hearties," put in Jack; "and I hope I shall find you accommodatin' in a plan I've got to help the maty out of this difficulty. As a friend of Stephen Spike's I would do it; for it must be a terrible thing to die with such a murder on one's soul. Here's the boat that we pick'd up at the light-house, yonder, in tow of the brig at this minute; and there's every thing

in her comfortable for a good long run, as I know from having sailed in her; and what I mean is this: as we left Mr. Mulford, I took the bearings and distance of the rock he was on, d'ye understand, and think I could find my way back to it. You see the brig is travelin' slowly north ag'in, and afore long we shall be in the neighborhood of that very rock. We, cook and stewards, will be called on to keep an anchor-watch, if the brig fetches up, as I heard the captain tell the Spanish gentleman he thought she would; and then we can take the boat that's in the water and go and have a hunt for the maty."

The two blacks looked at Tier earnestly; then they turned their heads to look at each other. The idea struck each as bold and novel, but each saw serious difficulties in it. At length Josh, as became his superior station, took on himself the office of expressing the objections that occurred to his mind.

"Dat nebber do!" exclaimed the steward. "We be's quite willin' to sarve 'e mate, who's a good gentle'em, and as nice a young man as ever sung out, 'hard a-lee,' but we must t'ink little bit of number one; or, for dat matter, of number two, as Simon would be implecated as well as myself. If Cap'in Spike once knew we've lent a hand in sich a job, he'd never overlook it. I knows him, *well*; and that is sayin' as much as need be said of any man's character. You nebber catch *me* running myself into his jaws; would rather fight a shark widout any knife. No, no—I knows him *well*. Den comes anudder werry unanswerable objersh'un, and dat is, dat 'e brig owe bot' Simon and I money. Fifty dollars, each on us, if she owe one cent. Now, do you t'ink in cander, Jack, dat two color' gentle'em, like us, can t'row away our fortins like two sons of a York merchant dat has inherited a hundred t'ousand dollar tudder day?"

"There is no occasion for runnin' at all, or for losing your wages."

"How you get 'e mate off, den? Can he walk away on de water? If so, let him go widout us. A werry good gentle'em is Misser Mulford, but not good enough to mulk Simon and me out of fifty dollar each."

"You will not hear my project, Josh, and so will never know what I would be at."

"Well, come, tell him jest as you surposes him. Now listen, Simon, so dat not a word be loss."

"My plan is to take the boat, if we anchor, as anchor I know we shall, and go and find the rock and bring Mr. Mulford off; then we can come back to the brig, and get on board ourselves, and let the mate sail away in the boat by himself. On this plan nobody will run, and no wages be mulcted."

"But dat take time, and an anchor-watch last but two hour, surposin' even dat 'ey puts all t'ree of us in de same watch."

"Spike usually does that, you know. 'Let the cook and the stewards keep the midnight watch,' he commonly says, 'and that will give the foremost hands a better snooze.'"

"Yes, he do say *dat*, Josh," put in Simon, "most ebbery time we comes-to."

"I know he does, and surposes he will say it to-night, if he comes-to to-night. But a two hour watch may not be long enough to do all you wants; and den, jest t'ink for a moment, should 'e cap'in come on deck and hail 'e forecastle, and find us all gone, I would n't be in your skin, Jack, for dis brig, in sich a kerlamity. I knows Cap'in Spike well; 'tree time I endebber to run myself, and each time he bring me up wid a round turn; so, now-a-days, I nebber t'inks of sich a project any longer."

"But I do not intend to leave the forecastle without some one on it to answer a hail. No, all I want is a companion; for I do not like to go out on the reef at midnight, all alone. If one of you will go with me, the other can stay and answer the captain's hail, should he really come on deck in our watch—a thing very little likely to happen. When once his head is on his pillow, a'ter a hard day's work, it's not very apt to be lifted ag'in without a call, or a squall. If you do know Stephen Spike *well*, Josh, I know him better."

"Well, Jack, dis here is a new idee, d' ye see, and a body must take time to consider on it. If Simon and I do ship for dis v'yge, 't will be for lub of Mr. Mulford, and not for *his* money or *your* 'n."

This was all the encouragement of his project Jack Tier could obtain, on that occasion, from either his brother steward, or from the cook. These blacks were well enough disposed to rescue an innocent and unoffending man from the atrocious death to which Spike had condemned his mate, but neither lost sight of his own security and interest. They promised Tier not to betray him, however; and he had the fullest confidence in their pledges. They who live together in common, usually understand the feeling that prevails, on any given point, in their own set; and Jack felt pretty certain that Harry was a greater favorite in and about the camboose than the captain. On that feeling he relied, and he was fain to wait the course of events, ere he came to any absolute conclusion as to his own course.

The interview in the galley took place about half an hour before the brig anchored for the night. Tier, who often assisted on such occasions, went aloft to help secure the royal, one of the gaskets of which had got lose, and from the yard he had an excellent opportunity to take a look at the reef, the situation of the vessel, and the probable bearings of the rock on which poor Mulford had been devoted to a miserable death. This opportunity was much increased by Spike's hailing him, while on the yard, and ordering him to take a good look at the sloop-of-war, and at the same time to ascertain if any boats were "prowlin' about, in order to make a set upon us in the night." On receiving this welcome order, Jack answered with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir," and standing up on the yard, he placed an arm around the mast, and remained for a long time making his observations. The command to look-out for boats

would have been a sufficient excuse had he continued on the yard as long as it was light.

Jack had no difficulty in finding the Poughkeepsie, which was already through the passage, and no longer visible from the deck. She appeared to be standing to the northward and westward, under easy canvas, like a craft that was in no hurry. This fact was communicated to Spike in the usual way. The latter seemed pleased, and he answered in a hearty manner, just as if no difficulty had ever occurred between him and the steward's assistant.

"Very well, Jack! bravo, Jack!—now take a good look for boats; you 'll have light enough for that this half hour," cried the captain. "If any are out, you 'll find them pulling down the channel, or maybe they 'll try to shorten the cut, by attempting to pull athwart the reef. Take a good and steady look for them, my man."

"Ay, ay, sir; I 'll do all I can with naked eyes," answered Jack, "but I could do better, sir, if they would only send me up a glass by these here signal-halyards. With a glass, a fellow might speak with some sartainty."

Spike seemed struck with the truth of this suggestion; and he soon sent a glass aloft by the signal-halyards. Thus provided, Jack descended as low as the cross-trees, where he took his seat, and began a survey at his leisure. While thus employed, the brig was secured for the night, her decks were cleared, and the people were ordered to get their suppers, previously to setting an anchor-watch, and turning-in for the night. No one heeded the movements of Tier, for Spike had gone into his own stateroom, with the exception of Josh and Simon. Those two worthies were still in the galley, conversing on the subject of Jack's recent communications, and ever and anon one of them would stick his head out of the door and look aloft, withdrawing it, and shaking it significantly, as soon as his observations were ended.

As for Tier, he was seated quite at his ease; and having slung his glass to one of the shrouds, in a way to admit of its being turned as on a pivot, he had every opportunity for observing accurately, and at his leisure. The first thing Jack did, was to examine the channel very closely, in order to make sure that no boats were in it, after which he turned the glass with great eagerness toward the reef, in the almost hopeless office of ascertaining something concerning Mulford. In point of fact, the brig had anchored quite three leagues from the solitary rock of the deserted mate, and, favored as he was by his elevation, Jack could hardly expect to discern so small and low an object as that rock at so great a distance. Nevertheless, the glass was much better than common. It had been a present to Spike from one who was careful in his selections of such objects, and who had accidentally been under a serious obligation to the captain. Knowing the importance of a good look, as regards the boats, Spike had brought this particular instrument, of which, in com-

mon, he was very chary, from his own state-room, and sent it aloft, in order that Jack might have every available opportunity of ascertaining his facts. It was this glass, then, which was the means of the important discoveries the little fellow, who was thus perched on the fore-topmast cross-trees of the Swash, did actually succeed in making.

Jack actually started, when he first ascertained how distinctly and near the glass he was using brought distant objects. The gulls that sailed across its disk, though a league off, appeared as if near enough to be touched by the hand; and even their feathers gave out not only their hues, but their forms. Thus, too, was it with the surface of the ocean, of which the little waves that agitated the water of the reef, might be seen tossing up and down, at more than twice the range of the Poughkeepsie's heaviest gun. Naked rocks, low and subdued as they were in color, too, were to be noted, scattered up and down in the panorama. At length Tier fancied his glass covered a field that he recognized. It was distant, but might be seen from his present elevation. A second look satisfied him he was right; and he next clearly traced the last channel in which they had endeavored to escape from Spike, or that in which the boat had been taken. Following it along, by slowly moving the glass, he actually hit the rock on which Mulford had been deserted. It was peculiar in shape, size, and elevation above the water, and connected with the circumstance of the channel, which was easily enough seen by the color of the water, and more easily from his height than if he had been in it, he could not be mistaken. The little fellow's heart beat quick as he made the glass move slowly over its surface, anxiously searching for the form of the mate. It was not to be seen. A second, and a more careful sweep of the glass, made it certain that the rock was deserted.

Although a little reflection might have satisfied any one, Mulford was not to be sought in that particular spot, so long after he had been left there, Jack Tier felt grievously disappointed when he was first made certain of the accuracy of his observations. A minute later he began to reason on the matter, and he felt more encouraged. The rock on which the mate had been abandoned was smooth, and could not hold any fresh water that might have been left by the late showers. Jack also remembered that it had neither sea-weed nor shell-fish. In short, the utmost malice of Spike could not have selected, for the immolation of his victim, a more suitable place. Now Tier had heard Harry's explanation to Rose, touching the manner in which he had waded and swam about the reef that very morning, and it at once occurred to him that the young man had too much energy and spirit to remain helpless and inactive to perish on a naked rock, when there might be a possibility of at least prolonging existence, if not of saving it. This induced the steward to turn the glass slowly over the water,

and along all the ranges of visible rock that he could find in that vicinity. For a long time the search was useless, the distance rendering such an examination not only difficult but painful. At length Jack, about to give up the matter in despair, took one sweep with the glass nearer to the brig, as much to obtain a general idea of the boat-channels of the reef, as in any hope of finding Mulford, when an object moving in the water came within the field of the glass. He saw it but for an instant, as the glass swept slowly past, but it struck him it was something that had life, and was in motion. Carefully going over the same ground again, after a long search, he again found what he so anxiously sought. A good look satisfied him that he was right. It was certainly a man wading along the shallow water of the reef, immersed to his waist—and it must be Mulford.

So excited was Jack Tier by this discovery that he trembled like a leaf. A minute or two elapsed before he could again use the glass; and when he did, a long and anxious search was necessary before so small an object could be once more found. Find it he did, however, and then he got its range by the vessel, in a way to make sure of it. Yes, it was a man, and it was Mulford.

Circumstances conspired to aid Jack in the investigation that succeeded. The sun was near setting, but a stream of golden light gleamed over the waters, particularly illuminating the portion which came within the field of the glass. Then Harry, in his efforts to escape from the rock, and to get nearer to the edge of the main channel, where his chances of being seen and rescued would be ten-fold what they were on his rock, had moved south, by following the naked reef and the shallow places, and was actually more than a league nearer to the brig than he would have been had he remained stationary. There had been hours in which to make this change, and the young man had probably improved them to the utmost.

Jack watched the form that was wading slowly along with an interest he had never before felt in the movements of any human being. Whether Mulford saw the brig or not, it was difficult to say. She was quite two leagues from him, and, now that her sails were furled, she offered but little for the eye to rest on at that distance. At first, Jack thought the young man was actually endeavoring to get nearer to her, though it must have been a forlorn hope that should again place him in the hands of Spike. It was, however, a more probable conjecture that the young man was endeavoring to reach the margin of the passage, where a good deal of rock was above water, and near to which he had already managed to reach. At one time Jack saw that the mate was obliged to swim, and he actually lost sight of him for a time. His form, however, reappeared, and then it slowly emerged from the water, and stood erect on a bare rock of some extent. Jack breathed freer at this; for Mulford was

now on the very margin of the channel, and might be easily reached by the boat, should he prevail on Josh, or Simon, to attempt the rescue.

At first, Jack Tier fancied that Mulford had knelt to return thanks on his arrival at a place of comparative safety; but a second look satisfied him that Harry was drinking from one of the little pools of fresh water left by the late shower. When he rose from drinking, the young man walked about the place, occasionally stooping, signs that he was picking up shell-fish for his supper. Suddenly, Mulford darted forward, and passed beyond the field of the glass. When Jack found him again, he was in the act of turning a small turtle, using his knife on the animal immediately after. Had Jack been in danger of starvation himself, and found a source of food as ample and as grateful as this, he could scarcely have been more delighted. The light now began to wane perceptibly, still Harry's movements could be discerned. The turtle was killed and dressed, sufficiently at least for the mate's purposes, and the latter was seen collecting sea-weed, and bits of plank, boards, and sticks of wood, of which more or less in drifting past, had lodged upon the rocks. "Is it possible," thought Jack, "that he is so werry particular he can't eat his turtle raw! Will he, indeed, venture to light a fire, or has he the means?" Mulford was so particular, however, he did venture to light a fire, and he had the means. This may be said to be the age of matches—not in a connubial, though in an inflammatory sense—and the mate had a small stock in a tight box that he habitually carried on his person. Tier saw him at work over a little pile he had made for a long time, the beams of day departing now so fast as to make him fearful he should soon lose his object in the increasing obscurity of twilight. Suddenly a light gleamed, and the pile sent forth a clear flame. Mulford went to and fro, collecting materials to feed his fire, and was soon busied in cooking his turtle. All this Tier saw and understood, the light of the flames coming in proper time to supply the vacuum left by the departure of that of day.

In a minute Tier had no difficulty in seeing the fire that Mulford had lighted on his low and insulated domains with the naked eye. It gleamed brightly in that solitary place; and the steward was much afraid it would be seen by some one on deck, get to be reported to Spike, and lead to Harry's destruction after all. The mate appeared to be insensible to his danger, however, occasionally casting piles of dry sea-weed on his fire, in a way to cause the flames to flash up, as if kindled anew by gunpowder. It now occurred to Tier that the young man had a double object in lighting this fire, which would answer not only the purposes of his cookery, but as a signal of distress to any thing passing near. The sloop-of-war, though more distant than the brig, was in his neighborhood; and she might possibly yet send relief. Such was the state of things when Jack was startled by a sudden hail from below.

It was in Spike's voice, and came up to him short and quick.

"Fore-topmast cross-trees, there! What are ye about all this time, Master Jack Tier, in them fore-topmast cross-trees, I say?" demanded Spike.

"Keeping a look-out for boats from the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir," answered Jack, coolly.

"D'ye see any, my man? Is the water clear, ahead of us, or not?"

"It's getting to be so dark, sir, I can see no longer. While there was day-light, no boat was to be seen."

"Come down, man—come down; I've business for you below. The sloop is far enough to the nor'ard, and we shall neither see nor hear from her to-night. Come down, I say, Jack—come down."

Jack obeyed, and securing the glass, he began to descend the rigging. He was soon as low as the top, when he paused a moment to take another look. The fire was still visible, shining like a torch on the surface of the water, casting its beams abroad like "a good deed in a naughty world." Jack was sorry to see it, though he once more took its bearing from the brig, in order that he might know where to find the spot, in the event of a search for it. When on the stretcher of the fore-rigging, Jack stopped, and again looked for his beacon. It had disappeared, having sunk below the circular formation of the earth. By ascending two or three ratlines, it came into view, and by going down as low as the stretcher again, it disappeared. Trusting that no one, at that hour, would have occasion to go aloft, Jack now descended to the deck, and went aft with the spy-glass.

Spike and the Señor Montefalderon were under the coach-house, no one else appearing on any part of the quarter-deck. The people were eating their suppers, and Josh and Simon were busy in the galley. As for the females, they chose to remain in their own cabin, where Spike was well pleased to leave them.

"Come this way, Jack," said the captain, in his best-humored tone of voice, "I've a word to say to you. Put the glass in at my state-room window, and come hither."

Tier did as ordered.

"So you can make out no boats to the nor'ard, ha, Jack! Nothing to be seen thereaway?"

"Nothing in the way of a boat, sir."

"Ay, ay, I dare say there's plenty of water, and some rock. The Florida Reef has no scarcity of either, to them that knows where to look for one, and to steer clear of the other. Hark'e, Jack; so you got the schooner under way from the Dry Tortugas, and undertook to beat her up to Key West, when she fancied herself a turtle, and over she went with you—is that it, my man?"

"The schooner turned turtle with us, sure enough, sir; and we all came near drowning on her bottom."

"No sharks in that latitude and longitude, eh Jack?"

"Plenty on 'em, sir; and I thought they would have got us all, at one time. More than twenty set of fins were in sight at once, for several hours."

"You could hardly have supplied the gentlemen with a leg, or an arm, each. But where was the boat all this time—you had the light-house boat in tow, I suppose?"

"She had been in tow, sir; but Madam Budd talked so much dictionary to the painter, that it got adrift."

"Yet I found you all in it."

"Very true, sir. Mr. Mulford swam quite a mile to reach the rocks, and found the boat aground on one on 'em. As soon as he got the boat, he made sail, and came and took us off. We had reason to thank God he could do so."

Spike looked dark and thoughtful. He muttered the words "swam," and "rocks," but was too cautious to allow any expressions to escape him, that might betray to the Mexican officer that which was uppermost in his mind. He was silent, however, for quite a minute, and Jack saw that he had awakened a dangerous source of distrust in the captain's breast.

"Well, Jack," resumed Spike, after the pause, "can you tell us any thing of the doubloons. I nat'rally expected to find them in the boat, but there were none to be seen. You scarcely pumped the schooner out, without overhauling her lockers, and falling in with them doubloons?"

"We found them, sure enough, and had them ashore with us, in the tent, down to the moment when we sailed."

"When you took them off to the schooner, eh? My life for it, the gold was not forgotten."

"It was not, sure enough, sir; but we took it off with us to the schooner, and it went down in her when she finally sunk."

Another pause, during which Señor Montefalderon and Capt. Spike looked significantly at each other.

"Do you think, Jack, you could find the spot where the schooner went down?"

"I could come pretty near it, sir, though not on the very spot itself. Water leaves no mark over the grave of a sunken ship."

"If you can take us within a reasonable distance, we might find it by sweeping for it. Them doubloons are worth some trouble; and their recovery would be better than a long v'y'ge to us, any day."

"They would, indeed, Don Esteban," observed the Mexican; "and my poor country is not in a condition to bear heavy losses. If Señor Jack Tier can find the wreck, and we regain the money, ten of those doubloons shall be his reward, though I take them from my own share, much diminished as it will be."

"You hear, Jack—here is a chance to make your fortune! You say you sailed with me in old times—and old times were good times with this brig, though times has changed; but if you sailed with me, in

old times, you must remember that whatever the Swash touched she turned to gold."

"I hope you don't doubt, Capt. Spike, my having sailed in the brig, not only in old times, but in her best times."

Jack seemed hurt as he put this question, and Spike appeared in doubt. The latter gazed at the little, rotund, queer-looking figure before him, as if endeavoring to recognize him; and when he had done, he passed his hand over his brow, like one who endeavored to recall past objects, by excluding those that are present.

"You will then show us the spot where my unfortunate schooner did sink, Señor Jack Tier?" put in the Mexican.

"With all my heart, señor, if it is to be found. I think I could take you within a cable's length of the place, though hunger, and thirst, and sharks, and the fear of drowning, will keep a fellow from having a very bright look-out for such a matter."

"In what water do you suppose the craft to lie, Jack?" demanded the captain.

"You know as much of that as I do myself, sir. She went down about a cable's length from the reef, toward which she was a settin' at the time; and had she kept afloat an hour longer, she might have grounded on the rocks."

"She's better where she is, if we can only find her by sweeping. On the rocks we could do nothing with her but break her up, and ten to one the doubloons would be lost. By the way, Jack, do you happen to know where that scoundrel of a mate of mine stowed the money?"

"When we left the island, I carried it down to the boat myself—and a good lift I had of it. Assure as you are there, señor, I was obliged to take it on a shoulder. When it came out of the boat, Mr. Mulford carried it below; and I heard him tell Miss Rose, afterwards, that he had thrown it into a bread-locker."

"Where we shall find it, Don Wan, notwithstanding all this veering and hauling. The old brig has luck, when doubloons are in question, and ever has had since I've commanded her. Jack, we shall have to call on the cook and stewards for an anchor-watch to-night. The people are a good deal fagged with boxing about this reef so much, and I shall want 'em all as fresh to-morrow as they can be got. You idlers had better take the middle watches, which will give the forecastle chaps longer naps."

"Ay, ay, sir; we'll manage that for 'em. Josh and Simon can go on at twelve, and I will take the watch at two, which will give the men all the rest they want, as I can hold out for four hours full. I'm as good for an anchor-watch as any man in the brig, Capt. Spike."

"That you are, Jack, and better than some on 'em. Take you all round, and round it is, you're a rum'un, my lad—the queerest little jigger that ever lay out on a royal-yard."

Jack might have been a little offended at Spike's compliments, but he was certainly not sorry to find him so good-natured, after all that had passed. He now left the captain, and his Mexican companion, seemingly in close conference together, while he went below himself, and dropped as naturally into the routine of his duty, as if he had never left the brig. In the cabin he found the females, of course. Rose scarce raising her face from the shawl which lay on the bed of her own berth. Jack busied himself in a locker near this berth, until an opportunity occurred to touch Rose, unseen by her aunt or Biddy. The poor heart-stricken girl raised her face, from which all the color had departed, and looked almost vacantly at Jack, as if to ask an explanation. Hope is truly, by a most benevolent provision of Providence, one of the very last blessings to abandon us. It is probable that we are thus gifted, in order to encourage us to rely on the great atonement to the last moment, since, without this natural endowment to cling to hope, despair might well be the fate of millions, who, there is reason to think, reap the benefit of that act of divine mercy. It would hardly do to say that any thing like hope was blended with the look Rose now cast on Jack, but it was anxious and inquiring.

The steward bent his head to the locker, bringing his face quite near to that of Rose, and whispered—"There is hope, Miss Rose—but do not betray me."

These were blessed words for our heroine to hear, and they produced an immediate and great revolution in her feelings. Commanding herself, however, she looked her questions, instead of trusting even to a whisper. Jack did not say any more, just then, but, shortly after, he called Rose, whose eyes were now never off him, into the main cabin, which was empty. It was so much pleasanter to sleep in an airy state-room on deck, that Señor Montefalderon, indeed, had given up the use of this cabin, in a great measure, seldom appearing in it, except at meals, having taken possession of the deserted apartment of Mulford. Josh was in the galley, where he spent most of his time, and Rose and Jack had no one to disturb their conference.

"He is safe, Miss Rose—God be praised!" whispered Jack. "Safe for the present, at least; with food, and water, and fire to keep him warm at night."

It was impossible for Rose not to understand to whom there was allusion, though her head became dizzy under the painful confusion that prevailed in it. She pressed her temples with both hands, and asked a thousand questions with her eyes. Jack considerably handed her a glass of water before he proceeded. As soon as he found her a little more composed, he related the facts connected with his discovery of Mulford, precisely as they had occurred.

"He is now on a large rock—a little island, indeed—where he is safe from the ocean unless it comes on to blow a hurricane," concluded Jack,

"has fresh water and fresh turtle in the bargain. A man might live a month on one such turtle as I saw Mr. Mulford cutting up this evening."

"Is there no way of rescuing him from the situation you have mentioned, Jack? In a year or two I shall be my own mistress, and have money to do as I please with; put me only in the way of taking Mr. Mulford from that rock, and I will share all I am worth on earth with you, dear Jack."

"Ay, so it is with the whole sex," muttered Tier; "let them only once give up their affections to a man, and he becomes dearer to them than pearls and rubies! But you know me, Miss Rose, and know *why* and *how well* I would serve you. My story and my feelin's are as much your secret, as your story and your feelin's is mine. We shall pull together, if we don't pull so very strong. Now, hearken to me, Miss Rose, and I will let you into the secret of my plan to help Mr. Mulford make a launch."

Jack then communicated to his companion his whole project for the night. Spike had, of his own accord, given to him and his two associates, Simon and Josh, the care of the brig between midnight and morning. If he could prevail on either of these men to accompany him, it was his intention to take the light-house boat, which was riding by its painter astern of the brig, and proceed as fast as they could to the spot whither Mulford had found his way. By his calculations, if the wind stood as it then was, little more than an hour would be necessary to reach the rock, and about as much more to return. Should the breeze lull, of which there was no great danger, since the easterly trades were again blowing, Jack thought he and Josh might go over the distance with the oars in about double the time. Should both Josh and Simon refuse to accompany him, he thought he should attempt the rescue of the mate alone, did the wind stand, trusting to Mulford's assistance, should he need it, in getting back to the brig.

"You surely would not come back here with Harry, did you once get him safe from off that rock!" exclaimed Rose.

"Why, you know how it is with me, Miss Rose," answered Jack. "My business is here, on board the Swash, and I must attend to it. Nothing shall tempt me to give up the brig so long as she floats, and sartin folk float in her, unless it might be some such matter as that which happened on the bit of an island at the Dry Tortugas. Ah! he's a willian! But if I do come back, it will be only to get into my own proper berth ag'in, and not to bring Mr. Mulford into the lion's jaws. He will only have to put me back on board the Molly here, when he can make the best of his own way to Key West. Half an hour would place him out of harm's way; especially as I happen to know the course Spike means to steer in the morning."

"I will go with you, Jack," said Rose, mildly, but with great firmness.

"You, Miss Rose! But why should I show surprise? It's like all the sex, when they have given away their affections. Yes, woman will be woman, put her on a naked rock, or put her in silks and satins in her parlor at home. How different is it with men! They dote for a little while, and turn to a new face. It must be said, men's willians!"

"Not Mulford, Jack—no, not Harry Mulford! A truer or a nobler heart never beat in a human breast; and you and I will drown together, rather than he should not be taken from that rock."

"It shall be as you say," answered Jack, a little thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would be best that you should quit the brig altogether. Spike is getting desperate, and you will be safer with the young mate than with so great an old willian. Yes, you shall go with me, Miss Rose; and if Josh and Simon both refuse we will go alone."

"With you, Jack, but not with Mr. Mulford. I cannot desert my aunt, nor can I quit the Swash alone in company with her mate. As for Spike, I despise him too much to fear him. He must soon go into port somewhere, and at the first place where he touches we shall quit him. He dare not detain us—nay, he *cannot*—and I do not fear him. We will save Harry, but I shall remain with my aunt."

"We'll see, Miss Rose, we'll see," said Tier, smiling. "Perhaps a handsome young man, like Mr. Mulford, will have better luck in persuading you than an old fellow like me. If he should fail, 't will be his own fault."

So thought Jack Tier, judging of women as he had found them, but so did not think Rose Budd. The conversation ended here, however, each keeping in view its purport, and the serious business that was before them.

The duty of the vessel went on as usual. The night promised to be clouded, but not very dark, as there was a moon. When Spike ordered the anchor-watches, he had great care to spare his crew as much as possible, for the next day was likely to be one of great toil to them. He intended to get the schooner up again, if possible; and though he might not actually pump her out so as to cause her to float, enough water was to be removed to enable him to get at the doubloons. The situation of the bread-locker was known, and as soon as the cabin was sufficiently freed from water to enable one to move about in it, Spike did not doubt his being able to get at the gold. With his resources and ingenuity, the matter in his own mind was reduced to one of toil and time. Eight-and-forty hours, and some hard labor, he doubted not would effect all he cared for.

In setting the anchor-watches for the night, therefore, Stephen Spike bethought him as much of the morrow as of the present moment. Don Juan offered to remain on deck until midnight, and as he was as capable of giving an alarm as any one else, the offer was accepted. Josh and Simon were to succeed the Mexican, and to hold the look-out for two hours,

when Jack was to relieve them, and to continue on deck until light returned, when he was to give the captain a call. This arrangement made, Tier turned in at once, desiring the cook to call him half an hour before the proper period of his watch commenced. That half hour Jack intended to employ in exercising his eloquence in endeavoring to persuade either Josh or Simon to be of his party. By eight o'clock the vessel lay in a profound quiet, Señor Montefalderon pacing the quarter-deck alone, while the deep breathing of Spike was to be heard issuing through the open window of his state-room; a window which, it may be well to say to the uninitiated, opened in-board, or toward the deck, and not out-board, or toward the sea.

For four solitary hours did the Mexican pace the deck of the stranger, resting himself for a few minutes at a time only, when wearied with walking. Does the reader fancy that a man so situated had not plenty of occupation for his thoughts? Don Juan Montefalderon was a soldier and a gallant cavalier; and love of country had alone induced him to engage in his present duties. Not that patriotism which looks to political preferment through a popularity purchased by the vulgar acclamation which attends success in arms, even when undeserved, or that patriotism which induces men of fallen characters to endeavor to retrieve former offences by the shortest and most reckless mode, or that patriotism which shouts "our country, right or wrong," regardless alike of God and his eternal laws, that are never to be forgotten with impunity; but the patriotism which would defend his home and fire-side, his altars and the graves of his fathers, from the ruthless steps of the invader. We shall not pretend to say how far this gentleman entered into the merits of the quarrel between the two republics, which no arts of European jealousy can ever conceal from the judgment of truth, for, with him, matters had gone beyond the point when men feel the necessity of reasoning, and when, perhaps, if such a condition of the mind is ever to be defended, he found his perfect justification in feeling. He had traveled, and knew life by observation, and not through traditions and books. He had never believed, therefore, that his countrymen could march to Washington, or even to the Sabine; but he had hoped for better things than had since occurred. The warlike qualities of the Americans of the North, as he was accustomed to call those who term themselves, *par excellence*, Americans, a name they are fated to retain, and to raise high on the scale of national power and national preeminence, unless they fall by their own hands, had taken him by surprise, as they have taken all but those who knew the country well, and who understood its people. Little had he imagined that the small, widely-spread body of regulars, that figured in the blue-books, almanacs and army-registers of America, as some six or seven thousand men, scattered along frontiers of a thousand leagues in extent, could, at the beck of the

government, swell into legions of invaders, men able to carry war to the capitals of his own states, thousands of miles from their doors, and formidable alike for their energy, their bravery, their readiness in the use of arms, and their numbers. He saw what is perhaps justly called the boasting of the American character, vindicated by their exploits; and marches, conquests and victories that, if sober truth were alone to cover the pages of history, would far outdo in real labor and danger the boasted passage of the Alps, under Napoleon, and the exploits that succeeded it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was a grave and thoughtful man, of pure Iberian blood. He might have had about him a little of the exaltation of the Spanish character; the overflowings of a generous chivalry at the bottom; and, under its influence, he may have set too high an estimate on Mexico and her sons, but he was not one to shut his eyes to the truth. He saw plainly that the northern neighbors of his country were a race formidable and enterprising, and that of all the calumnies that had been heaped upon them by rivalries and European superciliousness, that of their not being military by temperament was, perhaps, the most absurd of all. On the contrary, he had himself, though anticipating evil, been astounded by the suddenness and magnitude of their conquests, which, in a few short months after the breaking out of hostilities, had overrun regions larger than many ancient empires. All this had been done, too, not by disorderly and barbarous hordes, seeking abroad the abundance that was wanting at home; but with system and regularity, by men who had turned the ploughshare into the sword for the occasion, quitting abundance to encounter fatigue, famine and danger. In a word, the Señor Montefalderon saw all the evils that environed his own land, and foresaw others, of a still graver character, that menaced the future. On matters such as these did he brood in his walk, and bitter did he find the minutes of that sad and lonely watch. Although a Mexican, he could feel; although an avowed foe of this good republic of ours, he had his principles, his affections, and his sense of right. Whatever may be the merits of the quarrel, and we are not disposed to deny that our provocation has been great, a sense of right should teach every man that what may be patriotic in an American, would not be exactly the same thing in a Mexican, and that we ought to respect in others sentiments that are so much vaunted among ourselves. Midnight at length arrived, and, calling the cook and steward, the unhappy gentleman was relieved, and went to his berth to dream, in sorrow, over the same pictures of national misfortunes, on which, while waking, he had brooded in such deep melancholy.

The watch of Josh and Simon was tranquil, meeting with no interruption until it was time to summon Jack. One thing these men had done, however, that was of some moment to Tier, under a pledge

given by Josh, and which had been taken in return for a dollar in hand. They had managed to haul the light-house boat alongside, from its position astern, and this so noiselessly as not to give the alarm to any one. There it lay, when Jack appeared, ready at the main-rigging to receive him at any moment he might choose to enter it.

A few minutes after Jack appeared on deck, Rose and Biddy came stealthily out of the cabin, the latter carrying a basket filled with bread and broken meat, and not wanting in sundry little delicacies, such as woman's hands prepare, and, in this instance, woman's tenderness had provided. The whole party met at the galley, a place so far removed from the state-rooms aft as to be out of ear-shot. Here Jack renewed his endeavors to persuade either Josh or Simon to go in the boat, but without success. The negroes had talked the matter over together in their watch, and had come to the conclusion the enterprise was too hazardous.

"I tell you, Jack, you does n't know Capt. Spike as well as I does," Josh said, in continuance of the discourse. "No, you does n't know him at all as well as I does. If he finds out that anybody has quit dis brig dis werry night, woful will come! It no good to try, to run; I run t'ree time, an' Simon here run twice. What good it all do? We got cotched, and here we is, just as fast as ever. I knows Capt. Spike, and does n't want to fall in athwart his hawse any more."

"Y-es dat my judgment, too," put in the cook. "We wishes you well, Jack, and we wishes Miss Rose well, and Mr. Mulford well, but we can't, no how, run ath'art hawse, as Josh says. Dat is my judgment, too."

"Well, if your minds are made up to this, my darkies, I s'pose there 'll be no changing them," said Jack. "At all ewents you 'll lend us a hand, by answering any hail that may come from aft, in my watch, and in keepin' our secret. There's another thing you can do for us, which may be of service. Should Capt. Spike miss the boat, and lay any trap to catch us, you can just light this here bit of lantern and hang it over the brig's bows, where he 'll not be likely to see it, that we may know matters are going wrong, and give the craft a wide berth."

"Sartain," said Josh, who entered heartily into the affair, so far as good wishes for its success were concerned, at the very moment when he had a most salutary care of his own back. "Sartain; we do all dat, and no t'ank asked. It no great matter to answer a hail, or to light a lantern and sling him over de bows; and if Capt. Spike want to know who did it, let him find out."

Here both negroes laughed heartily, manifesting so little care to suppress their mirth, that Rose trembled lest their noise should awaken Spike. Accustomed sounds, however, seldom produce this effect on the ears of the sleeper, and the heavy breathing from the state-room succeeded the merriment of the blacks, as soon as the latter ceased.

Jack now announced his readiness to depart. Some little care and management were necessary to get into the boat noiselessly, more especially with Biddy. It was done, however, with the assistance of the blacks, who cast off the painter, when Jack gave the boat a shove to clear the brig, and suffered it to drift astern for a considerable distance before he ventured to cast loose the sail.

"I know Spike well," said Jack, in answer to a remonstrance from the impatient Rose concerning his delay. "A single flap of that canvas would wake him up, with the brig anchored, while he would sleep through a salute of heavy guns if it came in regular course. Quick ears has old Stephen, and it's best to humor them. In a minute more, we'll set our canvas and be off."

All was done as Jack desired, and the boat got away from the brig unheard and undetected. It was blowing a good breeze, and Jack Tier had no sooner got the sail on the boat, than away it started at a speed that would have soon distanced Spike in his yawl, and with his best oarsmen. The main point was to keep the course, though the direction of the wind was a great assistant. By keeping the wind abeam, Jack thought he should be going toward the rock of Mulford. In one hour, or even in less time, he expected to reach it, and he was guided by time, in his calculations, as much as by any other criterion. Previously to quitting the brig, he had gone up a few ratlines of the fore-rigging to take the bearings of the fire on Mulford's rock, but the light was no longer visible. As no star was to be seen, the course was a little vague, but Jack was navigator enough to understand that by keeping on the weather side of the channel he was in the right road, and that his great danger of missing his object was in over-running it.

So much of the reef was above water, that it was not difficult to steer a boat along its margin. The darkness, to be sure, rendered it a little uncertain how near they were running to the rocks, but, on the whole, Jack assured Rose he had no great difficulty in getting along.

"These trades are almost as good as compasses," he said, "and the rocks are better, if we can keep close aboard them without going on to them. I do not know the exact distance of the spot we seek from the brig, but I judged it to be about two leagues, as I looked at it from aloft. Now, this boat will travel them two leagues in an hour, with this breeze and in smooth water."

"I wish you had seen the fire again before we left the brig," said Rose, too anxious for the result not to feel uneasiness on some account or other.

"The mate is asleep, and the fire has burnt down; that's the explanation. Besides, fuel is not too plenty on a place like that Mr. Mulford inhabits just now. As we get near the spot I shall look out for embers, which may serve as a light-house, or beacon, to guide us into port."

"Mr. Mulford will be charmed to see us, now

that we take him wather!" exclaimed Biddy. "Wather is a blessed thing, and it's hard will be the heart that does not feel gratitude for a plenty of swate wather."

"The maty has plenty of food and water where he is," said Jack. "I'll answer for both them circumstances. I saw him turn a turtle as plain as if I had been at his elbow, and I saw him drinking at a hole in the rock, as heartily as a boy ever pulled at a gimblet-hole in a molasses hogshead."

"But the distance was so great, Jack, I should hardly think you could have distinguished objects so small."

"I went by the motions altogether. I saw the man, and I saw the movements, and I knowed what the last meant. It's true I could n't swear to the turtle, though I saw something on the rock that I knowed, by the way in which it was handled, *must* be a turtle. Then I saw the mate kneel, and put his head low, and then I knowed he was drinking."

"Perhaps he prayed," said Rose, solemnly.

"Not he. Sailors is n't so apt to pray, Miss Rose; not as apt as they ought to be. Women for prayers, and men for work. Mr. Mulford is no worse than many others, but I doubt if he be much given to *that*."

To this Rose made no answer, but Biddy took the matter up, and, as the boat went briskly ahead, she pursued the subject.

"Then more is the shame for him," said the Irish woman, "and Miss Rose, and missus, and even I prayin' for him, all as if he was our own brudder. It's seldom I ask any thing for a heretic, but I could not forget a fine young man like Mr. Mulford, and Miss Rose so partial to him, and he in so bad a way. He ought to be ashamed to make his brags that he is too proud to pray."

"Harry has made no such wicked boast," put in Rose, mildly; "nor do we know that he has not prayed for us, as well as for himself. It may all be a mistake of Jack's, you know."

"Yes," added Jack, coolly, "it *may* be a mistake, a'ter all, for I was lookin' at the maty six miles off, and through a spy-glass. No one can be sure of any thing at such a distance. So overlook the matter, my good Biddy, and carry Mr. Mulford the nice things you've mustered in that basket, all the same as if he was pope."

"This is a subject we had better drop," Rose quietly observed.

"Any thing to oblige you, Miss Rose, though religion is a matter it would do me no harm to talk about once and awhile. It's many a long year since I've had time and opportunity to bring my thoughts to dwell on holy things. Ever since I left my mother's side, I've been a wanderer in my mind, as much as in my body."

"Poor Jack! I understand and feel for your sufferings; but a better time will come, when you may return to the habits of your youth, and to the observances of your church."

"I don't know that, Miss Rose; I don't know that," answered Tier, placing the elbow of his short arm on the knee of a seemingly shorter leg, and bending his head so low as to lean his face on the palm of the hand, an attitude in which he appeared to be suffering keenly through his recollections. "Childhood and innocence never come back to us in this world. What the grave may do we shall all learn in time."

"Innocence can return to all with repentance, Jack; and the heart that prompts you to do acts as generous as this you are now engaged in, must contain some good seed yet."

"If Jack will go to a praste and just confess, when he can find a father, it will do his sowl good," said Biddy, who was touched by the mental suffering of the strange little being at her side.

But the necessity of managing the boat soon compelled its cockswain to raise his head, and to attend to his duty. The wind sometimes came in puffs, and at such moments Jack saw that the large sail of the light-house boat required watching, a circumstance that induced him to shake off his melancholy, and give his mind more exclusively to the business before him. As for Rose, she sympathized deeply with Jack Tier, for she knew his history, his origin, the story of his youth, and the well-grounded causes of his contrition and regrets. From her, Jack had concealed nothing, the gentle commiseration of one like Rose being a balm to wounds that had bled for long and bitter years. The great poet of our language, and the greatest that ever lived, perhaps, short of the inspired writers of the Old Testament, and old Homer and Dante, has well reminded us that the "little beetle," in yielding its breath, can "feel a pang as great as when a giant dies." Thus is it, too, in morals. Abasement, and misery, and poverty, and sin, may, and all do, contribute to lower the tone of our moral existence; but the principle that has been planted by nature, can be eradicated by nature only. It exists as long as we exist; and if dormant for a time, under the pressure of circumstances, it merely lies, in the moral system, like the acorn, or the chestnut, in the ground, waiting its time and season to sprout, and bud, and blossom. Should that time never arrive, it is not because the seed is not there, but because it is neglected. Thus was it with the singular being of whose feelings we have just spoken. The germ of goodness had been implanted early in him, and was nursed with tenderness and care, until self-willed, and governed by passion, he had thrown off the connections of youth and childhood, to connect himself with Spike—a connection that had left him what he was. Before closing our legend, we shall have occasion to explain it.

"We have run our hour, Miss Rose," resumed Jack, breaking a continued silence, during which the boat had passed through a long line of water; "we have run our hour, and ought to be near the rock we are in search of. But the morning is so

dark that I fear we shall have difficulty in finding it. It will never do to run past it, and we must haul closer in to the reef, and shorten sail, that we may be sartain to make no such mistake."

Rose begged her companion to omit no precaution, as it would be dreadful to fail in their search, after incurring so much risk in their own persons.

"Harry may be sleeping on the sea-weed of which you spoke," she added, "and the danger of passing him will be much increased in such a case. What a gloomy and frightful spot is this in which to abandon a human being. I fear, Jack, that we have come faster than we have supposed, and may already have passed the rock."

"I hope not, Miss Rose—it seemed to me a good two leagues to the place where I saw him, and the boat is fast that will run two leagues in an hour."

"We do not know the time, Jack, and are obliged to guess at that as well as at the distance. How very dark it is!"

Dark, in one sense, it was not, though Rose's apprehensions, doubtless, induced her to magnify every evil. The clouds certainly lessened the light of the moon; but there was still enough of the last to enable one to see surrounding objects; and most especially to render distinct the character of the solitude that reigned over the place.

The proximity of the reef, which formed a weather shore to the boat, prevented any thing like a swell on the water, notwithstanding the steadiness and strength of the breeze, which had now blown for near twenty-four hours. The same wind, in open water, would have raised sea enough to cause a ship to pitch, or roll, whereas, the light-house boat, placed where she was, scarce rose and fell under the undulations of the channel through which she was glancing.

"This is a good boat, and a fast boat too," observed Jack Tier, after he had luffed up several minutes, in order to make sure of his proximity to the reef; "and it might carry us all safe enough to Key West, or certainly back to the Dry Tortugas, was we inclined to try our hands at either."

"I cannot quit my aunt," said Rose, quickly, "so we will not even think of any such thing."

"No, 't would never do to abandon the missus," said Biddy, "and she on the wrack wid us, and salin' the want of wather as much as ourselves."

"We three have sartainly gone through much in company," returned Jack, "and it ought to make us friends for life."

"I trust it will, Jack; I hope, when we return to New York, to see you among us, anchored, as you would call it, for the rest of your days under my aunt's roof, or under my own, should I ever have one."

"No, Miss Rose, my business is with the Swash and her captain. I shall stick by both, now I've found 'em again, until they once more desert me. A man's duty is *his* duty, and a woman's duty is *her* duty."

"You samed to like the brig and her captain, Jack Tier," observed Biddy, "and there's no use in gain-saying such a likin'. What *will* come to pass, must come to pass. Capt. Spike is a mighty great sailor, anyway."

"He 's a willian!" muttered Jack.

"There!" cried Rose, almost breathless, "there is a rock above the water, surely. Do not fly by it so swiftly, Jack, but let us stop and examine it."

"There is a rock, sure enough, and a large piece it is," answered Tier. "We will go alongside of it, and see what it is made of. Biddy shall be boat-keeper, while you and I, Miss Rose, explore."

Jack had thrown the boat into the wind, and was shooting close alongside of the reef, even while speaking. The party found no difficulty in landing; the margin of the rock admitting the boat to lie close alongside of it, and its surface being even and dry. Jack had brailled the sail, and he brought the painter ashore, and fastened it securely to a fragment of stone, that made a very sufficient anchor. In addition to this precaution, a lazy painter was put into Biddy's hands, and she was directed not to let go of it while her companions were absent. These arrangements concluded, Rose and Jack commenced a hurried examination of the spot.

A few minutes sufficed to give our adventurers a tolerably accurate notion of the general features of the place on which they had landed. It was a considerable portion of the reef that was usually above water, and which had even some fragments of soil, or sand, on which was a stunted growth of bushes. Of these last, however, there were very few, nor were there many spots of the sand. Drift-wood and sea-weed were lodged in considerable quantities about its margin, and, in places, piles of both had been tossed upon the rock itself, by the billows of former gales of wind. Nor was it long before Jack discovered a turtle that had been up to a hillock of sand, probably to deposit its eggs. There was enough of the sportsman in Jack, notwithstanding the business he was on, to turn this animal; though with what object, he might have been puzzled himself to say. This exploit effected, Jack followed Rose as fast as his short legs would permit, our heroine pressing forward eagerly, though almost without hope, in order to ascertain if Mulford were there.

"I am afraid this is not the rock," said Rose, nearly breathless with her own haste, when Jack had overtaken her. "I see nothing of him, and we have passed over most of the place."

"Very true, Miss Rose," answered her companion, who was in a good humor on account of his capture of the turtle; "but there are other rocks besides this. Ha! what was that, yonder," pointing with a finger, "here, more toward the brig. As I'm a sinner, there was a flashing, as of fire."

"If a fire, it must be that made by Harry. Let us go to the spot at once."

Jack led the way, and, sure enough, he soon

reached a place where the embers of what had been a considerable body of fire, were smouldering on the rock. The wind had probably caused some brand to kindle momentarily, which was the object that had caught Tier's eye. No doubt any longer remained of their having found the very place where the mate had cooked his supper, and lighted his beacon, though he himself was not near it. Around these embers were all the signs of Mulford's having made the meal, of which Jack had seen the preparations. A portion of the turtle, much the greater part of it, indeed, lay in its shell; and piles of wood and sea-weed, both dry, had been placed at hand, ready for use. A ship's topgallant-yard, with most of its ropes attached, lay with a charred end near the fire, or where the fire had been, the wood having burned until the flames went out for want of contact with other fuel. There were many pieces of boards of pitch-pine in the adjacent heap, and two or three beautiful planks of the same wood, entire. In short, from the character and quantity of the materials of this nature that had thus been heaped together, Jack gave it as his opinion that some vessel, freighted with lumber, had been wrecked to windward, and that the adjacent rocks had been receiving the tribute of her cargo. Wrecks are of very, very frequent occurrence on the Florida Reef; and there are always moments when such gleanings are to be made in some part of it or other.

"I see no better way to give a call to the mate, Miss Rose, than to throw some of this dry weed, and some of this lumber on the fire," said Jack, after he had rummaged about the place sufficiently to become master of its condition. "There is plenty of ammunition, and here goes for a broadside."

Jack had no great difficulty in effecting his object. In a few minutes he succeeded in obtaining a flame, and then he fed it with such fragments of the brands and boards as were best adapted to his purpose. The flames extended gradually, and by the time Tier had dragged the topgallant-yard over the pile, and placed several plank, on their edges, alongside of it, the whole was ready to burst into a blaze. The light was shed athwart the rock for a long distance, and the whole place, which was lately so gloomy and obscure, now became gay, under the bright radiance of a blazing fire.

"There is a beacon-light that might almost be seen on board!" said Jack, exulting in his success. "If the mate is any where in this latitude, he will soon turn up."

"I see nothing of him," answered Rose, in a melancholy voice. "Surely, surely, Jack, he cannot have left the rock just as we have come to rescue him!"

Rose and her companion had turned their faces from the fire to look in an opposite direction in quest of him they sought. Unseen by them, a human form advanced swiftly toward the fire, from a point on its other side. It advanced nearer, then hesitated, afterward rushed forward with a tread that caused the two to turn, and at the next moment, Rose was clasped to the heart of Mulford. [To be continued.]

EVELYN GRAHAME.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY ELLEN MARSHALL.

It was at the beginning of my third year at boarding-school, that—being at the time a parlor-boarder—I was called down one day into the drawing-room, to be introduced to a new scholar, who had just arrived. Upon entering, I perceived a young girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, seated upon an ottoman, and weeping bitterly. She did not raise her head until Madame B——, calling me by name, introduced the stranger to me, as Miss Grahame. The poor girl, whose parents I found had just left her, merely removed her handkerchief from her face, and bowed slightly, without looking at me.

"Ellen," said Madame B—— to me, "Miss Grahame will share your room; perhaps she would like to be shown to it now."

I approached, and taking the young girl's unresisting hand, whispered a few words of encouragement, and led her up stairs to my little sanctum, where, after having assisted her in removing her hat and shawl, I left her, judging by my own experience that she would prefer being alone for a short time. About two hours after, as I was walking in the garden, I heard a soft, sweet voice call me by name. I turned, and saw my new room-mate, who, approaching, extended her hand, and said, in a trembling tone, "You must have thought me very rude, when you were so kind to me; but, indeed, I never was so unhappy before. I feel better now, and have come to ask pardon, and hope to be taken into favor." It was impossible to resist her sad, winning look, and, with my usual impetuosity, I flung my arms around her, and pressed her to my bosom. From that moment we were sworn friends.

Evelyn was just sixteen; and never did a sweeter face, or a warmer heart, animate a lovely form. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the expression of almost angelic purity which pervaded her countenance, when in repose, made her more beautiful than the most studied regularity of feature could have done. The extreme gentleness of her manners, the half-reluctant, half-confiding way she had of speaking of herself, made me think her weak and timid, until I knew her better. She was never gay, but always cheerful; and never did I see her polished brow ruffled by a frown. She was the only child of fond and wealthy parents, residing in Mobile; and the fame of Madame B——'s school had induced them to leave her in New York

for a year, in order that she might finish her education.

Six months passed away, and Evelyn and myself were still inseparable. We unfolded to each other every secret of our hearts; and I often smile now to think with how much importance we treated a thousand trifling things. We would sit hours together by the window in our little room, laying plans for the future—that future so short and sad to my sweet friend. Beloved Evelyn, dear companion, thine was a sad lot, born to all that could make life joyous, yet doomed to so cruel a fate.

In one of our confidences, not long after her arrival, she spoke to me of one very dear to her—a cousin, a passed-midshipman in the navy. He had spent several months with her family, and had sailed on a short cruise to Brazil only a few days before she left home; but ere they parted, he had won her consent to an engagement, which was to be kept a secret from all until her return from school. "He will be home just about that time," said she in conclusion; "he will then tell father all, and we shall be so happy!"

Oh! how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushing told me of her joyful hopes. What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials the mysterious future may have in store for us. We can at least be happy in anticipation; and if our bright dreams are dissipated by a dark and mournful reality, memory can still lessen the gloom of many a lonely hour by recalling those pleasant visions.

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endearing Evelyn Grahame more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Grahame's only sister, Mrs. Dutton; and, also, that the latter's eldest child, a daughter, one year older than Evelyn, had been adopted by her aunt. Mrs. Grahame wrote in the most flattering manner concerning Sarah Dutton; and from the letters the young girl herself wrote Evelyn, I was led to entertain a high opinion of her mind and heart. Evelyn had often visited her aunt, and therefore knew her cousin well. She often spoke to me in the warmest manner of Sarah's beauty and amiability.

In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Eva's lover, remained at sea; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly

by; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She was expecting her father to come on for her, when a letter arrived, telling her that it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain at school for a few weeks longer, until some good opportunity offered for her to reach home.

Eva was very much distressed at this. She felt sure that Arthur would reach Mobile before her, and she had promised to meet him there. But she was forced to submit; and after some little persuasion, consented to accompany me to my father's summer residence on the North River. She was charmed with the scenery of the Hudson, and arrived in much better spirits than I expected at "Lily Grove"—the fanciful name my dear mother had bestowed upon our dear, beautiful home. The day after our arrival, Evelyn received a letter, which had been forwarded to her from school, where it was directed. It was from Arthur Noel, the first she had ever received from him. How brightly her eyes beamed as she read it. Fourteen months of separation had failed to erase her image from his heart. He was at Pensacola, and thinking she would soon be on her return home, designed meeting her in Mobile.

"O, Ellen!" she exclaimed, when she had finished reading the precious missive, "I never felt before how truly, how devotedly I am his." Poor Evelyn! she loved with a woman's first, deep, passionate love—a love that either makes or mars her happiness—a love that rude neglect may chill, but naught but death destroy.

The next week brought my dear Eva another tender letter. Arthur had reached Mobile, and though much disappointed at not meeting her there, felt obliged, he said, to smother his desire to fly to New York for her, as so sudden a move, before he had visited his own family, would cause "very unpleasant remarks." Evelyn was chagrined at this, and so was I. We had both yet to learn how little of the world's opinion a man is willing to sacrifice for the sake of the one he pretends to love. My friend said little upon the subject, however; but I saw that she anxiously awaited the coming of the following week, when she felt sure of hearing again from her lover. The week came, but brought disappointment—there was no letter. Three weeks more of great anxiety were passed, and still Evelyn heard nothing from home. She was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week, I flew to her room with a letter that the servant had just brought from the village post-office. She grasped it eagerly—the superscription was Arthur's. She broke the seal, but, as if a sudden presentiment of evil had come over her, she laid it down, and sinking into a chair, burst into tears. "Ellen," said she, "you must read it first—I have not courage; I feel as if it contained bad news." I laughed at her, but she insisted upon my reading it

first. I took it up, opened it, and silently read as follows:—

Mobile, May 20, 18—.

DEAREST EVA,—You will be surprised upon receiving this, to find that I am still in your city instead of being with my own family in New Orleans. But you will, I fear, be pained to learn the object that detains me. Oh, Eva! would to God we had never met; or rather, would that I had died, ere I strove to win your fond, pure heart to myself. But, Eva, I know you well; beneath a gentleness which angels might covet, you bear a proud, firm spirit; and I know further, that you would rather learn the truth now, painful as it may be, than some time hence, when it would be too late to repair the evil. I came here, my Eva, with a heart full of love and joy at the prospect of seeing you again. I was disappointed, most sincerely so, at not meeting you. But another filled your place in the family circle—our orphan cousin, Sarah. I will not say aught in her praise, for you have seen and loved her; but—must I confess it—day after day found me lingering at her side, listening to the music of a voice that I have never heard equaled; and, ere long, I learned to know how sadly I had mistaken my feelings toward you, Evelyn. Condemn me, curse me, if you will—I love, madly love, Sarah! Oh, Evelyn! what words to write to you my own, noble-hearted cousin; but you may, perhaps, thank me for my candor. As yet, I have not committed myself to Sarah—all rests with you. To you I owe all my duty and my hand; say but the word, dear Eva, and it is yours forever. I do not ask you to release me from my engagement; but, having told you all, shall most anxiously expect your answer. My heart is breaking, dear Eva, at the thought of the pain this may cause you; but with your own brave spirit, cast from you the image of one who is unworthy of you; one who has so traitorously repaid your love.

ARTHUR NOEL.

The letter had evidently been penned in a state of great agitation. I thought it the wildest thing I had ever read, but at the moment, indignation mastered every other feeling. I continued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it—for I was too much distressed to speak. I did not know how to break the matter to my friend. I knew she had been watching my face for some seconds, and my feelings must have revealed themselves very strongly; for when she saw me standing so long silent, she said, "Tell me what that letter contains, to move you thus." Her voice trembled as she spoke, but seeing me still silent, she sprung toward me, and grasping my hand, exclaimed, "have mercy on me, Ellen. Tell me what it is; I can bear all, any thing, so that Arthur is well!"

"He is well," Evelyn, said I; "it would be better for you, poor girl, if he were dead."

"Oh! say not that," she again exclaimed, "you would have me think him false; but that cannot be.

Arthur loves me; oh, God! say that he loves me still."

She sunk at my feet as she said this, and burying her face in my dress, sobbed violently.

"Evelyn," I cried, endeavoring at the same time to raise her, "Evelyn, you have a hard trial before you, but one which I know your woman's pride will enable you to bear with fortitude. I will leave you; read that letter yourself, and when I come again in an hour, let me find that my friend has been true to herself." I gently disengaged my dress from her clasp, placed the letter in her hand, kissed her cheek, and left the room.

I retired to my own room, and there wept for my friend, as I had never wept for myself. I trembled for the consequences that might ensue. I knew how deeply Arthur was beloved; and I could not but fear that even Eva's firm spirit would not bear the blow with fortitude.

In an hour I knocked at her door, and called her by name. "Do not come in yet," she said, but in a voice so hoarse and hollow, that I could scarcely believe it hers; "do not come in yet, I am not what you wish to see me."

Once again that morning I attempted to see her, but she still refused to admit me; and it was not until eight o'clock in the evening that my maid came and told me that Evelyn wished to see me.

Never, never shall I forget the look with which she received me. Her color was more brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but the expression of her forehead, if I may use such a term, shocked me more than all else. It seemed to have grown old—twenty years in advance of the rest of her face. It was wrinkled, and literally old, with the agony of thought she endured.

"Ellen," said she, in the same hollow tone with which she had addressed me at the door, "Ellen, I have sent for you, to ask you where is now all my boasted firmness; where my pride, my dignity? Ah, Ellen! I was never tried before. You think me calm—despair makes me so. I did not arrive at despair even without a hard struggle; and now, my heart, full freighted as it was with the fondest hopes girl ever cherished, lies crushed and dying beneath the waves of that gloom which will henceforth be my portion in life." She ceased, and for a moment stood silent; then suddenly looking up, she said in a calmer voice, "I am very silly to talk in this way to you. Do not weep, dear Ellen; you see I can bear my sorrow without weeping. Read my answer, and tell me how you like it." Mechanically I took the paper she handed me. Through my tears I read the following concise letter:—

"Miss Grahame presents her compliments to Mr. Noel, and is extremely happy that she has it in her power to gratify him. Mr. Noel might have spared himself any anxiety on the occasion, as, had he known Miss Grahame better, he would have felt

sure that she would never have laid a serious claim to a midshipman's promise, made to a thoughtless school-girl. He will, therefore, accept Miss Grahame's congratulations on the prospect of felicity before him; and believe that no better wishes will follow him and his bride to the altar than will be offered by her.

"Lilly Grove, June 2d."

And this was the letter. Not one word of the breaking-heart; not a word of the anguish that had so wrung her gentle spirit that day. Ah, Evelyn! I did not mistake you, noble girl. I have since entertained a different opinion of that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently, as usual; but I saw the effort with which she concealed her grief, and anxiously watched her. Gradually, however, her calmness left her, and she would sometimes give way to bursts of grief, fearful to behold. This continued until she received letters from home, urging her return, as Sarah and Arthur were soon to be married. There was no scorn on her lips as she read Sarah's account of her approaching nuptials; but the words were perused again and again, and she seemed to drink in every syllable as if it were her last draught of happiness.

I must now hasten to the close of my sad tale. A friend of Mr. Grahame called on us a few days after Evelyn had received the letters urging her return, and informed her that he was about starting for Mobile, and would be pleased to act as her escort home. To my surprise, she excused herself by saying she still hoped her father would come on, and she would prefer waiting for him. When the gentleman left, she said to me, "Ellen, I do not wish to go until all is over, I can then meet them calmly, but now it would be impossible."

Sarah was married without her, for Arthur had his own reasons for urging the matter. It will be remembered that no one but myself knew of Eva's unfortunate attachment, and therefore there was no restraint in the letters she afterward received, giving a description of the wedding, and the happiness of the newly married pair. Alas! could one of them have seen the change that had come over Evelyn, happiness must have fled. A few weeks of misery had made sad havoc among the roses of her cheeks. She was now pale and drooping, her step had lost its lightness, and she seldom smiled.

As soon as the news of the marriage reached her, she made preparations for her return, and an opportunity offering shortly afterward, she left me, promising to write as soon as she reached home. I remember looking after her as she walked down the lawn, and wondering if I should ever see her again. Little did I then think how and where I should see her. I never received the promised letter from her, but one from her mother informed me of what I am about to relate. Arthur Noel had expected to leave for New Orleans a few days after his marriage; but an unexpected summons to attend as witness on a court-martial, then in progress in

Mobile, detained him; and he and his wife were still at Mrs. Grahame's when Eva arrived. She had not been expected until the next day. The family were all assembled in the drawing-room, when the door was thrown open, and the old negro porter exultingly announced, "Miss Evelyn." All sprung forward, except Arthur, and he stood spell-bound. Evelyn advanced hastily into the room, but as soon as her eye fell upon him, her early, her only loved—a shriek, so wild, so shrill, burst from her lips, that none present ever forgot it. With one bound she was at his side, and looking into his face with an expression of woe impossible to describe, she faltered out his name, and sunk senseless on the floor, for Arthur had no power to move. It was no time now for Mrs. Grahame and Sarah to inquire into the meaning of this. Arthur was aroused to lend his aid in placing the prostrate girl on a sofa. A physician was sent for, but she lay insensible for many hours; and when she did awake, it was only to make those who loved her so fondly, more wretched. Reason, which for weeks had been tottering on her throne, had fled forever—and Evelyn Grahame, the lovely, the idolized daughter, was a raving maniac!

It was in the Spring of —, two years after the events related above, that, with a party of friends, I visited the city of —. The morning after my arrival, the servant brought me up a card, and said a gentleman was waiting in the drawing-room to see me. I read the name—it was "ARTHUR NOEL, U. S. NAVY." I started, and almost fainted. *That name!* how vividly it recalled the past. Eva, my never-forgotten friend, stood again before me in all her pride of beauty, and then—I shuddered, and dared not end my reflection. A hope, however, soon rose in my breast that Arthur might bring me cheering news; and with a lighter heart I descended the stairs. I had never seen Mr. Noel, but Evelyn had often described him to me; and I expected to see a very handsome man. What was my astonishment, therefore, when I entered the room, to behold a tall, pale, haggard-looking man, with a countenance so sad, that I almost trembled as I looked at him.

"Miss M——, I presume," said he. I bowed, and requested him to be seated.

"I arrived here this morning," continued he, "from Norfolk, and seeing your name upon the register, have taken the liberty to call and ask a great favor of you." He paused, and seemed to be endeavoring to suppress some violent emotion. He then resumed, in a faltering tone, "You were Evelyn Grahame's dear friend."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, "what of Evelyn—how is she—where is she?"

His voice was stern, as he replied, "she is still what my baseness made her. Where she is, I will show you, if you will go with me. I must go—but I cannot go alone."

I rang the bell, sent for my hat and shawl, and we went out together. I could not help shuddering, as I saw that my companion led the way to the Lunatic Asylum. As we walked along, I ventured to ask after his wife.

"She is dead," said he; "she died in giving birth to a little girl, whom I have named Evelyn. Oh! Miss M——, if Eva could only be restored! It is the harrowing thought of my conduct toward her, that has made me what I am—a gloomy, forlorn man. I shun mankind, and feel unworthy to look my little daughter in the face. But the physician who attends dear Eva, has given me a hope that the sight of me might cause a reaction, which would give a favorable termination to her malady. Your presence at the same time may assist this."

"God grant it!" I fervently ejaculated; and at that moment we entered the court-yard of the Asylum. The matron met us at the door, and Arthur, having given her a note from Dr. —, she immediately led us to Eva's apartment.

"She is asleep now," said the good woman, "but you can go in, and wait until she awakes; she is perfectly gentle, and will give you no trouble."

We entered the small, but very neat room, and approached the bed, whereon lay all that remained of Evelyn Grahame. I felt as if my heart would burst as I looked upon her. She lay upon her side, one arm supporting her head. Her breathing was soft and gentle as an infant's. Her beautiful hair had long been cut away, and the exquisitely shaped head was fully exposed. Her beauty had all fled. She looked forty years old; and the contraction of the muscles about the mouth, peculiar to lunatics, gave her face so stern an expression, that I could scarcely believe she was the gentle Evelyn of happier days. My tears flowed fast, while Arthur stood and gazed intently upon her, his arms folded, and a look of settled misery on his face. We had stood at her side about ten minutes, when she suddenly started up—"Mother!—Arthur!" she cried.

"I am here, Eva, my own!" exclaimed Arthur, throwing his arm around her. Her face instantly flushed up, her eyes kindled; she leaned eagerly forward, and gazed upon him; it was but for a second—her head fell back, and she fainted.

Assistance was immediately called, and she soon opened her eyes, looked around, then closed them again. But that look was enough. We saw that reason had again assumed its empire. The wildness of the eyes was gone, and the mouth looked natural. Involuntarily Arthur and myself fell upon our knees. My heart was full of thankfulness, and I prayed; but he, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. The noise roused Evelyn. She again opened her eyes, passed her hand across her brows, and then raising herself with an effort, said faintly, "Where am I—where have I been. Arthur! and you, too, Ellen! what does this mean; quick, some water! Oh, God! I am dying."

Arthur sprung to his feet, and let her head droop upon his arm. She took his hand in hers, then motioning me nearer, grasped mine also; and for some moments did not move. She then looked in my face, and whispered, "I remember all, now; but Arthur—dear Arthur! I do not blame you. I hope you are happy—I soon will be. I feel that I am dying. Surely, Sarah would not grudge me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms."

"Oh, Evelyn!" cried Arthur, while his sobs almost

choked his utterance, "you must not, you shall not die. You must live to forgive me, and let me make some reparation for the wrong I have done you. Speak to me, Eva! tell me that you will live."

The poor girl made an effort to speak, but it was in vain—one grasp of the hand—a short sigh—and the pure spirit of Evelyn Grahame had fled to a brighter sphere.

Arthur Noel still lives, a poor, broken-hearted victim of remorse.

REALITY VERSUS ROMANCE.

OR THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

WITH the engagement of Rupert Forbes and Anna Talbot, started up a host of scruples and objections among the friends of the parties—not only manifested in the ominous shakings of very wise heads upon several very respectable shoulders, in prophetic winks and upturned eyes—but also found vent in speeches most voluble and fault-finding.

Rupert Forbes was a young physician in moderate circumstances, yet in good practice, established in a pleasant country village, some two hundred miles from the metropolis. Anna Talbot, the youngest of the four unmarried daughters of a wealthy citizen; a pet, a beauty, and a belle, who had been educated by a weak, fashionable mother to consider all labor as humiliating, and to whom the idea of waiting upon one's self had never broken through the accustomed demands upon man-servants and maid-servants, who from her cradle had stood ready at her elbow, so that there seemed to be after all some ground upon which the discontent of friends might justifiably rest.

"To think of Anna's throwing herself away upon a country physician, after all the expense we have lavished upon her dress and education—it is absolutely ungrateful!" said Mrs. Talbot, stooping to caress a little lap-dog reposing on the soft cushion at her feet.

"To give up the opera and the theatre for the psalm-singing of a country church—horrible!" exclaimed Belinda, humming the last new air.

"So much for ma'ma's bringing Miss Anna out at eighteen, just to show her pretty face, instead of waiting, as was *our* right!" whispered Ada to Charlotte. "Had she kept her back a little longer, we might have stood some chance."

"*We*," cried Charlotte, contemptuously. "I thank you, I am in no such haste to be married—do you think I would stoop so low for a husband! For

my part I am glad Anna will be punished for all her airs—she was always vain of her beauty—see how long it will last! If she has been such a simpleton as to snap up the first gudgeon her beauty baited, why, let her take the consequences!"

"To be forever inhaling the smell of pill-boxes—*pah!*" said Ada.

"Instead of a heavenly serenade stealing upon one's blissful dreams—to be roused with, 'Ma'am, the doctor's wanted—Mrs. Fidget's baby is cutting a tooth,' or 'Deacon Lumpkin has cracked his skull!'" added Belinda.

"And then such a host of low, vulgar relations—in conscience I can never visit her!" quoth Charlotte.

"Well, well, girls, I'm not sure after all but Anna has done wisely," said Mr. Talbot. "Forbes is a fine young fellow, and will make her a good husband. Poor thing! she will have many hardships, I don't doubt—on that account only, I wish her affections had been given to some one better able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed."

"I consider it, Mr. Talbot, a perfect sacrifice of her life!" said his good lady.

Such were a few of the remarks on the lady's side, while on the part of the gentleman was heard:

"How foolish to marry a city girl! A profitable wife she'll make, to be sure!" cried one.

"Why could n't he have married one of his own folks, I should like to know!" said a second.

"Well, one thing is pretty certain; Rupert Forbes never will be beforehand—he has got to be poor enough all his days, and it is a pity, for he is a clever lad!" exclaimed a third.

"And I warrant she will hold her head high enough above her neighbors," chimed in a fourth.

"Pride must have a fall—that's one comfort"—added another, "and I guess it won't be long first, either."

napkins—and even puzzled poor Kitty's brain by demanding where the finger-glasses were kept.

"Silver forks!" cried Kitty, "I never heard of such a thing. Do tell, now, if city folks be so proud! Napkins! I guess you mean towels. Why *he* always wipes on that are roller in the back *pizaz*. Finger-glasses! Sakes alive!—what does the woman mean. *Finger-glasses!* Well, that beats all creation, and more too!" and with a hearty laugh, she slapped the steak upon the platter just as the *gig* of Rupert stopped at the gate.

The happy wife, now forgetting all annoyances, flew to meet her beloved husband, and while partaking of their simple dinner, greatly amused him by her artless details of that morning's experience.

But Rupert was obliged to go out again immediately, leaving Anna once more solitary. She had, however, learned a lesson; and knowing it would be vain to look for Kitty's assistance, she herself unpacked her beautiful dresses, feeling sadly at a loss for commodious bureaus and extensive wardrobes to contain her splendid paraphernalia. To hang up those rich silks and satins on wooden pegs against a white-washed wall, seemed desecration; so these she refolded, and placed once more in her trunk, determining in her own mind that Rupert must at once supply those essential articles, which she was very sure it would be impossible to do without. Countless bareges, cashmeres, and mousselines, however, cast their variegated tints through the chamber, and the one bureau, and the little dressing-table were loaded with finery.

After arranging every thing in the best manner she could, Anna exchanged her white morning negligée for a light silk, and drawing on a pair of gloves, went below to await the return of Rupert.

Hardly had she sat down, when she perceived several ladies coming up the walk, while a loud knocking at the street-door almost immediately, as certainly announced them to be visitors. Supposing, of course, Kitty would obey the summons, she remained quietly turning over a book of engravings. The knocking was several times repeated, and Anna beginning to feel uneasy at the delay, when—

"Miss Forbes!" screamed Kitty, from the kitchen, "why on arth do n't you let them folks in! I guess I aint a going to leave my mopping, and my old gown all torn to slits!"

For a moment indignation at the insolence of her servant crimsoned Anna's brow. This was, indeed, an episode in the life of a city belle—to be ordered by a menial to attend the door—to appear before strangers in the capacity of a waiter.

Happily, the unceremonious entrances of the ladies relieved her perplexity. She received her visitors with that ease and grace of manner so peculiarly her own, at once placing the whole party upon the footing of old acquaintances, and *almost* disarming even the most prejudiced, by her affability and sweetness. To have wholly done so would have

been a miracle indeed, so much were many of her new neighbors for doubting that any good or usefulness could pertain to one brought up amid the frivolities of the city.

CHAPTER III.

The little village of D— was primitive in its tastes and habits. Remote from any populous city or town, it was neither infected by their follies, nor rendered more refined by association. Railway speed had not there conquered both time and space; the journey to the city was yet a tedious one of days, over high hills and rocky roads, consequently, an event not of very frequent occurrence. Yet, however these "dwellers of the valley" might lack for refinement, or the high-bred polish of fashionable society, there was a great deal of honest worth and intelligence among them—true hospitality, and genuine benevolence both of precept and practice.

True, scandal here, as elsewhere, found wherewith to feed her craving appetite; and busy-bodies, more at home in their neighbor's kitchens than their own, walked the streets inspectingly; yet, as the same may be said of almost every place, let not our little village be therefore condemned.

In the course of a week almost every person in the town had called to see Anna, from various reasons, no doubt; some from real neighborly kindness, others solely out of regard for the young doctor, and not a few from curiosity; yet as they carried not these motives in their hands, Anna, of course, could not determine by their pressure, whose welcome was the most hearty and sincere, and therefore extended to all the same courteous reception. Also, in the same short space of time, her work-basket was filled with all sorts of odd recipes for all sorts of odd things—candles, cake, bread, bruises, beer, puddings, pickles, pies, and plasters, soap and sausages, as gratuitous aids to the young, ignorant housekeeper, by her well-meaning neighbors.

The opinion, by the by, which Anna's new acquaintances formed of her, may, perhaps, be best gathered from a colloquy which took place one afternoon at Mrs. Peerabout's, over a social cup of tea.

"Well," exclaimed that lady, who from her bitterness was generally considered as the *ales* of the neighborhood, "well, I, for one, have been to see the bride, as you call her, and of all the affectedest rigged up creatures I ever see, she beats all."

"She certainly has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw," said another. "Don't you think, Mrs. Peerabout, she is very pretty?"

"No, indeed, I do n't! 'handsome is that handsome does,' I say. Pretty! why I'd rather look at our *Jemima's* doll, that her Aunt Nancy sent her from Boston. Gloves on!—my gracious! At home in the afternoon, a sitting down with *gloves* on, looking at pictures! A useful wife she'll make Rupert Forbes, to be sure!"

"And they say, too," said Miss Krout, "she can't

ings of silken damask enshroud the windows; yet the cool India matting, the little sofa covered with snowy dimity, the light pretty chairs, and thin muslin curtains looped gracefully over windows looking out upon a charming shrubbery, were all infinitely more agreeable to Anna. No doubt, accustomed as she had ever been to all the elegancies of life, the very novelty of *simplicity* exerted a pleasing influence—still affection must claim its due share in her gratification. When at length every nook and corner had felt her light footstep, and echoed with her cheerful tones, they returned to the little sitting-room, and while the soft evening wind stole through the honeysuckles, and twilight deepened into darkness, the happy pair traced many golden-hued visions, stretching far into the dim future.

Professional duties summoned Rupert from home early the following morning, and Anna was left to her own disposition of time. While the dew-drops yet quivered on the fresh, green grass, she had tripped through the orchard, the meadow, and garden, inhaling the pure morning air, and listening with unspeakable delight to the music of the birds. To her uninitiated view the scene was perfectly Arcadian, where all her visions of rural felicity were to be more than realized. Anna was, perhaps, "born to love pigs and chickens," for each in turn received a share of attention worthy even the heroine of Willis, and neither did the faithful dog, or more wheedling grimalkin escape her notice.

Somewhat tired at length with her rambles, she returned to the house, and now, for the first time, faint shadows of reality rested upon love's romance. She was surprised to find the rooms in the same disorder she had left them—her trunks were yet unpacked, and the chamber strewn with all the litter of traveling. She wondered if the maid would never come to arrange things—it was certainly very shocking to have no place to sit down, properly in order. She looked for a bell—she might as well have looked for a fairy wand to summon the delinquent housemaid. That she could do any thing toward a more agreeable *at-home-ness* was a fact which did not occur to her; so she threw herself upon the sofa, resolving to wait patiently the appearance of the servant. In the pages of a new novel she had already lost her chagrin, when the door was suddenly thrown wide open, and a tall, strapping girl—how unlike the Hebe of her imagination!—putting her head into the room, exclaimed,—

"Well, aint you coming to get up dinner, I should like to know; the pot biles, and *he*'ll be here in a minute, for it's e'en a'most noon!"

"Who are you speaking to?" said Anna.

"You must be smart, *Miss Forbes*, to ask that! Why, I guess, I'm speaking to you; I don't see nobody else. Maybe you do n't know it's washing-day; and I aint used to cooking and doing every thing on such days, I can tell you!"

Anna had good sense enough to know that the girl did not mean to be impertinent, so she answered

mildly, "Very well, I will come." And putting down her book, she followed her into the kitchen.

Kitty immediately resumed her station at the wash-tub, leaving her young mistress to solve alone the mysteries of that glowing-fire place, and heedless of her presence, struck up a song, pitching her voice to its highest key, and in the energy of her independence, splashing and swashing the glittering suds far above her head.

Poor Anna looked around despairingly. What was *she* to do—what *could* she do! There was the pot boiling, fast enough, to be sure; so fast that the brown heads of the potatoes came bobbing up spitefully against the lid, as if determined to break through every obstacle in the way of their rising ambition. There, too, was a piece of meat, raw and unseemly, stretched out upon a certain machine, cycled a gridiron, by old housekeepers, yet of whose use or properties Anna was sadly at fault. To extricate herself from her embarrassment she knew she must first crave light, so feeling as if about to address some pythoness of those mysterious realms, she humbly demanded,—

"Well, Kitty, what can I do?"

"Do—I guess you'd better lift off that pot pretty quick, *Miss Forbes*, or the 'taters will be all biled to smash!"

Lift off that pot—that great, heavy iron pot! *She! Anna!* whose delicate hands had never scarcely felt a feather's weight! Anna was confounded.

"I wish you would do it for me," she said.

"Well, I guess I aint going to crock my hands when I'm starching the doctor's shirts!" quoth Kitty, with a toss of her head.

After many awkward attempts, poor Anna at length succeeded in *tilting* the huge pot from off the hook which held it suspended over the crackling flames, though not without imminent danger of scalding her pretty feet.

"Sakes alive, what a fuss!" muttered the girl, "and a nice grease spot, too, for me to scour up!"

The mildness and patience of Anna, however, at length overcame the stubbornness of Kitty—so true it is that the most obstinate natures will yield to kindness and gentleness. Wiping her sinevy arms upon her apron, which she then took off and threw into a corner, she came forward, evidently rather ashamed of herself, to the assistance of the perplexed young housekeeper.

"I guess, *Miss Forbes*, if you'll just set the table in there, before *he* comes, I'll do the steak, and peel the 'taters; maybe you aint so much used to this sort of work."

Anna, gladly yielding up her place, proceeded to prepare the little dining table, which she managed with more tact, yet keeping a watchful, inquiring eye upon the movements of Kitty, that she might be more *au fait* to business another time. Still the high-bred beauty, as she continued her employment, missed many things which she had always considered indispensable—inquired for silver forks—

in all its branches should be considered as much of an accomplishment in the education of young ladies, as a perfect knowledge of music or any of the fine arts! Had my parents spent one quarter the time and expense upon my acquirements as a *wife*, which they did to render me fashionable and agreeable in the fastidious eyes of *their* world, how much better satisfied I should feel—how much more confidence that I have not imposed upon your affection by a total unfitness for the duties of a wife—indeed, my dear Rupert," said Anna, smiling, "you ran a great risk when you fell in love with me!"

We will not trace the daily walk of our heroine further, but leave it to the reader to fancy from what has already been said, how thickly the thorns mingled with the roses on her path of new married life!

But at the close of one year mark the result—one year of patient trial to our young wife! Many vexations, both real and imaginary, had been hers, yet she loved her husband, and resolved to overcome all the errors of her education, that she might be to

him the helpmate—the friend—the beloved companion she felt he deserved. Where there is a will, it is said, there is always a way, and Anna bravely conquered the difficulties which at first presented themselves. Even those who most criticised her first attempts at housekeeping might now have taken lessons themselves from the neatness and order which reigned throughout her establishment.

The rebellious Kitty yielded gradually to the gentle dominion of her charming mistress. Miss Krout sweetened her vinegar visage, and even presented Anna with a jar of pickles of her own preparation, while Mrs. Peerabout acknowledged that the "Doctor's city wife was wonderful—*considerin'.*"

May my simple story encourage the young wife to meet those trials in her domestic path, from which none are wholly exempt, with patience and meekness—let her remember that "*Love considereth not itself,*" and

"That if ye will be happy in marriage,
Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and holy."

THOU ART COLD.

ANNA! methought thou wert a raptured saint,
Like those who loved and worshiped here of old,
In whom the fire of heaven and earth were blent:
But—thou art cold!

I dreamed thou wert an angel sent to me,
With radiant countenance, and wings of gold
All glowing with the tints of yon warm sky:
But—thou art cold!

An angel sent to breathe upon this heart,
Crushed and still quivering with pangs untold,
To soothe its anguish with some heavenly art;
But—thou art cold!

No pain responsive moves thy snowy breast—
No blushes dye thy cheek of Phidian mould—
No thoughts of love disturb thy dreamless rest;
Alas! thou 'rt cold!

The flashes of thy deep and changeful eye,
The music from thy lips that trembling rolled,

The burning thoughts that rapt my soul on high;
These seemed not cold.

But rubies with a crimson lustre gleam;
Diamonds within them seem a fire to hold;
And the dank forest breathes its wand'ring flame:—
Like them thou 'rt cold.

Oh fate! that one so beautiful and bright,
So fit to inspire the meek, to daunt the bold,
To nerve ambition to its loftiest flight,
Should still be cold!

And yet, I love thee, Anna; in my heart,
As in a shrine, thine image I'll enfold;
I'll love thee, marble goddess as thou art,
Divine, though cold.

Then hie thee to thy far-off mountain dell!
Its roses long thy coming to behold,
They'll lend their hues to make thy cheek less pale,
And seem less cold. s.

THE SPANISH LOVERS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Swing, lady, swing! the birds do swing
Upon the boughs above,
As, swayed by breezes soft and warm,
They sing their songs of love.
A fairer and a purer thing,
And far diviner, thou.
Swing, swaying to thy lover's hand,
Beneath the greenwood bough!

The winter cold may come ere long,
And soon the autumn rain,
But saddened ne'er the birds' gay song
With thought of future pain.
So love, which hath its summer time,
Its winter too may know,
But quaff thou, lady, present bliss,
Nor dream of future woe.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets.
By William Howitt. The Illustrations Engraved by H.
W. Hewett. New York : Harper & Brothers. 2 vols 12mo.

The Harpers have issued this charming book in a form of appropriate elegance. The paper, printing, binding, and Illustrations are all that could be desired. Few volumes have been published during the season more worthy of a place upon the parlor table. The title of the book hardly conveys an idea of its full contents. It is in fact biographical and critical as well as descriptive, and portrays the poets in their homes and haunts, giving copious extracts from their writings, illustrative of their personal character, and tracing the history of their minds as they were influenced by events and circumstances. It must have cost the author much time and labor. Facts and anecdotes have been carefully culled from a wide variety of books, and England, Scotland and Ireland have been personally explored in search of the "homes and haunts." The latter are described from the author's own observations. Much interest is given to this portion of the work by a detail of the curious little adventures which occurred to the author in his wanderings, and the strange sort of proseers he found domesticated among places and scenes consecrated by song.

In criticising the writings and character of his band of poets, Howitt is often acute and sympathizing, but occasionally allows his own passions and prejudices to pervert his view. The chapter on Southey is an instance. Howitt is a liberal of the extreme school, and is consequently much of a bigot in politics and religion. Many uncharitable judgments, much heedless invective, and some mean malice, deform his volumes. We should judge him, in spite of his Quaker coat, to be proud and revengeful, and very impudent. The latter quality is as manifest in his praise as denunciation. Were we unfortunate enough to be a living poet, and Mr. Howitt unfortunate enough to include us in his collection, we should have a strange inclination to "insert" a dagger into him, or contrive in some way to break his neck. There is no delicacy in his personal references. Those qualities which make the book piquant to the reader, must be very offensive to the objects of its blame or eulogy. Mr. Howitt tells a great many things and hazards a great many conjectures, in regard to the personal character of late and living poets, which are at once exceedingly interesting and impertinent. To read these portions of his volumes is like getting information from a spy. We devour the narrative and despise the narrator.

The book contains chapters on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Cowley, Milton, Butler, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Pope, Swift, Thomson, Shenstone, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Moore, Rogers, Elliott, Landor, Tennyson, and some dozen others. It will be seen that the work is large in its subject, and that the materials are ample. It would not be fair to test the book by its value as literary history or criticism, though these are largely mixed up with the descriptive portions; but considered as a brilliant series of sketches, half way between familiar chat and refined delineation, it has very great merits, and is full of interest. Some of the anecdotes are excellent. At Stratford, Mr. Howitt saw in a country school a little boy of ten years old, who turned out to be a descendant of Shakespeare's

sister Joan. The father of the lad was wretchedly poor, and kept a low dram shop. Mr. Howitt gave the boy sixpence, and told him he hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor. The money created a strong sensation in the school, and young Will became a lion. When Howitt was seen in the streets afterward, he was pointed out by the boys as "that gentlemen who gave Bill Shakespeare sixpence."

The chapter on Crabbe is well done. There is one anecdote given about Lord Thurlow, which had escaped our memory. When he presented Crabbe a couple of livings in the church, he accompanied it by the characteristic remark—"By ~~the~~, you are as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen." The account of Coleridge is replete with anecdotes of his earlier life and his family. His father, an Episcopal clergyman, was a miracle of absent mindedness. His wife once directed him, when he went on a journey, to put on a clean shirt every day. He followed her orders literally, but forgot to remove the one underneath. He came back six-shirt deep. In his sermons he gained vast reputation among the poor and ignorant by quoting Hebrew liberally, they thinking themselves especially favored in hearing "the very words the Spirit spoke in." For his successor, who addressed them in simple English, they entertained a kind of contempt. At school young Coleridge was very miserable. The author of *Cristobel* was there a martyr to the itch. His appearance as a boy is indicated by the opinion expressed of him by his master after a whipping. "The lad was so ordinary a looking lad, with his black head, that I generally gave him at the end of a flogging an extra cut; for," said he, turning to Coleridge, "you are such an ugly fellow." Coleridge's first attempt at verse was in commemoration of his malady at the age of ten:

O Lord, have mercy on me!
For I am very sad!
For why, good Lord! I've got the itch,
And eke I've got the tad!

Tad is schoolboyese for ringworm.

When Coleridge left college he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomken Comberbach. "Do you think," said the examining officer, "you could run a Frenchman through the body?" "I do n't know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through before I'll run away." "That will do," was the answer of the officer. He was so bad a horseman that the drill-sergeant had continually to warn the members of his squad—"Take care of that Comberbach! take care of him, for he will ride over you!"

In the chapter on Wordsworth there is a very ingenious attempt to prove the poet a Quaker, both in the doctrine and spirit of his poetry. This is altogether the best thing in the book, and to a high-churchman, like Wordsworth, must be very gratifying. Howitt makes out a good case. At the end he asserts that the writings of the old Quakers "are one mass of Wordsworthianisms." In some particulars, it is asserted Wordsworth hath not reached the moral elevation of his masters; as in regard to war, "he is martial, and thinks Slaughter God's daughter. They, very sensibly, set Slaughter down as the daughter of a very opposite personage."

It would be easy to quote a hundred anecdotes from

these volumes, interesting either in themselves, or from their relation to interesting persons. We must, however, refer the reader to the book itself, and can guarantee him a large fund of enjoyment from its perusal.

Poems. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The best of these poems are but of average ability, and together they make but an indifferent volume. They are deficient in fancy, imagination, melody and originality—four qualities of some importance to the reader, if not to the writer. Mr. Calvert is a scholar, a traveler, has studied the best writers of England, Germany and Italy, has had every advantage of mental culture, and yet has committed the impropriety of publishing a volume which would give no reputation to the poet of a village newspaper. Better things than he has included in his collection are born and forgotten every day. The most readable pieces in the volume are the translations from Goethe. We give a few specimens:

One says—"I'm not of any school;
No living master gives me rule:
Nor do I in the old tracks tread;
I scorn to learn ought from the dead."
Which means, if I have not mistook,
"I am an ass on my own hook."

For what is greatest no one strives,
But each one envies others' lives:
The worst of enviers is the elf
Who thinks that all are like himself.

But do what's right in thy affairs,
The rest's done for thee unawares.

Divide and rule—strong words, indeed,
But better still—unite and lead.

Mr. Calvert has given a few epigrams of his own. The following has point:

Philosophers say, in their deep-pondered books,
It were well if each man found his level.
Sage sirs, this is not quite so good as it looks,
For 't would send a whole host to the devil.

Here is a hit at "great statesmen," a kind of sharp-shooting very popular with literateurs, who are unable to manage men as they can words and verses:

Like plummet in mid ocean sounding,
Like him who crystals would be rounding,
Are they who rule and fashion laws—
Things that are chiefly made of flaws.
And yet men dub them great; the while
Angels or weep or pitying smile.
But why, blind as they are, why rail about them?
The world's so bad, it cannot do without them!

If a reviewer were malicious, he might turn the reasoning in the last line against the author, and conclude that the philosophy it so concisely expresses, made him hope that the world could not do without his own poems.

The Orators of France. By Viscount de Cormenin. Translated by a Member of the New York Bar. With an Essay by J. T. Headley. Edited by G. H. Colton. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The popularity of this book in France has been very great. The present translation is from the fourteenth Paris edition, and shines with the author's last polishing touches. The introductory essay by Headley, on the rise of French Revolutionary eloquence, and the orators of the Girondists, contains much information which the reader of the sketches will find useful. Mr. Colton has ably edited the work, and supplied some fifty pages of biographical addenda.

The work itself is written in sharp, snapping style, each sentence exploding like a percussion cap, and abundantly charged with French enthusiasm and French affectation.

The translator has happily seized the spirit of the book, especially its tone of military precision and authoritative-ness. The work is comprehensive in its subjects, sketching the prominent orators of the Constituent Assembly, the Convention, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution of July. The portraits of Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon, M. de Serre, General Foy, Constant, Royer Collard, Manuel, Sauzet, La Fayette, Odillon-Barrot, Dupin, Berryer, Lamartine, Guizot and Thiers, are exceedingly interesting, as introducing us to men who are familiar to everybody by name, but of whose personal appearance and style of oratory few readers have had an opportunity of knowing much, from the descriptions of an independent eye and ear witness. The volume is very readable in spite of its affected conciseness and elaborate rhodomontade, and we have little doubt conveys many accurate impressions of the French politicians and orators whose merits it discusses. We know of few volumes better calculated to give the reader a notion of the modern French mind. Where the author, however, criticises politicians to whom he is opposed in principle, he falls generally short of his mark. He has little notion of the meaning of wisdom as applied to action.

The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism.

By Robert Southey, L. L. D. Second American Edition, with Notes, &c. By the Rev. Daniel Curry, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is an excellent edition of a most valuable and fascinating biography. Its diction has all the charm of Southey's fluent and graceful style, and the subject is made intensely interesting by the singular felicity of its treatment. No person who has in his nature the slightest religious feeling can read the book without instruction and delight. The present edition is enriched with the notes and observations which Coleridge penciled in his copy of the work. They are exceedingly characteristic, and worth all the rest of the notes put together. The American editor's remarks are often presumptuous and out of place. They serve no good purpose, except in a few instances where they correct some mistake in matters of fact. As a whole, however, the edition is a very good one, and may be said to supplant all others. It will doubtless have a vast circulation, not merely among the Methodists, but among all classes, literary and sectarian. We will guarantee that no reader who once commences the book can leave it unfinished. It is as interesting as one of Scott's novels.

The Horse and his Rider. By Rollo Springfield. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

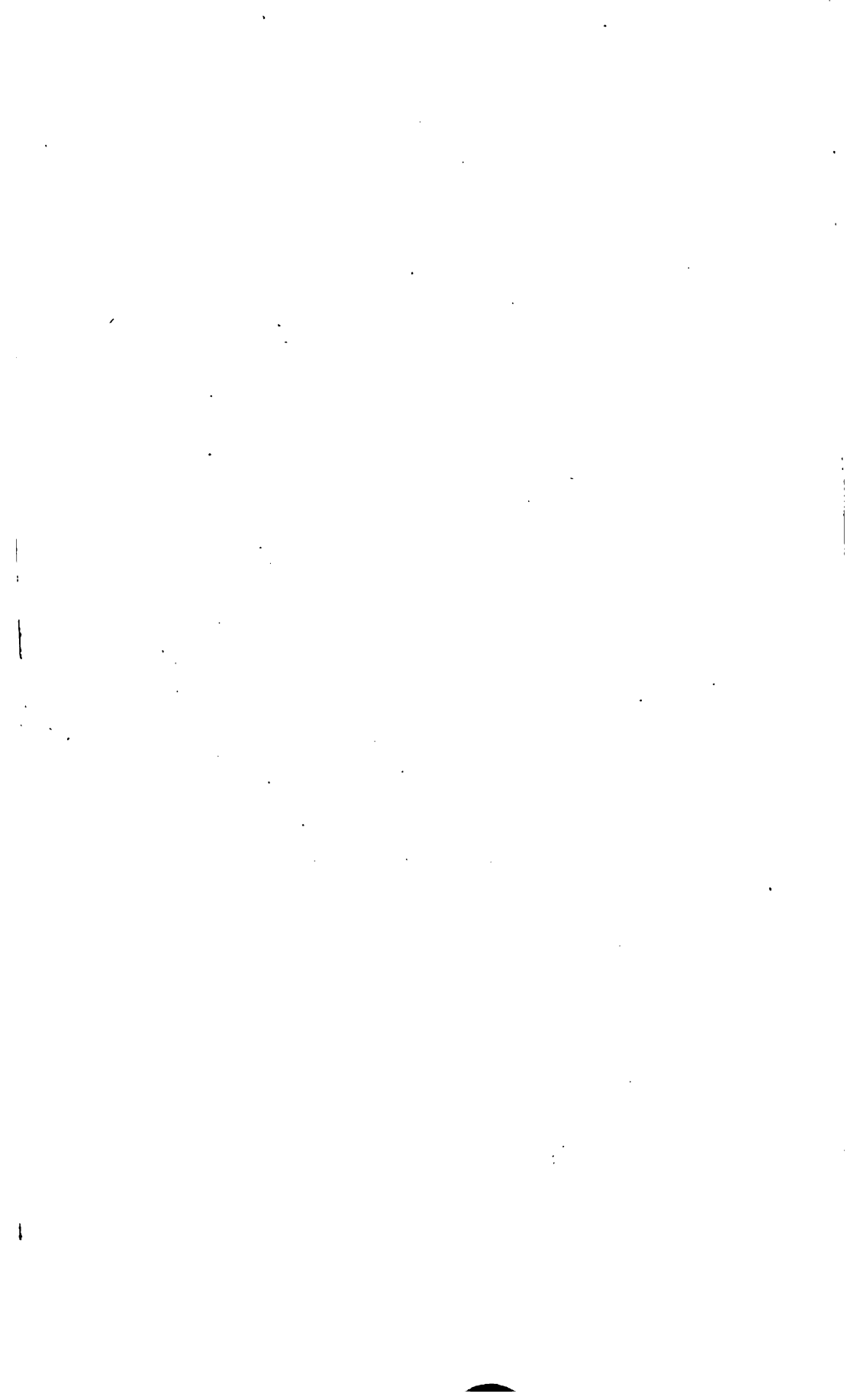
This is a captivating little volume, half way between a book for men and a book for boys. It is full of information and interesting anecdotes, contains a number of elegant illustrations, and is written in a style of much simplicity and clearness. The author almost exhausts the subject for the general reader. That portion devoted to the turf is especially racy. The intelligence and humanity of the noble animal have full justice done to them. The volume might be called a voice from the animal kingdom.

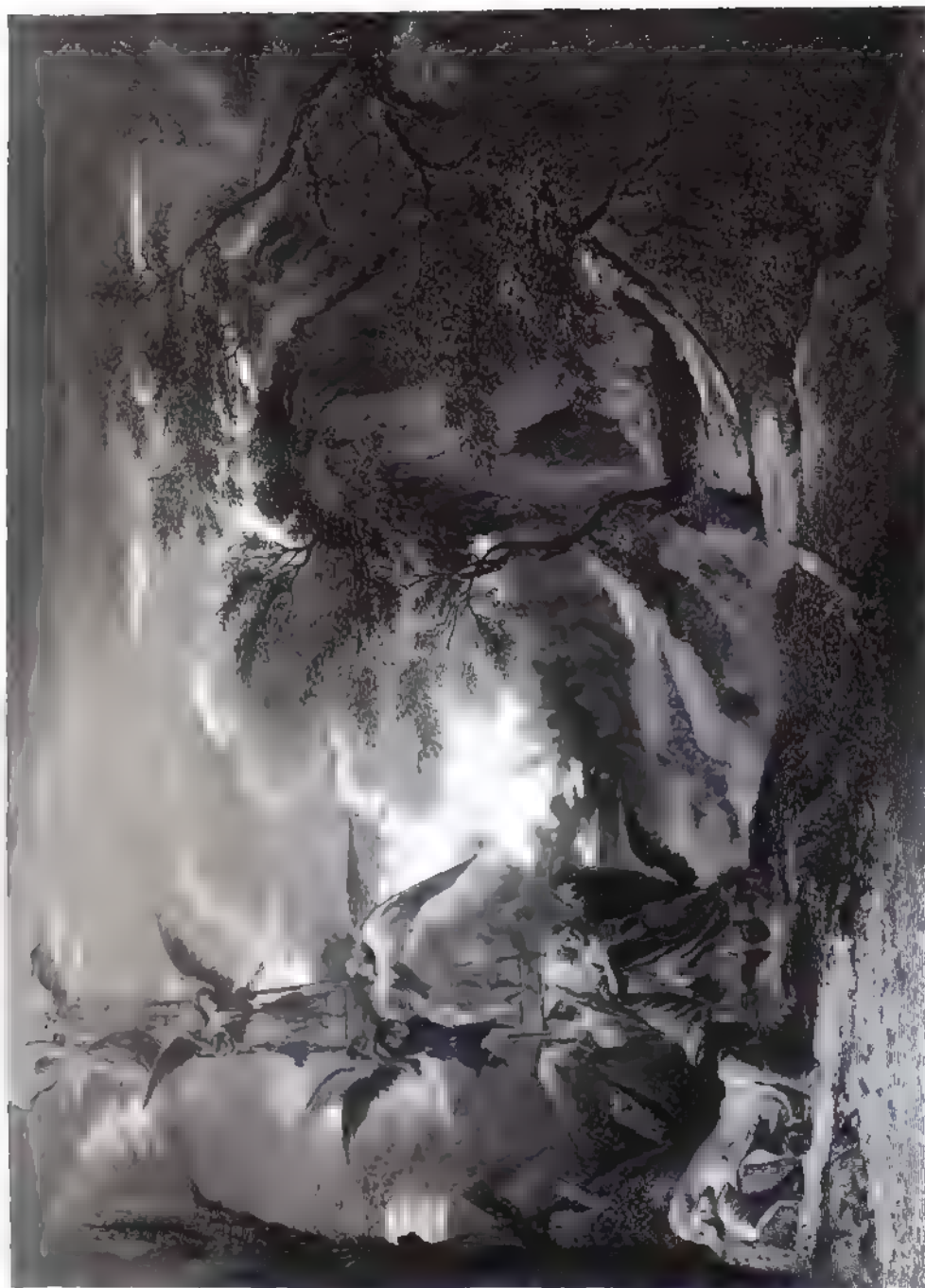
Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-Western Territory. By Jacob Burnet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The author of this volume is one of those who write history, not from books or hearsay, but from direct observation of events, or from a connection with the actors. The work has, therefore, great value and great freshness. To all who are interested in the vast region to which it relates, it presents strong claims to attention.

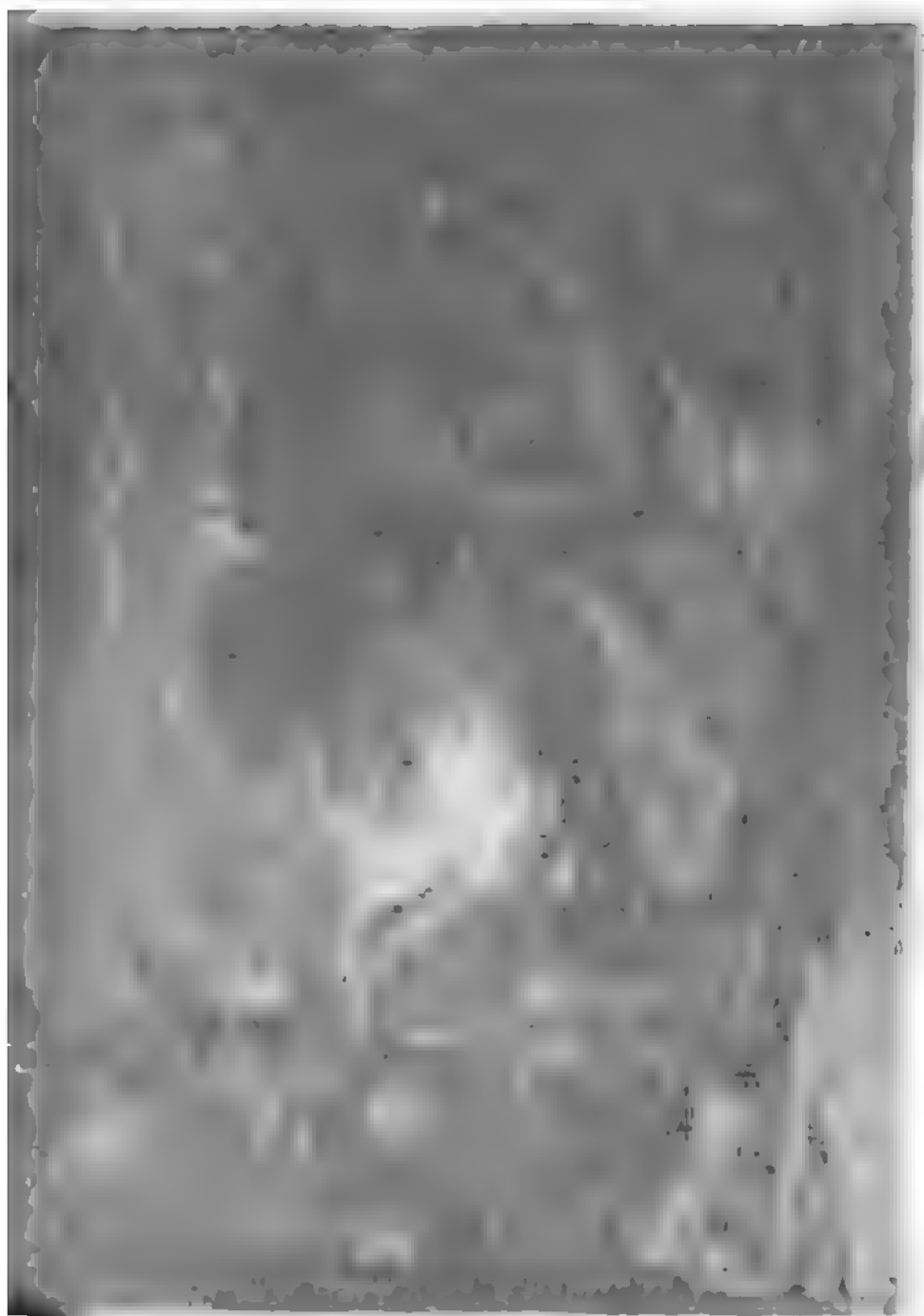


VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL.





JACOB'S DREAM. BY H. H. H.







UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



was only waiting for them to make sail, and whose sails were all loose, but held in their places by the men who had unloosed them, were let fall together, and walking away with all the halyards at once, the Scorpion was under all sail, and standing out of

agreeably affected in another way. Father Neptune, not allowing even the most beautiful and fair to travel over his domains without paying tribute; and sick, nauseated, with her head swimming and aching as if it would split, she was led to her state-



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No. 3.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

(Concluded from page 71.)

CHAPTER X.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs
Of sea, for an acre of barren ground,
Long heath, brown furze, any thing. The
Wills above be done! But I would fain die a
Dry death.—*TEMPER.*

DE VERE had not intended to marry quite so soon as he did, but being unexpectedly recalled home by an order from the admiralty, and wishing to take his beautiful Clara with him, he had with very little difficulty persuaded her to hasten their bridal day, and then accompany him to England.

Don Manuel was at first very loth to let his daughter leave him. Had it been Francisca, he would not have consented; her soft and gentle disposition had entwined itself completely around the old man's heart! But there was more of pride mingled with his affection for Clara; and she so enthusiastically expressed her desire to visit the English metropolis, and to travel over the heaving waves of the broad Atlantic—for she had never been to sea—that the old Don gave way to her entreaties; and with many kisses and promises of soon seeing them again, but apparently without much distress, she took leave of her father and sister on the deck of the Scorpion, where they had accompanied her to take a last farewell. Telling De Vere to watch well the charge he had entrusted to him, with sorrow and tears Don Manuel and Francisca got into their boat.

As soon as the boat was clear of the brig, which was only waiting for them to make sail, and whose sails were all loose, but held in their places by the men who had unloosed them, were let fall together, and walking away with all the halyards at once, the Scorpion was under all sail, and standing out of

the harbor before Don Manuel's boat reached the shore.

Francisca and her father both felt very much the loss of Clara and De Vere's company; but knowing it was useless to make vain lamentations, they returned home.

The thoughts of the many things she would see, and the images of the proud beauties of the English court, whom she would soon be with, and she hoped outshine, so occupied the mind of Clara, that she had parted from her father and sister without much regret. But as she stood on the quarter-deck, and saw the objects on shore gradually grow smaller and smaller—first the trees, then the light-house, and eventually the blue shores of the now distant island itself disappear from her sight, as if they had all sunk to the depths of the ocean, and looking around, observed nothing but an expanse of clouds and water, upon which the brig was but a speck—a sudden and complete sense of her bereavement oppressed her, and she burst into tears; for though she knew her husband was near, there is something so inexpressibly melancholy in leaving for the first time the home of your childhood, and the land of your nativity, that, for awhile, she could not avoid giving way to her grief. But De Vere soothed her, by tales of the sea, the distant and new country she was about to visit, and by promising it would be but a short time ere she should return. Hardly had she regained her composure when she was disagreeably affected in another way. Father Neptune, not allowing even the most beautiful and fair to travel over his domains without paying tribute; and sick, nauseated, with her head swimming and aching as if it would split, she was led to her state-

room, thinking she would give all she possessed in the world to be once more in the house she had so lately left.

When she recovered, and again came on deck, it was a warm, bright morning. The brig had just left the Gulf Stream. There was a fresh breeze, but the sea, unruffled by it, was heaving in long, rolling waves. Shoals of porpoises and black-fish were tumbling about in their uncouth gambols—interesting, because new, to Clara, but to the sailors more than uninteresting, as they prognosticated an approaching storm. The fragile and graceful nautilus, also, was seen expanding its tiny sail; numerous sea-birds were flying about, or for a moment resting on the water; and the Scorpion, as she moved rapidly along, seemed “a thing of life.”

Clara, forgetting her sickness, was delighted, and amused her husband by the incessant questions she put to him about every thing she saw. All day she remained on deck, and until a late hour in the evening; then with a lingering look at the bright stars, and the wide expanse of water that, alive with phosphorescent matter, seemed on fire, she reluctantly went below; but soon was dreaming of the glorious sublimity and beauty of all she had seen, nearly all the night, as the day had thus passed pleasantly by, when, toward morning, she was awakened by hoarse noises on deck, overhead, and found the ship rolling and pitching violently. Her husband she saw had left the cabin; and, alarmed, she hastily dressed, and started after him, to see what had happened; but she got no further than the top of the companion-way. Terrified, she clung to the railing, and with her body on the steps, and her head just above the level of the deck, with dilated pupils she gazed upon the awful change that had come over the face of the fickle deep in a few short hours. Instead of the long, unbroken, rolling waves she had left, she now found the surface of the ocean a mass of foam; huge, giant billows, as if in sport, chased each other with fearful rapidity, lifting the brig, now apparently as if they would carry her up into the low, dark, leaden-looking clouds, that seemed not much higher than her masts, and then, as they ran from under her, would leave her to sink between two hills of living water, as if to the bottomless pit, until another would pick up the brig, as a child's plaything, and hurling her on, away she would go again, up, up, for awhile, only to sink into another yawning valley, pitching, rolling, struggling, creaking, she held her way; and Clara's natural pride and self-possession in a short time enabled her to look calmly around, and even to admire, the fearful scene.

The brig, she saw, was under nothing but her top-sails, close reefed; and a small storm stay-sail; and her husband coming to her, said that a heavy wind had come out from the northward and westward about twelve o'clock, and had been increasing ever since, and was still rising, and that though he was now able to hold his course, he did not think

he could much longer, and insisted upon Clara's going below. Well it was that she did; for scarcely had she left the deck, when a blast, stronger and fiercer than any they had felt, struck the Scorpion, and bore her almost on her beam-ends. Struggling, she nearly righted herself, but again the ruthless wind compelled her to bow to its power, and a tremendous wave striking her at the same time, she was laid over completely.

Captain De Vere had been expecting such a catastrophe; and as soon as he found his vessel was on her beam-ends, and could not again right herself, gave the order to “Cut away the masts!”

Never is the cool and intrepid bravery that forms the basis of a seaman's character shown to such great advantage as in situations of the utmost emergency. And to have seen the self-collectedness with which the sailors of the Scorpion, axe in hand, crept along the brig's weather bulwark, with the strong and angry billows momentarily threatening to carry them off to the coral depths beneath, as they swept over them, one would have thought the men were all unconscious of fear—and such was the truth; for mariners are danger's children, begotten by courage.

Though fearless, they were fully aware of the risks they were running; with certain, but quick and rapid strokes, their sharp hatchets struck the thick-tarred lanyards, which, stretched to their utmost tension by the weight of the masts, quickly parted, and the tall spars losing their support, snapped short off, and toppled over into the boiling sea.

As soon as the masts fell the brig righted; and much to the joy of all on board, was once more on an even keel.

“Lively, men! lively, lads!” was now the order; and quickly cutting away the lee-lanyards, the brig was free from the wreck of her floating spars, and putting her before the wind, away the Scorpion flew, sailless, mastless, faster than she had ever sailed before, when, in the pride of all her lofty canvas, she had chased some flying enemy—on, on, they sped!

Never until now had the haughty spirit of Clara been thoroughly humbled, or had she a correct idea of man's entire nothingness, when compared with nature in its might and majesty. But humbled she was, when she came on deck that day and saw the tall and gallant brig, that had obeyed every motion of the helmsman's hand, a bare, naked hull, unmanageable, and driven whither the wind listed over the angry waves, which followed fast after, and as they rose under the stern, their vast white combs would curl over the very taffarel, as if about to break on deck; and as the vessel lifted, and was for a moment out of danger, they would send the spray in showers over her, as if they were shedding tears of anger that the poor vessel had, for an instant, escaped that destruction to which it seemed she was inevitably hurrying. At last, one mighty wave, more powerful than the rest, reared its tremendous bulk far over the devoted brig's stern, and breaking

in a torrent of resistless force, swept over her deck. De Vere saw the impending danger just soon enough to throw one arm around his wife's waist, and casting himself and her flat on deck, seize with the other a ring-bolt, and save themselves from death.

When the water ran off, and he looked around, but ten of his crew were left on the Scorpion's deck; the rest, some one hundred and forty souls, had been swept, unannealed, into eternity, the waves their winding-sheet, the howling blast, and the roaring billows, hymning their dirge. Poor men! how many of your fellows, with brave souls, kind hearts, loving wives and children, meet the same sad fate.

Gathering together on the quarter-deck those who had been spared, the hardy, weather-beaten tars, the proud, conceited officer, the vain, worldly-minded lady, humbly joined in offering to the throne of Almighty Grace, grateful thanks for their preservation; and praying to the Ruler of all things for the rest of their departed messmates, earnestly besought him to keep them safe in the hollow of his hand, and lead them out of their present danger.

The second day came round; the wind was unabated; and the brig was rushing, hurrying on to her unknown destination—most probably the bottom of the ocean.

The third day came; as time will ever on in its ceaseless course, alike indifferent to human joy or sorrow. No change had yet taken place for the better; slowly, tediously, tiresomely, the hours of that third day crept by. No employment had they but watching the brig, as she dashed along, apparently racing with the wild billows that ever followed, ever kept alongside. Sun there was none to enliven them; the same dark, leaden hue pervaded the sky; and even the sunlight of hope, that best, most cheerful of all lights, was just glimmering, and on the very eve of expiring forever. With grim and despairing countenances, silently they sat, fearing each moment that the vessel, strained in every timber by the violent and incessant heaving and rolling to which she was subjected, would go to pieces.

What a sight that deck and crew would have been to the purse-proud, the ambitious, the money-craving, grasping ones on shore; would it not have exhibited the utter worthlessness of it all? and the necessity we all have, poor mortals that we are, subject to die at any moment, for the grace, the pity, and the care of God.

Again, another day arrived, the fourth since the brig had been dismasted; but a change had taken place; the wind had died away, and the heavens had opened their thousand windows, and the dark clouds were pouring down a deluge of rain on the poor brig, as she rolled, pitched, tossed, heaved about at the mercy of the waves, which still ran frightfully high. To add to horrors already overpowering, De Vere discovered that his worst fears had been realized. The brig, strained until her seams were opened, was leaking. Sounding the well, she was

found to have four feet of water in her hold. He did not mention it to his unfortunate companions, hoping that it would not increase. In an hour he again tried the water; it had increased six inches, thus reducing to a certainty their deaths in the course of two days at the furthest, unless they were relieved; for every boat had been stove or carried overboard by the waves, and the crew was too weak to do any good at the pumps.

With a sad heart, and solemn voice, he imparted the startling fact to the group on the quarter-deck; for, gathering confidence from each other's society, they still continued huddled together astern, regardless of the fast falling rain—in great misfortunes so soon do we grow callous to smaller ones.

De Vere's intelligence extinguished the last spark of hope in the breasts of the men; and reckless in their despair, they were for at once breaking into the spirit-room, and having one more bacchanalian riot; let death, when he came, find them insensible to his terrors.

Their captain ordered them back; but what was earthly authority to them, on the brink of eternity. He then expostulated, but it was of no avail; they were determined to die drunk, and told De Vere to get away from in front of the companion-way, where he was standing, to prevent their descent, or they would throw him overboard, and send him to Davy Jones a little before them. They were about to rush on him, as he stood unmoved, when Clara, roused by the danger of her husband, sprung between them. In a tone of command, and with an authoritative air, she said,—

"Back! back!—are ye men, made after the image of the living God! And would ye hurry into his awful presence like beasts—drunk! insensible! and stained with murder! Or are ye such cowards that ye are afraid to die in your senses! Shame! shame upon ye! to have less firmness than I, a woman! But, no," and she altered her tones to those of mildness, "I know ye are neither beasts nor cowards; but brave men, hurried away by an evil thought, who will join with me in asking forgiveness for it;" and sinking down on the deck, the sailors involuntarily followed her example; and when they arose, after her ardent supplication, they had given up all thought of their mad design.

Scarcely had they regained their feet, when, as if in very answer to their prayer, a sail was seen; just a speck, 'tis true, but enough to assure them a vessel was in sight. Great was their joy; and then all was anxiety, for fear the distant ship might not come near. Now, for a moment, they lost sight of her, and their hearts were like lead in their bosoms; but again they made her out—she was nearer, and watched intently. On she came, until they made her out to be a large top-sail schooner.

Nearer she came, but gave no evidence of having seen the wreck. The sufferers tried to hail, and though together they all raised their voices to the utmost pitch, the roaring, dashing billows drowned

all sound ere it had gone twenty fathom. But they had been observed by the crew of the schooner, who, rounding-to, proceeded to get out a boat. After some labor she succeeded; for it was a work of toil and danger to launch a boat on that rough ocean. The boat was lowered with her gallant crew in her, who, unhooking the davit-tackles as she touched the water, were afloat, and the small boat looked like an egg-shell as she rose and fell with the angry waves. Powerfully her crew tugged at the oars, and, watched by all eyes, she approached the hull.

Go alongside she could not; but getting under the brig's stern, they hove a rope to the boat, and it being fastened in her bow, De Vere took Clara in one arm, and with his other hand and feet climbed down, and placing his wife in the boat turned to ascend again to the brig; she clung to him, and begged him to stay, but he would not. "The last man that leaves the Scorpion must be I, my love," he said; and returning as he came, he was again on the taffarel of the wreck. Clara would have followed him, but she could not.

One by one five more of the Scorpion's crew descended into the schooner's boat, which, unable to carry more at once, put off with these to the schooner.

Well the oarsmen bent to their task, and in a time that seemed nearly impossible, they had again returned. After all else had left the wreck, De Vere abandoned his lost brig, and was pulled to the schooner.

Long and eager was the embrace that passed between him and his wife, when they met in safety on the deck of the schooner. After thanking the boat's crew, who had so nobly exerted themselves, and promising them large rewards, he turned to make acknowledgments to the captain of the vessel for his prompt assistance.

Walking further aft to where the captain was standing with his arms folded, he was surprised to find in him Charles Willis, the slaver. De Vere's feelings underwent a sudden revulsion. "Have I," he thought, "escaped a watery-grave, only to fall, with my wife, into the power of my most inveterate enemy—a man without principle, honor, or law, and whom I once brought nearly to the gallows? Would to heaven the salt waters had closed over us!"

Willis remarked the change that came over De Vere's countenance, and correctly defining the cause, extended his hand toward him, and said,—

"Keep your mind perfectly easy, Captain De Vere, and believe that you will be treated with all honor and kindness; and that I am too proud to take advantage even of those who have always proved themselves causelessly my enemies, when they are in distress and suffering; and also give me credit for having sufficient humanity to make me thankful for this opportunity of saving the lives of twelve fellow-mortals."

De Vere, mortified at the injustice he had done

the slaver captain in his thoughts, warmly grasped his hand, and thanked him; saying he felt as secure as if he were on shore.

Willis gave up his own cabin to Clara and De Vere, and slung his hammock on the berth-deck. Every thing was done to make the Scorpion's men comfortable; and their fears were soon relieved, for they, as their commander, had felt a good many misgivings about their future fate, when they first learned they were on board of the Maraposa, the vessel they had used so roughly.

As soon as De Vere had attended to the comfort of Clara, Willis asked him how he had met with such a misfortune to his vessel, and whither he was bound? De Vere detailed all the circumstances, and asked Willis how it happened that he was so far to the northward of his usual cruising ground. Willis said that it was by no good-will of his own, but that some of De Vere's friends—a sloop-of-war and a brig—had chased him so hard, as he was going from Cuba to the coast, that he had been compelled to hold to the northward to get rid of them; and that he was on his way back to Africa when he first saw the wreck of the brig, but he would be happy to carry De Vere and his wife back to Havana.

This was the very thing De Vere and Clara most anxiously desired, though neither were willing to request it of Willis; but when he thus generously offered it, they thankfully accepted his proposal. The schooner's course was altered a little more to the westward, and the Maraposa was once more heading for Havana.

They were thirty days on the passage; during which time both De Vere and Clara had an opportunity of impartially judging Willis, and were so much prepossessed in his favor, that De Vere wondered how he could have ever entertained such an opinion as he formerly had of him; and in their conversations together, the English captain and his wife both expressed a great desire to prevail upon Willis to leave his present profession. But how to influence him they knew not, for though he was most affable and communicative on all other topics, whenever he was asked about his present pursuit, he would only say that circumstances, over which he had no control, had first compelled him to enter, and still retained him in it; and then he would turn the conversation, so that delicacy forbade his passengers saying any thing more to him.

It was a bright clear day when they arrived in sight of the Havana light-house; a gentle breeze was blowing, and the water was nearly smooth. Clara was on deck with her husband, and was in raptures at the sight of her native isle, and the thoughts of soon seeing her father and sister again, and comparing in her mind the beauty and apparent security of the present scene with the late fearful ones she had passed through, as the rich voice of Willis sounded close to her.

"Your late dangers, fair lady, I hope, have not so

much impaired your nerves, that you would be afraid to trust yourself in a small boat on this quiet water for a short time?"

"Oh, no, Captain Willis! I assure you, I am now quite a sailor, and would think nothing of it."

"I am very glad to hear it, lady, and trust you will not think I am inhospitable if I soon put your courage to the test. Had you been fearful, I should have run into the harbor; but as you are not, it will be much to my convenience to go only to the entrance of the port, and send you in in a boat."

De Vere, who had been standing near enough to overhear the conversation, now stepped up, and said he sincerely hoped, indeed he asked it as a personal favor, that Captain Willis would go into Havana, to enable him to show his gratitude, and repay him for his vessel's loss of time in bringing them there.

Clara, too, joined her husband in urging Willis to go into the harbor, and come to her father's house with them; saying Don Manuel would hardly forgive Francisca for not bringing him before, and now that he was a second time the preserver of the family, she was sure her father would never forgive her.

Willis had now approached the shore as close as he wished, and laying the schooner to, he ordered his men to get out the launch, and informed De Vere and his lady that he was now prepared to carry them ashore. Their arrangements were soon made; and they, with the remnant of the Scorpion's crew, all bidding Willis an affectionate farewell, and expressing their many thanks, got into the boat, and, steered by Mateo, pulled for the harbor.

Until the boat was out of sight Willis stood on deck looking after her; and when she disappeared from his sight, he imagined her having accomplished the rest of her way, and the joy of Francisca at so unexpectedly seeing her sister, and learning that she had been rescued by him; and knowing that Clara and De Vere could not but speak favorably of him, was also much consolation. And then he thought of the strange fate that had thus twice compelled him, after starting for the last time, as he thought, to the coast, to return to Havana, against his intentions, and obliged him now, for the third time, to head for Africa, when he was so anxious to quit the trade. He knew that the gratitude and liberality of De Vere and Don Manuel, had he gone into Havana this time, would have given him money enough to have enabled him to leave the slave-trade; but at this his pride revolted; he wished to be independent by his own exertions, and without their aid; and walking the deck, these and such thoughts, occupied him until the return of his launch. As soon as the boat came alongside, without asking any questions of her crew, he ordered her to be got on board again with all speed. This was soon done, and filling away, heading to the eastward, the Maraposa was once more standing for the coast.

Mateo, as soon as the launch was secured, joined

his captain, who was still walking the quarter-deck, and reported having landed his passengers safely, though, said he,

"If I had not known it was your express wish they should go safe, I would much rather have thrown them all overboard to quarrel with the sharks."

Willis, engaged by his own thoughts, made his mate no reply, and Mateo continued.

"If it is not taking too great a liberty, captain, I wish you would tell me why, when you had that cursed English captain and his men, who have given us so much trouble, and put us all in limbo, and would have hung you if you had not made sail out of their hands, when you had them in your power, why you did not cut all their throats, so that we might never be worried again by them, instead of treating them as if they had been your brothers, or messmates, at the least?"

"Why, Mateo," replied the captain, "if I tell you, you will hardly understand. It was not because I loved them, but it is a much greater and sweeter revenge to do your enemy a great good, when you have it in your power, than to kill him. And, besides, you would not have me take advantage of a man when he could not help himself."

"Well, captain, I know you are very different from me, and, indeed, from all the skippers I have ever known; but I would rather take satisfaction with my knife, then I can see it, and feel it. This other way of yours I can't understand, but I am much obliged to you for telling me; and the next time I fall athwart the English captain's haire, now he is from under your protection, I will give him a few inches of my knife, in part payment of the fine and imprisonment he caused me."

Willis, not feeling like entering into an argument, observed to his mate that the wind had come round more, and told him he had better ease off the sheets, and set the square-sail and studding-sails. Mateo proceeded to attend to these duties, and left him, as he wished to be, alone.

CHAPTER XL

*They say that Hope is happiness,
But genuine Love must prize the past;
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first—they set the last.—BYRON.*

The surprise of Don Manuel and Francisca was unbounded, when they saw De Vere and Clara return, though their fears were relieved by seeing they were both in good health; and soon as the old Don had learned the dangers through which they passed, he embraced Clara again and again, and vowed that as long as he lived, neither of his children should ever again leave him; for both of you, the first time either has left me, have been exposed to the most imminent perils, and wonderfully have both been rescued by the courage and gallantry of the same individual, and asked Clara how she now liked Willis.

Francisca at this question changed color, to even a paler white than she had been before, and looked eagerly toward her sister as she replied; and sweeter than music was it to the gentle Francisca to hear her haughty sister, who had formerly said so many hard things against the slaver captain, now give utterance to nothing but praises and compliments, and such opinions as a fond girl would best like to hear spoken of the one she loved.

More pleasant dreams had Francisca that night than ever before blessed her pillow; and she chid the morning light for breaking the images of her fancy, and bringing back to her remembrance that Willis was, she knew not where; and that though she knew now no opposition would be offered by her family to his visiting the house, she might never again see him.

Don Velasquez felt so grateful to Willis for thus having saved his other daughter, and her husband, when he knew the trouble that husband had taken to bring him who thus delivered them to the gallows, that he was determined this time to try at once to show his gratitude and respect for Willis, and hastening, with De Vere, down to the harbor, chartered a steamboat to pursue the schooner and try to overtake her before she got far from the coast.

Plying the firemen and engineers plentifully with money, that most powerful stimulant, to increased exertion, the old Don soon had a fine head of steam on the boat, and promising a large reward to the captain of the steamer, if he succeeded in overtaking the schooner; the "Aguila" went puffing out to sea, at a rate altogether new to her, and one that astonished the numerous lookers on from the shore, who thought nothing less than a government dispatch could have need of such speed.

"How shall we steer, sir?" asked the captain of the Aguila of Don Manuel, as soon as they were clear of the light-house; but he was at a loss how to answer, and had to ask De Vere; he thinking Willis would go again to the coast, told them to hold to the eastward; and though they were on the right track, and still kept the steamer at the top of her speed, the Maraposa had too much the start of them; and after holding on for twenty-four hours, they were obliged to return without success.

"Twice, now," said Don Manuel, "has Willis done me the greatest service that one man can do another, and neither time have I been able to repay him; but I now declare, that, if I ever meet him again, I will give him a hundred thousand dollars, and at least have the satisfaction of knowing he will be comfortable the rest of his life, without having to expose himself in his present dangerous calling; and I am certain he would adorn any circle in society."

To this De Vere assented, and hoped they both would soon have an opportunity of seeing him. When De Vere and his father-in-law returned home, both the ladies were disappointed that they returned

alone—they had been certain the steamer would overtake the schooner.

De Vere remained some ten days, or a fortnight, quietly in Havana, recruiting, after his late excitements, and receiving the congratulations of his numerous acquaintances, on his fortunate escape, before he mentioned to Don Velasquez, his intention of again starting to England.

The old Spaniard was surprised; for now that De Vere had no vessel, he could see no reason why he could not just as well write as go himself; and begged him to do so, and resign his commission.

This De Vere was not willing to do, and told his father-in-law if he did resign, it would be more necessary for him now to return personally than if he still had his brig, for that now it touched his honor that he should give to the admiralty an account of the manner in which the Scorpion had been lost.

Finding De Vere was determined to go, Don Manuel thought this would be a good time to put in execution a project, of which he had been thinking ever since the death of his wife, but had put it off from time to time, waiting until his daughters were settled. It was to revisit his native land, Spain, which he had never seen since he first left it in his youth. And rather than let Clara go away from him again, he determined, if De Vere would accompany him, to go now, and after visiting Madrid, the place of his birth, to proceed to England with De Vere.

This arrangement was readily agreed to by the Englishman. Clara, too, was delighted when she heard of it; and Francisca was the only one of the household that was not pleased at the thought. Even the old duenna was in raptures; but Francisca thought it would be placing even a greater distance between herself and Willis, and was sad. But Spain had been the dream-land of her youth; and she had, in years gone by, so often expressed a desire to visit that land of the romantic and picturesque, that now she was compelled to appear pleased as well as the rest.

Fortunately for Don Manuel, there was a large and splendid new Spanish merchantman in port, taking in sugar for Cadiz, and the captain told him he would be ready to sail in a week. Velasquez engaged the whole of her cabin for himself and family; and when the ship was ready to sail, they were all on board, and bidding adieu to Havana for a time, they were soon on the trackless main.

Again Clara gazed at the fast fading heights of her beautiful native isle—but with what different feelings; now she had all her family with her, and was leaving none behind; and even if she should be again wrecked, death itself would not be half so awful where they could all die together; and her heart was light and buoyant.

But Francisca, though she endeavored to look cheerful, could not suppress the tears that rose fast and unbidden to her beautiful eyes, and over-running them, would trickle slowly down her cheek.

"What ails you, sister mine?" said Clara. "Are you crying for some gay Habenero you are leaving behind you? Cara mia! dry your eyes! You will find beaux as plenty as stars in the bright land to which we are going! And if you don't like the Castilians, I will get you a fair, handsome Englishman, like my husband! only not quite so good-looking, when we get to Albion's Isle!"

This, though said in jest, came near touching the source of Francisca's tears, though the object was Willie! and not a Havanarian! and she replied, as she brushed away her tears,

"Did you not cry, and feel sad, when you, for the first time, saw the hills of your beloved home sinking from your sight?"

"Oh yes! yes!" answered Clara; "and I won't plague you any, if you promise me not to cry more than an hour!"

Francisca soon dried her eyes, and in the company of her father, sister, and De Vere, in a fine ship, and with a good breeze, she, and all, had every prospect of a speedy and happy voyage to the shores of Spain.

Leaving them to pursue their way, let us once more rejoin the *Maraposa*, and see the fortunes that befell her in her trial again to make a final voyage to Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

The burning sun
Blistered and scorched; and stagnant on the sea
They lay like carcases: and hope was none.

BYRON.

The schooner had made an unmolested run across the ocean, and was now standing out of the river, to the southward of St. Felipe de Benguela, upon which the factory was situated where she always obtained her cargo of Africans, as when we first saw her coming out of the same river on a former voyage; her hold was crowded with miserable captives, and her crew were armed and vigilant, as they always were when they had slaves on board. Willis and his mate were standing far aft, near the taffarel, in conversation.

"I feel, Mateo," said the captain, "as if we were going to have a safe and a quick trip this time, to make up for the two or three failures we have had lately; and I suppose you know, if we get in safe this time, I am going to cut and quit the trade. And we are now making a good start for a lucky run, for the wind is fair, and nothing in sight."

"By St. Jago! I wish we may have a lucky run," replied the mate. "Not because I wish you to quit the trade, for a better or a braver captain to sail with I never expect to mess with again; and I know you believe what I say, though it is spoken to your face, sir. It has now been four years since we first sailed together, but I have a dread or presentiment that the *Maraposa* will never see Cuba again, and that both our voyages are nearly over."

"Pooh! pooh, man!" said Willis, "you have been

drinking, and have the vapors; that is all that ails you. Go below and take another good nip of cogniac, and you will feel as well and confident as ever!"

"You can laugh at me as much as you please, captain; but I have not drank of any thing stronger than coffee these three days; and I only hope I will prove as false a prophet as that d—d negro Obi man we hung two years ago, for trying to burn the schooner; and who said you and I both would stretch hemp before the year was out."

"We have had time to prove, Mateo, he did not know what he was talking about, and in a month more, when we have landed this cargo, and handled the dollars, you will find you are as much mistaken as he was. But I wish you would jump up to the fore-top-sail yard and see if you can make out any thing. I fear that infernal sloop-of-war that chased us so hard, when we had to run to the northward, more than any thing else."

Mateo, taking a glass, was soon sweeping the horizon from his lofty perch, and in a few moments he sung out—

"There she is, blast her! just where she has always managed to be yet, dead to windward! and ahead!"

"How is she heading?" asked Willis.

"To the nor'ard, sir; and about fifteen miles off."

"Very well, Mateo, we will try to get to the westward of her before she makes much more northing, and if I can show her the *Maraposa's* stern, then we will get in before she can overhaul us."

But Willis, this time underrated the speed of the vessel in sight, which was a new sloop, and one of the fastest square-rigged vessels that ever carried a sail; and long before he got on a line with her, she had lessened the distance between them to seven or eight miles, and, having seen the schooner, was now crowding on more duck, and heading a little to the eastward; she would, in less than an hour more, be right on board the slaver.

This was an arrangement that did not suit Willis at all, but there was nothing for it but to try his heels. And hoping they would stand him in as good stead now as they had on many a former occasion, he put the *Maraposa's* helm a-port and ran off before the wind to the northward.

Square-sail, studding-sails, ring-tail and water-sails were all set and full; every place an inch of canvas could be put there was one, and the schooner rushed through the water like a mad creature, heaving high the waves, until they ran over her bows and deck in a perfect cataract. But all would not do! Steadily astern of them came on the sloop-of-war, with her lofty sails piled upon one another, until she looked like a mountain, moving in the schooner's wake. Every moment she gained upon the slaver.

In four hours, so rapidly had the sloop come up, she was within gun-shot of the *Maraposa*, whose doom seemed sealed, as a shot from the sloop's bow

gun fell into the water, just ahead of her, showing she was within range, and also as a signal to the slaver to surrender.

But Willis had no such intention; and in answer to the shot ran up to his main-gaff the flaunting ensign of Spain.

"That proud Englishman thinks he is certain of the little slaver, but if ever he gets any prize money out of her sale I will be very much mistaken!" said Willis, as another shot from the sloop struck the *Maraposa's* starboard quarter, carried away the quarter davit, and dropped one end of her stern boat in the water, just as the flag unfurled itself in the wind; but the man-of-war knew the schooner was in her power, and did not wish to cut such a beautiful craft to pieces with her shot, and determined to carry the slaver by boarding.

On she came, therefore, silently, until her flying-jibboom was even with the schooner's taffarel, when the captain of the man-of-war, jumping up on the hammock-nettings, ordered the schooner to surrender or he would board her.

The slaver's crew were all at quarters, and looked as quiet as desperate men, determined to die rather than surrender, always do.

When the English captain hailed, Willis cast a glance at his men, and reading their courage in their looks, said nothing. The sloop drew by until she was abreast of the *Maraposa*. As soon as Willis saw that all his guns would bear, he sung out—"Fire!" The loud report of his three carronades and long gun instantly resounded; and fired, as they had been, with their muzzles nearly touching the sloop's sides, the shot did fearful execution; leaving four gaping holes in the man-of-war's hull, and wounding many of her men.

The audacity of this attack, for a moment, seemed to paralyze the Englishman; but recovering from his surprise, the captain of the sloop cried out—

"Heave over the grappling-irons, and away, ye boarders, away! Spare none of them but the captain; take him alive if you can."

Like an avalanche, the sloop's boarders poured down upon the deck of the schooner, but her stern crew gave back not an inch! Heroically they stood their ground! In a better cause their deeds would have been immortalized in song and story; but they knew their cause was hopeless, and they were only fighting for revenge: and deep, deep did their cutlasses and boarding-axes drink of English blood that day!

But they could not contend long against such fearful odds; one by one, they fell dead in their tracks, suppressing even their groans as they died. Soon all that were left alive of the slaver's crew were Willis, Mateo, and the old captain of the fore-castle, who, back to back, on the quarter-deck, were fighting like tigers; and a ring of dead and dying foes around them proved their prowess and strength of arm.

A cutlass stroke over the head laid low the hardy

old captain of the fore-castle, and Willis was alone with Mateo. With a loud huzza, when the old seaman fell, the sloop's men made a rush to encircle Willis, and capture him alive, but he had heard the English captain's orders, and determined never again to be in chains.

Willis made a desperate effort, and with three strokes of his cutlass, felling a foeman at each, he brought himself opposite the cabin companion-way; quickly from his belt he drew a pistol and fired it down into the cabin.

A bright flash followed, and then a noise as if heaven's artillery had pealed forth a salvo; and all was silent!

The lofty sloop, and the graceful schooner, where were they? They had entirely disappeared; and in the place they had occupied nothing was now to be seen but a confused mass of spars! splinters! cordage! dead men's bodies! legs! arms! heads! floating about; and here and there a few who had escaped with their lives, swimming and endeavoring to get on some floating spar, to prolong for a little time their existence.

Willis, before the combat, had placed a train from his magazine to a keg of powder at the foot of the cabin companion-way, and finding he was about to be captured, he had set fire to the train, by firing his pistol into the open keg, and blown up his own vessel and the sloop, which was lying close alongside.

Sitting on a large spar, which had formerly done duty as the *Maraposa's* main-mast, was the figure of a man, the calm and philosophical expression of whose countenance was strangely at variance with the scene of confusion and death that surrounded him; and the current of his thoughts was equally uncommon for one in his situation.

"Well!" soliloquized he, "that was the tallest hoist I have ever had yet. I fell from a frigate's topgallant-yard once, but, by the Virgin's Son, that was nothing to this! First, I went up, until I thought I was on a voyage to the moon, and then I came down like a burst rocket, and sunk into the sea, down, down, until I was sure I would come out on the other side; and then I came up in the midst of this infernal mess, safe and sound, and am booked for a cruise on this old spar. *Maldito!* I wish the berth was a better one! But after getting alive out of that hot fight, and coming off safe from a blowing up, I know I am not going to be drowned or starved to death! No, no, hanging will be my lot yet! and I could make out well enough here, for a while, if I only had a shipmate; messmates we would not be, for there is no grub—and, blast me, if there is not another chap alive, if he only has strength enough to get here." As he said this, he stretched out his arm to aid a man, who, with feeble effort, was endeavoring to get on the spar.

The new comer's face was grimed and black with powder, and he was stained with blood that was exuding from a deep gash in his shoulder; for

a moment he sat motionless to recover himself, and then exclaimed, extending his hand to his companion on the mast,

"My God, is that you, Mateo!"

"*Madre de Cielo!*" said Mateo, who was the individual that had been philosophising. "Is that you, captain? By St. Antony, I am glad to see you! I was just wishing for a shipmate, but had no thought I would be lucky enough to fall in with you; for I thought it hardly possible we should both escape."

"Nor have we yet," said Willis; for it was he. "We have a poor chance of ever going from here, but to the fishes; but even that is better than to be carried into Havana again and hung. And it is some consolation that the sloop's gone to Davy Jones' locker as well as the Maraposa. I said this would be her last voyage to the coast, but I had no idea the poor craft would come to an end altogether."

"Keep up your heart, captain," said Mateo, "for I know I am going to die by hanging; and as you could not find the means of doing the job for me here, even if I wished it, we must necessarily get safe somewhere; and you know I am a true prophet!"

For three days, on the bare mast, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, without food or water, and hope dying in their hearts, Willis and Mateo lived. Their sufferings were awful: daily their strength failed: and Willis, who was weaker than Mateo, from loss of blood, and stiff from his wound, would have fallen off the mast, had not his mate taken the belt from around the captain's waist, and bound him on with it: and feeling his own strength failing, he got to the other end of the spar, propped himself in between the cross-trees, and took a long look around the horizon, to see if there was not a sail in sight; but no such blessing greeted his eyes.

They were alone on the great and boundless solitude of the wide ocean—out of reach of all succor—and thus they floated on.

CHAPTER XIII.

The web of our life is of a
Mingled yarn, good and ill together.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"El Diamante," to avoid the bad weather, usually met with in the Gulf Stream, had taken the eastern passage, and, after clearing the Bahamas, had held her course about east north-east, and getting far to the eastward, was rapidly ploughing toward her destination.

She had been fortunate in having fair winds and good weather, and the voyage to Don Manuel and his family had been a very pleasant one. In the security and calmness of this passage, Clara had nearly forgotten the dreadful horrors and mischances that can take place at sea, and which she had experienced on her former voyage.

It was after sundown, the day had been intensely warm, and Clara and Francisca were sitting on the

ship's high poop-deck, enjoying the pleasant, and now cool air, and admiring the placid beauty of the smooth sea.

"What is that dark object, sister?" asked Francisca, pointing to a large, black-looking substance, floating to leeward.

"Indeed, I don't know, Nifietta! It looks like a whale."

"Oh! I want to see one so much; call Captain De Vere, and tell him to bring the telescope, so that we can have a good look at it," said Francisca.

Clara called her husband, who came laughingly upon the poop, with a telescope; and adjusting the glass, he looked through it to see that the focus was right, before giving it to the ladies.

But as he looked his countenance changed, and taking the glass from his eye, in a voice of pity, he said, "that is not a whale, ladies; but too poor men on a floating mast. Both the ladies expressed the greatest pity, and begged De Vere to have the poor men picked up: this he intended to do; and calling to his side the captain of the ship, pointed out to him the floating wreck.

The captain was a kind-hearted man, and there is nothing that excites the sympathy of a sailor quicker than a wreck, for it is a peril to which they are all and always exposed, and he at once ordered the man at the wheel to keep away. Soon the figures of the men on the spar were visible from the deck, and they looked as if they were both dead.

Getting near them, the Diamante's top-sail was hove aback, and a boat lowered, to bring the sufferers on board. When she brought them, both men were insensible, though their faint breathing gave evidence that life had not yet departed.

All the crew and passengers were gathered around the gangway, to see the rescued ones as they were passed on board. As Willis came over, Francisca, with the quick eye of love, recognized him, and, shocked at his dreadful appearance, fainted.

None else recognized the handsome slaver, in the begrimed, sunburnt, blood-stained, and skeleton figure before them. And attributing Francisca's swoon to pity, for a sight so horrible, carried her below.

Mateo and Willis were laid on deck, for the purpose of being resuscitated before they were carried below. Willis, who was much the most debilitated of the two, from the loss of blood he had sustained, for a long time resisted all efforts to restore animation. But Mateo, who had swooned but a short time before they were discovered, more easily recovered his faculties. But only partially and confusedly had his mind been restored, for, startled by the noise and bustle around him, bewildered, and remembering the desperate fight before the schooner was blown up, and seeing bending over him the face of De Vere, whom he had always known as an enemy, he thought he was again in the hot and

heady fight, and staggering to his feet, before any one could stop his movements, he had drawn his sheath-knife, and shouting feebly, in Spanish, "Give it to the English dogs!" he plunged his knife to the hilt in the breast of De Vere; and overcome by the exertion, sunk again senseless on deck; falling across the body of the English captain, who had dropped dead.

Clara sprung forward, and pitching off Mateo, took her husband on her lap, and eagerly tried to staunch the fast welling blood, but it was useless.

The spirit had already fled; in her arms she held but an inanimate corse! She fainted, and fell by the side of her husband, and looked as if her soul had also taken its departure. So cold and deathlike did she look, that it was impossible to tell in which the principle of life still existed, the husband or the wife.

The crew, ignorant of all former acquaintance between the murderer and the murdered, were exasperated that he had met his death from the hand of the man he was trying to aid, and would have thrown both Willis and Mateo again into the sea, from whence they had just taken them, had not Francisca, whose anxiety to learn the fate of Willis had brought her on deck again, told her father who the men were; and the old Don, getting between the crew of the Diamond and the objects of their fury, explained to them their obligations to one of the party, and begged them to pause. He promised to be responsible for Willis himself, and persuaded them to put Mateo in irons, and carry him into port to be tried, instead of executing him themselves.

By the next day both Clara and Willis sufficiently recovered to attend the solemn commitment of De Vere to his last resting-place. Solemn it is, and heart-touching at any time, to see a man committed to a sailor's grave, but on this occasion the feelings of the lookers-on were peculiarly harrowing—and a gloom, dark and drear, was cast over the rest of the voyage, that had commenced so pleasantly.

Clara was deeply affected by the fate of her young husband, thus cut off in the prime of his manhood, without a moment's warning. Her character was changed; no longer proud and haughty, she determined to devote the rest of her life to the service of God.

Francisca and Don Manuel were serious and sad at the thought of De Vere's sudden death and Clara's distress, though a feeling of joy, like a spring rill, trickled along the bottom of Francisca's heart, at the sight of Willis's daily improvement in health, and from knowing he was near her.

Even the crew looked glum and sulky, for there is a superstition amongst sailors, that a murder on board gives a ship bad luck—and they feared a fatal termination to their voyage.

Mateo, the cause of all this suffering and mental commotion, was the only one on board who was totally unaffected by it. He was placed under the

break of the forecastle, heavily ironed, and was perfectly calm; and when Willis asked him how he came to kill De Vere, and told him he would certainly be hung when they arrived at Cadiz, he said that he was sorry he had knifed De Vere when he did, but it was no more than he had intended to do some time; and as for being hung, it was what he had always expected—and he would grace a rope as well as another.

Willis, who liked the man for his faithfulness and dogged courage, had all his physical wants attended to; but no change took place in Mateo's hardened mind.

Don Manuel took an opportunity, before the ship got in, to tell Willis how grateful he felt, and how much he respected him for his conduct in saving the lives of Clara and De Vere; and that though the captain, unfortunately, had not lived long enough to express his feelings otherwise than in words, he hoped Willis would permit him to be his friend, and told him that he had left a hundred thousand dollars for him, in the hands of his agent in Havana, in case Willis returned there before he saw him again; but as he had been fortunate enough to meet him, he insisted upon being Willis's banker, and begged him to go to Madrid, and then return to Havana with him.

Willis thanked Don Manuel for the high opinion he was pleased to entertain of him, and for the kindness he had shown by leaving the large amount of money for him in Havana, but begged Don Velasquez to excuse him from accepting it; and told him he would have returned the box of doubloons he had sent him, had not the loss of his schooner put it out of his power, and expressed his intention of proceeding to the Chinese seas, after their arrival in Cadiz, to prosecute his fortunes in a new field.

Don Manuel listened until Willis had finished speaking, and then, taking his hand, he said,—

"Excuse me for what I am about to say, Captain Willis, but I am an old man, and mean nothing but kindness toward you. Pride, Captain Willis, I know, prevents your acceptance of my offer; but lay it aside as a favor to me, and believe that it is you who will be conferring the favor. The money to me is nothing, I have plenty of it, and have lived long enough to appreciate it at its just value; and I mean not to offend, but I must speak plainly. You are doing wrong to waste the fine feelings and mind that I know you to possess, in an occupation so much beneath you as that in which you have been engaged, or will be likely to get into without money or friends, so at the least promise me that you accompany us to Madrid, and give me a favorable answer to my request when we return."

Willis was much affected by the kindness of the old Spaniard, and promised to stay with them until they were ready to return to Cuba.

Notwithstanding the fears of her crew the *Diamante* arrived safely in port, and Mateo was given up to the civil authorities to be tried. The evidence

against him was clear and conclusive; and he was condemned to be hung the day after his trial.

Willis accompanied him to the foot of the gallows; but Mateo gave no evidence either of fear or repentance, and remarked to the hangman, as he reached the platform, that the knot on the end of the noose was made in a d—d unseamanlike manner, and he was afraid it would jam—but it did not; and the sailor died as he had lived, in the midst of sin.

It gave Willis a sharp and disagreeable pang to think of the narrow escape he had in Havana from finishing his career in the same dishonorable manner; and he felt thankful he had been able to avoid it. Giving a priest a handful of doubloons to say masses for the soul's rest of his departed shipmate, he returned to the hotel to report to Don Manuel the fate of Mateo.

The next day they all departed for Madrid; but though the season was unusually gay, none of the party experienced much pleasure from the gayeties of the city.

Don Manuel was treated with much attention; but every thing had changed since he had been there before. The friends of his youth had died, or were now all old men, and immersed in the cares of business or ambition, were vastly different from the youths he remembered, and his heart yearned to be back in Cuba, amongst the more familiar scenes and friends of his latter years.

Clara was too sad to be happy any where; and Francisca, finding pleasure in nothing but the society of Willis, liked not the flirtations and compliments of the Madrid gallants.

The death of De Vere did away the necessity of going to England; and Clara now had no desire to outshine the English belles—and the trip was given up. All were glad when Don Manuel told them, if they were willing, he would return to Cuba in the same ship in which they came out, as she would return to Havana.

They all expressed their satisfaction; and Willis was now so much enamored with Francisca, that the Don had but little difficulty in persuading him to accompany them.

Again was Don Manuel and his family on board the good ship *Diamante*; and with a fresh breeze, and with more pleasure than they had experienced for some time, they bade farewell to the shores of Spain, and were heading for home. Home! in that name there is something that excites pleasant feelings in the breast, no matter how torn by sorrow. Even Clara felt more happiness than she had known since the death of her husband.

It was a bright, star-light evening; the ship was slowly moving through the water, that rippled in small waves around her bows. All was still, silent, and beautiful; and Willis and Francisca were walking up and down the poop quarter-deck, which was untenanted, save by themselves; every thing seemed fitted for love and sentiment, and Willis—

but I will not repeat what he said—sufficient is it that he confessed to Francisca the deep, deep love he entertained toward her; and she, happy girl, blushing, acknowledged that it was reciprocated.

Happy, indeed, was Francisca that night; her day-dream and her night-vision of the last eight months had at last come to pass. Willis loved her, and had acknowledged his passion.

Willis had not intended to mention his feelings to Francisca until after he had spoken to her father. But the stillness of the evening, the fine opportunity, and a something in his heart, he knew not what, had overpowered his resolution, and he yielded to circumstances. He now sought Don Manuel to tell him, feeling as if he had been guilty of a crime; but the kindness with which the old Spaniard listened to him, soothed his agitation; and the cup of his happiness was running over when the old man gave his consent to his marriage.

The rest of the voyage passed away, to Willis and Francisca, like magic; and when the cry of "land ho!" resounded from the mast-head, they could not believe that it was Cuba; but the lighthouse ere long was visible, and they could doubt the evidence of their senses no longer. For the first time Willis felt really glad to enter the harbor; and the remembrance of his situation, and the manner in which he had left, when last there, added to the pleasantness of his present feelings.

A fortnight after the arrival of the *Diamante* in port, there was a gay bridal party before the high-altar of the Cathedral, and in the same church he had witnessed the nuptials of Clara and De Vere, now stood Willis, happy and proud, with his heart overflowing with gratitude, waiting to receive the benediction that would make the beautiful, the lovely, the pure, and virtuous being at his side, his own forever; and even as that benediction was being pronounced, he remembered the misery he had felt, when he stood behind the pillar at his right, and witnessed the ceremony of De Vere's marriage, and felt that he was an outcast, branded, desperate, poor. But his fortune now was changed, the benediction was given, and Francisca, in the sight of God and man, was his for evermore.

Stooping over, he imprinted on her ruby lips the first warm kiss of love he had ever given her; for he respected her so much, and so keenly remembered what he had been, that he avoided every thing he thought could possibly shock her delicacy; and, overwhelmed by the congratulations of his friends, amongst whom none were as loud as the old duenna, the party left the church.

A gay and brilliant assembly there was that night at the mansion of Don Velasquez, crowded by the *début*, the young, the fashionable of Havana; but prominent above all the couples in the mazy dance, or stately promenade, for grace and beauty, shone the new bride and bridegroom; and the appearance of perfect contentment and joy that lighted their

countenances, added a charm the most lovely, and without which the most perfect features lack beauty.

Shortly after the marriage of Francisca, Clara retired to the convent of our Lady of Mercy, and devoting the rest of her life to deeds of charity and acts of self-denial, endeavored to expiate the sins she thought her pride and haughtiness had made her commit in her earlier years.

At Francisca's request, Don Manuel presented Willis with his plantation and the country-house on the bay, where, with his loved and lovely bride, he settled. And no one who had looked upon them four years afterward, would have recognized in the loving father playing with a little boy about three years old, and laughing as heartily as the child,

Willis, the Slaver, had they not looked around and espied the beautiful Francisca, now a settled matron, with an infant on her knee, but as lovely as ever; and a little further off, through an open window that led to the piazza, was seen the cheerful face of Don Manuel. And glimpses might be caught of the old duenna, as she bustled about the house, in all the pride of chief manager.

In all that vicinity, no one has a higher character for kindness, charity, or benevolence, than Don Carlos Willis; and no one is more ready to relieve the wants of his fellow man, either moral or physical; but none know that the good man, whose name they all unite in praising, was formerly the notorious slaver! the outlaw! the desperado of the "MARAJOSA!"

TO A CENTURY PLANT.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

AN hundred summers, and the sun
Hath poured on thee his light;
AN hundred winters, and the storm
Hath swept the earth in night.
Yet thou, unhurt by sun or storm,
Art standing firm and green
As when by bright eyes long ago
Thy broad dark leaves were seen.

Art standing stately in thy pride,
While fragrant flowers unfold
From every branch of thy tall stem,
As if thou wert not old.
Not old! an hundred years has time
Borne silently away;
Of all who saw thee first, not one
May look on thee to-day.

I would that every flower of thine
Were gifted with a spell,
Which, whispering to this heart of mine,
Of all the past might tell.
For much I love the olden time,
And many an olden theme;
Their pleasant memories haunt my heart
Like shadows in a dream.

And I from thee a tale would hear
Ere thou dost fade away,
For thou, with all thy thousand years,
Art hasting to decay!

A true, true tale of human hearts,
Of human hopes and fears,
And I will give to joys a smile,
To griefs will give my tears.

And yet, mayhap, the wish is vain,
To wake the solemn past,
Or break the darkly-woven chain
By silence round it cast.
Mayhap 't is but a foolish wish,
And yet the thoughtful mind
Will love the lore of human hearts,
That links it to its kind.

Thou of the hundred years! what change
Hast seen around thee wrought?
Hast thou no voice, no truthful voice,
To tell of buried thought?
Still silent—but thy rustling leaves
Whisper in spirit-tone,
"Wouldst learn the tale of other hearts,
Look, then, into thine own."

"Think of the warm, bright hopes that sprung
Within thy youthful breast,
Oh think what pangs thy heart have wrung
For dear ones laid at rest.
Think what a mighty lore remains
Still to be read by thee;
The past—the present—future—all
Blended in one Eternity!"

THE RING.

OR FIBBERS AND FIBBING.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"I HOPE no one will come in this morning," said Alice Livingston to her cousin, Emma Percival. "I am tired after last night's dancing, are not you Emma?"

"Yes," replied her cousin, yawning, "and sleepy too."

"I love a long, quiet morning now and then," continued Alice; "and it looks so like rain that I think we are pretty safe to-day."

"Don't think it, my dear," replied Emma. "This is just the kind of weather that people you do n't want to see are sure to call. I hate these cloudy mornings for that reason. You can't say you are out such a day as this, and yet it do n't rain positively, so that others are obliged to stay at home, whether they will or no. Now there's Mrs. Gardiner regularly chooses these days for her inflections. I've no doubt, by the way, she will be here this very morning, for I met her yesterday, and she stopped to say she had not seen any of us for a long time, and all that. Beside she is sure to call in disagreeable weather."

"What a strange fancy," said Alice.

"Oh, she's one of those restless gossips who cannot stay at home a day for her life," replied Emma. "And then, beside, she's a bore, and loves to pin you for half the morning; and, moreover, she's only sure of getting in when you cannot possibly say you are out. Depend upon it she'll be here this morning—I am sure she will. 'By the pricking of my thumbs, I feel that something evil this way comes.'"

"I hope your mesmeric thumbs are mistaken this once," said Alice, laughing.

"I've no doubt but that's her ring now," replied Emma; and, sure enough, as the door opened, Mrs. Gardiner entered.

"Ah! Mrs. Gardiner," said Emma, going forward in the most gracious, pleasant manner, "I thought I knew your ring. We were just speaking of you, and I told Alice that I was sure it was you."

Mrs. Gardiner looked pleased as she replied, "How came you to expect me just now?"

"I don't know. It's a mesmeric sympathy, I suppose," replied Emma, smiling, "with which I am endowed. Alice was laughing at me just as you came in, for putting so much faith in my feelings. But you see, Alice," she said looking at her cousin, "that my impressions are quite worth your anti-

pations. Alice," she continued, addressing Mrs. Gardiner, "has been watching the clouds, thinking no one would take pity on us this morning; but I knew better." And Emma again looked at her cousin with an expression of amusement that Alice, knowing what she meant, could not respond to. Being embarrassed between truth and civility, she made a slight and rather cold reply, which added considerably to Emma's mirth.

"Is Mrs. Percival at home?" inquired Mrs. Gardiner, presently; and as she spoke, she rather turned to Alice, who replied,—

"Yes, I believe so."

"No," said Emma. "Alice, she went out some time ago."

"It's an unpleasant day for her to be out," remarked Mrs. Gardiner, fixing her piercing eyes upon Emma with a very incredulous stare.

"She has gone to see old Mrs. Haight," replied Emma. "She is quite ill, you know."

"If she does not return soon, she will be caught in the rain," pursued Mrs. Gardiner, who had heard the story of "mamma's having gone to Mrs. Haight's" too often, to put implicit faith in it; "it was sprinkling as I came in."

"Is it?" said Emma. "She will probably stay and dine there, then. Mamma has not been there for some time, and so she will probably now 'make a day on't.'"

Mrs. Gardiner had nothing more to say on the subject; so the conversation turned to other things.

"By the way, Emma," she said, presently, "did you get a hat the other morning. I left you, I believe, at Dudevant's."

"Oh, yes, I have one," replied Emma.

"Do let me see it," said Mrs. Gardiner, who took an intense interest in the subject of dress. Emma rung, and had her bandbox brought down.

Mrs. Gardiner eyed the bonnet suspiciously, as Emma presented it to her, and said,—

"Who made it, Emma?"

"It's a French one," replied Emma, promptly.

"Where did you get it?" pursued Mrs. Gardiner.

"At Dudevant's," said Emma, in the same decided manner.

"At Dudevant's?" repeated Mrs. Gardiner, looking full at Emma. "Why I was there at the opening—I did not see this hat there."

"It was in one of the cases," replied Emma.

"Oh!—" said Mrs. Gardiner. The manner was

as if "that may be." "I did not look in the cases," she added. "And what did Dudevant ask you for that hat, Emma?"

"That's between me and my conscience," replied Emma, laughing. "I never tell Dudevant's prices."

"She is an extortionate creature," said Mrs. Gardiner; and there the subject dropped.

"Well, Emma," said she, after some time, "if you think your mother will not be at home to dinner, there's no use in my waiting for her, I suppose."

"I do not think there is any chance of your seeing mamma this morning, Mrs. Gardiner, for I've no doubt she'll stay and dine at Mrs. Haight's. But won't you stay with Alice and myself?"

"Thank you, my dear," replied the lady. "I wanted to see your mother, but since she is out, I believe I must be going. Good morning."

"Good morning;" and the door had hardly closed upon her, ere Emma exclaimed,—

"She's gone at last, thank heaven! She came to spend the day, I expect. I was so afraid that mother might come in. I thought I actually heard her at one time on the stairs."

"Why, is not your mother out?" inquired Alice, opening her eyes very wide.

"Lord, no, my dear," said Emma, laughing. "Did you think she was?"

"Certainly," replied Alice, "when you said so. And all that about Mrs. Haight's illness is not true either? Oh, Emma!"

"Oh, that's true enough, Alice. You need not look so shocked. The poor old soul has been ill ever so long; so I always send mamma there when I want to make an excuse for her. She does go, in fact, pretty often; but I make her the most attentive, devoted friend that ever was." And Emma laughed heartily at her own cleverness, and seemed to enjoy the idea excessively; but Alice looked grave, as she said,—

"How can you, Emma?"

"How can I what, Alice?"

"Why, tell so many—what shall I call them—fibs, for nothing."

"I never 'fib for nothing,' Alice," replied Emma. "That would be downright extravagance and waste. My fibs always have a reason. I knew mamma did not want to see Mrs. Gardiner—so I said she was out."

"Why, then, did you not say she was engaged," pursued Alice, reproachfully.

"Because, my dear, that would have been quite as much of a fib as the other, and not near as effectual. Mamma was not dressed to see company, and was only reading a novel. I could not very well say that, you know. I presume even your penchant for truth would not have carried you so far. Beside, every body is said to be 'out' when they don't mean to see company. They are words, of course, to which no one attaches any ideas of either falsehood or truth."

"I am not certain of that," said Alice, "even as a general thing; but when a person enters into such particulars as you do, Emma, I am sure of the contrary. You not only sent your mother to Mrs. Haight's, but kept her there to dinner. It really does seem to me that that was most gratuitous fibbing."

"No such thing," said Emma, laughing. "It was a very bright idea, that; for I saw she thought of waiting till mamma came home, and wanted, moreover, to dine here—and I had no idea of that, I assure you. I was tired to death of her as it was."

"And yet you received her as if she were the very person you were wishing for," continued Alice.

"I am sure," said Emma, laughing, "I repeated, verbatim, what we had been saying."

"Yes—but with such a different inference," said Alice.

"Oh, if I keep to facts," said Emma, gayly, "I do not feel responsible for other people's inferences."

"And about your hat," continued Alice, reproachfully, "why, Emma, should you not have told the truth?"

"Because," replied Emma, indignantly, "she would just have sent for Henrietta, and had hats made for both her girls precisely after mine, which, by the way, she would probably have sent to borrow as a pattern, if I had let her know she made it in the house. Mrs. Gardiner has no conscience, no decency about those things. She don't scruple imitating any thing you have, if she can."

Alice could not but smile in her turn at Emma's ideas of "conscience," and "scruples," but she said,

"Do you think she believed you, Emma?"

"I don't know whether she did or not, and I don't care. She did not find out the truth, and that's all I care about," replied Emma, still quite indignant with Mrs. Gardiner. "No, I don't suppose she did," she continued, carelessly. "Nobody who saw the hat, and has eyes in their head, can mistake a home-made hat for a French one. But she could not tell me so, you know; and I don't care what she thinks. I could not help laughing, Alice," continued Emma, more in her usual gay manner, "to see you look so confounded when Mrs. Gardiner came in. You certainly have the most tell-tale face in the world. But it won't do, Alice. Now, as you have been lecturing me, I am going to return the compliment. Something is due to the *bienséances* of society, and you, with your truth, are really sometimes downright rude. Now last night, after Fanny Elton sung, you never said a word to Mrs. Elton, who sat beside you. Your coldness cost me a double dose of civility. I had to say all I could to make up for you. Do, pray, Alice, do your own civilities in future, for I have quite enough fibbing to do on my own account, without undertaking yours."

"What could I say," said Alice. "You would ask the girl to sing, and you know she has no voice, and is so dreadfully false, too. I really felt pained for her mother."

"The more reason, my dear, why you should have said something civil to her," replied Emma.

"But I could not, Emma. It was out of the question to say any thing complimentary; and so I thought it best to say nothing. How you could go on as you did, amazed me, for you gave me such a funny look, which, by the way, I was so afraid Mrs. Elton would see, when she came out with those horrid false notes."

"It was dreadful, to be sure," said Emma. "But I think it not only uncivil, but really unamiable, Alice, not to stretch the truth sometimes. I declare I was quite delighted with myself for making the old lady so happy as I did, by praising Fanny's music; and as for not asking her, that would never have done. They think at home she is the greatest musician in the city. One has *got* to fib sometimes."

"Oh, do n't say so," said Alice, earnestly. "I do love the truth—it's a—"

"A jewel, no doubt," said Emma, interrupting her. "I agree with you; but it's in bad taste to be in jewels always. If you persist in telling the truth in season and out of season, you'll be as *outré* as poor Mrs. Thatcher, with those eternal diamonds of hers. And then it's so tiresome," pursued Emma, "always to stick to facts so. You must embellish a little if you want to make a thing amusing."

"There I entirely differ from you," said Alice, decidedly. "The truth may not always be polite, but it's always refreshing. I think there is nothing that is not only so beautiful, but so *agreeable* as the truth. It really sometimes has the effect of wit. There's Mrs. Kemp, for instance, who everybody calls so agreeable; and I do think the great charm is in her being so perfectly true. She always gives you her real opinions and sentiments, and tells you things just as she sees them; and it gives a freshness to her conversation that very few people have. Most persons just repeat what others say, because they think it won't do to differ from the majority. Now truth gives life, freshness, individuality, every thing that is to me delightful, in both people and conversation."

"Mrs. Kemp has an odd way of coming out with all that comes into her head," replied Emma, "and I agree with you that it is amusing; but, really, I think it would hardly be put up with if she were not so rich, and a person of so much consequence as she is. I think people would call it right down impudence; and, moreover, she is a woman of a good deal of wit. If she were as dull as old Mrs. Elton, she might be as true as the sun, and she would never by any accident make you laugh. So, you see, my dear, it's wit, and not truth, that is the refreshing quality. There's Miss Ellis, who is not famous for her accuracy, and yet is one of the most amusing persons I know."

"She would be, if one could place any reliance on her narratives," replied Alice. "But the feeling of doubt and uncertainty that I have in listening to her anecdotes, dashes, if it does not destroy, the

pleasure her conversation would otherwise give me." Emma laughed as she answered,—

"Your dissatisfied look always amuses me when Miss Ellis is talking. But what difference does it make, after all, whether the thing is true or false, as long as it amuses. Half the time you do n't even know the people discussed. Where is the use of being so particular in trifles?"

"Oh, Emma," said Alice, seriously, "do n't talk so. It's a shocking habit. 'Thou shalt not bear false witness,' is one of God's own commandments."

"Who is talking of 'bearing false witness,' Alice," said Emma, quite angrily. "You good people are so civil! I do hate such exaggeration. One would really think that to fulfill the courtesies of society and to commit perjury, were equal crimes. Because I am good-natured enough to say a civil thing to an old woman, you are pleased to imply that I may 'bear false witness against my neighbors.'"

"No, I do not, Emma," replied Alice, firmly, "but the habit of trifling with the truth, is a fearful one; and you may depend upon it, that no one who ever was careful of it in little points, was ever led to swerve aside in great things. Those who are in the habit of yielding to small temptations are those who most readily fall under great ones."

"May be," said Emma, weary of the discussion, "but I think you had better cultivate the habit of not looking so tired when you are bored, and I'll try and be rude the first opportunity that offers, if that will suit you; so now go and put on your bonnet, for the carriage is at the door." And so the conversation ended.

CHAPTER II

"Is it not too bad?" said Emma, one day to Alice, "in Charles Cooper to wear that ring of mine; and before Mr. Dashwood, too?"

"You did give it to him, then?" said Alice, quickly. I thought so; and yet you looked so unconscious, and joined in so carelessly when Mr. Dashwood was talking about it, that I supposed I must be mistaken."

"Did I?" said Emma, evidently relieved. "I was so afraid I colored, or looked guilty; for I was so startled and frightened, that it was as much as I could do to command myself!"

"Oh, Emma," said Alice, earnestly, "since you had given the ring, why did you not say so frankly?"

"How could I?" exclaimed Emma, looking highest at the idea, "when Mr. Dashwood spoke of such things as being *vulgar*. If he had not made use of that horrible word, 'vulgar,' may be I might; but I could not acknowledge it after that, you know."

"What did he say?" inquired Alice. I did not hear the commencement of the conversation. How came he to speak of it?"

"Oh, he happened to say he did not like Charles Cooper, (another reason, by the way, for my saying nothing of my old flirtation,) that he was so full of little vanities; and mentioned, as an instance, that

he wore a lady's ring, which he was very fond of displaying and having noticed, which Mr. Dashwood said was 'very contemptible'; but the dreadful part of it was, that he added, 'To be sure he did not suppose the lady could be very fastidious, or she would not have given a ring to such a man as Charles Cooper; and, indeed, for his part, he thought such flirtations vulgar things always.' Ah! I almost gasped for breath; and I was so thankful I had not said the ring was mine, which I was on the point of doing, when he began the story."

"Oh, how I wish you had!" exclaimed Alice, fervently.

"Heavens, Alice," said Emma, reproachfully; "how can you? Do you really wish to see me lowered in his eyes," and the tears gushed into hers at the bare suggestion.

"No, Emma," said Alice, affectionately. "But that would have been far from the case. If you had said frankly, and in your playful way, 'Ah, take care, for I gave him that ring,' Mr. Dashwood would have thought nothing of it, or only admired you the more for your sincerity."

"Do you think so," said Emma, doubtfully. "If I thought that—yes—I believe you are right. I wish I had; but I was so frightened at the time—and it's too late now."

"Oh, no, it is not, Emma," said Alice, earnestly. "Do tell him this evening."

"What, tell him I did a 'vulgar' thing, in the first instance, and told a fib about it afterward! Why, what can you be thinking of, Alice? and Emma actually turned pale at the idea. "You know how scrupulous he is in such matters. You really seem anxious that I should make him despise me," she added, reproachfully.

"No, indeed, Emma; but he is so noble and upright, that I cannot bear that you should deceive him in any thing; and I am sure you may trust his admiration and affection to any extent, Emma. Why should you be afraid of him? If you begin so now, what will it be after you are married?"

"Oh," replied Emma, laughing, "when we are once married, he takes me 'for better or worse,' and so must put up with me, faults and all; so I shall not be afraid to tell him any thing."

"Better begin now," urged Alice.

"Well, I will next time," said Emma, impatiently. "But there's no use in bringing this up again. It has passed off now, and he'll never think of it again; so let the matter rest—it is ended now."

But Emma was mistaken. She met Mr. Cooper at a small party in the evening; and to her annoyance, the ring was on his little finger. Some one said, "Cooper, what ring is that you are flourishing?" and the young man smiled in reply, and looked at his little finger caressingly, and said it was "a ring he valued very highly." Whereupon some badinage followed; all of which Mr. Cooper took very kindly. Emma was excessively vexed and annoyed, although she commanded herself to look calm and

indifferent; but afterward she took an opportunity to say to him, in a low voice, "You must return me that ring." "You surely are not in earnest. You will not be so cruel," he replied in a tone equally low.

Just then she caught Mr. Dashwood's eye, who looked surprised at the sort of intimacy with which they seemed to be talking, and she hastily turned away. Mr. Cooper caught the look at the same time; and the idea instantly occurred to him that Dashwood was jealous. The idea both gratified and amused him; and in a spirit of fun, which often animates young men under such circumstances, he determined to add to his uneasiness. Beside, he saw that Emma was decidedly annoyed; and as she had treated him with some caprice, he thought this a good opportunity for "paying her off;" and so he took particular pleasure in displaying the ring whenever he could. Emma could bear it no longer; and the first time he was by her, and no one else in the group, she said,

"I wish you would give me that ring?"

"What, now?" said the young man, glancing his eye toward Mr. Dashwood, who was just then approaching.

"No," she replied, almost with a shiver, feeling at once how that would betray her. "Not now; send it to me to-morrow." And then, as Mr. Dashwood joined them, she continued, in the same tone, to talk of other things.

Cooper saw his power over her, and determined to use it, partly in the spirit of fun, and yet not without a dash of malice in it either. So the next morning he wrote her a few lines, enclosing another ring of more value than hers, and "begging that it might be substituted in the place of one he treasured so highly, he could not readily bring himself to part with it."

Emma was exceedingly angry. "Did you ever know any thing so impudent?" she said to Alice, with tears in her eyes. "Hateful creature! how could I be such a fool as ever to have let him take it at all!" And she opened her writing-desk to take out some note paper, when Alice said,

"What are you going to do, Emma?"

"Why, return it to him, of course," she replied, indignantly, "and insist upon having my own again."

"Oh, don't write to him, Emma," said Alice; "pray don't. Depend upon it, he will take advantage of it if you do."

"What shall I do, then?" said Emma, despairingly.

"He will probably be here this evening," replied Alice, "and if you take my advice, you will give it back to him before Mr. Dashwood, and ask for your own at the same time. He's only trying now to annoy you, because he sees that you are afraid of Mr. Dashwood's knowing the truth."

"Well, so I am," replied Emma. "That's just the thing. If it was not for Mr. Dashwood, there would be no difficulty about it."

"Ah, Emma, if you would——"

"But I won't, Alice," said Emma, interrupting her impatiently. "I know what you are going to say—but I won't—I can't tell Mr. Dashwood. If you can suggest nothing better than that, leave me to take my own way."

"Do n't write, then," said Alice, imploringly.

"Why, Alice, what else can I do?" replied Emma, much vexed. "You make objections to every thing, and yet don't suggest any thing better." And so she wrote a few rapid lines, enclosing the ring, and dispatched a servant with it to Mr. Cooper's. He was out. The note was left; and she received no answer that day.

The next morning, however, brought a reply, apologizing, in the first place, for not answering her immediately; but he had been absent from home; then, half expostulatingly, and half playfully, protesting against her exactions—in short, a very *stirring* note, and without the ring.

Emma was very angry, and foolishly wrote a spirited reply, which, of course, brought a rejoinder; and thus, spite of Alice's entreaties, several notes passed between them, and Emma was no nearer her object than before. When they met, he sometimes promised to give up the ring, sometimes playfully evaded the point; but still always kept her in hopes and suspense. Mr. Dashwood noticed the kind of growing intimacy that seemed to subsist between them, and noticed it, too, with displeasure; not that he was jealous at all—for he was of a noble, confiding temper; but he was a proud, reserved man, and did not like the peculiar manner in which Emma allowed Mr. Cooper to address her; and was still less pleased with the low, earnest tones in which he sometimes heard her speaking to him.

Mr. Dashwood was the soul of truth and honor himself, but was of a reserved and even stern temper, too; and spite of the witchery Emma's playfulness exercised over him, he would occasionally bend his eyes upon her with a stern look, that frightened the soul almost out of her body—for Emma, like all fibbers, was a coward. She was desperately in love with him, but at the same time desperately afraid of him.

"Oh, if I only get out of this scrape safely," she said to Alice, "I'll take care how I get into another."

"Well," said Alice, cheerfully, "that is the best thing I've heard you say yet, Emma. Pray tell him the truth always in future."

"It was a pity I did not in the beginning," said Emma; "for I do believe with you, that he would have thought nothing of it then. He does not suspect any thing now; but still it is unlucky."

Emma had no feeling about deceiving one who trusted her so fully, but only thought that she was very 'unlucky' and in a 'scrape.'

The next time she met Mr. Cooper, the subject of the ring was resumed. He protested he had it not with him, or he would give it to her. "Will

you allow me to call this evening he said, and I will bring it."

She immediately remembered that Mr. Dashwood would be at her house in the evening, and she said, "No, I shall not be at home. I am going to spend the evening with Miss Pearsall. Will you not be there?"

"If you are, certainly," he replied, in a manner implying that it was an appointment, which was the fact, though Emma was vexed at his letting it appear.

Mr. Dashwood said to her afterward, "I will bring the book you wish this evening, but she answered, to Alice's surprise, "No, do n't, for I am going with mamma to old Mrs. Haight's to drink tea; so you must pass the evening at the club for this once," but, she added, holding out her hand, "come to-morrow; until when, good-by."

"Why, Emma, what on earth takes you to Mrs. Haight's to tea," said Alice, afterward.

"I am not going to Mrs. Haight's," she coolly replied. "I am going to Ellen Pearsall's. Mr. Cooper has promised at last to give me that tiresome ring, and my notes, too."

Alice looked quite shocked.

"Emma, Emma!" she said. "How can you?"

"How can I what, Alice?" said Emma, impatiently. "You know I can't let him come here, for Mr. Dashwood is always here."

"But why say you are going to Mrs. Haight's?"

"Oh, Alice, how tiresome you are? Because, if I had said I was going to Ellen's, of course, Mr. Dashwood would have offered to go, or call for me. Now, he knows Mrs. Haight never receives any one but our family; so that matter is settled."

"But suppose he finds it out?" persisted Alice.

"Oh, he won't find it out," returned Emma, who was always confident in any expedient that saved her for the time being.

In the evening, it so happened, that one or two gentlemen called also at Miss Pearsall's; and the circle was so small, that the conversation being general, as they sat round Miss Pearsall's tea-table, Emma had no opportunity of effecting the object she came for; and she returned home quite provoked, and out of spirits. But it so happened, that one of the young men who had chanced to be there, on his way home, went into the very club-room where Mr. Dashwood was sitting.

"You are a very pretty fellow, are you not?" exclaimed the young man, gayly, as he saw Dashwood. "And this is your engagement, is it? 'Pon my word, I think Miss Percival is very good to make your apologies in this way, and let you come off to a club-room."

"What are you talking of?" said Dashwood, looking up surprised.

"Why, of your letting Miss Percival go alone to Miss Pearsall, saying you were engaged. She has just gone home with her brother, while her most

devoted of lovers sits smoking his cigar in a club-room."

Mr. Dashwood could scarcely believe his senses. He doubted, for the moment, whether he was smoking—whether he was in a club-room—whether he was sitting or standing. But, too proud and reserved to betray his emotions to a casual acquaintance, he asked no questions; and observing that the room was cold, buttoned up his coat, and left the house.

The next day he said to Emma,

"Did not you tell me you were going last evening to Mrs. Haight's with your mother?"

"Yes," she replied, "mamma and I went early to an old-fashioned cup of tea."

"Hawthorn told me," he said, bending his eyes upon her with an expression that brought her heart to her lips in an instant, "that he met you at Mrs. Pearsall's."

"Yes," she replied, with a presence of mind worthy of a better cause—for she felt it was what is vulgarly called "neck or nothing"—"yes, it was so dull, that I could not bear it long. All my humanity and kindness for poor old Mrs. Haight could not stand her prosing; so I left mamma there, and went into Ellen's—they live next door, you know."

"Hawthorn said you apologized for me, saying I was engaged," he continued, not yet quite satisfied.

"I said nothing of the kind," she said, feeling that her only resource was to deny this *in toto*. "What could Mr. Hawthorn be thinking of. I said you were going to the club."

His countenance cleared immediately; indeed, he was angry, and despised himself that he could have been uneasy, or doubted her for a moment. He grew animated and cheerful, and asked so pleasantly who she had met there, that, excited by her success, or "escape," as she would have called it, she mentioned the gentlemen, among whom she even boldly named Mr. Cooper, who had been Miss Pearsall's guests.

"Emma," he said, after a moment's pause, "perfect confidence must exist where there is perfect affection; so I will be frank with you at once. I do not like that gentleman's manner toward you. It seems to me as if there were some secret between you;" and he fixed his searching eyes upon her with an inquiring expression.

She felt now that he had seen too much to be satisfied of the contrary, even if she denied it; so she said,

"Well, to be frank with you, there is something between us; but as it is not a secret of mine—I do not know that I am authorized to tell even you of it."

He looked grave, as he replied,

"Certainly, if it is the secret of another, I have no right, nor wish, even, to inquire further. But I hope in future, Emma, you may have no secrets, even of others, from which I am excluded."

It was half affectionately, half gravely said; and

Emma promised most fully to have no reserves from him henceforth.

"Do you know," continued he, smiling, though still not looking quite satisfied, "that I imagined it was something concerning that ring that Cooper sports?"

"Emma felt again that she was treading on ice, that might give way the next instant, and that denial was unsafe, so she answered boldly,

"You are right again. And, upon the whole, I do n't know why I should not tell you the truth just as it is. I do not suppose Ellen will care about your knowing it, particularly as you, of course, will not repeat it. She gave him that ring, and wanted me to get it back for her."

"Why did she not ask for it herself," he said, somewhat sternly.

"She was afraid of her mother's knowing it," replied Emma. "You know what a prim, particular old lady Mrs. Pearsall is."

"Foolish girl," he said, contemptuously, "and worse than foolish, to be deceiving those she should most trust."

Emma felt her heart die within her; but there was no help for her—so she agreed to all his animadversions on Miss Pearsall, and only said,

"Yes, so she is; but say nothing about it. Make no allusion to her, or to any one else."

"Of course not," he replied; and the subject dropped.

To Emma's great relief she heard, a few days afterward, that Mr. Cooper was going to Europe very soon. Expected to sail, indeed, in the course of a fortnight.

"I have a little package for you," he said; "when can I call," he added, smiling, "when Mr. Dashwood is not at your house?"

Emma saw that he thought she was afraid of Mr. Dashwood, and supposed, too, that he was jealous; and the idea that he should presume to think Dashwood jealous, and of him, too, roused her temper; and she said with spirit,

"You may call whenever it suits you. Mr. Dashwood's visits need not interfere with yours."

"Indeed!" he said, looking at her inquiringly.

"Why," said she, scornfully, provoked with his impudence, "do you imagine that Mr. Dashwood cares about that ring?"

"Does he know it to be yours," he asked, with surprise.

"To be sure he does," she boldly replied; and, to her great satisfaction, she saw at once that all the peculiar pleasure and interest in possessing the ring was dispelled.

"I will send you the package to-morrow," he said, quietly, "if I have not time to call myself before I sail."

He was very much occupied, however, during the day, and forgot it; but the evening prior to his departure, Dashwood called at his rooms to entrust him with some European letters. He found him

making a few last arrangements, and a couple of gentlemen were with him. After some general conversation, just as Cooper was closing his writing desk, where he had deposited Dashwood's letters, his eye happened to fall upon Emma's package, which he had forgotten in his hurry until then. Supposing that Dashwood knew all about it, and not wishing to mention names before the strangers, who were with him, he said, handing it to Dashwood, "I wish you would hand this to its fair owner; and tell Miss Percival," he said, "that I should have called to make my adieux, if I had not been so pressed for time."

It was a small package addressed to "Miss E. P." which Dashwood, remembering his conversation with Emma, supposed he was to hand to Miss Ellen Pearsall; so, asking no questions, he put it in his pocket, and after bidding Cooper farewell, left him to go to a large party where he expected to meet Emma, and probably Ellen.

In the course of the evening he said,

"I have a small package for you, Miss Pearsall, which I will give you when you leave."

"A package for me?" she exclaimed, with surprise. "What can it be! Oh, give it to me now."

As Mrs. Pearsall, the "prim, particular old lady," was not near, he handed Ellen the package, who instantly broke the seal of the envelope, from which fell two or three notes, while the young lady exclaimed,

"Why this is Emma's ring. What were you thinking of, Mr. Dashwood?" she added, laughing. "You must be an absent gentleman, to be sure, to mistake me for Emma. Is not that a good joke;" and she laughed heartily, as he stooped to pick up the notes, which to his amazement he saw were directed, in Emma's handwriting, to "Charles Cooper, Esq."

"That Miss Percival's ring?" he said, bewildered, and not knowing what to think.

"Yes, certainly!" she replied. "See, there is her name engraved inside"—and so it was. "Is not that amusing, mamma," she continued, turning to her mother, and explaining what she seemed to think an excellent joke. Dashwood saw the truth at once in her tones and whole manner.

"What is that?" said Emma, crossing the room to join them, "that seems to be amusing you all so?"

"Only, my dear," said Ellen, laughing, "that Mr. Dashwood has mistaken me for you. Very complimentary to me, certainly; though I don't know what you'll say to such compliments."

"This package," said Mr. Dashwood, gravely, without raising his eyes to Emma's face, "is, it seems, addressed to you. Miss Pearsall broke the seal under a mistake. But there is no mistake now, I believe," he added, with an emphasis that sent Emma's blood tingling to the tips of her fingers. He handed her the package, slightly bowed and passed on.

Emma saw him no more that evening. Startled and

terrified by the facts, which she felt even her powers of dissimulation were unequal to cover, she was yet more alarmed by the manner in which he had received them. Had he seemed angry, though frightened, she still would have had hope. Had he reproached her, she might have wept and apologized. But his manner had been cold and stern; he had merely bowed, he had not even looked at her, and left her.

She passed an agonized night of doubt and suspense.

He suffered no less than herself, but not from doubt and suspense. Unhappily, there was no room for that. He was a man of firm mind, and decided character. His sense of honor was was fine, almost romantic; and he was the soul of truth and integrity. He was not angry, but worse than that, he was shocked; and, shall we say it, disgusted. He had been easily blinded, because he fully confided. He was too upright, too high-minded, readily to suspect others. But his eyes once opened, and his rapid, clear mind saw the whole at once. The falsehoods that Emma had told him, much as they pained him, were not to him the worst part of the affair. He remembered her innocent looks, her unconscious air, her apparently frank and careless manner; and his soul sickened—for he felt, in the emphatic language of the ritual, that "the truth was not in her."

Confidence was destroyed forever. Happiness between them was out of the question. He wrote to her, "freeing her from an engagement with one whom she evidently not only did not trust, but feared."

The letter was a manly, feeling letter; short, but breathing the anguish of a deeply wounded spirit.

Emma wept passionately over it; mourned, and mourned again, that she had not told him the truth in the beginning. "It was so unlucky," as she kept repeating—for beyond that her sense of right did not go, even yet.

But Mr. Dashwood was on his way to New Orleans. He left the Percivals to tell what story they pleased; and it was soon announced by her friends that "Emma had dismissed him."

When the reason was asked, Emma said "she felt she never could be happy with him;" and her mother intimated that his temper was a stern, unpleasant one.

"And I always should have been afraid of him," said Emma to Alice, beginning to draw consolation as soon as she could from the first source that occurred to her. "He thought so much of trifles that I know that I should always have been in trouble, and horribly afraid of him."

Alice sighed, for she believed so too. She had once hoped much from the influence of Dashwood's superior character over her; but she now saw how fallacious those hopes would have been. Emma, she felt, was incorrigible, for she had no perception even yet of her fault. Dashwood had been right—"the truth was not in her."

ELVA.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

OLD Elva's walls are leveled with the earth,
And weeds are green where glowed the blazing hearth;
The stately trees that once the roof topped o'er,
Now shed their brown leaves on the broken floor:
Where bloomed the rose and lily, browse the deer;
And springs the oak the cherished fruit tree near;
Where once were arbors, now, through thickest brake,
Slow winds, in many a fold, the glancing snake.
Time, tempest, violence, and dull decay,
Have worn at length the latest marks away;
One tower alone stands grimly where it stood,
Gray, torn, dismantled, frowning o'er the flood,
The dreariest mark those mournful ruins bear,
That human forms have been—but are not there.

Yet, Elva! once with thee it was not so:
Ere ruthless hearts and hands had wrought thee wo,
Thy long dim halls with happiness were rife,
And glad hearts to thy solitudes gave life.
And though nor gladsome voice, nor glancing oar,
Now stir the echoes on thy lake's green shore,
That lake hath borne full oft the bark where sate
Forms warm with love, and hearts with hope elate,
And young bright eyes have bent with starry gleam
Above the mazy windings of thy stream.
From the dark turret, where the sweet bells swung,
All winged with joy the wedding peals have rung,
While Mirth, with kindling glance and rosy smile,
Kissed each young cheek and blessed each heart the while,
And Song sat, silver-tongued, and filled with sound
Those echoing walls, now sadly scattered round!
Oh list the lowly and the simple lay
The minstrel sings of Elva's earlier day.

I.

Old Elva's halls have many a guest to-night,
Yet the lamps shed not their accustomed light,
Nor music's strain, nor garnished feast is there,
But all is sentineled by anxious care.
For they who rest within, in act and word,
Are leagued in hostile guise against their lord;
And much they dare who aid with kindly hand
The attainted members of that patriot band:
Men who had cast with daring hands aside
The cankering chains of feudal pomp and pride,
And roused by wrong, long suffered, long forgiven,
Will now be free, if not on earth—in heaven.
Worn by long marching, wearied, dark with soil—
But not one fiery bosom tamed by toil—
On the hard floor their limbs they careless lay,
And wait their arms beside th' approaching day—
Small thought have they of aught of daintier fare—
Few nights, I ween, for them such couch prepare.

II.

As one who watched his slumbering band to guard,
Their chieftain, GILBERT, slowly paced the sword.
His elon locks thrown back to catch the breeze,
Cooled by the lake and scented by the trees,
His small hand resting on his dagger's hilt,
Whose blade may yet retain its last red gill,

With careful gaze he scans the darkening scene,
Marks each faint motion of the foliage green,
Or turns at times his flashing full gray eye,
To where the stars hang brightening o'er the sky.
Why waits he here when all the rest are deep
In the void realms of weird, mysterious sleep?
What thought—what scene doth hope or memory trace,
Which gilds and glooms alternately his face?
Dreams he of glory?—of revenge?—or love?
Or seek his eyes those silent suns above,
With strange, deep yearnings for the mystic lore
The eastern Magi proudly held of yore?
When stars were gods, and he who bent the knee
To their far thrones, the future there might see—
Or why hath power so soon her mantle flung,
On one so fair, so slender, and so young?

III.

Vain questions all! But ask the bold of deed
Who scarce can follow where he dares to lead,
Whose form is foremost in the reeling fight?
Whose arm is last to stay and first to smite?
Whose voice still rings the wavering ranks to cheer?
Whose counsel still partakes of aught but fear?
Whose face, when all was chill with blank despair,
Ne'er yet has worn one shade that looked like care?
Or whose the hand, when some well-won success
Might sure have named revenge a just redress,
Was still most prompt the conquered foe to save?
All his—the young—the beautiful—the brave!
He who had lightly held that slender hand,
Would scarce have scorned it when it grasped the brand;
And he who marked at rest that eye and cheek,
In war so wild, in peace so soft and meek,
Might well have wondered whence the spirit rose,
So dear to friends—so terrible to foes!

IV.

He came—they knew not whence—nor much they cared;
Yet seemed he one in luxury lapped and reared:
Some hideous wrong, perchance, they thought, had stung
Into rebellion one so soft and young.
A home laid desolate—a father slain—
Or else redress for injury, asked in vain;
But all was wild surmise—they questioned not,
But in the present soon the past forgot.
So mild his face, serene and calmly bright,
Like a sweet landscape in the morning light,
You might not guess what passions lurked apart
In the dim caverns of his hidden heart;
And in his eye gleamed such uncertain ray,
Full rarely sad, and still more rarely gay,
You ne'er could tell if joy or rage would speak
In the next moment from his changing cheek.
If wreathed in smiles, his beaming features shone
Like a breeze-dimpled streamlet in the sun;
But when the glance of anger fired his eye,
It struck like lightning from a cloudless sky.
Still in his glance, and in his lifted hand,
Was that which showed the soul that would command;

It might be art, or nature—none could tell—
But if a mask, he wore it rarely well.

V.

The western clouds have lost their purple dye,
A silver radiance tints the eastern sky—
That dream-like glory tells the eye, that soon
Above the hills shall sail the summer moon.
And Gilbert passed within that silent hall,
Lit by a dim lamp trembling from the wall,
His steps he turned by that uncertain ray,
Where stretched along his sleeping warriors lay.
'T was a strange sight! each swart and stalwart form,
So scarred and seared by warfare and by storm,
There seemingly lay lapped in such sweet rest,
As lulls the infant on its mother's breast.
But when the form in deepest trance lies still
Most wildly wakes the fancy and the will,
And much of tumult hushed, and passion stern,
Who watched the unconscious sleepers might discern.
Here one, whose quivering eyelids shunned the light,
Seemed struggling with some phantom child of night;
Yon grimly smiling form we well may guess
In dreams anticipates revenge—redress!
And there be fingers wandering to the brand,
And the sheathed dagger meets the unconscious hand;
And some there be whose quick convulsive clasp
The long brown rifle strains with iron grasp.

VI.

Where through the window, opening o'er the glade,
The shivering winds of night an entrance made,
There was an old man—old in years and care—
With wrinkled brow and scant and frosty hair,
Stretched out in sleep; the earliest moonbeams played
On the hard pillow where his cheek was laid,
And, with her spirit hand, the wind of night
Lifted the thin locks from his temples white.
Such ghastly pallor o'er the features spread,
So marble cold appeared the silent head,
That one might start, despite the deep drawn breath,
At life that looked so fearfully like death.
And Gilbert gazed, and as he gazed, a change
Passed o'er those features—beautiful but strange—
Such magic change as one might guess would be
When bursts the morning o'er a moonlit sea;
His brow relaxed, his thin lips dropped apart,
More boldly heaved his breast and leaped his heart,
And a faint smile, the ghost of gladness gone,
Played round his mouth like radiance round the sun.
Now sinks his breathing indistinct and low—
Hark! from his lips unmeaning murmurs flow—
He speaks: "*Dear father—mother—*" Heaven above!
That old man dreams of childhood's guiltless love.
The daylight shines not on a fiercer brow,
A fiercer eye, a haughtier lip, and now,
Serenely, sweetly, there, a sinless boy,
He smiles in slumber o'er a childish joy.
To Gilbert's eyes those words recalled a scene,
That ah! no more for Gilbert shall be green;
And at those syllables so lightly spoke,
Long channeled fountains in his bosom broke;
Along his cheek faint flushes went and came,
As o'er an evening cloud the lightning's flame;
And his frame thrilled and trembled as the trees
All quivering bend them to the autumn breeze.
Hell has no fiend like memory, when she brings
Repentance without hope, remorse's stings,
And a long file of days, in sable weeds,
Mourning and weeping over past misdeeds.

Like a pale ghost that shuns the rising day,
Strode Gilbert fast, but stealthily, away;
Nor paused he till again the dewy sod
With lighter heart and firmer step he trod.

VII.

Like warriors of the knightly times of old,
All sheathed in armor rough with fretted gold,
So seem the trees round Elva's mansion white,
So glance their wet leaves in the silver light.
Still Gilbert watches—still his eyelids keep
At bay the approaches of deceitful sleep;
The sun was sinking when his watch begun,
Now far beneath him rolls the unwearied sun;
The moon, whose glory woke a fainter day,
When on the hill-tops died the gold away,
Now from mid-heaven, with face serene, looks down
On lake and stream and Elva's forest brown.
He leaned against a tree, whose trunk around
With hoary moss and ivy green was bound,
His flashing eyes were turned upon a scroll
Whose pictured words drew echoes from his soul:
As the Æolian harp, by night winds stirred,
By turns is silent, or by snatches heard,
So wildly sweet, in fitful fragments rung
The syllables unconscious from his tongue.

THE LETTER.

Sweet land of shadows—dear delightful shore—
Oh could I seek thee to return no more!
What dreams of joy each misty valley fills,
What scented blossoms fringe the sparkling rills,
What angel visions float through rainbow skies,
Where rich and warm a sunless glory lies!
There, 'mid the blossoms, love lies stretched along,
And fills the air with passion and with song,
And dancing waves below, and winds above,
Seem warm with kisses from the lips we love.
Ah! Gilbert, shall our spirits haunt no more
Those bowers of love on fancy's airy shore?

Fierce as the waves of ocean lashed to strife,
Wild as the winds that wake them into life,
Through my sore heart the crimson billows roll,
And rush the thoughts tumultuous o'er my soul,
When to my memory's eye returns that day
They tore thee bleeding from my heart away.
O cursed, yet blessed, all wild with joy and pain,
How cling those moments to my tortured brain—
That last embrace my bosom answers still,
Still to that kiss my lips responsive thrill.
Again mine arms are wildly round thee flung—
I drink each accent falling from thy tongue—
Again—again—O God!—the steel gleams bright—
As speeds the deadly blow before my sight,
I see the warm blood gushing from thy breast—
But grim despair and darkness hold the rest.

High hangs that blade above my chamber door—
The fiend that from my heart its idol tore,
Before my gaze displays the unwiped steel,
And feeds his vengeance on the pangs I feel.
There must I see, each morning's life begun,
Thy best blood rusting in the rising sun;
By night—by night, when'er the moonbeams pale
Have wreathed the chamber in their mystic veil,
Through the dim haze, like spectral lamp, it gleams,
Or fills with baleful light my midnight dreams.

From hideous sleep with quivering limbs I start—
That blade seems rusting in my throbbing heart;
Like a red cloud it shuts the light away,
And glooms with horror all the joys of day.

I know thou didst not die—this much I know
From him who wert thou dead were still thy foe;
I know thy dwelling, in the deep recess
Of the greenwood's remotest wilderness,
And he can tell, who bears this scroll from me,
How my heart bounded at the thought of thee.
Fame speaks thee fierce of heart, of deadly hand,
The outlawed leader of an outlawed band;
I heed not that, I only joy to hear
Thy name as one the boldest hearts must fear;
Would only pray, that fate would kindly twine,
In life or death, my destiny with thine.
Alas, how vain! my love, my spirit's pride,
A hunted lion, roves the mountain-side.

There is a fairy spot, thou knowest it well,
By Elva's stream, in Elva's deepest dell,
Where oaks and larches bend their heads above,
And flowering shrubs beneath are thickly wove,
While through the boughs, in many a broken beam,
Dances the sunlight on the sparkling stream;
There, when my guardian's eyes I can elude,
I sometimes steal and sit with solitude;
But all too dreadful is the contrast there,
Where hope lies tombed and guarded by despair,
To the dear joys, all passionate and wild,
With which we once the passing hours beguiled.
Oh there be times when nature's every voice,
All tuned in one sweet decant, sing, "rejoice!"
When rolls the sun refulgently away,
And strives the red moon with the dying day,
When golden tints and misty gleams of snow
Have met and mingled in the vale below,
When winds and waters, sweetly toned and clear,
In melting murmurs strike the raptured ear;
The rippling sound by waving branches made,
The varying cadence of the far cascade,
Now high, now low, as sweeps the breeze along,
Now calmly faint, now tremulously strong;
There is a spirit thrills the sense, the soul,
Till the full heart spurns reason's cold control,
Steeps anxious care and coward fear in sleep,
And melts the bosom into raptures deep!
Such have we known full oft in that lone dell,
How dear—how dear—the thought—our hearts can tell!

Like a green island, poised on ocean's brim,
Seem these last scenes in distance faint and dim;
The swift, deep gulf my helmless bark floats o'er
Still bears me further from that lovely shore;
I stretch my arms, I shriek, but dark and strong
Rolls the wild flood of destiny along—
Oh, there are hours of rapture buried there
That envying angels might have longed to share!
Dear hours of love! delusive if thou wilt,
But wild with passion—stained perchance with guilt;
Yet would I peril for such joys again,
Life—time—eternity—but all is vain!

Farewell! I ask thee not if day by day
Thy heart hath cast its young romance away;
I could not doubt thy truth—I ask thee not
If CLARA'S image be at last forgot;

O! love like ours, impetuous, wild and high,
Drinks at one draught the spirit's fountains dry!
Farewell!—it chills my blood that lonely word;
My heart is sinking like a wounded bird;
The sky that once with gladness lit my life
Is dull with gloom and desolate with strife,
Yet still, methinks, there dimly shines afar,
Through the rent clouds, one little lonely star—
The star of Hope. I suffer not in vain
If life return thee to my arms again.

He pauses—starts—what sees he in the brake?
What stealthy steps the slumbering echoes wake?
"Stand, on thy life!" His knife hath left its sheath,
And the poised pistol grimly threatens death.
No answer comes—but light as forest fawn
Glides a slight female o'er the dewy lawn.
Why tempts that tender form the midnight air?
What makes she here so fragile and so fair?
Had the earth yawned, and from the shades below
A demon sprung, it had not moved him so.
To earth the deadly weapons wild be dashed;
With a strange light his eyes dilated—flushed.
"Great God, 'tis she!" the accents trembling rung
On his pale lips, when to his breast she sprung;
Oh, to that moment what were years of pain,
For young life's glory has returned again!
Nor words nor murmur break the night's profound—
Thus still the full heart robs the lips of sound;
And save the glances from their eyes that shoot
There is no sign—for happiness is mute.

VIII.

Oh she was beautiful, that lady fair,
Though pale her seeming in the midnight air;
The slenderest tendrils of the clasping vine
Less rarely than her raven ringlets twine;
The snowiest that e'er the moon looked on
Than her white forehead less serenely shone;
The wavy billows in the morning light,
Now tinged with red, now melting back to white,
Have less of heaven's serenest dyes than wore
That cheek, the tresses dankly clustered o'er.
With trembling hand she dashed the locks away,
And from her damp brow swept the glittering spray,
"And have we met, and must we part—alas!
Must this long looked for bliss so quickly pass?
Patience, my heart—" and then the accents broke
In calmer tones, though hurriedly she spoke:
"Gilbert, within Gleneden's halls to-night
Are armed forms that counsel hold of fight;
In ruthless hands are weapons bared for strife,
I scarce need tell thee what they seek—thy life.
Tis known to-night in Elva camps thy host,
Few, worn, asleep—unarmed and weak the post—
Thus ran their words, and much they talked of gold,
And chieftains by repentant rebels sold;
Unseen myself, I heard their counsel; fear
Has winged my steps to warn thee—I am here."

Kindly he smiled—"And didst thou dare, dear maid,
For one like me, the midnight forest's shade?
Thy robes are torn and wet, thy parched lips dry,
And a wild fire is glancing in thine eye—
Poor trembling heart—" and closer still he pressed
The exhausted maiden to his throbbing breast.
"Ten thousand curses strike the coward hind
Who haunts thee thus with cruelty refined!
Alas, my Clara! I could weep for thee,
But tears have long been strangers unto me.

But let him come—"a scornful tone he took,
Darkened his brow and deadly grew his look—
" 'T is time this hand had wreaked its treasured wrong,
And vengeance has delayed her sweets too long;
Twice have I crossed him when the fight was red,
But fate befriended still his guilty head.
Ay, let him come—my hand, in one short hour,
Shall equal his, whate'er may be his power,
For long before these hills shall hail the dawn,
Five hundred blades shall glance on Elva's lawn;
Even now, methinks, the bugles faint I hear,
Which warn their leader that his troops draw near.
But thou, my gentle love, thou ill may'st brook
On scenes of battle and of blood to look!
Small refuge can these feeble walls afford
From war's rude shocks, the musket and the sword."

Fierce flashed her eye, and proudly rose her head—
"Think not my woman's heart so weak," she said—
"No, from this hour, whatever fate betide,
My post is ever by my Gilbert's side.
Mine were thy wrongs, my vengeance shall be thine,
Through danger or success, thy path be mine!"

"A thousand thanks, my Clara, for that word!
Thy voice has nerved my heart—has edged my sword!
Nor deem thy lover weak—this peril past,
On different scenes thine eyes thou soon shalt cast,
For in these wars my hand shall carve a name
Whose sheen shall dim my sires' ancestral fame—
Enduring as the stars—and thou shalt be,
First in a land where every heart is free—"
Quick he breaks off—for glancing through the trees,
Rank after rank of bayonets bright he sees.
"Clara! they come—the blood-hounds would not wait
The morning light, so eager burns their hate;
'T is fearful odds, my Clara, but away,
Awhile at least we'll hold their ranks at bay."
Around her slender waist his arm he flung,
And lightly through the opened door he sprang,
Noiseless behind the heavy portal turns,
Before him still that glimmering taper burns;
He reached the centre of that chamber wide,
Where slumber still his warriors side by side—
"Now to your chamber haste, my Clara, haste,
For life hangs on each moment that we waste!
How goes the battle, soon myself shall tell;
One kiss—one more—now, Clara, fare thee well!"

IX.

He watched her glide reluctant from the hall,
Then snatched an unsheathed sabre from the wall,
One instant's glance around the chamber cast,
Where sleep so many that have slept their last;
"Rouse ye, my mates!" Upspringing at the sound,
From their rough couch the startled warriors bound,
Noiseless they start, and all prepared they stand,
Glances the knife and shines the ready brand,
Nor sign nor motion show they of surprise,
But mutely turn on Gilbert their bright eyes.
He stands their centre; round his form they wheel,
A dusky phalanx, lit by gleams of steel,
Serene, but pale as sculptured marble stone
His cheeks—while in his eye there coldly shone
A wintry starlight—well 't is understood,
That freezing glance prophetic speaks of blood.
Proud he looked round, yet struggling with his pride
Was something of regret he strove to hide,
And low, though resolute, those accents clear,
That fired the listener's heart and thrilled his ear.
"Comrades and friends—my trusty, fearless few,
Still to yourselves and injured freedom true,

Our foes are here—we are at last beset—
Be calm, be firm, and we shall foil them yet.
They think us helpless, hopeless, all undone,
And scorn their conquest as too easy won;
But can we hold our post—ere morn be gray
We'll change their triumph into blank dismay.
Yet—for I scorn the hope one hour may blast,
Nor speak through fear—this fight may prove our last;
If one half hour unmastered we hold our post,
All shall be well—if broken, all is lost.
So friends, dear friends, ere yet this cast we dare,
This closing game twixt triumph and despair,
One friendly grasp, not one regretful sigh,
We have been true, and as we lived we'll die.
Now then, all 's well—be resolute—be dumb,
Let your good rifles speak—ah, hark! they come!"

X.

Flew from its massive hinge the shattered door,
The splintered fragments strewed the marble floor;
Wild through the breach like flashing waves they rolled,
All plumed and armed, and glittering o'er with gold;
Up to the aim rose Gilbert's rifles all,
Rung the report and sped the deadly ball.
Th' exulting shout that swelled the foeman's breath,
Is quenched in yells of anguish and of death—
Once more they crowd—once more the volley came,
They sink like withered grass that feels the flame,
A ghastly pile of quivering limbs and gore
Bars up the way and chokes the narrow door,
But fast and thick, on numbers numbers press,
And death that thins seems scarce to leave them less,
Till in one mass, confused and fierce they close;
Shot answers shot, and blows are met by blows,
Useless the rifle now in that red strife,
Swings the short sword and speeds the gory knife,
The sulphurous smoke hangs o'er them like a pall,
While reeling round they struggle, strike and fall.
Foremost of all, conspicuous, Gilbert stood,
His whirling sabre dripping red with blood;
Gleamed his gray eye, his lordly brow was bare,
In tangled masses fell his raven hair,
Like weeds they fall where'er his weapon swept,
Still round his form a vacant ring he kept,
Where his blade gleams they sink with quivering cry,
And still through all one plume attracts his eye.
As through wild waves the vessel hold her course
Straight for the port, so through the serried force
He cleaves his way—as winds and waves will turn
The bark aside, that struggles to her bourne,
So still opposing numbers bar his way,
And rush between the avenger and his prey.

XI.

Borne back—repulsed—defeated—conquered—no!
Not while one wearied arm can strike a blow—
Stand the lorn few, and deeply draw their breath
For one last stroke, one struggle more with death.
As sometimes, when the tempest wildest raves,
Comes a short lull along the flashing waves,
So seemed that pause in havoc's mad career,
So deep you almost might their breathing hear.
Then, too, oh contrast strange! who looked might see
The moonlight sleeping on the hill's green lee,
The trees where 'mid the boughs the wild bird swings,
And rocked in slumber folds her wearied wings,
The jeweled grass, the flower whose sun-parched lip
Freak health and beauty from the night may sip,
The rippling streams that feed with ceaseless flow
The pulseless bosom of the lake below,

Where, glassed between long shadows dusk and brown,
In lines of light the mirrored skies sweep down.
Oh, gazing on such scene, how sweetly come
O'er the full soul dear memories of home!
And were but griefs forgot, and faults forgiven,
The heart might dream this earth should yet be heaven;
All this the long wide window could disclose,
With frame festooned by many a folded rose—
But not for eyes like theirs that gentle sight,
So calm, so sweet, so beautiful, so bright.

XII.

Gilbert looked round—oh now no more they turn,
With answering glances, to his looks that burn.
Wounded and bleeding, scarce the nerveless hand
Can now sustain the deeply reddened brand,
Yet, half unconscious, round his form they close—
Alas! weak fence are they from savage foes.
Around the room his gaze uncertain strayed,
Till on the chamber-door where Clara staid
It rested for a moment—in his heart
Some half-forbidden purpose seemed to start;
But in that moment, when suspended strife
Gave time for thoughts to rise of death and life,
Stepped from the opposing ranks Glenden's chief,
And thus in haughty tones demanded brief:

"Now, Gilbert, yield; thy short success is past,
Thy king compels thy rebel knee at last.
Justice or mercy, choose thee which we deal,
Thy monarch's pardon or his vengeful steel!"

Flashed Gilbert's eye, and curled his lip with scorn—
"Remorseless caiff, to thy land forsworn,
False to all ties, in every treason dyed,
Here with thy country's fellest foes allied,
Darest thou to brand me rebel? Thank thy fear,
And thy less guilty tools that guard thee here,
That long ere now my hand has not repaid
My wrongs—and hers—and my poor land betrayed!
Thy mercies too—ay, prate of such to me!
I know them well—the halter and the tree!
Thou, loathed by all—by every heart accurst—
But words are idle—do thy best—or worst!
Dear friends, once more, one closing stroke with me,
For home, for Liberty—we will be free!"

Hark! was 't a wandering echo that brought back
That shout returning on its airy track?
Do my ears mock me—heard I not the sound
Of trampling hoofs that shake the solid ground?
Wildly they meet—that final strife shall close
On none but victors and their silent foes.

XIII.

And where was Clara? In that chamber dark
She might by sounds the battle's progress mark;
She heard when Gilbert woke them to the fray,
And when the door to angry blows gave way;
The volleyed crash that sped the deadly hail,
And the long shout that quivered to a wail,
She heard—but still as wilder grew the din,
And crept the sulphurous smoke the room within,
One maddening thought—*her Gilbert*—torture grew,
His single form her frenzied fancy drew,
Each blade was bent at Gilbert's heart alone,
In every cry rung Gilbert's dying moan,
Till a dull sense—like slumber or like death—
Unnerved her limbs and quenched her struggling breath,

Seemed the wild strife in distance far to die,
And gleamed with rainbow tints her closing eye.
She wakes—how dark and chill! Confused she hears—
She scarce knows what—her cheek is drench'd with tears,
And forms and scenes distorted cross her mind,
Like images on water, swept by wind.
She starts—ah, now all 's known—that voice—for well
Each tone of that loved voice her ear can tell!
'T was then that Gilbert strove, with voice and hand,
To that last charge to cheer his drooping band;
She hears and flies—flings wide the door, and all
Is there revealed within that gory hall.

XIV.

Low lay Glenden's chief—his crimson vest
Dark with the blood warm springing from his breast;
O'er him stood Gilbert—still his sabre kept
At bay the circling host that round him swept,
When, with a long, wild shout, and bursting shock,
The ranks are riven, the reeling masses rock,
And piercing through the midst fresh troops are seen,
With weapons bared and clad in robes of green.
"Oh welcome, welcome!" burst from Gilbert's tongue,
As proudly to that column's head he sprung;
Not long the foe that sweeping charge may bide,
Wildly they fly, or fall on every side.

XV.

And the last blow has fallen—all is still!
Hark to the murmur of the gentle rill—
List to the breezy song the night wind sings—
How the leaves shiver when the long bough swings—
And this is nature—beautiful by night!
Most beautiful, most heavenly in such light
As now sleeps on her. Mighty God! how mean
Seems the poor reptile man in such a scene!

But where are they—the forms who lately stood
On that wide floor, so slippery now with blood?
Oh many stay there still, around they sleep
In tortured attitudes of anguish deep,
And some, but few, are fugitives: far down
In the deep gorges of the forest brown,
Are forms that struggle through the long rank grass,
And pause, and start, and tremble as they pass.
And Gilbert—the triumphant—where is he?
Lo! 'neath the shadow of yon ivied tree
A group of sorrowing, sobbing warriors bend
O'er him they bled for, but could not defend.
Oh destiny inscrutable! through all
Unharméd to pass—the bayonet and the ball—
And in the moment of success to fall!

His life bleeds slowly from him; and beside
Kneels she who was—or should have been—his bride;
Mutely she kneels, nor moves, nor weeps, nor sighs,
But only gazes on his glazing eyes,
And presses his cold temples. Time rolls past,
Each moment an eternity—they cast
Inquiring glances on her; and they see
At last his dauntless spirit is set free,
Yet in her see no motion. But when gray
In the far east appeared the rising day,
They strove to raise the little arms that bound
His silent head and stony temples round,
They found her gentle spirit, too, had gone—
She was a corpse, like him she rested on!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You Like It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 96.)

PART XI.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
On my heart it forever bereft me.
Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eyes could twice explore her;
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart I adore her.—WOLFE.

THE stories of the respective parties who had thus so strangely met on that barren and isolated rock, were soon told. Harry confirmed all of Jack's statements as to his own proceedings, and Rose had little more to say than to add how much her own affections had led her to risk in his behalf. In a word, ten minutes made each fully acquainted with the other's movements. Then Tier considerably retired to the boat, under the pretence of winding it, and seeing every thing ready for a departure, but as much to allow the lovers the ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted discourse that they now enjoyed, as for any other reason.

It was a strange scene that now offered on the rock. By this time the fire was burning not only brightly, but fiercely, shedding its bright light far and near. Under its most brilliant rays stood Harry and Rose, both smiling and happy, delighted in their meeting, and, for the moment, forgetful of all but their present felicity. Never, indeed, had Rose appeared more lovely than under these circumstances. Her face was radiant with those feelings which had so recently changed from despair to delight—a condition that is ever most propitious to beauty, and charms that always appeared feminine and soft, now seemed elevated to a bright benignancy that might best be likened to our fancied images of angels. The mild, beaming, serene and intelligent blue eyes, the cheeks flushed with happiness, the smiles that came so easily, and were so replete with tenderness, and the rich hair, deranged by the breeze, and moistened by the air of the sea, each and all, perhaps, borrowed some additional lustre from the peculiar light under which they were

exhibited. As for Harry, happiness had thrown all the disadvantages of exposure, want of dress, and a face that had not felt the razor for six-and-thirty hours, into the back ground. When he left the wreck, he had cast aside his cap and his light summer jacket, in order that they might not encumber him in swimming, but both had been recovered when he returned with the boat to take off his friends. In his ordinary sea attire, then, he now stood, holding Rose's two hands, in front of the fire, every garment clean and white as the waters of the ocean could make them, but all betraying some of the signs of his recent trials. His fine countenance was full of the love he bore for the intrepid and devoted girl who had risked so much in his behalf; and a painter might have wished to preserve the expressions of ardent, manly admiration which glowed in his face, answering to the gentle sympathy and womanly tenderness it met in that of Rose.

The back-ground of this picture was the wide, even surface of the coral reef, with its exterior setting of the dark and gloomy sea. On the side of the channel, however, appeared the boat, already winded, with Biddy still on the rock, looking kindly at the lovers by the fire, while Jack was holding the painter, beginning to manifest a little impatience at the delay.

"They'll stay there an hour, holding each other's hands, and looking into each other's faces," half grumbled the little, rotund, assistant-steward, anxious to be on his way back to the brig, "unless a body gives 'em a call. Capt. Spike will be in no very good humor to receive you and me on board ag'in, if he should find out what sort of a trip we've been making hereaway."

"Let 'em alone—let 'em alone, Jacky," answered the good-natured and kind-hearted Irish woman. "It's happy they bees, just now, and it does my eyes good to look at 'em."

"Ay, they're happy enough, *now*; I only hope it may last."

"Last! what should help its lasting? Miss Rose is so good, and so handsome—and she's a fortin', too; and the mate so nice a young man. Think of the likes of them, Jack, wanting the blessed gift of wather, and all within one day and two nights. Sure, it's Providence that takes care of, and not we ourselves! Kings on their thrones is n't as happy as *them* at this moment.

"Men's willians!" growled Jack; "and more fools women for trustin' 'em."

"Not sich a nice young man as our mate, Jacky; no, not he. Now the mate of the ship I came from Liverpool in, this time ten years agone, he was a villain. He grudged us our potaties, and our own bread; and he grudged us every dhrap of swate wather that went into our mouths. Call him a villain, if you will, Jack; but niver call the likes of Mr. Mulford by so hard a name."

"I wish him well, and nothing else; and for that very reason must put a stop to his looking so fondly into that young woman's face. Time wont stand still, Biddy, to suit the wishes of lovers; and Stephen Spike is a man not to be trifled with. Halloo, there, maty! It's high time to think of getting under way."

At this summons both Harry and Rose started, becoming aware of the precious moments they were losing. Carrying a large portion of the turtle, the former moved toward the craft, in which all were seated in less than three minutes, with the sail lose, and the boat in motion. For a few moments the mate was so much occupied with Rose, that he did not advert to the course, but one of his experience could not long be misled on such a point, and he turned suddenly to Tier, who was steering, to remonstrate.

"How's this, Jack!" cried Mulford; "you've got the boat's head the wrong way."

"Not I, sir. She's heading for the brig as straight as she can go. This wind favors us on both legs; and it's lucky it does, for 't will be hard on upon daylight afore we are alongside of her. You'll want half an hour of dark, at the very least, to get a good start of the Swash, in case she makes sail a'ter you."

"Straight for the brig!—what have we to do with the brig? Our course is for Key West, unless it might be better to run down before the wind to the Dry Tortugas again, and look for the sloop-of-war. Duty, and perhaps my own safety, tells me to let Capt. Mull know what Spike is about with the Swash; and I shall not hesitate a moment about doing it, after all that has passed. Give me the helm, Jack, and let us ware short round on our heel."

"Never, master maty—never. I must go back to the brig. Miss Rose, there, knows that my business is with Stephen Spike, and with him only."

"And I must return to my aunt, Harry," put in Rose, herself. "It would never do for me to desert my aunt, you know."

"And I have been taken from that rock, to be given up to the tender mercies of Spike again?"

This was said rather in surprise, than in a com-

plaining way; and it at once induced Rose to tell the young man the whole of their project.

"Never, Harry, never," she said firmly. "It is our intention to return to the brig ourselves, and let you escape in the boat afterwards. Jack Tier is of opinion this can be done without much risk, if we use proper caution, and do not lose too much time. On no account would I consent to place you in the hands of Spike again—death would be preferable to that, Harry!"

"And on no account can or will I consent to place *you* again in the hands of Spike, Rose," answered the young man. "Now that we know his intentions, such an act would be almost impious."

"Remember my aunt, dear Harry. What would be her situation in the morning, when she found herself deserted by her niece and Biddy—by me, whom she has nursed and watched from childhood, and whom she loves so well?"

"I shall not deny your obligations to your aunt, Rose, and your duty to her under ordinary circumstances. But these are not ordinary circumstances; and it would be courting the direst misfortunes, nay, almost braving Providence, to place yourself in the hands of that scoundrel again, now that you are clear of them."

"Spike's a willian!" muttered Jack.

"And my desartin' the missus would be a sin that no praste would overlook 'asily," put in Biddy. "When Miss Rose told me of this v'y'ge that she meant to make in the boat wid Jack Tier, I asked to come along, that I might take care of her, and see that there was plenty of wather; but ill-luck befall me if I would have t'ought of sich a thing, and the missus desarted."

"We can then run alongside of the brig, and put Biddy and Jack on board of her," said Mulford, reflecting a moment on what had just been said, "when you and I can make the best of our way to Key West, where the means of sending government vessels out after the Swash will soon offer. In this way we can not only get our friends out of the lion's jaws, but keep out of them ourselves."

"Reflect a moment, Harry," said Rose, in a low voice, but not without tenderness in its tones; "it would not do for me to go off alone with you in this boat."

"Not when you have confessed your willingness to go over the wide world with me, Rose—with me, and with me only?"

"Not even then, Harry. I know you will think better of this, when your generous nature has time to reason with your heart, on my account."

"I can only answer in your own words, Rose—never. If you return to the Swash, I shall go on board with you, and throw defiance into the very teeth of Spike. I know the men do not dislike me, and, perhaps, assisted by Señor Montefalderon, and a few friends among the people, I can muster a force that will prevent my being thrown into the sea."

Rose burst into tears, and then succeeded many minutes, during which Mulford was endeavoring, with manly tenderness, to soothe her. As soon as our heroine recovered her self-command, she began to discuss the matter at issue between them more coolly. For half an hour every thing was urged by each that feeling, affection, delicacy, or distrust of Spike could well urge, and Mulford was slowly getting the best of the argument, as well he might, the truth being mostly of his side. Rose was bewildered, really feeling a strong reluctance to quit her aunt, even with so justifiable a motive, but principally shrinking from the appearance of going off alone in a boat, and almost in the open sea, with Mulford. Had she loved Harry less, her scruples might not have been so active, but the consciousness of the strength of her attachment, as well as her fixed intention to become his wife the moment it was in her power to give him her hand with the decencies of her sex, contributed strangely to prevent her yielding to the young man's reasoning. On the subject of the aunt, the mate made out so good a case, that it was apparent to all in the boat Rose would have to abandon that ground of refusal. Spike had no object to gain by ill-treating Mrs. Budd; and the probability certainly was that he would get rid of her as soon as he could, and in the most easy manner. This was so apparent to all, that Harry had little difficulty in getting Rose to assent to its probability. But there remained the reluctance to go off alone with the mate in a boat. This part of the subject was more difficult to manage than the other; and Mulford betrayed as much by the awkwardness with which he managed it. At length the discussion was brought to a close by Jack Tier suddenly saying,—

"Yonder is the brig; and we are heading for her as straight as if she was the pole, and the keel of this boat was a compass. I see how it is, Miss Rose, and a'ter all, I must give in. I suppose some other opportunity will offer for me to get on board the brig ag'in, and I'll trust to that. If you won't go off with the mate alone, I suppose you'll not refuse to go off in my company."

"Will you accompany us, Jack? This is more than I had hoped for! Yes, Harry, if Jack Tier will be of the party, I will trust my aunt to Biddy, and go with you to Key West, in order to escape from Spike."

This was said so rapidly, and so unexpectedly, as to take Mulford completely by surprise. Scarce believing what he heard, the young man was disposed, at first, to feel hurt, though a moment's reflection showed him that he ought to rejoice in the result, let the cause be what it might.

"More than I had hoped for!" he could not refrain from repeating a little bitterly; "is Jack Tier, then, of so much importance, that *his* company is thought preferable to mine?"

"Hush, Harry!" said Rose, laying her hand on Mulford's arm, by way of strengthening her appeal.

"Do not say *that*. You are ignorant of circumstances; at another time you shall know them, but not now. Let it be enough for the present, that I promise to accompany you if Jack will be of our party."

"Ay, ay, Miss Rose, I will be of the party, seeing there is no other way of getting the lamb out of the jaws of the wolf. A'ter all, it may be the wisest thing I can do, though back to the Swash I must and *will* come, powder or no powder, treason or no treason, at the first opportunity. Yes, *my* business is with the Molly, and to the Molly I shall return. It's lucky, Miss Rose, since you have made up your mind to ship for this new cruise, that I bethought me of telling Biddy to make up a bundle of duds for you. This carpet-bag has a change or two in it, and all owing to my forethought. Your woman said 'Miss Rose will come back wid us, Jack, and what's the use of rumpling the clothes for a few hours' sail in the boat;' but I knew womankind better, and foreseed that if master mate fell in alongside of you ag'in, you would not be apt to part company very soon."

"I thank you, Jack, for the provision made for my comfort; though a little money would have added to it materially. My purse has a little gold in it, but a very little, and I fear you are not much better off, Harry. It will be awkward to find ourselves in Key West penniless."

"We shall not be quite that. I left the brig absolutely without a cent, but foreseeing that necessity might make them of use, I borrowed half a dozen of the doubloons from the bag of Señor Montefalderon, and, fortunately, they are still in my pocket. All I am worth in the world is in a bag of half-eagles, rather more than a hundred altogether, which I left in my chest, in my own state-room, aboard the brig."

"You'll find that in the carpet-bag too, master mate," said Jack, coolly.

"Find what, man—not my money, surely?"

"Ay, every piece of it. Spike broke into your chest this a'ternoon, and made me hold the tools while he was doing it. He found the bag, and overhauled it—a hundred and seven half, eleven quarter, and one full-grown eagle, was the count. When he had done the job, he put all back ag'in, a'ter giving me the full-grown eagle for my share of the plunder, and told me to say nothing of what I had seen. I did say nothing, but I did a good bit of work, for, while he was at supper, I consiferated that bag, as they call it—and you will find it there among Miss Rose's clothes, with the full grown gentleman back in his nest ag'in."

"This is being not only honest, Tier," cried Mulford, heartily, "but thoughtful. One half that money shall be yours for this act."

"I thank'e, sir; but I'll not touch a cent of it. It came hard, I know, Mr. Mulford; for my own hands have smarted too much with tar, not to know that the seaman 'earns his money like the horse.'"

"Still it would not be 'spending it like an ass,' Jack, to give you a portion of mine. But there will be other opportunities to talk of this. It is a sign of returning to the concerns of life, Rose, that money begins to be of interest to us. How little did we think of the doubloons, or half-eagles, a few hours since, when on the wreck?"

"It was wather that we t'ought of then," put in Biddy. "Goold is good in a market, or in a town, or to send back to Ireland, to help a body's aged fader or mudder in comfort wid; but wather is the blessed thing on a wrack?"

"The brig is coming quite plainly into view, and you had better give me the helm, Jack. It is time to bethink us of the manner of approaching her, and how we are to proceed when alongside."

This was so obviously true, that every body felt disposed to forget all other matters, in order to conduct the proceedings of the next twenty minutes, with the necessary prudence and caution. When Mulford first took the helm, the brig was just coming clearly into view, though still looking a little misty and distant. She might then have been half a league distant, and would not have been visible at all by that light, but for the circumstance that she had no back-ground to swallow up her outlines. Drawn against clouds, above which the rays of the moon were shed, her tracery was to be discerned, however, and, minute by minute, it was getting to more and more distinct, until it was now so plainly to be seen as to admonish the mate of the necessity of preparation in the manner mentioned.

Tier now communicated to the mate his own proposed manner of proceeding. The brig tended to the trades, the tides having very little influence on her, in the bight of the reef where she lay. As the wind stood at about east south-east, the brig's stern pointed to about west north-west, while the boat was coming down the passage from a direction nearly north from her, having, as a matter of course, the wind just free enough to lay her course. Jack's plan was to pass the brig to windward, and having got well on her bow, to brail the sail, and drift down upon her, expecting to fall in alongside, abreast of the fore-chains, into which he had intended to help Biddy, and to ascend himself, when he supposed that Mulford would again make sail, and carry off his mistress. To this scheme the mate objected that it was awkward, and a little lubberly. He substituted one in its place that differed in seamanship, and which was altogether better. Instead of passing to windward, Mulford suggested the expediency of approaching to leeward, and of coming alongside under the open bow-port, letting the sheet fly and brailing the sail, when the boat should be near enough to carry her to the point of destination without further assistance from her canvas.

Jack Tier took his officer's improvement on his own plan in perfect good part, readily and cheerfully expressing his willingness to aid the execution of it all that lay in his power. As the boat sailed un-

usually well, there was barely time to explain to each individual his or her part in the approaching critical movements, ere the crisis itself drew near; then each of the party became silent and anxious, and events were regarded rather than words.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mulford sailed a boat well. He held the sheet in his hand, as the little craft came up under the lee-quarter of the brig, while Jack stood by the brail. The eyes of the mate glanced over the hull of the vessel to ascertain, if possible, who might be stirring; but not a sign of life could he detect on board her. This very silence made Mulford more distrustful and anxious, for he feared a trap was set for him. He expected to see the head of one of the blacks at least peering over the bulwarks, but nothing like a man was visible. It was too late to pause, however, and the sheet was slowly eased off, Jack hauling on the brail at the same time; the object being to prevent the sail's flapping, and the sound reaching the ears of Spike. As Mulford used great caution, and had previously schooled Jack on the subject, this important point was successfully achieved. Then the mate put his helm down, and the boat shot up under the brig's lee-bow. Jack was ready to lay hold of one of the bowsprit-shrouds, and presently the boat was breasted up under the desired port, and secured in that position. Mulford quitted the stern-sheets, and cast a look in upon deck. Nothing was to be seen, though he heard the heavy breathing of the blacks, both of whom were sound asleep on a sail that they had spread on the forecastle.

The mate whispered for Biddy to come to the port. This the Irish woman did at once, having kissed Rose, and taken her leave of her previously. Tier also came to the port, through which he passed, getting on deck with a view to assist Biddy, who was awkward, almost as a matter of course, to pass through the same opening. He had just succeeded, when the whole party was startled, some of them almost petrified, indeed, by a hail from the quarter-deck in the well-known, deep tones of Spike.

"For'ard, there?" hailed the captain. Receiving no answer, he immediately repeated, in a shorter, quicker call, "Forecastle, there?"

"Sir," answered Jack Tier, who by this time had come to his senses.

"Who has the look-out on that forecastle?"

"I have it, sir—I, Jack Tier. You know, sir, I was to have it from two 'till daylight."

"Ay, ay, I remember now. How does the brig ride to her anchor?"

"As steady as a church, sir. She has had no more sheer the whole watch than if she was moored head and stern."

"Does the wind stand as it did?"

"No change, sir. As dead a trade wind as ever blowed."

"What hard breathing is that I hear for'ard?"

"T is the two niggers, sir. They've turned in on deck, and are napping it off at the rate of six

knots. There's no keepin' way with a nigger in snoring."

"I thought I heard loud whispering, too, but I suppose it was a sort of half-dream. I'm often in that way now-a-days. Jack!"

"Sir."

"Go to the scuttle-butt and get me a pot of fresh water—my coppers are hot with hard thinking."

Jack did as ordered, and soon stood beneath the coach-house deck with Spike, who had come out of his state-room, heated and uneasy at he knew not what. The captain drank a full pint of water at a single draught.

"That's refreshing," he said, returning Jack the tin-pot, "and I feel the cooler for it. How much does it want of daylight, Jack?"

"Two hours, I think, sir. The order was passed to me to have all hands called as soon as it was broad day."

"Ay, that is right. We must get our anchor and be off as soon as there is light to do it in. Doubloons may melt as well as flour, and are best cared for soon, when cared for at all."

"I shall see and give the call as soon as it is day. I hope, Capt. Spike, I can take the liberty of an old ship-mate, however, and say one thing to you, which is this—look out for the Poughkeepsie, which is very likely to be on your heels when you least expect her."

"That's your way of thinking, is it, Jack. Well, I thank you, old one, for the hint, but have little fear of that craft. We've tried our legs together, and I think the brig has the longest."

As the captain said this, he gaped like a hound, and went into his state-room. Jack lingered on the quarter-deck, waiting to hear him fairly in his berth, when he made a sign to Biddy, who had got as far aft as the galley, where she was secreted, to pass down into the cabin as silently as possible. In a minute or two more, he moved forward, singing in a low, cracked voice, as was often his practice, and slowly made his way to the fore-castle. Mulford was just beginning to think the fellow had changed his mind, and meant to stick by the brig, when the little, rotund figure of the assistant-steward was seen passing through the port, and to drop noiselessly on a thwart. Jack then moved to the bow, and cast off the painter, the head of the boat slowly falling off under the pressure of the breeze on that part of her mast and sail which rose above the hull of the Swash. Almost at the same moment, the mate let go the stern-fast, and the boat was free.

It required some care to set the sail without the canvas flapping. It was done, however, before the boat fairly took the breeze, when all was safe. In half a minute the wind struck the sail, and away the little craft started, passing swiftly ahead of the brig. Soon as far enough off, Mulford put up his helm and wore short round, bringing the boat's head to the northward, or in its proper direction; after which they flew along before the wind, which seemed to be increasing in force, with a velocity

that really appeared to defy pursuit. All this time the brig lay in its silence and solitude, no one stirring on board her, and all, in fact, Biddy alone excepted, profoundly ignorant of what had just been passing alongside of her. Ten minutes of running off with a flowing sheet, caused the Swash to look indistinct and hazy again; in ten minutes more she was swallowed up, hull, spars, and all, in the gloom of night.

Mulford and Rose now felt something like that security, without the sense of which happiness itself is but an uneasy feeling, rendering the anticipations of evil the more painful by the magnitude of the stake. There they sat, now, in the stern-sheets by themselves, Jack Tier having placed himself near the bows of the boat, to look out for rocks, as well as to trim the craft. It was not long before Rose was leaning on Harry's shoulder, and ere an hour was past, she had fallen into a sweet sleep in that attitude, the young man having carefully covered her person with a capacious shawl, the same that had been used on the wreck. As for Jack, he maintained his post in silence, sitting with his arms crossed, and the hands thrust into the breast of his jacket, sailor fashion, a picture of nautical vigilance. It was some time after Rose had fallen asleep, that this singular being spoke for the first time.

"Keep her away a bit, maty," he said, "keep her away, half a point or so. She's been travelin' like a racer since we left the brig; and yonder's the first streak of day."

"By the time we have been running," observed Mulford, "I should think we must be getting near the northern side of the reef."

"All of that, sir, depend on it. Here's a rock close aboard on us, to which we are coming fast—just off here, on our weather bow, that looks to me like the place where you landed after that swim, and where we had stowed ourselves when Stephen Spike made us out, and gave chase."

"It is surprising to me, Jack, that you should have any fancy to stick by a man of Spike's character. He is a precious rascal, as we all can see, now, and you are rather an honest sort of a fellow."

"Do you love the young woman there, that's lying in your arms, as it might be, and whom you say you wish to marry?"

"The question is a queer one, but it is easily answered. More than my life, Jack."

"Well, how happens it that *you* succeed, when the world has so many other young men who might please her as well as yourself?"

"It may be that no other loves her as well, and she has had the sagacity to discover it."

"Quite likely. So it is with me and Stephen Spike. I fancy a man whom other folk despise and condemn. *Why* I stand by him is my own secret; but stand by him I do and will."

"This is all very strange, after your conduct on the island, and your conduct to-night. I shall not disturb your secret, however, Jack, but leave you to

enjoy it by yourself. Is this the rock-of which you spoke, that we are now passing?"

"The same; and there is the spot in which we was stowed when they made us out from the brig; and hereaway, a cable's length, more or less, the wreck of that Mexican craft must lie."

"What is that rising above the water, thereaway, Jack; more on our weather-beam?"

"I see what you mean, sir; it looks like a spar. By George! there 's two on 'em; and they *do* seem to be the schooner's masts."

Sure enough! a second look satisfied Mulford that two mast-heads were out of water, and that within a hundred yards of the place the boat was running past. Standing on a short distance, or far enough to give himself room, the mate put his helm down, and tacked the boat. The flapping of the sail, and the little movement of shifting over the sheet, awoke Rose, who was immediately apprized of the discovery. As soon as round, the boat went glancing up to the spars, and presently was riding by one, Jack Tier having caught hold of a topmast-shroud, when Mulford let fly his sheet again, and luffed short up to the spot. By this time the increasing light was sufficiently strong to render objects distinct, when near by, and no doubt remained any longer in the mind of Mulford about the two mast-heads being those of the unfortunate Mexican schooner.

"Well, of all I have ever seen, I've never see'd the like of this afore!" exclaimed Jack. "When we left this here craft, sir, you'll remember, she had almost turned turtle, laying over so far as to bring her upper coamings under water; now she stands right side up, as erect as if docked! My navigation can't get along with this, Mr. Mulford, and it does seem like witchcraft."

It is certainly a very singular incident, Jack, and I have been trying to come at its causes."

"Have you succeeded, Harry?" asked Rose, by this time wide awake, and wondering like the others.

"It must have happened in this wise. The wreck was abandoned by us some little distance out here, to windward. The schooner's masts, of course, pointed to leeward, and when she drifted in here, they have first touched on a shelving rock, and as they have been shoved up, little by little, they have acted as levers to right the hull, until the cargo has shifted back into its proper berth, which has suddenly set the vessel up again."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jack, "all that might have happened had she been above water, or any part of her above water; but you'll remember, maty, that soon after we left her she went down."

"Not entirely. The wreck settled in the water no faster after we had left it, than it had done before. It continued to sink, inch by inch, as the air escaped, and no faster after it had gone entirely out of sight than before; not as fast, indeed, as the water

became denser the lower it got. The great argument against my theory, is the fact, that after the hull got beneath the surface, the wind could not act on it. This is true in one sense, however, and not in another. The waves, or the pressure of the water produced by the wind, might act on the hull for some time after we ceased to see it. But the currents have set the craft in here, and the hull floating always, very little force would cant the craft. If the rock were shelving and slippery, I see no great difficulty in the way; and the barrels may have been so lodged, that a trifle would set them rolling back again, each one helping to produce a change that would move another. As for the ballast, that, I am certain, could not shift, for it was stowed with great care. As the vessel righted, the air still in her moved, and as soon as the water permitted, it escaped by the hatches, when the craft went down, as a matter of course. This air may have aided in bringing the hull upright by its movements in the water."

This was the only explanation to which the ingenuity of Mulford could help him, under the circumstances, and it may have been the right one, or not. There lay the schooner, however, in some five or six fathoms of water, with her two top-masts, and lower mast-heads out of the element, as upright as if docked! It may all have occurred as the mate fancied, or the unusual incident may have been owing to some of the many mysterious causes which baffle inquiry, when the agents are necessarily hidden from examination.

"Spike intends to come and look for this wreck, you tell me, Jack; in the hope of getting at the doubloons it contains?" said Mulford, when the boat had lain a minute or two longer, riding by the mast-head.

"Ay, ay; that 's his notion, sir, and he'll be in a great stew, as soon as he turns out, which must be about this time, and finds me missing; for I was to pilot him to the spot."

"He'll want no pilot now. It will be scarcely possible to pass any where near this and not see these spars. But this discovery almost induces me to change my own plans. What say *you*, Rose? We have now reached the northern side of the reef, when it is time to haul close by the wind, if we wish to beat up to Key West. There is a moral certainty, however, that the sloop-of-war is somewhere in the neighborhood of the Dry Tortugas, which are much the most easily reached, being to leeward. We might run down to the light-house by mid-day, while it is doubtful if we could reach the town until to-morrow morning. I should like exceedingly to have five minutes conversation with the commander of the Poughkeepsie."

"Ay, to let him know where he will be likely to fall in with the Molly Swash and her traitor master, Stephen Spike," cried Jack Tier. "Never mind, maty; let 'em come on; both the Molly and her master have long legs and clean heels. Stephen

Spike will show 'em how to thread the channels of a reef."

"It is amazing to me, Jack, that you should stand by your old captain in feeling, while you are helping to thwart him, all you can, in his warmest wishes."

"He 's a willian!" muttered Jack—"a reg'lar willian is Stephen Spike!"

"If a villain, why do you so evidently wish to keep him out of the hands of the law. Let him be captured and punished, as his crimes require."

"Men 's willians, all round," still muttered Jack. "Heark 'e, Mr. Mulford, I have sailed in the brig longer than you, and know'd her in her comeliest and best days—when she was young, and blooming, and lovely to the eye, as the young creature at your side—and it would go to my heart to have any thing happen to *her*. Then, I've know'd Stephen a long time, too, and old shipmates get a feelin' for each other, sooner or later. I tell you now, honestly, Mr. Mulford, Capt. Adam Mull shall never make a prisoner of Stephen Spike, if I can prevent it."

The mate laughed at this sally, but Rose appeared anxious to change the conversation, and she managed to open a discussion on the subject of the course it might be best to steer. Mulford had several excellent reasons to urge for wishing to run down to the islets, all of which, with a single exception, he laid before his betrothed. The concealed reason was one of the strongest of them all, as usually happens when there is a reason to conceal, but of that he took care to say nothing. The result was an acquiescence on the part of Rose, whose consent was yielded more to the influence of one particular consideration than to all the rest united. That one was this: Harry had pointed out to her the importance to himself of his appearing early to denounce the character and movements of the brig, lest, through his former situation in her, his own conduct might be seriously called in question.

As soon as the matter was determined, Jack was told to let go his hold, the sheet was drawn aft, and away sped the boat. No sooner did Mulford cause the little craft to keep away than it almost flew, as if conscious it were bound to its proper home, skimming swiftly over the waves, like a bird returning eagerly to its nest. An hour later the party breakfasted. While at this meal, Jack Tier pointed out to the mate a white speck, in the south-eastern board, which he took to be the brig coming through the passage, on her way to the wreck.

"No matter," returned the mate. "Though we can see her, she cannot see us, There is that much advantage in our being small, Rose, if it do prevent our taking exercise by walking the deck."

Soon after Mulford made a very distant sail in the north-western board, which he hoped might turn out to be the Poughkeepsie. It was but another speck, but its position was somewhat like that in which he had expected to meet the sloop-of-war. The two vessels were so far apart that one could not be seen from the other, and there was little

hope that the Poughkeepsie would detect Spike at his toil on the wreck, but the mate fully expected that the ship would go into the anchorage, among the islets, in order to ascertain what had become of the schooner. If she did not go in herself, she would be almost certain to send in a boat.

The party from the brigantine had run down before the wind more than two hours before the light-house began to show itself, just rising out of the waves. This gave them the advantage of a beacon, Mulford having steered hitherto altogether by the sun, the direction of the wind, and the trending of the reef. Now he had his port in sight, it being his intention to take possession of the dwelling of the light-house keeper, and to remain in it, until a favorable opportunity occurred to remove Rose to Key West. The young man had also another important project in view, which it will be in season to mention as it reaches the moment of its fulfilment.

The rate of sailing of the light-house boat, running before a brisk trade wind, could not be much less than nine miles in the hour. About eleven o'clock, therefore, the lively craft shot through one of the narrow channels of the islets, and entered the haven. In a few minutes all three of the adventurers were on the little wharf where the light-house people were in the habit of landing. Rose proceeded to the house, while Harry and Jack remained to secure the boat. For the latter purpose a sort of slip, or little dock, had been made, and when the boat was hauled into it, it lay so snug that not only was the craft secure from injury, but it was actually hid from the view of all but those who stood directly above it.

"This is a snug berth for the boat, Jack," observed the mate, when he had hauled it into the place mentioned, "and by unstepping the mast, a passer by would not suspect such a craft of lying in it. Who knows what occasion there may be for concealment, and I'll e'en do that thing."

To a casual listener, Harry, in unstepping the mast, might have seemed influenced merely by a motiveless impulse; but, in truth, a latent suspicion of Jack's intentions instigated him, and as he laid the mast, sprit and sail on the thwarts, he determined, in his own mind, to remove them all to some other place, as soon as an opportunity for doing so unobserved should occur. He and Jack now followed Rose to the house.

The islets were found deserted and tenantless. Not a human being had entered the house since Rose left it, the evening she had remained so long ashore, in company with her aunt and the Señor Montefalderon. This our heroine knew from the circumstance of finding a slight fastening of the outer door in the precise situation in which she had left it with her own hands. At first a feeling of oppression and awe prevailed with both Harry and Rose, when they recollected the fate of those who had so lately been tenants of the place, but this

gradually wore off, and each soon got to be more at home. As for Jack, he very coolly rummaged the lockers, as he called the drawers and closets of the place, and made his preparations for cooking a very delicious repast, in which *callipash* and *callipee* were to be material ingredients. The necessary condiments were easily enough found in that place, turtle being a common dish there, and it was not long before steams that might have quickened the appetite of an alderman filled the kitchen. Rose rummaged, too, and found a clean table-cloth, plates, glasses, bowls, spoons, and knives; in a word, all that was necessary to spread a plain but plentiful board. While all this was doing, Harry took some fishing-tackle, and proceeded to a favorable spot among the rocks. In twenty minutes he returned with a fine mess of that most delicious little fish that goes by the very unpoetical name of "hog-fish," from the circumstance of its giving a grunt not unlike that of a living porker, when rudely drawn from its proper element. Nothing was now wanting to not only a comfortable, but to what was really a most epicurean meal, and Jack just begged the lovers to have patience for an hour or so, when he promised them dishes that even New York could not furnish.

Harry and Rose first retired to pay a little attention to their dress, and then they joined each other in a walk. The mate had found some razors, and was clean shaved. He had also sequestered a shirt, and made some other little additions to his attire, that contributed to give him the appearance of being, that which he really was, a very gentleman-like looking young sailor. Rose had felt no necessity for taking liberties with the effects of others, though a good deal of female attire was found in the dwelling. As was afterward ascertained, a family ordinarily dwelt there, but most of it had gone to Key West, on a visit, at the moment when the man and boy left in charge had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, losing their lives in the manner mentioned.

While walking together, Harry opened his mind to Rose, on the subject which lay nearest to his heart, and which had been at the bottom of this second visit to the islets of the Dry Tortugas. During the different visits of Wallace to the brig, the boat's crew of the Poughkeepsie had held more or less discourse with the people of the Swash. This usually happens on such occasions, and although Spike had endeavored to prevent it, when his brig lay in this bay, he had not been entirely successful. Such discourse is commonly jocular, and sometimes witty; every speech, coming from which side it may, ordinarily commencing with "shipmate," though the interlocutors never saw each other before that interview. In one of these visits an allusion was made to cargo, when "the pretty gal aft" was mentioned as being a part of the cargo of the Swash. In answer to this remark, the wit of the Poughkeepsie had told the brig's man, "you had better send her on board us, *for we carry a chaplain,*

a regular built one, that will be a bishop some day or other perhaps, and we can get her spliced to one of our young officers." This remark had induced the sailor of the Molly to ask if a sloop-of-war really carried such a piece of marine luxury as a chaplain, and the explanation given went to say that the clergyman in question did not properly belong to the Poughkeepsie, but was to be put on board a frigate, as soon as they fell in with one that he named. Now, all this Mulford overheard, and he remembered it at a moment when it might be of use. Situated as he and Rose were, he felt the wisdom and propriety of their being united, and his present object was to persuade his companion to be of the same way of thinking. He doubted not that the sloop-of-war would come in, ere long, perhaps that very day, and he believed it would be an easy matter to induce her chaplain to perform the ceremony. America is a country in which every facility exists, with the fewest possible impediments, to getting married; and, we regret to be compelled to add, to getting unmarried also. There are no banns, no licences, no consent of parents even, usually necessary, and persons who are of the age of discretion, which, as respects females and matrimony, is a very tender age indeed, may be married, if they see fit, almost without form or ceremony. There existed, therefore, no legal impediment to the course Mulford desired to take, and his principal, if not his only difficulty would be with Rose. Over her scruples he hoped to prevail, and not without reason, as the case he could and did present, was certainly one of a character that entitled him to be heard with great attention.

In the first place, Mrs. Budd had approved of the connection, and it was understood between them, that the young people were to be united at the first port in which a clergyman of their own persuasion could be found, and previously to reaching home. This had been the aunt's own project, for, weak and silly as she was, the relic had a woman's sense of the proprieties. It had occurred to her that it would be more respectable to make the long journey which lay before them, escorted by a nephew and a husband, than escorted by even an accepted lover. It is true she had never anticipated a marriage in a light-house, and under the circumstances in which Rose was now placed, though it might be more reputable that her niece should quit the islets as the wife of Harry than as his betrothed. Then Mulford still apprehended Spike. In that remote part of the world, almost beyond the confines of society, it was not easy to foretell what claims he might set up, in the event of his meeting them there. Armed with the authority of a husband, Mulford could resist him, in any such case, with far better prospects of success than if he should appear only in the character of a suitor.

Rose listened to these arguments, ardently and somewhat eloquently put, as a girl of her years and habits would be apt to listen to a favored lover.

She was much too sincere to deny her own attachment, which the events of the last few days had increased almost to intenseness, so apt is our tenderness to augment in behalf of those for whom we feel solicitude, and her judgment told her that the more sober part of Harry's reasoning was entitled to consideration. As his wife, her situation would certainly be much less equivocal and awkward, than while she bore a different name, and was admitted to be a single woman, and it might yet be weeks before the duty she owed her aunt would allow her to proceed to the north. But, after all, Harry prevailed more through the influence of his hold on Rose's affections, as would have been the case with almost every other woman, than through any force of reasoning. He truly loved, and that made him eloquent when he spoke of love; sympathy in all he uttered being his great ally. When summoned to the house, by the call of Jack, who announced that the turtle-soup was ready, they returned with the understanding that the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie should unite them, did the vessel come in, and would the functionary mentioned consent to perform the ceremony.

"It would be awkward—nay, it would be distressing, Harry, to have him refuse," said the blushing Rose, as they walked slowly back to the house, more desirous to prolong their conversation than to partake of the bountiful provision of Jack Tier. The latter could not but be acceptable, nevertheless, to a young man like Mulford, who was in robust health, and who had fared so badly for the last eight-and-forty hours. When he sat down to the table, therefore, which was covered by a snow-white cloth, with smoking and most savory viands on it, it will not be surprising if we say it was with a pleasure that was derived from one of the great necessities of our nature.

Sancho calls for benediction "on the man who invented sleep." It would have been more just to have asked this boon in behalf of him who invented eating and turtle-soup. The wearied fall into sleep, as it might be unwittingly; sometimes against their will, and often against their interests; while many a man is hungry without possessing the means of appeasing his appetite. Still more daily feel hunger without possessing turtle-soup. Certain persons impute this delicious compound to the genius of some London alderman, but we rather think unjustly. Aldermanick genius is easily excited and rendered active, no doubt, by strong appeals on such a theme, but our own experience inclines us to believe that the tropics usually send their inventions to the less unfruitful regions of the earth along with their products. We have little doubt, could the fact be now ascertained, that it would be found turtle-soup was originally invented by just some such worthy as Jack Tier, who in filling his coppers to tickle the captain's appetite, had used all the condiments within his reach; ventured on a sort of Regent's punch; and, as the consequence, had

brought forth the dish so often eulogized, and so well beloved. It is a little extraordinary that in Paris, the seat of gastronomy, one rarely, if ever, hears of or sees this dish; while in London it is to be met in almost as great abundance as in one of our larger commercial towns. But so it is, and we cannot say we much envy a *cuisine* its *patés*, and *soufflés*, and its *à la* this and *à la* that, but which was never redolent with the odors of turtle-soup.

"Upon my word, Jack, you have made out famously with your dinner, or supper, which ever you may please to call it," cried Mulford gaily, as he took his seat at table, after having furnished Rose with a chair. "Nothing appears to be wanting; but here is good pilot-bread, potatoes even, and other little niceties, in addition to the turtle and the fish. These good people of the light seem to have lived comfortably, at any rate."

"Why should they not, maty?" answered Jack, beginning to help to soup. "Living on one of these islets is like living afloat. Every thing is laid in, as for an outward bound craft; then the reef must always furnish fish and turtle. I've overhauled the lockers pretty thoroughly, and find a plenty of stores to last us a month. Tea, sugar, coffee, bread, pickles, potatoes, onions, and all other knick-knacks."

"The poor people who own these stores will be heavy-hearted enough when they come to learn the reason why we have been put in undisturbed possession of their property," said Rose. "We must contrive some means of repaying them for such articles as we may use, Harry."

"That's easily enough done, Miss Rose. Drop one of the half eagles in a tea-pot, or a mug, and they'll be certain to fall in with it when they come back. Nothin' is easier than to pay a body's debts, when a body has the will and the means. Now, the worst enemy of Stephen Spike must own that his brig never quits port with unsettled bills. Stephen has his faults, like other mortals; but he has his good p'int, too."

"Still praising Spike, my good Jack," cried the mate, a little provoked at this pertinacity in the deputy-steward, in sticking to his ship and his ship-mate. "I should have thought that you had sailed with him long enough to have found him out, and to wish never to put your foot in his cabin again."

"Why, no, mate, a craft is a craft, and a body gets to like even the faults of one in which a body has gone through gales, and squalls, with a whole skin. I like the Swash, and, for sartain things I like her captain."

"Meaning by that it is your intention to get on board of the one, and to sail with the other, again, as soon as you can."

"I do, Mr. Mulford, and make no bones in telling on't. You know that I came here without wishing it."

"Well, Jack, no one will attempt to control your movements, but you shall be left your own master."

I feel it to be a duty, however, as one who may know more of the law than yourself, as well as more of Stephen Spike, to tell you that he is engaged in a reasonable commerce with the enemy, and that he, and all who voluntarily remain with him, knowing this fact, may be made to swing for it."

"Then I'll swing for it," returned Jack, sullenly.

"There is a little obstinacy in this, my good fellow, and you must be reasoned out of it. I am under infinite obligations to you, Jack, and shall ever be ready to own them. Without you to sail the boat, I might have been left to perish on that rock, for God only knows whether any vessel would have seen me in passing. Most of those who go through that passage keep the western side of the reef aboard, they tell me, on account of there being better water on that side of the channel, and the chance of a man's being seen on a rock, by ships a league or two off, would be small indeed. Yes, Jack, I owe my life to you, and am proud to own it."

"You owe it to Miss Rose, maty, who put me up to the enterprise, and who shared it with me."

"To her I owe more than life," answered Harry, looking at his beloved as she delighted in being regarded by him, "but even she, with all her wishes to serve me, would have been helpless without your skill in managing a boat. I owe also to your good-nature the happiness of having Rose with me at this moment; for without you she would not have come."

"I'll not deny it, maty—take another ladle full of the soup, Miss Rosy, a quart of it would n't hurt an infant—I'll not deny it, Mr. Mulford—I know by the way you've got rid of the first bowl full that you are ready for another, and there it is—I'll not deny it, and all I can say is that you are heartily welcome to my services."

"I thank you, Jack; but all this only makes me more desirous of being of use to you, now, when it's in my power. I wish you to stick by me, and not to return to the Swash. As soon as I get to New York I shall build or buy a ship, and the berth of steward in her shall always be open to you."

"Thank 'e, maty; thank 'e, with all my heart. It's something to know that a port is open to leeward, and, though I cannot *now* accept your offer, the day *may* come when I shall be glad to do so."

"If you like living ashore better, our house will always be ready to receive you. I should be glad to leave as handy a little fellow as yourself behind me whenever I went to sea. There are a hundred things in which you might be useful, and fully earn your biscuit, so as to have no qualms about eating the bread of idleness."

"Thank 'e, thank 'e, maty," cried Jack, dashing a tear out of his eye with the back of his hand, "thank 'e, sir, from the bottom of my heart. The time *may* come, but not now. My papers is signed for this v'y'ge. Stephen Spike has a halter round his neck, as you say yourself, and it's necessary for me to be there to look to 't. We all have our callin's

and duties, and this is mine. I stick by the Molly and her captain until both are out of this scrape, or both are condemned. I know nothing of treason; but if the law wants another victim, I must take my chance."

Mulford was surprised at this steadiness of Jack's, in what he thought a very bad cause, and he was quite as much surprised that Rose did not join him, in his endeavors to persuade the steward not to be so fool-hardy, as to endeavor to go back to the brig. Rose did not, however; sitting silently eating her dinner the whole time, though she occasionally cast glances of interest at both the speakers the while. In this state of things the mate abandoned the attempt, for the moment, intending to return to the subject, after having had a private conference with his betrothed.

Notwithstanding the little drawback just related, that was a happy as well as a delicious repast. The mate did full justice to the soup, and afterward to the fish with the unpoetical name; and Rose ate more than she had done in the last three days. The habits of discipline prevented Jack from taking his seat at table, though pressed by both Rose and Harry to do so, but he helped himself to the contents of a bowl, and did full justice to his own art, on one aside. The little fellow was delighted with the praises that were bestowed on his dishes; and for the moment, the sea, its dangers, its tornadoes, wrecks and races, were all forgotten in the security and pleasures of so savory a repast.

"Folk ashore do n't know how sailors sometimes live, said Jack, holding a large spoon filled with the soup ready to plunge into a tolerably capacious mouth.

"Or how they sometimes starve," answered Rose. "Remember our own situation, less than forty-eight hours since!"

"All very true, Miss Rose; yet, you see, turtle-soup brings us up, a'ter all. Would you choose a glass of wine, maty?"

"Very much indeed, Jack, after so luscious a soup; but wishing for it will not bring it here."

"That remains to be seen, sir. I call this a bottle of something that looks very much like a wine."

"Claret, as I live! Why, where should light-house keepers get the taste for claret?"

"I've thought of that myself, Mr. Mulford, and have supposed that some of Uncle Sam's officers have brought the liquor to this part of the world. I understand a party on 'em was here surveyin' all last winter. It seems they come in the cool weather, and get their sights and measure their distances, and go home in the warm weather, and work out their traverses in the shade, as it might be."

"This seems likely, Jack; but come, whence it may, it is welcome, and we will taste it."

Mulford then drew the cork of this mild and grateful liquor, and helped his companions and himself. In this age of moral *tours de force*, one scarcely dare say any thing favorable of a liquid that even bears

the name of wine, or extol the shape of a bottle. It is truly the era of exaggeration. Nothing is treated in the old fashioned, natural, common sense way. Virtue is no longer virtue, unless it get upon stilts; and, as for sin's being confined to "transgression against the law of God," audacious would be the wretch who should presume to limit the sway of the societies by any dogma so narrow! A man may be as abstemious as an anchorite and get no credit for it, unless "he sign the pledge;" or, signing the pledge, he may get fuddled in corners, and be cited as a miracle of sobriety. The test of morals is no longer in the abuse of the gifts of Providence, but in their use; prayers are deserting the closet for the corners of streets, and charity (not the giving of alms) has got to be so earnest in the demonstration of its nature, as to be pretty certain to "begin at home," and to end where it begins. Even the art of mendacity has been aroused by the great progress which is making by all around it, and many manifest the strength of their ambition by telling ten lies where their fathers would have been satisfied with telling only one. This art has made an extraordinary progress within the last quarter of a century, aspiring to an ascendancy that was formerly conceded only to truth, until he who gains his daily bread by it has some such contempt for the sneaking wretch who does business on the small scale, as the slayer of his thousands in the field is known to entertain for him who kills only a single man in the course of a long life.

At the risk of damaging the reputations of our hero and heroine, we shall frankly aver the fact that both Harry and Rose partook of the *vin de Bordeaux*, a very respectable bottle of *Medoc*, by the way, which had been forgotten by Uncle Sam's people, in the course of the preceding winter, agreeably to Jack Tier's conjecture. One glass sufficed for Rose, and, contrary as it may be to all modern theory, she was somewhat the better for it; while the mate and Jack Tier quite half emptied the bottle, being none the worse. There they sat, enjoying the security and abundance which had succeeded to their late danger, happy in that security, happy in themselves, and happy in the prospects of a bright future. It was just as practicable for them to remain at the Dry Tortugas, as it was for the family which ordinarily dwelt at the light. The place was amply supplied with every thing that would be necessary for their wants, for months to come, and Harry caused his betrothed to blush, as he whispered to her, should the chaplain arrive, he should delight in passing the honey-moon where they then were.

"I could tend the light," he added, smiling, "which would be not only an occupation, but a useful occupation; you could read all those books from beginning to end, and Jack could keep us supplied with fish. By the way, master steward, are you in the humor for motion, so soon after your hearty meal?"

"Any thing to be useful," answered Jack, cheerfully.

"Then do me the favor to go up into the lantern of the light-house, and take a look for the sloop-of-war. If she's in sight at all, you'll find her off here to the northward; and while you are aloft you may as well make a sweep of the whole horizon. There hangs the light-house keeper's glass, which may help your eyes, by stepping into the gallery outside of the lantern."

Jack willingly complied, taking the glass and proceeding forthwith to the other building. Mulford had two objects in view in giving this commission to the steward. He really wished to ascertain what was the chance of seeing the Poughkeepsie, in the neighborhood of the islets, and felt just that indisposition to move himself, that is apt to come over one who has recently made a very bountiful meal, while he also desired to have another private conversation with Rose.

A good portion of the time that Jack was gone, and he staid quite an hour in the lantern, our lovers conversed as lovers are much inclined to converse; that is to say, of themselves, their feelings, and their prospects. Mulford told Rose of his hopes and fears, while he visited at the house of her aunt, previously to sailing, and the manner in which his suspicions had been first awakened in reference to the intentions of Spike—intentions, so far as they were connected with an admiration of his old commander's niece, and possibly in connection also with the little fortune she was known to possess, but not in reference to the bold project to which he had, in fact, resorted. No distrust of the scheme finally put in practice had ever crossed the mind of the young mate, until he received the unexpected order, mentioned in our opening chapter, to prepare the brig for the reception of Mrs. Budd and her party. Harry confessed his jealousy of one youth whom he dreaded far more even than he had ever dreaded Spike, and whose apparent favor with Rose, and actual favor with her aunt, had given him many a sleepless night.

They next conversed of the future, which to them seemed full of flowers. Various were the projects started, discussed, and dismissed, between them, the last almost as soon as proposed. On one thing they were of a mind, as soon as proposed. Harry was to have a ship as quick as one could be purchased by Rose's means, and the promised bride laughingly consented to make one voyage to Europe along with her husband.

"I wonder, dear Rose, my poverty has never presented any difficulties in the way of our union," said Harry, sensibly touched with the free way his betrothed disposed of her own money in his behalf; "but neither you nor Mrs. Budd has ever seemed to think of the difference there is between us in this respect."

"What is the trifle I possess, Harry, set in the balance against your worth? My aunt, as you say, has thought I might even be the gainer by the exchange."

"I am sure I feel a thousand times indebted to Mrs. Budd—"

"Aunt Budd. You must learn to say, '*my Aunt Budd*,' Mr. Henry Mulford, if you mean to live in peace with her unworthy niece."

"Aunt Budd, then," returned Harry, laughing, for the laugh came easily that evening; "Aunt Budd, if you wish it, Rose. I can have no objection to call any relative of yours, uncle or aunt."

"I think we are intimate enough, now, to ask you a question or two, Harry, touching my aunt," continued Rose, looking stealthily over her shoulder, as if apprehensive of being overheard. "You know how fond she is of speaking of the sea, and of indulging in nautical phrases?"

"Any one must have observed that, Rose," answered the young man, gazing up at the wall, in order not to be compelled to look the beautiful creature before him in the eyes—"Mrs. Budd has very strong tastes that way."

"Now tell me, Harry—that is, answer me frankly—I mean—she is not *always* right, is she?"

"Why, no; not absolutely so—that is, not absolutely *always* so—few persons are *always* right, you know."

Rose remained silent and embarrassed for a moment; after which she pursued the discourse.

"But aunt does not know as much of the sea and of ships as she thinks she does?"

"Perhaps not. We all overrate our own acquirements. I dare say that even I am not as good a seaman as I fancy myself to be."

"Even Spike admits that you are what he calls 'a prime seaman.' But it is not easy for a woman to get a correct knowledge of the use of all the strange, and sometimes uncouth, terms that you sailors use."

"Certainly not; and for that reason I would rather you should never attempt it, Rose. We rough sons of the ocean would prefer to hear our wives make divers pretty blunders, rather than to be swaggering about like so many 'old salts.'"

"Mr. Mulford! Does Aunt Budd swagger like an old salt?"

"Dearest Rose, I was not thinking of your aunt, but of *you*. Of you, as you are, feminine, spirited, lovely alike in form and character, and of you a graduate of the ocean, and full of its language and ideas."

It was probable Rose was not displeased at this allusion to herself, for a smile struggled around her pretty mouth, and she did not look at all angry. After another short pause, she resumed the discourse.

"My aunt did not very clearly comprehend those explanations of yours about the time of day, and the longitude," she said, "nor am I quite certain that I did myself."

"You understood them far better than Mrs. Budd, Rose. Women are so little accustomed to *think* on such subjects at all, that it is not surprising they

sometimes get confused. I do wish, however, that your aunt could be persuaded to be more cautious in the presence of strangers, on the subject of terms she does not understand."

"I feared it might be so, Harry," answered Rose, in a low voice, as if unwilling even he should know the full extent of her thoughts on this subject; "but my aunt's heart is most excellent, though she may make mistakes occasionally. I owe her a great deal, if not absolutely my education, certainly my health and comfort through childhood, and more prudent, womanly advice than you may suppose, perhaps, since I have left school. How she became the dupe of Spike, indeed, is to me unaccountable; for in all that relates to health, she is, in general, both acute and skillful."

"Spike is a man of more art than he appears to be to superficial observers. On my first acquaintance with him, I mistook him for a frank, fearless, but well-meaning sailor, who loved hazardous voyages and desperate speculation—a sort of innocent gambler; but I have learned to know better. His means are pretty much reduced to his brig, and she is getting old, and can do but little more service. His projects are plain enough, now. By getting you into his power, he hoped to compel a marriage, in which case both your fortune and your aunt's would contribute to repair his."

"He might have killed me, but I never would have married him," rejoined Rose, firmly. "Is not that Jack coming down the steps of the light-house?"

"It is. I find that fellow's attachment to Spike very extraordinary, Rose. Can you, in any manner, account for it?"

Rose at first seemed disposed to reply. Her lips parted, as if about to speak, and closed again, as glancing her eyes toward the open door, she seemed to expect the appearance of the steward's little, rotund form on its threshold, which held her tongue-tied. A brief interval elapsed, however, ere Jack actually arrived, and Rose, perceiving that Harry was curiously expecting her answer, said hurriedly—"it may be hatred, not attachment."

The next instant Jack Tier entered the room. He had been gone rather more than an hour, not returning until just as the sun was about to set in a flame of fire.

"Well, Jack, what news from the Poughkeepsie?" demanded the mate. "You have been gone long enough to make sure of your errand. Is it certain that we are not to see the man-of-war's-men to-night?"

"Whatever you see, my advice to you is to keep close, and to be on your guard," answered Jack, evasively.

"I have little fear of any of Uncle Sam's craft. A plain story, and an honest heart, will make all clear to a well-disposed listener. We have not been accomplices in Spike's treasons, and cannot be made to answer for them."

"Take my advice, maty, and be in no hurry to hail every vessel you see. Uncle Sam's fellows

may not always be at hand to help you. Do you not know that this island will be tabooed to seamen for some time to come?"

"Why so, Jack? The islet has done no harm, though others may have performed wicked deeds near it."

"Two of the drowned men lie within a hundred yards of this spot, and sailors never go near new-made graves, if they can find any other place to resort to."

"You deal in enigmas, Jack; and did I not know that you are very temperate, I might suspect that the time you have been gone has been passed in the company of a bottle of brandy."

"That will explain my meaning," said Jack,

laconically, pointing as he spoke seemingly at some object that was to be seen without.

The door of the house was wide open, for the admission of air. It faced the haven of the islets, and just as the mate's eyes were turned to it, the end of a flying-jib boom, with the sail down, and fluttering beneath it, was coming into the view. "The Poughkeepsie!" exclaimed Mulford, in delight, seeing all his hopes realized, while Rose blushed to the eyes. A pause succeeded, during which Mulford drew aside, keeping his betrothed in the background, and as much out of sight as possible. The vessel was shooting swiftly into view, and presently all there could see it was the Swash.

[To be continued.]

STOCK-JOBGING IN NEW YORK.

BY PETER FENCIL.

"Nothing venture, nothing win."

THERE are comparatively few people, even in New York, who know, or have the most remote idea of, the amount of the daily transactions of various kinds that take place in Wall street. If the truth could be arrived at, it would appear, I doubt not, that the operations there, in the course of a year, exceed, in their aggregate amount, those of all other cities in the United States combined. This opinion may startle some, but it will not startle those who are in the practice of visiting that place, and seeing what is going forward among the countless capitalists, brokers, merchants, and others, whose vocation draws them to that vicinity. Nor can one who is a visitor merely, form a conjecture approximating to the truth, concerning the multiplicity and extent of Wall street affairs, any more than a man who travels straight through the middle of a state, can form an idea as to what quantity of corn is growing upon the whole surface. It would be necessary to penetrate the hundreds of offices, both great and small, public and private, and to see all that is done therein, before one could begin, as the boys say, to estimate the amount of business transacted in that short street, and its immediate vicinity, in the course of a single day.

The stock operations alone would stagger the credulity even of the initiated, who should keep an accurate account of the amount changing hands from day to day, and sum the whole at the expiration of the year. Many millions' worth of this species of property would be found to have been bought and sold, making some richer and some poorer, and leaving some, but, doubtless, very few, about the same in purse at the end of the year, as they were at the beginning.

If a person, standing on the steps of the exchange,

were endowed with the faculty of reading the heart of every man that passed him, what numbers of agitated bosoms, what hopes, what fears, what emotions of vexation, sorrow, anger, and despair, would come under review; particularly after a panic among the speculators, and a consequent fall of stock!

There are a few fortunate individuals, who owe to Wall street all they possess—having speculated and staked high under the benign influence of Fortune, while that goddess was in a kindly humor; but there are hundreds, nay, thousands, who have seen their wealth melt away there, like snow in a sunny nook on an April morn. "Make or break—neck or no joint," are the mottoes there; for when a man once gets into the spirit of speculating, as this species of gambling is mildly termed, he is not apt to back out till he has made a fortune, or lost what he possessed—won the horse, or lost the saddle.

The reader will see, in the course of this essay, to which of these categories I belong; for I, too, have been afflicted with the prevailing mania for stock-jobbing, and have shared in the hopes and fears, joy and sorrow, which are produced by the uncertainty of such operations, and the momentous consequences which often follow in their train. It is my purpose to give a short sketch of my doings in that line of business, (now so much in vogue,) for the amusement of those who never go into Wall street, and the benefit of such adventurous spirits as may be disposed to try their fortune at the same table.

It may not be known to the majority of my readers, that the prices of stocks, in New York, are very much influenced by the weather; indeed, I have some-

times thought that their value, as a marketable commodity, depended more on the state of the atmosphere than on their intrinsic worth. I have known a snow-storm cause a sudden fall of two to five per cent.; and an April shower, though it lasted but an hour, more or less, have the same effect to the extent of one or two per cent. I have myself suffered in my speculations by a change of weather; and the only fortunate hit I ever made, I ascribe entirely to the opportune clearing up of a long storm.

It is really surprising what effect the weather has upon the minds of stock-operators. Apparently, those enterprising fellows are as susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere, as poets; though in every thing else, it must be confessed, they are as different from the *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace calls them, as the orange-water on a lady's toilet is from the plain, unperfumed Croton in which she laves her hands. On a bright, sunny day their countenances wear a cheerful expression, their bosoms throb with joyful expectations of an advance or fall in prices, as may happen to suit their purpose; and, in a word, they feel richer and better, and are prepared to renew their operations with increased spirit. Hence the expression so often seen in the "Money Articles" of our daily papers, "there was a better feeling at both boards to-day;" and this stereotyped phrase has become equivalent to the announcement that the weather has become exceedingly fine.

In cloudy weather, on the contrary, particularly if it rain, their faces are generally augmented longitudinally to a very considerable extent; and so true an interpreter is a broker's face of the state of the heavens, that one might safely depend on it for information without looking at the sky. I regard a speculator's countenance as far more reliable than a weathercock, because I have known the latter to deceive me by pointing westward, when, according to the weather, it should have stood in the opposite stormy quarter. But the face of a stock-operator of New York was never known to play tricks of this kind, within the far-reaching memory of that most respectable, and often referred to individual, the Oldest Inhabitant. No man ever saw a smile on his phiz, except when the sun shone.

There are some shrewd men in New York, who perfectly understand these "skyey influences," and regulate their speculative movements accordingly—buying in a storm, especially if it be a long and severe one, and selling out whenever the succeeding clear weather has produced a favorable reaction in prices. One rich individual, living up town, the moment he rises in the morning, opens his window and looks at the vane on a neighboring steeple—the only part of the church, by the way, he cares a fig about—and if the wind happen to blow from a rainy point, he hastens down town, and orders his broker to dive deep into some of the "fancies." If, however, the day be clear, he stays at home, his broker being

already instructed to sell out some previous purchase, as soon as the weather should warrant.

But the weather, though a most powerful agent in the fluctuation of prices, is by no means the only cause of those great and sudden changes in the marketable value of "securities," which take money from one pocket, and put it into another. An apprehension, well or ill founded, (it is the same thing in effect,) of an increased demand for money; a paragraph in a newspaper, announcing, mysteriously, that some sort of news, concerning nobody knows what, may be expected in a few days; wars, and rumors of wars; and reports about different matters, however trifling and uninteresting to the majority of the people; all these are sufficient to dash a broker's spirits; and produce a panic in the market.

Stepping into the great room of the exchange one day, to see the doings at the public board of brokers, I, like the rest of the crowd that stood looking on, became interested in their proceedings, and was soon seized with a desire to try my luck in speculation. I had previously heard of this man and that, having realized their thousands in as many weeks; and as stocks were advancing, and likely, for aught that appeared, to have an "upward tendency" for some time to come, I saw no good reason why I, too, might not increase my little capital in the same rapid manner. "The prospect before us is cheering," said I to myself, "the boundary question, thanks to the great Daniel, is settled; money is plentiful, and as cheap as dirt; and, in all human probability, Harry Clay, or somebody equally worthy, will be our next president. It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that good dividend-paying stocks must advance.

Now this seemed well reasoned, to say the least, and the conclusion a just one; but, alas! for human foresight! the good stocks, in which alone I ventured at first, like a balking horse, stood still, or if they moved at all, refused to budge an inch in the right direction. The *bad* stocks, those not intrinsically worth a fig, were those which I should have purchased. They went up like a rocket; but mine, from the moment that I bought it, seemed to have suddenly acquired one of the properties of lead, for it would go down, in spite of every effort made to keep it up—and the papers called it *heavy*. Heavy enough I found it, heaven knows! But I am anticipating, and running ahead of my story.

When I entered the exchange, I was the possessor of fifteen hundred dollars—the savings of many years of industry; but I was tired of work, and longed to make a fortune rather by the exercise of intellect, than by the labor of my hands. It promised me a fortune in a hundredth part of the time that it would take me to accumulate one in any other way; and then it was so fine, I thought, to be considered a heavy dealer in stocks, and to be regarded as a great, bold operator, and a capitalist. How could I, with such lofty ideas in my head, and with such a

consciousness of possessing superior tact and talent, go back quietly to *work!* Pah! the very thought of such a thing sickened me.

I caught the eye of a broker with whom I was acquainted, and, having beckoned him to me, requested him to buy ten thousand dollars worth of Ohio sixes, at the market price, which happened, I remember, (and I shall never forget it the longest day I live,) to be one hundred and four. The day was pleasant, the room light, and well filled with cheerful spectators; the brokers were in good spirits, and disposed to go deep in their favorite game, and, to use a common expression, the steam was up to the highest point at both boards, and in the street.

Methinks I hear some one ask how so much stock was paid for by a man worth but fifteen hundred dollars, all told. Innocent one! I will tell thee. I borrowed the money, or about ninety per cent. of it at least, for a few days, and gave the stock itself as security. How simple! did I hear thee say? Truly the process was exceedingly simple; natheless I advise thee not to follow my example.

I considered myself uncommonly lucky in thus securing what I wanted at so low a price, as I then regarded it; for the broker assured me, and such seemed to be the prevailing opinion among the knowing ones, that the stock I bought would rise six per cent at least within two or three months. I expected, so sanguine is my temperament, to sell at that advance in less than a fortnight; and already considered myself as six hundred dollars richer than I was before. "A nice little sum that," thought I, "for a beginning, and will furnish the outgoings for a month, next summer, at Saratoga, and the disbursements of a trip to Niagara, returning by way of Montreal, Quebec, and Lake George."

There is a proverb about counting the young of barn-yard fowls, before the tender chickens are fairly out of their shells; which proverb admonishes us never to make such a reckoning till the hatching is completed, lest we should be disappointed as to the number. Experience has taught me that this proverb, with some slight verbal alterations, would apply equally well to the expected profits from speculation in stocks. One should never count his gains, nor appropriate them to any specific purpose, until they are realized.

In a day or two I found, much to my chagrin, that the stock I had so fortunately purchased, instead of being on the high road to one hundred and ten, began to grow tired of advancing, as though it were leg-weary, and turning suddenly about, took, like a school-boy coming home, "cross lots" the shortest possible way back to its old position on the wrong side of par. I ascribe this sudden change to two causes; first, I was the owner of some of the stock, which reason was enough of itself to knock down that or any other security; as I never in my life touched any thing of the kind that did not immediately become "heavy," and of less value than it was before. Tom Moore complained most beau-

tifully of similar ill-luck, and said, in his own inimitable way,

"I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die."

And I can and do say with more truth, (for Tom evidently fibbed, or rather made Hinda do so,) and with equally good rhymes, that

I never bought a single mill
Of stock, in that vile street named Wall,
That rose a peg, or e'en stood still;
Dod rot it!—it was sure to fall.

Secondly, a paragraph appeared in the Herald, saying something about England and war; and this circumstance, combined with the fact of my being a holder, was too much for Ohio sixes, and down they went. Nothing short of a miracle could have sustained them under such a pressure. But this was not all; for, in the incipient stage of the panic which followed, the wind suddenly veered round to north-east, and a storm came on to increase the difficulty. Such a scene as ensued has rarely been witnessed since Wall street became a theatre for speculation. Faces became elongated many hundred feet in the aggregate; eyes opened to their widest capacity, and seemed to be looking wildly about for that greatest of bug-bears, the British; and every speculator's heart, like Macbeth's, did

—"Knock at the ribs,
Against the use of nature,"

as though some terrible calamity, involving the annihilation of every thing in the shape of stocks and money, were impending.

If some giant from another globe had come upon the earth, and suddenly knocked the foundation stones from under that noble structure, the merchants' exchange, the crash would hardly have been greater or more alarming than that which took place, on the day in question, among the stocks. I stood silently by, and saw my property vanish, as it were, before my eyes; but I will not attempt to describe my feelings, for I am sure that I should not be able to convey an idea of them to the reader's mind. Suffice it to say that I was hurt—cut to the very soul. "Farewell, Niagara, Quebec, and Montreal," thought I; "if I can keep out of the almshouse, the way things are going, I shall be remarkably lucky."

After consulting with my friend, the broker, who, to do him justice, it must be confessed, gave me the best advice that his fears permitted, I concluded to sell out my stock at ninety-eight, while it was on the descent, and buy again the moment it should reach the lowest point, which the broker and I thought would be about ninety. Then, if our expectations should be realized, and the stock again reach what I had before given, namely, one hundred and four, it is clear that I should, beside recovering my loss, make eight per cent. profit.

Here was a most glorious opportunity for a speculation—one of those that occur about twice in a century. It was a happy thought in me to sell even

at a great loss, with a view of repurchasing on better terms; and I could not help regarding it as a singularly bold move—one indicating great genius, and just such a one as Napoleon himself, under similar circumstances, might have conceived and made. I became elated at the prospect, and bade my friend sell out with all possible expedition. He did so at ninety-eight, being a loss to me of six per cent., or six hundred dollars—a pretty fair clip from the back of my little capital of fifteen hundred.

I should have been exceedingly annoyed by this docking of my fortune, had not the certainty which I felt of making good the deficiency, encouraged me; and but for the most perfect confidence I entertained in the success of my next adventure, I should, in all human probability, have retired from Wall street with much the same feeling that a fox has when he sneaks off to his hole, after parting with his tail in a trap.

But what short-sighted mortals we are, and how the blindfolded goddess loves to sport with human calculations!

—Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus?—ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis!

exclaimed Horace; and depend upon it, if stocks were the subject of traffic in Rome, he had just been nicked when he wrote that passage. Most courteous reader, I was doomed to suffer another grievous disappointment; stocks took a different turn from what I had expected. The storm cleared away, and the panic abated. The sun again shone out bright, and smiles reappeared on the brokers' faces. Prices had reached their lowest point, precisely at the moment that I sold out mine, and instead of going down to ninety, as they would have done had I continued to hold, they "rallied," as the saying is, and rose to par. I looked and felt *blue*, and counted over my money again and again; I ciphered and calculated for half a morning, in endeavoring to make my loss less than it was. It was of no use, however, for the result of my counting and my ciphering were precisely the same, showing a deficiency of six hundred dollars and the brokerage. "O, if I could but get back my stock," thought I, "I would hold it till doomsday, before I would again sell it for a less sum than it cost me." That was an idle thought, for the money having been borrowed, I had not the power to do as I wished.

Well, I found that complaining would do no good, and it was plain that I could not recover my losses by sitting down and doing nothing; beside, it was very unlike a bold operator—a Napoleon of the exchange—to be disheartened by the first reverse or two; so I determined, as there was now a strong probability of an immediate advance of prices, to get back my Ohio stock at par. I was too late in deciding by a day, and was obliged to give one per cent. premium. That trifling difference, however, I did not regard; for what was one per cent., more

or less, to a man who was sure of making ten of them?

I now felt certain that I had hit the nail on the head. "*Rem tetigi acui*," said I; and what made me more confident of success was the fact, that the newspapers, disagreeing upon almost every other subject, were agreed upon one point, namely, that, in consequence of the "better feeling" that prevailed, stocks would certainly rise. I believed them, having naturally a strong inclination to credit what I see in print.

A good feeling unquestionably did exist at the time I bought, and the prices of stocks were likewise very good; but, as usual, when the time came in which I was compelled to sell, a very different feeling seemed to be rife, and symptoms of another panic began to make their appearance simultaneously with the approach of a storm. On the day I sold out, every thing was at sixes and sevens; the rain came down in floods, the wind blew, and the whole army of brokers, like a flock of sheep that had lost their shepherd, were again in the greatest alarm and confusion. My poor stock, like the parting spirit of Napoleon, went off in a whirlwind, at ninety-eight; and I went home that day mad, and drenched with rain, (having mislaid my umbrella,) and a loser of three hundred dollars more. I felt exceedingly bad—I was disgusted.

The prospect of my going to Niagara was now unpromising; and I prudently resolved to postpone the visit for another year at least. Such a thing was not again to be thought of, till, in gambler's phrase, I should be on velvet, that is, have some winnings over and above my capital; but so far from being on velvet, I was on the sharpest kind of paving-stones, nay, figuratively speaking, I was on spikes. I was now reduced to the point of struggling, not for victory, but for safety; and I was like a general who, having abandoned all hopes of conquest, would be too happy to save his own bacon, and get safe home. My discouragement, however, was of short duration, and with my reviving spirits, I resumed the hazardous business.

I made several other operations in what are technically called the "fancies"—stocks that pay no dividends, and the value of which is rather imaginary or fanciful, (whence their name, probably,) than real. I had enough of good stocks—they had well-nigh ruined me; and I resolved to try my luck among those that are good for nothing, except to be bought and sold. Ill-fortune still pursued me. What with stormy weather, increased demand for money, paragraphs containing bad news from Washington, and flying reports of some diabolical measure contemplated by England, all my adventures turned out unfavorably, and I was reduced in pocket to a very low ebb. My little capital was on its last legs.

One day, almost in despair, I took up a newspaper, (it was the Journal of Commerce,) and my eye alighted on a remark of the editor's to the effect

that a stock-speculator should be in no hurry either to buy or sell; but, waiting coolly and patiently for opportunities, with his feet elevated upon a stove, he should always buy when stocks are low, and sell out when they are high. I was struck with amazement at the wisdom displayed in this advice, and wondered why so obviously correct a course had not occurred to me in my deep cogitations upon this subject. It was perfectly plain—a child might see it—that if this recommendation were strictly followed, success would crown my efforts; and I forthwith determined to commence another career on this excellent and safe principle. Failure was impossible. "Buy when they are low," I repeated, "and sell when they are high. How wonderful, yet, at the same time, how simple!" I had all along been pursuing the wrong track. My practice had been, whatever my intentions were, to buy when they were high, and sell when they were low; and this had been the result of a want of patience, and of too much precipitancy in my purchases and sales. I was now in possession of a grand secret, and that secret was to WAIT, BUY LOW and SELL HIGH.

Well, I did wait, and that most patiently, for a fall of stocks—and a fall at length occurred, a greater one than had been known for a long time, and prices were depressed below what they had been in several months. "Now," thought I, "is the time to take down my feet from the stove, and walk into the fancies;" whereupon I went into Wall street, and borrowed a considerable sum for a fortnight, pledging the stock as security, according to the *modus operandi* well understood in that region. Every thing promised well; and I felt encouraged, deeming it next to impossible that fortune should always fight against me. I bought the stock very low, comparatively, and went home to replace my feet upon the stove, and await patiently another rise.

No rise, however, occurred within the fortnight that I was able to hold my new acquisition. Prices

moved, it is true, but they moved the wrong way for me; they "advanced backward." I thought when I purchased, that they were low enough in all conscience; but it appears there were lower depths still to which they were destined to attain. *I did not wait long enough.* The principle on which I had acted was a good one—the fault was in me.

A man falling from the roof of a house, would not reach the ground more quickly than my stock tumbled to a point five per cent. below what I had given. A new element had arisen to produce this sudden, unlooked for, and extraordinary change. The Texas question came upon the brokers like a thunderbolt, knocking every thing into a cocked-hat; and the upshot was, that I sold my stock at a loss which swept away the remainder of my capital, and left me as penniless as a street-beggar.

This was the last of my operations; and thus the savings of several years disappeared like dew on a summer's morning. Nor is that the worst feature of this unfortunate business; for the excitement of speculation, the handling of large sums of money, the high-wrought expectation of realizing large profits in a short time, have totally unfitted me for the labors by which I accumulated what money I have lost. How can I go to work again on a mere salary, two-thirds of which I must spend in support of my family, the remainder being a petty sum only, which any lucky broker would make on a clear morning at a single throw? I am ready to die through pure vexation; but I'll not leave the ground yet. I know a friend who will lend me five hundred dollars, and by hypothecating the stock I shall buy, I can borrow of Jack Little five thousand. Yes, I must have one more chance—*one* more—and then, if fortune favors me, as she always does the brave, (so the Latin grammar declares,) I shall soon be on my feet again; but if she should continue to frown, and disappoint my hopes, I will abandon speculation forever—perhaps.

JACOB'S DREAM.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE Patriarch slept—and dreaming there appeared,
In the deep watches of the silent night,
A ladder, high from earth to heaven upreared,
Steadfast and firm, to his astonished sight:
And seraph angels thronged that thoroughfare,
Descending from the glorious realms above,
And thence returning, their bright robes to wear
In the pure presence of the God of love.

The Patriarch listened—and his Maker's voice
Broke with soft music on his raptured ear,
Quelling his fears and bidding him rejoice
In the abundance of a Father's care.

13*

Wide as the earth shall Israel's power extend,
Countless as ocean's sands his issue be,
While all the nations to his rule shall bend,
And in his seed a rich salvation see.

The Patriarch from his wondrous dream awoke,
And knew that the Almighty Lord was there—
And where the Maker to the creature spoke,
Built him an altar sanctified with prayer.
So, when the Lord with tender care imparts
Unnumbered blessings to us, let us raise,
Like Israel's Patriarch, in believing hearts,
Altars of love and thankfulness and praise.

LOLAH LALANDE.

A PACKAGE FROM MY OLD WRITING-DESK.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

She can show art rules to astonish her.
How like the nimble winds, which play upon
The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly
Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
Leaving no curl behind them.

She makes
Motion the god of every excellence,
And what the muses would with study find,
She teaches in her dancing—

To me
It must suffice only to say, 'tis she. BRAUMONT & FLETCHER.

"HERE I am again, dear Miss Enna," said my darling, pretty friend, Kate Wilson, to me the other morning.

I have already introduced Kate to you, dear reader; and if you had looked into the deep wells of her beaming, bright eye as often as I have, and heard the rich, gushing music of her laugh, you would hail her approach, even though she did plunge unceremoniously into your *sanctum*, and interrupt you in your studies, or your deep divings into your imagination for something particularly clever, out of which to form a "readable story" for "Mr. Graham's next Monthly."

I felt a little annoyed, I must admit, on the morning in question, for I was very earnestly engaged—not in writing, dear reader; oh, no! I spared you that one morning—but in looking over an old writing-desk, that I had not opened for years. It was one that belonged to my mother; and one part I had devoted to her treasured gifts, in the other, for it is a large, capacious, old-fashioned affair, not at all like the little rosewood, mother-of-pearl inlaid thing which has usurped its place on my writing-table; in the other part I have stored gifts, letters, and remembrances of my school-girl days; and this part I was exploring as Kate entered. I had just been sighing over a package, containing letters, a bracelet of hair, and a faded bunch of flowers—mementoes of a dear friend, long since laid in the cold grave, and was almost weeping over remembrances of the past. To me that is the only sad thing in growing old. If those we love could only live to cheer and comfort us, old age would have no terrors. A single woman feels this particularly; for if a woman marries, she forms new connections, and looks forward to a new life, and new interests, in the future of her children; but "we poor old maids" are oftentimes very lonely.

Brothers and sisters, and dear friends, will marry; and however pretty, fascinating, and agreeable a woman may have been, there comes a time when

the little decided opinions and caprices that were deemed so pretty and cunning at eighteen, are pronounced by the saucy new-comers on life's stage, "prim, old-maidish whimsicalities;" and even the fathers and mothers, who had formerly considered this same dear, single friend, the realization of womanly perfection when she was the belle of their young days, they also are often found, coinciding with their children in these saucy opinions. Now, members of my dear sisterhood, let me give you a little advice. True, I am but a new comer amongst you. I know I have not yet seen fifty summers—I only own to thirty-five, and scarcely to that, excepting when in company with those well "*booked-up*" on the subject of my age—I have no gray hairs or wrinkles, and yet I have experience; and my single-blessedness bids fair to be a happy state. Seek companions amongst the young. I do not mean for you to affect juvenile manners. Oh, heaven forbid! a *youthful* old-maid is, in truth, ridiculous. But mingle with the young; sympathize with them; cultivate their friendship and love; make your presence a sunshine to them; be to them a friend, a confidant, and an adviser. Keep your feelings, your heart, your spirit young—your mind, by pleasant, but regular study, in a healthful state; in this way you will secure happiness. Then, to escape ridicule—ah! that is the hardest task of all—admit your age; it is the only safe way, believe me. Walk up to the cannon's mouth boldly. Show them you do not care any thing about it, and the saucy opinions and laughs of these young ones will be averted; and depend upon it they will flutter around you, love you, and almost imagine you still retain the youthful charms and agreeability with which your cotemporaries so kindly invested you. I have found this plan successful, and have surrounded myself with a troop of young things. With one who is a fanatic, a pretty devotee to the divine study of sweet sounds, I practice music; and instead of falling back upon the "music of my day," I find

beauties in the music of her day. Mozart, Hayden, and Beethoven, Steibell, Clementi, and Dessek, are now banished my music-stand, and only cheer my solitary hours, to make way for Bellini, Donizetti, and Auber, Thalberg, Herz, and Litz. With another, a gentle, little, imaginative creature, whose transparent cheek, and brilliant eye, warns us she is not long to dwell with us, I read old poets. But of all my youthful friends, there is not one among them who loves me better, or who is more companionable to me, than dear Kate Wilson. I have known her from her babyhood. I knew her mother before Kate was born; true, I was a tiny girl when Kate's mother was married. She is a beautiful, rich belle, "petted, fêted, courted, and caressed;" and yet she daily comes to her "dear Miss Enna," as she calls me, as she did in her little girl-days, and cheers many an hour that would otherwise be lonely. I find myself forgetting, when with her, as she so flatteringly does, that I am no longer young; and I very much fear Kate makes me a little too youthful in dress; but the darling, bewitching creature, has such a saucy, decided way with her, that I always yield to her wishes.

"What are you at?" she asked, as she closed the door; "looking over an old writing-desk, as I live. What piles of letters and old things—that is, indeed, delightful. Stores of love-letters, I'll wager a bright, golden guinea. Come, let me help you toss it over, and tell me the love-history of each discarded one."

Saucy girl! her mind seems only filled with lovers. But she would have her way, and the whole day passed in this occupation. She boldly untied each package, and resolutely determined I should tell her the little history appended to each in my memory. The one I held in my hand when she entered, was first taken up; and we both shed tears over the sad story it recalled of friendship, love, and a broken heart. It is too sad a tale for me to relate to you now, dear reader, for I am not in the tearful mood. Some gloomy, "*gray*" day, as Kate says, I will again recall it, and see if you will sympathize with the past as did dear Kate Wilson. I have digressed so much already, that I will take up one of the smallest packages now, and relate to you the history of my school-girl friend, Lolah Lalande, as she was called then. Her name is now more famous; but I will keep that a secret until I arrive at the end of my story. It was a small packet, containing only a few French letters, a tress of long, glossy black hair, and a crayon sketch of a childish figure in Spanish costume, and in one of the attitudes of a Spanish national dance. It had a beautiful, girlish face, clear, dark eyes—long, sweeping hair—arched, delicately formed brows—and rich, full lips. That face has turned the head of a monarch, it is said—but I will not anticipate.

"Tell me this, dear Miss Enna," said Kate, as she looked at the contents of the package. "It could not have been a friendship of long standing—so little remains of it; therefore you will only have a tiny,

little story for me, and I will not tease you again until—to-morrow, or the next *gray*, rainy day."

Kate listened with affectionate interest; and I'll never forgive you, reader, if you are not as indulgent as Kate. But I will seek your favor in the words of Spenser:

"Goe, little worke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalrie;
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee."

Surely, now, if I say to you such delicate words as these, which Spenser gave to that "noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney," you cannot but listen complacently.

When about twelve or thirteen years of age, I was placed at the fashionable establishment of Madame Lalande, to perfect my French pronunciation. Being a shy child, I drew away from the different cliques of the school, during my play hours, and gave myself up to sad recollections of home and my darling little brothers and sisters. The girls laughed at me, and called me "a mope," which served only to increase my shyness. The Madame was exceedingly kind to me; but I only saw her in the evening, when we all assembled in the large drawing-rooms to dance, promenade, and converse sociably together under her superintendence. A few evenings after my arrival, while I was studiously endeavoring to make my *petite* figure still smaller, by hiding behind a harp-case which stood in a corner of the back drawing-room, to my exquisite terror, I saw the Madame approach me, holding by the hand a beautiful child, apparently about my own age.

"Mademoiselle Duval," she said, "you must join in the dancing. You and my niece, Lolah, are about the same size; you will make good partners for each other. Lola, *ma chère*, I depend upon you to entertain our new pupil."

The little girl approached me kindly, and taking my trembling hand, said,

"Will you not dance with me?"

I did not dare to refuse, but accompanied her to a quadrille, (cotillions, we called them in those days,) just forming near us, feeling as awkward and shy as a home-girl might be expected to feel, thrown, for the first time, in a crowd of nearly a hundred girls. The first figures of the quadrille I danced awkwardly enough, giving my little partner good reason to think I did not know my right hand from my left; but I soon forgot my *mauvaise honte*, in the pleasant chatting of the little Lolah, who told me of all the little enjoyments she had. Her "*chère tante*," as she called Madame Lalande, had taken her the night before to an Opera, for the first time in her life; and, of course, her little head was filled with recollections of it. She described, with French

volubility, and in a most graphic manner, the story of the Opera, the different *scènes*, and the dresses. I was so new to all such things, that I suppose she could not have found a more agreeable listener in the whole school; and we were mutually pleased with each other. We danced every quadrille together; and she most patronizingly waltzed with me in a corner of the drawing-room, until I could summon sufficient courage to venture in the large circle in the centre of the rooms. At ten o'clock we bade good night to each other, she promising, as her cherry lips kissed affectionately my mouth and cheeks, that she would persuade *chère tante* to take me some night with them to the Opera—a promise which she kept.

From that night I no longer felt lonely in the school—Lolah was my companion. Though a year or so my junior, she was quite as far advanced in mind; and we were thrown a great deal together in our studies, and with the easy confidence of childhood, we became bosom friends. Lolah was a great favorite in the school. The elder girls courted her for her influence with the Madame and the governesses, and the younger ones gathered around her because she was always merry, kind, and generous. She was a darling little creature—exceedingly pretty. She had full, large, dark eyes, an oval face, with a rich brunette complexion, and glossy hair, black as night. Her figure was slight, but perfectly formed; and she was the most graceful child I ever saw. The little queen of the Viennoise corps, darling little Fanny Prager, always reminds me of Lolah. She is not so pretty, but her graceful movements, her evident superiority over the rest of the *troupe*, her commanding little step, her apparent freedom from vanity, and her cleverness in forming the different tableaux and groups, bring Lolah to my mind; and while looking at her, I find myself loving the child as I used to love Lolah Lalande in my school days.

With the dancing-master Lolah was an especial favorite. She early gave evidence of a decided partiality for dancing; and Madame Lalande availed herself of every opportunity that offered to improve the child in her favorite accomplishment. Polkas, Redowas, and Mazurkas, were not known in those days; but the dancing-master, in those times, grew eloquent over Gavottes, Shawl Dances, and the expressive and graceful Spanish Waltzes. With delighted earnestness would Lolah go through her different dances; and Monsieur Neillet would almost expire with ecstasy. The Monsieur had been educated in the Parisian school, a pupil of *La Conservatoire*, and had even danced in a *ballet* before the august Emperor and Empress. With eager eloquence he would dilate upon Lolah's wonderful gift to the Madame, and with great concern and grief lament that she could not become a professional *danseuse*. Then he would give most tempting accounts of the immense sums of money made by the great *danseuses* of Europe.

"I trust, Monsieur," the Madame would always reply, "I trust that my dear Lolah will never be forced to support herself by such a dangerous and exposed profession. While I live, she will be always sure of a home; and I earnestly pray I may have strength to collect for her before I die, a competency sufficient to place her above want."

Lolah was called the niece of Madame Lalande, and went by her name. She loved the Madame passionately, who treated her with the greatest indulgence—indulgence that was never abused by Lolah, however, for she was an excellent, obedient child. Soon after my arrival, I noticed mysterious allusions made by some of the elder girls, when speaking of Lolah, which led me to question the relationship which Lolah bore to Madame Lalande. The curiosity excited in me was at last gratified by Lolah herself, who, after I had been some months at the school, told me that Madame Lalande had owned to her that she was not in truth her niece; that she was an orphan, whose parents had come from Ireland, before her birth, to settle in America; they had been in very humble circumstances. The mother of Lolah had been employed by Madame Lalande as a seamstress, and the Madame became very much interested in her. When Lolah was an infant, both parents were seized with an epidemic, and died within a few hours of each other. Madame Lalande promised them on their death-beds she would adopt the infant Lolah, and take care of her so long as she lived. The Madame intended at first to bring up the child in a plain manner, and when old enough, have her taught some trade, by which she might support herself, and be independent; but Lolah proved so intelligent and beautiful, that she resolved to educate her well, and do her best by her, looking upon her as her own child.

"How can I ever repay *ma chère tante* for her kindness!" would the warm-hearted girl exclaim over and again, her fine, dark eyes dilating with emotion, and filling with tears, when with girlish frankness she would allude to the story of her birth.

When I had been about two years with Madame Lalande, she resolved, very much against the wishes of her friends, to remove to Paris. She had always pined for her home during the ten or twelve years she had resided in America. She had been fortunate, and laid up some little money, with which she fancied she could establish a large school at "home," and realize larger profits. Her health was but indifferent. She was, in fact, suffering from *maladie du pays*; and she gave up the fine school she had been so lucky in establishing in America, to grasp at an uncertainty in her own beloved Paris. Her friends reasoned, but in vain; she said the letters she received from her friends in Paris, assured her that her circumstances would be infinitely improved by a removal there. Lolah and I parted with many tears and promises for the future. The long tress of her beautiful hair, and the crayon sketch which had

been made of her by her drawing-master, were her little gifts to me—gifts which I have treasured carefully. After their arrival in Paris, she wrote to me, and a few letters passed between us; but only a few. I never received but two or three from Lolah, and then the correspondence on her side ceased. I continued writing for a year or more, but at last gave it up; and year after year passed without bringing any information to me of her. I remember well what sad tears I shed over that little packet, when I first put it away in my desk; for a year or more I could not bear to open it, so miserable did the little drawing and lock of hair make me feel. Some clever German writer says, "Children live in a world of imagination and feeling;" thus I at last soothed my aching heart by imaginings of the future, and dreaming happy day-visions of a *reunion* with my darling Lolah.

A year or two since, my father's health grew delicate, and his physicians thought a sea voyage would prove beneficial: "A visit to Europe was recommended, and I, of course, accompanied him. We spent some time abroad, traveling over those parts of the Continent most interesting to him, from early intellectual pursuits and associations. While we were at Munich, the Bavarian capital, we heard that the famous dancer, Lola Montes, was there, creating a great excitement. The strange stories we had heard of this remarkable woman, made us feel desirous to see her; and, accordingly, one evening we went to the theatre to gratify our curiosity. I could scarcely refrain from a loud exclamation when this *danseuse* appeared upon the stage. She was dressed in Spanish costume, as she was about to execute a favorite Spanish dance. A rich costly veil floated around her head, and her long, glossy hair hung in heavy, dark braids, looped, and bound with glittering gems. It was Lolah Lalande. Love could not be deceived; and tears sprung to my eyes as I recalled our girlish friendship. Had she been in any other dress, I might have failed to trace the resemblance so quickly; but I had so often seen her in that Spanish costume—it was similar to the crayon sketch—it was the dress she most affected at the dancing parties at school, because the Spanish waltzes were her favorite dances when a child; and she always danced them dressed in the beautiful, becoming national costume. How anxiously I noted every movement, traced every feature—it was Lolah herself I felt convinced, although changed. A *fiercé* cold expression overspread her face, and her brilliant eyes flashed a little disdainfully at times, as she seemed to command and exact applause as a right. There was no glittering, set, stage-smile upon her face, but a cold, haughty recognition was all that she gave to any mark of approbation from the audience. Her style of dancing was different from any I had ever seen on the stage. I had admired the childish beauty of Carlotta Grisi's dancing; the voluptuous Cerito's; the fascinating, refined Ellsler's, and the dignified, intellectual Tag-

lioni's; but Montes'—no, Lolah Lalande's—seemed to me—it might have been from childish association—more entrancing than any other, although those who were with me, and who were, undoubtedly, good judges, better than I, condemned her style; but when woman's heart begins to act, good by to her judgment. Lolah had grown tall; and though still exquisitely graceful, as in childhood, she seemed remarkably strong and commanding. Other dancers, I thought, might be compared to a Hebe or a Venus, but Lolah seemed a Juno and Pallas united; and I quoted to my clever critic friends the lines with which I have headed this sketch,—

"She can show art rules to astonish her."
"And what the muses would with study find,
She teaches in her dancing."

I only saw her that night. The next day we left Munich, and I never saw her again. From a gentleman I met afterward in Paris, and who had known Montes from the time of her first appearance in public, I learned that extreme poverty had driven her to the stage. She had not been educated for it as a profession; and the touching account he gave me of her trials, united with my own knowledge of Lolah Lalande's history, convinced me that Lolah Lalande and Lolah Montes were, as I had imagined, one and the same person.

Soon after their arrival in Paris, Madame Lalande discovered that her move had been an injudicious one. Success did not attend her as she expected; the *chateau d'Espagne* she had created were never realized; and she found herself, although in her "home," the residence of her childhood, among strangers; old associates were dead, or had formed new connections. Day by day passed, and the little capital she had collected in America, and which was to establish the grand school in Paris for *les jeunes demoiselles* of the nobility, gradually melted away; and she at last resolved to bid an eternal farewell to Paris, and return, though with mortified feelings, to the school in America she had with such blind willfulness given up. But just as she had come to this conclusion, and Lolah was gladly making preparations for their return, sickness, caused by extreme chagrin and disappointment, attacked *chère tante*. This sickness was lingering, and at last, bitter, actual poverty stared them in the face.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed poor Lolah, one day, as she turned from the apothecary's door, to whom she had just paid her last coin for medicine for *chère tante*. Gay equipages dashed past her; and the busy, bustling crowd moved by, unheeding the misery of that pale, friendless girl. "God help me" she murmured, in a thick, hoarse voice. Sorrow and want had dried up her tears—the real poor seldom weep. She turned to seek her wretched home, which, miserable as it was, she knew not how long it might remain to them. Faint and exhausted with hunger and anxiety, she could scarcely drag her little feet along the *pavé*. Regardless of

her movements, she stumbled over a stone; a kind person passing, caught her as she fell, and upon lifting her eyes to thank him, she recognized Monsieur Neillet.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Lolah! can this be you?" he exclaimed. "I have been seeking in vain for Madame Lalande's residence ever since I reached Paris;" and then followed a host of questions and explanations.

The Monsieur had come over to Paris for new dances. A rival had appeared in the city, where he had so long been the favorite teacher; and the Americans were raving for new figures. His gavottes and shawl dances were voted obsolete, and out of date; and he had been dethroned by the children of his former pupils, to make way for the new teacher, who came over fresh from Paris with gallopes and figures of the newest fashion. He could scarcely realize it until he found his hours unoccupied, his school-list, that had formerly been filled to overflowing, without a single name; then, with laudable courage and energy, he resolved to take the little independence he had collected, return to *chère Paris*—but not as a sober Englishman or Scotchman would have done, live quietly on it for the rest of his days—oh, no! he pined for revenge. What was life to a Frenchman without a triumph. "Inglorious ease" he scorned. No! he, too, would learn new dances; he would return to the scene of his former power, but late discomfiture, and hurl the presumptuous usurper from his throne. He, too, would flourish in gallopes and new figures.

The sight of Lolah suffering from poverty and trouble, touched his warm heart, but gave a new impulse to his thoughts. Monsieur Neillet was kind and generous; but, like all Frenchmen, ambitious and enthusiastic. He aided the poor Madame, relieved their distresses, and asked but one return—to bring his pet pupil out upon the stage. She consented. Poverty and necessity had humbled Madame Lalande's pride—and Lolah became a public *danseuse*.

Success attended her; and Monsieur Neillet had the satisfaction of seeing his little Mademoiselle Lolah ride in the grand carriage, and receive the intoxicating plaudits he had wished for her, when in Madame Lalande's school, in America, she had

executed *a rêver* his favorite gavottes and Spanish waltzes.

I never saw Lolah again. I struggled with my feelings in exercising this self-denial; but I knew we had both altered, and I felt that I had rather retain the recollection of our girlish, loving intercourse undimmed. She was a public *danseuse*, rich, courted, and, the world said, free in her morals—I, a plain, unknown woman, with tastes, associations, and opinions widely differing from hers. Better to retain the bright recollection of the past, and the uncertain knowledge of the present, than to risk coldness, or even a realization of what I feared—that Lolah Montes, the woman, was not the innocent, pure, guileless Lolah Lalande of school memory. Many may censure, and call this the cold reasoning of a woman bound down by conventional prejudices; but how else is a woman to be governed, if she wishes to secure, not her own happiness, but the happiness of those around her; and living in a conventional world, she be not directed and ruled by this same reasoning, which is called cold and cramping? The gentle graces of charity and indulgence to the frailties of others, are beautiful, and should be peculiar qualities of the feminine character; but they may be extended too far, and instead of giving a helping hand to suffering, oppressed virtue, encourage evil.

"After all," said my father, one moonlight evening, as we sat on the deck of the vessel, "Homeward Bound," watching the silver flood of light streaming down upon the billows, and discussing this same subject, "after all, Enna, she may not be Lolah Lalande, it may only be a woman's fancy and imaginings."

I did not reply; but the recollection of that lovely form, rich, dark, soul-subduing eyes, and flowing hair, with the delicate brow, and full, red, laughing lips, came before me strangely blended with the cold, *fiercé* expression of the tall, beautiful *danseuse* I looked at in Munich with tearful eyes.

"I'd have seen her," said Kate, when I concluded; "I would at least have satisfied myself."

"So would I, dear Kate," I replied, "at your age; but when you are older, you will argue differently. A recollection of pleasure is better than a reality of pain."

THE FIRST LOSS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

'T is her first loss, and tear-drops fall
Upon her cherished friend,
Whose voice once echoed to her call—
Whose wants she loved to tend.

'T is her first grief. Alas! that life
Full many a care will bring,
With keener pang and sharper strife,
That gentle heart to wring.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Conquest of Peru. With a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of our magazine to do justice to a work of such labor and ability as this. Mr. Prescott has displayed the same qualities of mind, and the same energy of character, in his *History of Peru as of Mexico*. Nothing relating to the subject in a printed or manuscript form seems to have escaped his diligent researches, and the facts of his narrative are thus placed on a foundation of authorities which cannot be disputed. Men who investigate with such minute care as Mr. Prescott are not generally those who can compose readable histories. They are commonly but compilers of materials for the use of able writers. But our countryman is an artist as well as an antiquary. He spares no labor, it is true, in collecting his materials, and might claim, if he chose, the highest rank among the disciples of Dr. Dryden, but such would be but a small object for his ambition. His glory as a historian comes from his power to collect truth from a mass of perhaps conflicting testimony; to perceive character so accurately as to see just that point in the mind of a contemporary chronicler, where his individual bias casts ominous conjecture on his testimony, to imbue his mind with the very spirit of the age he has chosen for his subject; to look at events from the same position occupied by the actors in them, and thus enable the reader to pass beyond actions to motives; and, above all, to represent the period of time he has selected for his theme in the clearest light, giving to persons and events their natural prominence, and avoiding all interference with their just relations.

The reader of Mr. Prescott's histories is almost made for the time a contemporary of Ferdinand, Cortez and Pizarro; a contemporary who sees clearly the passions and bigotries which warp their moral judgments, and while unassuaged himself by the prejudices which blind them, blends charity with justice in deciding upon their actions. There is a healthiness in Mr. Prescott's intellect which places all objects in "daylight." They are not discolored in passing through his mind.

His style of composition, a style so flexible as to yield readily to all the changes of his narrative, a style which ever fascinates and never wearies, has drawn forth numberless panegyrics. We think the style of his present book even more pleasant than that of his others. There is hardly a passage, hardly a sentence, of fine writing—of writing, not for the sake of the thought but of the rhetoric—in the whole work. This wise abstinence in one who has such a wide command of the resources of language, and who could, if he pleased, pile up pages of rhetorical sublimities to catch the untrained eye, is a great merit, and is so felt by the reader, when at the end of the book he notices its unity of effect upon his mind.

The subject of Mr. Prescott's present history may not seem, at first, so good as that of the *Conquest of Mexico*. It would be difficult to say which work was filled with the most wonderful events. Both are laden with examples of courage, constancy, and endurance, which appear beyond the powers of humanity. Both represent men undaunted not merely in battle with vastly superior forces, but bearing up against the yet fiercer assaults of fatigue, pestilence and famine. In all the harder qualities of mind and body

the Spaniards who conquered Peru do not yield to the followers of Cortez, and in avarice, treachery, and cruelty, in all those qualities which characterize freebooters and pirates, they fairly exceed all other men. Mr. Prescott has done them ample justice, and brought out in bold relief their characters and exploits. His delineations of Pizarro and his brothers are masterly, and his whole view of the country before and after the conquest is marked by uncommon comprehension, and the most extensive erudition. The preliminary essay, on the civilization of the Incas, is of very great value. In clearness of exposition it is almost unmatched. Altogether, the book must add even to Mr. Prescott's reputation, in all those qualities of mind and style for which he is distinguished.

Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the Third London Edition. Revised by the Author. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is rare that we see so eloquent and vigorous a production as this, announcing high principles of art with such unhesitating confidence, and supporting them with so much splendor of style and fertility of illustration. The freshness and animation of the author's mind are displayed on every page, lending life to the discussion of the most abstract questions of taste, and prompting continually the best bursts of eloquence. The work has caused a sensation among the artists and amateurs of England, and has been made the subject of much discussion in the reviews and magazines. Its general tone is manly and independent, sliding, often, it must be allowed, into a kind of dictatorial dogmatism, but still giving evidence of a firm grasp of the subject, and of a capacity to support all its positions by argument and illustration. Apart from the leading object of the book, there are many sentences which bring out important truths in a strong light, and numerous passages of beauty and power to stir and elevate the reader's mind. Here is a great truth finely expressed: "We must be cautious not to lose sight of the real use of what has been left us by antiquity, nor to take that as a standard for perfection which is, in many cases, only a guide to it. The picture which is looked to for an interpretation of nature is invaluable, but the picture which is taken as a substitute for nature, had better be burned; and the young artist, while he should shrink with horror from the iconoclast who would tear from him every landmark and light which has been bequeathed him by the ancients, and leave him in a liberated childhood, may be equally certain of being betrayed by those who would give him the power and knowledge of past time, and then fetter his strength from all advance, and bend his eyes backward on a beaten path—who would thrust canvas between him and the sky, and tradition between him and God."

We cordially advise our readers to pursue this book. They may find much in it to which they cannot assent, but it will be sure to rouse and refresh their minds.

Conversations in Rome. Between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Crucic. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Channing is a gentleman engaged in the occupation of acting out himself. The present elegant little volume

is a record of himself as influenced by Italy. Though cast in the form of conversations, one mind is discernible in all that is said. The author gives his personal impressions of all he sees, and judges every thing from the manner it affects him. From his positive manner of utterance, one would conclude he saw no distinction between his impressions of things and the truth of things: a distinction which his readers will often be compelled to make. Painting, sculpture, poetry, manners, religion, government, all are disposed of in short-hand judgments. It is really edifying to find knots which centuries of philosophers have been unable to untie, so unceremoniously cut by Mr. Channing. This decisive way of settling debated questions lends much raciness to the volume, and many of the observations are acute and well put: others are sheer presumption and impertinence. Mr. Channing is really a man possessing genius, and it is often provoking to see his seeming anxiety to pass with others as a coxcomb. Both in the present volume and in his poems there is often displayed a fineness of faculty, which, under careful training, would give him a prominent rank among American writers. At present he is only "recognized" by a clique. Within that magic circle he passes for little less than a prophet; out of it he is simply a transcendental target for descenderal jests. If he ever works his way out of his present environment of egotism, and discerns the path which leads to other minds, his real merit will be acknowledged. Our readers will find much in his present volume which will well repay its perusal.

Life and Religious Opinions and Experiences of Madame de la Mothe Guyon, together with some Account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon. By Thomas C. Upham. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Professor Upham has performed a service to literature as well as theology by his present work. It is an account of a remarkable woman, carefully following the statements contained in her own autobiography, and written in a style of sweet serenity, in which the very spirit of Madame Guyon seems mirrored. No one can read the book without having his knowledge of the higher and subtler phenomena of the mind extended. It exhibits a human soul in that state of religious exaltation, where every thing is viewed in its relation to God, and all the evils of life taken as proofs of God's love. The delineation is not ideal but actual. Every step in the upward progress of her soul is minutely marked, and the whole phenomena of her consciousness laid open to inspection. The value of the book is enhanced by the clear revelation of an order of feelings and thoughts, which are too commonly overlooked in treatises on metaphysics and theology. Goethe must have studied the character of Madame Guyon very attentively, before he ventured upon the delineation of the devotee in Wilhelm Meister.

The Autobiography of Goethe. Edited by Parks Godwin. Parts III. and IV. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The present volume completes this most valuable work, now for the first time "done" into good English. No better period for the successful publication of the book could have been selected. The character and writings of Goethe are now continually made the subjects of eager praise or fierce invective, even among classes of readers whose curiosity rarely extends beyond the last novel. Much both of the praise and blame squandered upon the great German is directed against a mere man of straw,

bearing little resemblance to the real object. Few of the vehement writers and talkers about Goethe have taken upon themselves the task of reading and investigation. His autobiography presents the man and his mind as they appeared to his own consciousness, and certainly constitutes one of the most remarkable biographies in literature. It is Goethe's portrait drawn by himself, and done with matchless skill. It is worthy of the most profound study. We should pity the person who could carefully meditate it without having his knowledge of human nature increased. That vast mind here discourses of itself with the simplicity of a child.

Morceaux Choisis des Auteurs Modernes. By F.M. Rowan. Revised, Corrected and Enlarged by J. L. Jewett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Such a volume as this has long been needed in our schools and academics. Most of the selections from French authors studied by new beginners, are made from writers of the old school. But within the last twenty or thirty years there has occurred a kind of idiomatic revolution in the language, of which the pieces in the present work are an exemplification. The volume contains selections from Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Jules Janin, Lamartine, Sue, Guizot, Michelet, Thiers, Thierry, Sismondi, Tocqueville, Villemain, and other celebrated French prose writers of the present day, with translations of difficult phrases at the bottom of each page. It will be found a most valuable and interesting French reader.

1776, or the War of Independence.

A beautiful volume bearing this title has been laid upon our table by the publisher, Mr. Walker, of New York. The work was prepared by Mr. Benson J. Lossing, and dedicated by him to the youth of our country, "upon whom will soon devolve the faithful guardianship of our goodly heritage." A cursory glance at its contents impresses us very favorably, as it appears to contain a compendious and well written account of the original history of the American colonies, the causes which induced their determination to separate themselves from a connection with the British government, and the difficulties and dangers through which this design was carried into effect, and a free republic established.

The publisher says he "always believed that a book in one volume, well written, and embracing a faithful chronicle of events which accomplished the laying of the foundation stone of this great republic, would be invaluable to the present and all future generations." The belief was a just one, and the work before us seems well calculated to suit the purpose for which it was designed. Its typographical execution is excellent, and its pages are graced by seventy-eight beautiful illustrations.

Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest. From the Sixth London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a little work which greatly pleases us. It is, as the author terms it, an attempt to illustrate the first principles of natural philosophy by the aid of the popular toys and sports of youth, and he has succeeded admirably in his design. The book may be commended, with great propriety, to the attention of those who have the training and culture of the minds of youth, as it conveys a vast fund of highly important and useful information in a very attractive and interesting form.



Engraved by Jackson





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Graham's Magazine.



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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1847.

No. 4.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LEONARD MYERS.

"HEAVENS! what is this?" exclaimed, with one accord, several personages who were assembled in the dining-room of the castle of Burcy.

The Countess de Moncar had just inherited—by the death of an uncle, who had lived at a great distance, and was little regretted by her—an old castle which she had never even seen, although it was scarcely fifteen leagues from her own summer residence. Madame de Moncar, one of the most elegant, perhaps one of the prettiest women in Paris, was not very fond of the country. Leaving Paris in the end of June and returning in the beginning of October, she usually took with her to Morvan some of the companions of her winter amusements, and some gallants chosen from the most attentive of her partners in the dance. Madame de Moncar was married to a man much older than herself, and one who very seldom favored her with his company. Without abusing the liberty allowed her, she was charmingly coquettish; could trifle admirably, and be made happy by a compliment, a tender word, or the success of an hour; loving the dance for the pleasure of making herself agreeable, loving the very love she inspired, to see the flower which had fallen from her bouquet handed to her, and when occasionally some sober old relation mildly remonstrated with her, "*Mon dieu*," she would reply, "let me laugh and live gayly, it is at least less dangerous than to remain in solitude listening to the beatings of one's own heart—as for me, I scarcely know whether I possess one." The fact is, the Countess de Moncar had never thought about the matter at all; it was all important for her that she should remain in doubt on the subject, and she found the most prudent method was never to allow herself time for reflection.

One beautiful morning, then, in the month of Sep-

tember, she and her guests started on a visit to the unknown castle, intending to spend the day. A cross-road, which had been represented to them as passable, would reduce their journey to twelve leagues, and was therefore resolved on. The cross-road was shockingly bad, they lost their way in the woods, one of the coaches broke down, and it was not until mid-day that our travelers, overcome with fatigue, and little enraptured with the picturesque beauties of the route, reached the castle of Burcy, the appearance of which was not calculated to console them for the troubles of their journey.

It was a large structure, with blackened walls, in front of the steps a kitchen-garden, then uncultivated, sloped from terrace to terrace, for the castle being almost buried in the sides of a wooded hill had no level space around it. Craggy mountains begirt it on every side, and the trees springing up amid the rocks lent a sombre verdure that was sad to look upon. Its forsaken condition added still more to the disorder of its natural wildness. Madame de Moncar stood riveted in amazement on the threshold of this old castle.

"This looks very little like a party of pleasure," said she. "I could weep at the melancholy aspect of the place. Nevertheless, here we have fine trees, stupendous rocks, and a roaring torrent—there is no doubt a degree of beauty in all this, but it is all too serious for me," she added, smiling. "Let us enter and look at the interior."

"Yes, yes," replied the hungry guests, "let us see if the cook, who left yesterday to prepare for us, has arrived more successfully than ourselves."

They were soon made aware of the joyful fact that a plentiful breakfast would be served in all haste, and meanwhile set about reconnoitering the castle. The antiquated furniture, with well-worn

linen covers, chairs with only three feet, rickety tables, and the discordant sounds of a piano which had lain neglected for twenty years, furnished a thousand subjects for pleasant jokes. Their gayety returned, and it was agreed that instead of fretting at the inconveniences of their uncomfortable abode, they would laugh and joke at every thing. Besides, for this young and thoughtless company, this day was an event, a campaign, almost a perilous one, the originality of which began to appeal to the imagination. A fagot had been lighted in the large hall chimney, but puffs of smoke filling every nook, they made their escape into the garden. Here, too, the aspect was strange: the stone seats were covered with moss, the walls of the terraces in many places crumbling in, had left space between the ill-joined stones, where a thousand wild plants were growing, now shooting up straight and tall, now bending over to the ground like flexible vines; the walks were hidden beneath the green turf, and the parterres reserved for cultivated flowers had been invaded by wild ones, which spring up wherever the skies let fall one drop of rain or the sun sheds a ray. The white convolvulus twined round and choked up the monthly rose, the wild mulberry mingled with the red fruit of the currant, and the long fern, the sweet-scented mint, and the prickly thistle grew by the side of some long forgotten lilies. The minute the party entered the garden, innumerable little insects, frightened at the unusual noise, took refuge under the grass, and birds quitting their nests flew from branch to branch. The silence which had reigned for so many years in this peaceful spot gave place to the hum of voices and merry bursts of laughter. None of them appreciated this solitude, none even meditated on it, it was disturbed, profaned without respect. Numerous anecdotes were related of the different episodes of the most pleasant of their winter *soirées*, anecdotes mingled with agreeable allusions, expressive glances, hidden compliments; in fine, with all those thousand nothings that accompany the conversation of such as seek to be pleased, not yet claiming the right to be serious.

The steward, after having vainly searched high and low through the whole castle to find a bell which might be heard at some distance, at last decided on calling out from the top of the steps, that breakfast was served up, while the half smile accompanying his words, showed that he, as well as his superiors, had made up his mind for that day at least to dispense with his ordinary habits of etiquette and propriety. They sat gayly down to table. The old castle was forgotten, the deserted condition in which they had found it, and the sadness that reigned around. All spoke at the same time, and they drank to the health of their hostess, or rather of the fairy whose presence alone made of that decayed habitation an enchanted palace. Suddenly every eye was turned toward the dining-room window.

"Heavens! what is this?" they exclaimed.

Before the castle windows a small cariole of osier,

painted green, with large wheels, as high as the body of the vehicle itself, was seen to drive up and stop; it was drawn by a short gray horse, whose eyes seemed to be endangered by the shafts of the cabriolet, and were constantly turned upward. The drawn curtains of the cabriolet only disclosed a pair of arms covered with the sleeves of a blue surtout, and a whip that tickled the ears of the gray horse.

It was this singular arrival which caused the exclamation of surprise related in the commencement of our story.

"Gracious! ladies," said Madame de Moncar, "I had forgotten to tell you that I was absolutely forced to invite the village doctor to breakfast with us; he is an old man who formerly rendered services to my uncle's family, and whom I have seen once or twice. But be not alarmed at this new guest, he is very silent. After a few words of common politeness we may act as though he were not here—besides, I do not think he will stay long."

At this period the door opened and Doctor Barnabé entered. He was a little feeble old man, with a mild and calm countenance. His white hair was tied behind in a queue of the old style. A sprinkling of powder covered his temples as well as his forehead, which was furrowed with wrinkles. He wore a black coat, and breeches with steel buckles. On one arm hung a great-coat, lined with puce colored taffeta. The other hand held a large cane and his hat. The *tout-ensemble* of the toilette of the village doctor gave evidence that he had that day taken great pains with his dress; but his black stockings and coat were covered with large splashes of mud, as though the poor old man had fallen into some ditch. He stopped short on the threshold of the door, astonished at finding himself in so large a company. A slight embarrassment was depicted for a moment on his features, but he recovered himself and bowed without speaking. At this strange entrance the guests were seized with a great desire to laugh, which they repressed as well as they could. Madame de Moncar alone, who could not, as the mistress of the house, be wanting in politeness, remained serious.

"Goodness! doctor, have you been upset?" she asked.

Doctor Barnabé, before answering, glanced at the company around him, and however plain and *naïve* his countenance might be, it was impossible for him not to detect the hilarity caused by his arrival. He answered tranquilly,

"I was not upset. A poor wagoner had fallen under the wheels of his car, I was passing by and assisted him."

And the doctor made toward the chair which had been left empty for him. He took his napkin, unfolded it, passed one end through the button-hole of his coat, and spread the rest over his breast and knees.

At this debut, numerous smiles played on the

lips of the guests, and some titters broke the silence. This time the doctor did not raise his eyes, perchance did not notice.

"Are there many sick in the village?" said Madame de Moncar, whilst the new comer was being helped.

"Yes, madame, many."

"The country, then, is unhealthy?"

"No, madame."

"But from what do these diseases proceed, then?"

"From the great heat during the harvests, and the cold and damp in winter."

Here one of the guests, assuming great gravity, mingled in the conversation. "Then, sir, in this healthy place they are sick all the year round?"

The doctor raised his eyes to his questioner, looked at him, hesitated, and seemed to be suppressing or seeking for an answer. Madame de Moncar kindly came to his assistance.

"I know," said she, "that you are the savior here of all who suffer."

"O! you are too good," the old man replied, and he appeared deeply occupied in a slice of *pâté* he had just helped himself to.

Doctor Barnabé was now left to himself, and the conversation went on as before.

If their eyes fell by chance on the peaceful old man, it was to glance a slight sarcasm, which, coupled with the conversation, might, they thought, pass unnoticed by him who was the object of it; not that these young persons were habitually impolite, and possessed no goodness of heart; but the occasion itself, the journey, the preparation for breakfast, their meeting, the smiles which commenced with the events of the day, all led to an unseasonable gayety, an infectious spirit of ridicule, which rendered them relentless to the poor victim whom chance had thrown in their path. The doctor appeared to eat tranquilly, without raising his eyes, without even seeming to listen, or uttering a word; they began to treat him as one deaf and dumb, and the breakfast was finished without restraint.

When they rose from the table Doctor Barnabé stepped back a little, allowing each gentleman to choose the lady he wished to escort to the parlor. One being left alone he timidly advanced and offered her, not his arm, but his hand. The young lady's fingers were scarcely grazed by those of the doctor, who, with an inclination of respect, proceeded with measured steps to the parlor. New smiles awaited this entrance, but no frown was seen on the old man's brow, and they now declared him blind as well as deaf and dumb.

Dr. Barnabé, leaving his partner, sought the smallest and plainest chair in the room. He drew it apart from the rest of the party, seated himself, placed his cane between his knees, crossed his hands upon the pommel of the cane, and leaned his chin on his hands. He remained silent in this meditative posture, and from time to time closed his

eyes, as though a sweet sleep which he neither courted nor shunned was about to overcome him.

"Madame de Moncar," said one of the party, "you surely do not intend to reside among these ruins?"

"No, indeed, that is not my intention; but here are tall trees and dense forests. M. de Moncar might easily be tempted to pass some months here in the game season."

"But then you would have to pull down, rebuild, and clear away."

"Come, we will think of a plan," said the countess, "let us go out and trace the future garden of my domains."

The pleasure party, however, seemed doomed to ill luck. At that moment a heavy cloud burst overhead, and a fine thick rain beginning to fall, it was impossible for them to go out of doors.

"Gracious! what are we to do?" said Madame de Moncar, "our horses need several hours rest—it will evidently rain for some time—the grass is so wet that we cannot walk a step for a week—the wires of the piano are all broken—there is not a book to be obtained for miles round, and this parlor is as chilly and gloomy as death. What will become of us?"

In truth, the company but late so merry was imperceptibly losing its cheerfulness. Titterings and laughter gave way to silence. They went to the windows and looked at the sky, which remained dark and cloudy. All hopes of a walk were now put an end to. They seated themselves as well as they could on the old furniture—they tried to revive the conversation, but there are thoughts which, like flowers, need a little sun, and droop when the sky is dark. Those young heads seemed bent by the storm, like the garden poplars which we see wave before the wind. An hour passed tediously away.

Their hostess, a little discouraged by the failure of her pleasure party, leaned languidly against the balcony of a window, and gazed on the country before her,

"There," said she, "down there on the top of the hill is a small white house which I shall have pulled down, it obstructs the view."

"The white house!" exclaimed the doctor. For more than an hour Doctor Barnabé had remained motionless in his seat. Joy, listlessness, the sun and the rain had followed each other without exciting one word from him. His presence had been entirely forgotten; so that when he pronounced those three words, "the white house!" all eyes were immediately turned upon him.

"What interest have you in this house, doctor?" the countess asked.

"*Mon dieu!* madame, do not mind what I said. It will be torn down, doubtless, since such is your wish."

"But why do you regret this decayed old building?"

in these mountains and woods, under an assumed name, and live unknown. My father did not pardon me, no, he cursed me! this is the reason, doctor, why I cannot always be gay even with William by my side."

Good God! how they loved. Never have I known a soul given to another, like that of Eva Meredith to her husband. Whatever employment she chose, she always placed herself where she might see William on raising her eyes. She read no book but that he read: with her head reclining on her husband's shoulder, her eyes would follow the same lines that his traced; she even wished they both might have the same thoughts at the same time; and when I crossed the garden to reach the house, I could not sometimes refrain from smiling at seeing on the sand the traces of Eva's little feet beside the foot prints of William. What a difference, ladies, between that solitary old house you see before you, and the pretty dwelling of my young friends—how flowers covered the walls and bouquets rested on all the tables, how many pleasant books of love tales resembled their love, and blithe birds sung around them. Oh! it was something to live and be beloved by those who loved so well. But mark how much reason we have in saying that our happy days are not long on this earth, and that God, who creates happiness, bestows but little here.

One morning Eva Meredith seemed to be in pain. I questioned her with all the interest I felt for her, but she said hastily—

"Hold, doctor, do not seek so far for the cause of my affliction, do not feel my pulse, it is my heart which beats too quick. Ascribe it to what you will, but I am vexed this morning. William is about to leave me, he is going to the next village, on the other side of the mountain, to receive some money sent to us."

"And when will he return?" I asked.

She smiled, blushed slightly, and then with a look that seemed to say, do not laugh at me, answered, "this evening."

I could not help smiling, in spite of her imploring look.

At this moment a servant brought to the steps the horse that Mr. Meredith was going to ride. Eva rose, went down into the garden, approached the horse, and playing with his mane, leaned her head on the animal's neck, perhaps to hide her tears. William came, and springing on his horse, gently raised his wife's head.

"Child," he said, whilst he fondly gazed on her and kissed her forehead.

"William, it is because we have not yet been separated so many hours together."

Mr. Meredith bent forward, and again impressed a kiss on her forehead; he then put spurs to his horse and rode off at full speed. I am confident he, too, was somewhat affected. Nothing is so contagious as the weakness of those we love; tears beget tears,

and he has self-command, indeed, who can look on a weeping friend and resist their influence.

I left the spot and entered my own little chamber, where I began to think of the great happiness of loving. I put the question to myself, whether an Eva would ever partake of my humble dwelling. I did not consider if I was worthy of love. Good heavens! when we look on beings devoted to each other, we can easily see that it is not on account of certain reasons and things they love so well—they love because it is necessary for them, inevitably so; they love on account of their own heart, not that of others. Well, this happy chance, which brings together souls that have need of love, I sought to find, even as in my morning walks I would seek for a scented flower. And thus I dreamed, although it is a culpable feeling which, on seeing the happiness of others, makes us regret our own want of it. Is it not partly envy? And if joy could be stolen, like gold, should we not be tempted to possess ourselves of it?

The day slipped away, and I had just finished my frugal supper, when a message came from Madame Meredith, imploring me to come to her house. In five minutes I was at the door of the white house. I found Eva still alone, seated on a sofa, unemployed, without even a book, pale and flurried. "Come in, doctor, come in," she said, in her sweet manner; "I cannot stay alone any longer. See how late it is; he should have been here two hours ago, and he has not yet returned."

I was surprised at the protracted stay of Mr. Meredith, but in order to cheer his wife, I answered, without evincing any emotion, "What can we know of the time necessary to transact his business in when he reached the town? He may have been compelled to wait, or perhaps the notary was absent; papers may have had to be drawn and signed, and—"

"Ah, doctor! I knew you would speak consoling words to me. I did not hesitate to send for you. I needed to hear some one tell me it was foolish in me to tremble thus. How long the day has been. Great God! are there persons who can exist alone? Do they not die at once, as though you were to take from them one half the air they breathed. But it is striking eight."

In truth it was eight o'clock. I could not understand why William had not returned. At all events I answered;

"Madame, the sun is barely gone down; it is still daylight, and the evening is beautiful; let us inhale the sweet scent of your flowers; let us go to the spot where we are likely to meet him—your husband will then find you on his path."

She leant on my arm, and slowly walked toward the garden gate. I endeavored to draw her attention to surrounding objects. She answered me at first as a child obeys, but I felt that her thoughts were far away. She gazed uneasily on the green gate which still remained half open as when William

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THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LEONARD MYERS.

"HEAVENS! what is this?" exclaimed, with one accord, several personages who were assembled in the dining-room of the castle of Burcy.

The Countess de Moncar had just inherited—by the death of an uncle, who had lived at a great distance, and was little regretted by her—an old castle which she had never even seen, although it was scarcely fifteen leagues from her own summer residence. Madame de Moncar, one of the most elegant, perhaps one of the prettiest women in Paris, was not very fond of the country. Leaving Paris in the end of June and returning in the beginning of October, she usually took with her to Morvan some of the companions of her winter amusements, and some gallants chosen from the most attentive of her partners in the dance. Madame de Moncar was married to a man much older than herself, and one who very seldom favored her with his company. Without abusing the liberty allowed her, she was charmingly coquettish; could trifle admirably, and be made happy by a compliment, a tender word, or the success of an hour; loving the dance for the pleasure of making herself agreeable, loving the very love she inspired, to see the flower which had fallen from her bouquet handed to her, and when occasionally some sober old relation mildly remonstrated with her, "*Mon dieu*," she would reply, "let me laugh and live gayly, it is at least less dangerous than to remain in solitude listening to the beatings of one's own heart—as for me, I scarcely know whether I possess one." The fact is, the Countess de Moncar had never thought about the matter at all; it was all important for her that she should remain in doubt on the subject, and she found the most prudent method was never to allow herself time for reflection.

One beautiful morning, then, in the month of Sep-

tember, she and her guests started on a visit to the unknown castle, intending to spend the day. A cross-road, which had been represented to them as passable, would reduce their journey to twelve leagues, and was therefore resolved on. The cross-road was shockingly bad, they lost their way in the woods, one of the coaches broke down, and it was not until mid-day that our travelers, overcome with fatigue, and little enraptured with the picturesque beauties of the route, reached the castle of Burcy, the appearance of which was not calculated to console them for the troubles of their journey.

It was a large structure, with blackened walls, in front of the steps a kitchen-garden, then uncultivated, sloped from terrace to terrace, for the castle being almost buried in the sides of a wooded hill had no level space around it. Craggy mountains begirt it on every side, and the trees springing up amid the rocks lent a sombre verdure that was sad to look upon. Its forsaken condition added still more to the disorder of its natural wildness. Madame de Moncar stood riveted in amazement on the threshold of this old castle.

"This looks very little like a party of pleasure," said she. "I could weep at the melancholy aspect of the place. Nevertheless, here we have fine trees, stupendous rocks, and a roaring torrent—there is no doubt a degree of beauty in all this, but it is all too serious for me," she added, smiling. "Let us enter and look at the interior."

"Yes, yes," replied the hungry guests, "let us see if the cook, who left yesterday to prepare for us, has arrived more successfully than ourselves."

They were soon made aware of the joyful fact that a plentiful breakfast would be served in all haste, and meanwhile set about reconnoitering the castle. The antiquated furniture, with well-worn

THE GENERAL COURT AND JANE ANDREWS' FIRKIN OF BUTTER.

BY SEBA SMITH, THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF MAJOR DOWNING.

THE fame of "blue laws," does not belong to Connecticut alone; nor is her claim to the title of "land of steady habits," so pre-eminent over her neighbors, as to throw them entirely in the shade. Were the early judicial records of the old Bay State, and even of her daughter, Maine, while she was a young province, duly examined, they would afford ample evidence of enactments as numerous, and as strong, and as rigidly enforced in favor of good order and decorous deportment, as those which have conferred everlasting honor upon the early character of good old Connecticut.

We beg leave here to quote a few examples in proof of our position.

1654. "The Court doth order that Jane Berry is to acknowledge that she hath done Goodman Abbit wrong, in dealing without witness. And that Sarah Abbit is to acknowledge that she hath done good-wife Berry wrong in evil speeches."

1655. "The Grand Jury do present Thomas Fursion, for swearing 'by God,' and cursing his wife, and saying, 'a pox take her.' Sentenced to pay ten shillings, and to be bound unto his good behavior in a bond of ten pounds."

"The Grand Jury do present the wife of Matthew Giles for swearing, and reviling the constabell when he came for the rates, and likewise railing on the prudenshall men and their wives. Sentenced to be whipped seven stripes, or to be redeemed with forty shillings, and to be bound to her good behavior."

"The Grand Jury do present Jane Canney, the wife of Thomas Canney, for beating her son-in-law, Jeremy Tibbets, and his wife; and likewise for striking her husband in a canoe, and giving him reviling speeches. Admonished by the Court, and to pay two shillings and sixpence."

"The Grand Jury do present Philip Edgerly for threatening his wife to break her neck if she would not go out of doors; that for fear she came into Goodman Beard's house in the night on the Lord's day, as she complained to William Beard the next morning. Sentenced to be bound to his good behavior in a bond of forty pounds."

1657. "Thomas Crowlie is presented for calling constable Alt, constable rogue; is admonished by the Court, and to pay fees two shillings and sixpence."

1670. "The Grand Jury present Thomas Taylor for abusing Capt. Francis Rayns, being in authority,

by *theeing and thouing* of him, and many other abusive speeches."

"The Grand Jury present Mrs. Sarah Morgan for striking of her husband. The delinquent to stand with a gag in her mouth half an hour at Kittery, at a public town meeting, and the cause of her offence writ and put upon her forehead, or pay fifty shillings to the Treasurer."

"Richard Gibson, for striking Capt. Frost at the head of his company, is appointed to receive twenty-five stripes on the bare back, which were given him this day in presence of this court."

"The Grand Jury do present Charles Potum, for living an idle, lazy life, following no settled employment. Major Bryant Pembleton is joined with the Selectmen of Cape Porpus, to dispose of Potum according to law, and to put him under family government."

Small chance was there, in the primitive times of which we speak, for any rogue or knave to escape punishment for his offences. There was no complaint then "of the law's delay." Justice was meted out with certainty and despatch. Could this great and wicked city of New York be blest with an administration of justice as prompt, as searching, and as effective, what a world of crime might be prevented. Now, in the multiplied refinements of law and legislation, there are a thousand chances for the culprit to escape the punishment he deserves. The labor of government is now so much divided and subdivided, that the villain, before he meets with his deserts, has to go through almost as many hands as a brass pin does in being manufactured; and it is ten to one if he does not slip through the fingers of some of them, and escape at last.

In the first place we must have a Legislature to make up a batch of laws to keep on hand ready for use, for the regulation of society, and the punishment of wrong-doing. After that, the Legislature has no more care over the laws than the ostrich has over her eggs, but leaves them to hatch out as they may. Then we must have a judiciary; and the culprit who has committed a crime or misdemeanor, must be carried into court for trial. After the matter is clearly proved out, fair and square, the court hunts up the laws that the Legislature has made, and if there is one that exactly applies to the case in every point and title, the fellow may stand some chance of being punished. If the law does not so apply, he is told he may go. When

the law suits the case, the court orders the delinquent to be punished; and he is then handed over to another set of officers, who belong to the executive branch of the government; and if these all happen to do their duty throughout, and no mistake, punishment after a while follows the crime.

Two hundred years ago, in the New England colonies, things were not left at such loose ends. Then the work of government was bound up in a snug bundle. The legislative, judicial, and executive powers were all vested in the same body, who, of course, always knew what they had to do, and could always tell when that work was done. This omnipotent body in a number of instances was styled the General Court; an appellation which is applied to the legislative department in the old Bay State unto this day.

When a fellow was found committing depredations of any description whatever upon his neighbor, or upon the peace and good order of society, he was taken before the court, and the witnesses were examined; and if the thing was proved, and there was no law at hand that told how the fellow should be punished, the court instantly made one on the spot, and ordered its officers to carry it into execution.

It may not be amiss in this place to go a little more into detail, and trace one of these General Courts from its origin, and show how it was constituted and made up.

After the failure of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts to colonize Virginia, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the spirit of discovery and settlement of the New World was greatly revived under the reign of King James. In the year 1606, that monarch granted two charters to companies of gentlemen, who united for the purpose, dividing the country into two districts, called North and South Virginia. The limits of the northern district were within thirty-eight and forty-five degrees of north latitude. This charter was granted to gentlemen of Plymouth and other towns in the west of England, who were denominated the Plymouth Company, and afterward, under a new modification of their charter, "The Council of Plymouth."

Some of the first attempts by this company to colonize New England were very unsuccessful; the company soon grew discouraged, and were inactive a number of years. One member of the company, however, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, never "gave up the ship." He alone remained undiscouraged by their ill success, and when the company would do nothing, he kept at work upon his own hook. He sent out vessels several times at his own expense, to explore the coast of New England with a view of making settlements. In 1616, one of his vessels, under the command of Richard Vines, wintered on the coast at the mouth of Saco river in Maine. The harbor which gave them shelter was afterward called Winter Harbor.

In 1620, the Plymouth Company received a new

impulse. Their charter was renewed, their powers enlarged, and their boundaries extended from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and from sea to sea. This year the first permanent settlement was commenced in Massachusetts by the pilgrim band at Plymouth.

In 1622, the Council of Plymouth, as the company in England was now styled, made a grant to their active member, Sir F. Gorges, in company with John Mason, of all the territory between the Merrimac and Kennebec rivers, and under their auspices settlements now began to be scattered along the coast. In 1629, Mason and Gorges divided their possessions, and, like Abraham and Lot, one went to the right and the other to the left. Mason took that portion of the territory lying west of the Piscataqua river, to which he gave the name of New Hampshire, while the country east of the Piscataqua remained in the possession of Gorges, and was called for some years New Somersetshire, and afterward the Province of Maine.

After this, various grants were made along the coast of Maine to different individuals and companies, and the limits of these grants, often being very indefinite, led to many long and bitter controversies. In 1635, Gorges attempted to establish a General Court for the government of his province, and sent over commissions to several persons for that purpose. Understanding, however, that affairs were not well managed, a year or two after he sent over an order to the authorities of Massachusetts Bay "to govern his province of New Somersetshire, and to oversee his servants and private affairs."

The authorities of Massachusetts Bay, however, declined interfering in the matter, and the province remained without a good and efficient local government till 1640, when Sir Ferdinando commissioned the following persons to be his counsellors for the administration of the government of his province: viz. "his trusty and well beloved cousin, Thomas Gorges, Esq., Richard Vines, Esq., his steward-general, Francis Champenoon, his loving nephew, Henry Jocelyn and Richard Bonython, Esqrs., and William Hook and Edward Godfrey, gentlemen."

These persons constituted a General Court, with legislative, judicial, and executive powers, and in the name of "Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maine," exercised entire control over all the affairs of the province. The first court was held at Saco, on the 25th of June, 1640; and another was holden in September following.

Among the earlier weighty matters that came under the cognizance of this court was the affair of Jane Andrews and her firkin of butter. The General Court was in session, and the judges, or the counsellors, as their commissions styled them, were seated round a long table, looking over some accounts that were in dispute between two neighbors, when Mr. Nicholas Davis came in, with a look and air of unusual agitation. He stood for a minute

looking round the room, which was pretty well filled with spectators, and then he looked at the judges with an earnestness that showed he had something uncommon on his mind.

Mr. Davis was a short, thick man, inclined to be fleshy; the day was warm, and large drops of sweat stood upon his face. He drew a checked cotton handkerchief from his pocket and wiped and rubbed his face till it was as red as a boiled lobster. Then he stepped up to one of the judges and began to whisper in his ear. Presently the judge rolled up his eyes and looked astonished. Mr. Davis put his hand down into his right-hand coat pocket and pulled out a stone as large as his two fists. And then he drew another from his left-hand pocket, a little larger, and handed it to the judge. And then they whispered together again. The people looked wild, and the rest of the judges impatient. At last the judge turned round and whispered to the rest of the court for the space of two minutes. And then they called Mr. Constable Frost and told him to show Mr. Davis into the room with the grand jury.

After Mr. Davis had retired into the jury-room, the court seemed restless and unfitted to go on with business. One of the judges got up, and putting both hands into his coat pockets, walked gravely back and forth from one end of the table to the other. Two more sat whispering very earnestly to each other; and the rest were tipped back in their chairs, with a settled frown upon their brows, and looking unutterable things upon the multitude in the court-room. The people in low whispers began to speculate upon the mysterious business of Mr. Davis in the grand jury room.

One guessed somebody "had been throwing stones at him, and he was going to bring 'em up to the ring-bolt." Another "did n't believe but what somebody had been breaking his windows, and if they had, they'd got to buy it." And some guessed that "somebody had been stoning his cattle; and if they had, they'd got to hug it, for there was nothing would rouse Mr. Davis' dander quicker than that, for he was very particular about his cattle." In all their speculations, however, the imaginations of none of them reached the height of the enormity that had occurred.

After the lapse of about half an hour, the door of the grand jury room was opened, and Mr. Davis walked out and took a seat on a bench in front of the court. In about three minutes more the grand jury came out in a body, with long and solemn faces, and arranging themselves upon the benches appropriated for their use, the foreman rose with a piece of paper in his hand and read as follows:

"We present Jane, the wife of John Andrews, for selling of a Firkin of Butter unto Mr. Nic. Davis, that had two stones in it, which contained fourteen pounds, wanting two ounces, in weight."

This came upon John Andrews, who was sitting there right in the middle of the court-room with the

rest of the folks, like a heavy thunder-clap. Everybody turned and looked at him, and in half a minute his face turned as red as a coal of fire.

"Mr. Andrews," said the first judge, "is your wife at home?"

"Well—ah—I do n't know," said John; "yes, I believe she is; I'll go and see;" and he rose to leave the court-house.

"No, you need n't go and see," said the judge; "come back to your seat again." John returned to his seat.

"How far is it to your house?" said the judge.

"About four miles," said John.

"It is too far," said the judge, "to bring her into court this afternoon. Which will you do, come under bonds of ten pounds to bring her into court to-morrow morning for trial, or have two constables go and take charge of her to-night?"

"I'll come under bonds to bring her into court, if she'll come," said John.

"But you must bring her, whether she will come or not," said the judge; "or else the officers must go after her immediately, and put her into confinement to-night."

"Well, then," said John, "I'll come under bonds, rather than have the constables going to the house to frighten the children."

The bonds were accordingly taken, in the sum of ten pounds, and acknowledged by John, and he was ordered to have his wife in court the next morning at nine o'clock. Mr. Nicholas Davis was ordered to be present at the same hour with his witnesses.

After adding up a few more accounts, the court adjourned till next morning. In the meanwhile John Andrews went home to break the matter to his wife.

"Now, Jane," said he, "here's a pretty kettle of fish we've got to fry. What under the sun could induce you to put them stones into the firkin of butter you sold to Mr. Davis?"

"Hang his old picter," said Jane, "I do n't know any thing about the stones."

"Now, what's the use of denying it?" said John; "you know you did it. You know I see you putting of 'em in once, and made you take 'em out again and throw 'em away. And you went and put 'em in again afterward, I know, or else he'd never gone into the General Court about it, and swore to it."

"He haint been into the General Court though?" said Jane, rolling up the white of her eyes.

"I guess you'll find he has though, by to-morrow," said John; "and you've got me into as bad a scrape about it as can be, and yourself into a worse one."

"But if there was stones in the butter," said Jane, "he can't prove that I put 'em in, and he can't swear that I put 'em in."

"Well, he can swear that he had the butter of you, and that he found the stones in it; and that'll

be enough to fix your flint for you. And you've got to go to court to-morrow morning and have your trial."

"I swow I wont go into court," said Jane, "for nobody; if he wants to settle it he may come here."
"But he wont come here," said John; "he has carried it into court, and the grand jury has presented you, and the judges say you must be there to-morrow morning at nine o'clock for your trial."

"I do n't care for the grand jury, nor none of 'em," said Jane; "I wont go to court; I'll go off into the woods first, and stay a week, or stay till the court is over."

"But you can't do that," said John. "I'm under bonds of ten pounds to carry you to court to-morrow morning."

"You under bonds!" said Jane; "I should like to know what business you have to be under bonds to carry me to court?"

"I had to," said John, "or else the constables were coming right over here to take you and put you into confinement to-night. So I had to give a bond of ten pounds that you should be there to-morrow morning."

"Well, I can't go," said Jane; "you may pay the ten pounds."

"But I can't pay it," said John; "I could not raise it any way in the world."

"Well, what'll they do if you do n't pay it?" said Jane, "and I do n't go to the court?"

"They'd put me in jail," said John, "till it was paid; and that would be longer than I should want to stay there. So you've got to go to court to-morrow morning, and that's a settled pint."

When John said any thing was "a settled pint," Jane always knew the thing was fixed, and it was no use to have any more words about it. So she sat down and gave herself up to a hearty crying spell.

When morning came, John tackled up his wagon and took Jane in and carried her to the General Court. When he arrived, the court-room was already full of spectators; the judges were seated by the long table, and Mr. Davis was there with his wife and daughter and hired girl. The case was immediately called, and the prisoner, being put to the bar, was told to hearken to an indictment found against her by the grand jury.

The clerk then read the indictment, and ended with the usual question; "Jane Andrews, what say you to this indictment, are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"I do n't know nothin' at all about it, sir," said Jane, "any more than the child that's unborn; as for that are firkin of butter that I sold to Mr. Davis, if there was any stones in it, they must be put in by somebody's else hands besides mine, for I packed it all down myself, and—"

"Stop, Mrs. Andrews," said the first judge, "you must not talk; you must give a direct answer to the question; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm as innocent as the man in the moon," said Jane; "I never was accused before; I can bring folks to swear to my character ever since I was a child; I think it is too bad—"

"Stop," said the judge; "if you do n't give a direct answer to the question immediately, you shall be sent to prison; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"No, I aint guilty," said Jane.

"She pleads not guilty," said the judge; "now let the witnesses be sworn. Mr. Davis, you take the stand, and tell the court and the jury what you know about this affair."

Mr. Davis was sworn and took the stand.

"Whereabouts shall I begin?" said he, hesitating, and rubbing his sleeve over his face to brush away the perspiration.

"Tell the whole story just it happened," said the judge, "from first to last: that is, what relates to this particular transaction about the firkin of butter."

"Well, it was a week ago last Saturday mornin'," said the witness, putting one foot up upon the bench that stood before him, "I'd been down to the mill with my wagon, and was going home, I should say about nine o'clock in the mornin'; it might be a little more, and it might be a little less, but I should say it was n't much odds of nine o'clock, judging from my feelin's, for I had n't been to breakfast; I generally go to mill before breakfast, when I go, and I commonly get back about nine o'clock; but I judged I was about half an hour later that mornin' than common, owing to a kind of warm dispute I got into with the miller about his streakin' the toll-dish. I told him he ought to streak it with a straight stick, but he always would take his hand to streak with, and always kept the roundin' side of his hand up, and that made the dish a little heapin'—"

"But I do n't see what all this has to do with the tub of butter, Mr. Davis," said the judge; "you must confine yourself to the case before the court. What was this transaction about the tub of butter?"

"Well, I was coming along to it byme by," said the witness.

"But you must come along to it now," said the judge; "relate what you know about the case presented by the grand jury, and not talk about any thing else."

"Well," said Davis, "I should judge it was n't much odds of nine o'clock, when I come along up by Mr. Andrews' house, and I see Miss Andrews out to the door feedin' the chickens; and says I, 'good mornin', Miss Andrews;' and says she, 'good mornin', Mr. Davis;' and says I, 'how's all to home?' and says she, 'middlin'; how does your folks do?'"

"But that is n't coming to the butter," said the judge, with an air and tone of great impatience.

"Yes 'tis," said Davis, "I'm close to the butter now; for then says I, 'Miss Andrews, have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'yes.' I said another firkin, because I bought one of her last winter, that weighed about twenty pounds, and

it turned out to be a very good firkin of butter, though it was rather hard salted; but I think that's a good fault in butter; it makes it spend better, and I like the taste of it full as well, though my wife does n't. That firkin of butter lasted us—"

"No matter how long it lasted," said the judge; "that is not the firkin with which we have to do now. You must come right down to the particular firkin that was the cause of this trial."

"Well, I'm jest agoing to take hold of that now," said Davis; "and so, says I, 'Miss Andrews, have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'Yes, I have.' And says I, 'How big is it?' Says she, 'It weighs thirty-six pounds, and the firkin weighs six pounds, and that leaves thirty pounds of butter.' And says I, 'How much is it a pound?' Says she, 'Tenpence.' So, after I went in and looked at it, I agreed to take it. It come to one pound five, and I took out the money and paid her, and put the firkin in my wagon and carried it home. Well, we never mistrusted there was any thing in the butter; and we went right to using of it; I guess we had some of it on the table that very night for supper; did n't we, Judy?" turning to his wife.

"You need n't ask your wife any questions," said the judge. "Tell what you know yourself about the matter, and then she may tell what she knows about it."

"Well, what I know myself about the butter is, we eat out of it about a week, and then Judy comes to me, and says she, 'Mr. Davis, the first layin' is all out.' Says I, 'It can't be out so quick, it aint but a week since we had it.' 'Well, 't is out,' says she, 'every morsel of it; but the layin' wasn't more than half as thick as it was in t' other firkin.' 'Well,' says I, 'Judy, if the first layin' is out, you must dig into the second, that's all.' So off she went to get some butter for supper, and we was jest a setting down to the table, and byme by back she comes, all in a fluster, her eyes staring out of her head half as big as saucers, and she sot a plate on to the table with a great stone in it, half as big as my head; and says she, 'there, Mr. Davis, if you're a mind to eat such butter as that, you're welcome to, but I shall wait till I get a new set of teeth before I try it.' Says I, 'Judy, what do you mean? where did that stone come from?' Says she, 'It came right out of the middle of the butter tub.'"

"You may be a little particular along here," said the judge, "for you are getting into the very marrow of the subject now. What happened next?"

"Well, says I, 'Judy, I should like to see the hen that lays such eggs as that; let's go and look at it.' So we went to the firkin, and, sure enough, there was the hole in the middle of the butter where she took the stone out. Says I, 'Judy, I guess it's best to probe that are wound a little more, as the doctors say.' So I took a knife and run down into the butter a little further, and struck on another stone; and we went to work and dug that out; and after we

cut round enough to be satisfied there was n't any more, we took the two and weighed 'em, and found they weighed fourteen pounds lacking two ounces. 'Well,' says I, 'Judy, this matter aint agoin' to stop short of the General Court.' She thought I better hush it up, cause it would hurt Miss Andrews' feelin's; but I told her no, honesty's the best policy, and fair play's a jewel, and if Miss Andrews is n't old enough to know that yet, it is time she was larnt it, and if I do n't carry her into the General Court, it's because my name is n't Nicholas Davis. And that's pretty much all I know about it."

"The case is every way clear," said the first judge; "it seems to be hardly worth while to go any further. But Mrs. Davis may take the stand a few minutes; the court would like to ask her a few plain questions."

Mrs. Davis was accordingly sworn, and took the stand.

"How do you know," said the judge, "that the stones were not put into the butter after the tub was brought to your house?"

"Because they could n't be," said Mrs. Davis. "I did n't do it, and Hannah did n't do it, and Polly did n't do it; and there wasn't nobody else that could do it."

"Well, how do you know that Mrs. Andrews did it?" said the judge.

"Because," said Mrs. Davis, "it's jest like her. She loves fine clothes, and fine clothes costs money; and so she always will have money; and so I know as well as can be she did it."

"Very true," said the judge, "this love of finery is the cause of a world of crime. You may describe a little more particularly how you first found the stones."

"Well, we sot down to the table; I guess the sun was about an hour high, we commonly eat supper this time of year about an hour before sunset; Mr. Davis always wants his supper airly, because he do n't think it's healthy to eat jest before going to bed; he says it gives him the nightmare. Well, Mr. Davis he looks round upon the table, and says he, 'Judy'—he always calls me Judy, ever since we've been married, which I do n't think is exactly the thing for a person of my age, but he seems to like it, so I do n't make a fuss about it—says he, 'Judy, here is n't butter enough for supper on the table, you better get some more.' Says I, 'I hate to disturb that are second layin' to-day, it's packed down so nice.' But he insisted upon it, there was n't enough on the table for supper—Mr. Davis eats a good deal of butter, and he does n't like to see a scanty plate of it on the table. So I took a knife and a plate and went into the buttery, and took the kiver off the firkin and sot it down on the floor; and then I was een a most a good mind to go back without any, when I see how smooth the second layin' looked, for I do hate to cut into a new layin', it seems to go away so soon. But I knew Mr. Davis would have some, so I took the knife and begun to

cut down into the middle of the butter, and instead of cutting through, as it did in the first layin', it come down chuck on to a stone. And that's the way I found it."

"It's a very clear case," said the judge. "It is unnecessary to proceed any further with witnesses."

And then he turned to the jury and charged them, that the guilt of the prisoner was fairly made out, and they had nothing to do but bring in a verdict of guilty. Accordingly the jury retired, and having staid out just long enough to count noses and see that they were all present, came in with a verdict of guilty.

The court then went into deep consultation with regard to the sentence; and after a half hour's whispering, and talking, and voting, the first judge rose and pronounced the sentence as follows:

"The court doth order, that Jane Andrews shall stand at the public town-meeting which is to be held on Monday next, and in the most conspicuous part thereof, till two hours time be expired, with her offence written in capital letters and fastened upon her forehead."

This sentence was duly executed, according to the letter and spirit thereof, on the following Monday. But it must be left to the imagination of the

reader to portray the scenes that occurred on that occasion. We may simply hint, however, that the meeting was unusually thronged, being more, numerously attended than any town-meeting in the place for three years previous. Some old people, who had not been out on any public occasion for half a dozen years, came now several miles to see the crime of Mrs. Andrews justly and properly punished.

Everybody, as they went into the town-house, turned square round, and stood and looked Mrs. Andrews in the face several minutes, and read the inscription on her forehead. Old Deacon White, who was rather long-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood facing her, about a yard off, and read the inscription over three times, loud enough to be heard all over the room. And long-legged, razor-faced Peter Johnson, who was very short-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood so near her to read the inscription, that his nose almost touched hers, causing some rather rude and irreverent laughs among the younger portion of the multitude. In short, the punishment was effectual, and the sin of selling stones for butter was not repeated again by the housewives of New Somersetshire during the life-time of that generation.

THE INVALID STRANGER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

I ~~NEVER~~ had seen her face before, and yet
'T was difficult to own that she was but
A common stranger; till a little while
I gave my fancy freedom, and was pleased
To shadow out some former spirit-sphere,
Where we had held companionship, and twined
A subtle link of sympathy and love.
Where lay her secret spell? What charm of hers
Thus played upon the harp-string of my mind,
Stirring it up to music? I knew not!
The maiden was all loveliness, and wore
Her beauty like a queenly robe, but yet
It was not that which won my lingering gaze,
And made me yearn to ask her tale of life,
And tell it out in poetry. 'T was strange!—
Yet, though I studied long, I could not learn
The color of her eye, that seemed to change
Beneath the ivory lid, from brilliant black
To liquid hazel, then to full, soft gray,
Fast melting into violet: Nor the hue
Of her loose curls, to which each passing breeze
Gave some new shaping; making them appear
Within the shade, pale auburn; but when stirred
In sunny light, like sprinkling gleams of gold
Within a silken tissue. More than all,
Were I an artist, it were needless task
To seek to match the tinting of her cheek,

One moment wan to sickliness, and then
Trying which best became it, the pure snow
Of the white lily, or the delicate blush
Of the pale, perfumed wild-rose. I was blind
To all this touching beauty, and looked not
Upon the outward temple, for my mind
Had caught some glimpses of the shrine within,
And gave *that* all my worship. It was *soul*,
High, holy, living, intellectual soul,
That lit her perfect features, like a lamp,
That burns in alabaster; or some star
Whose rays vibrating through the ether's space,
Transmit its *softened image* from afar.
Yes! this it was that made me read her face,
E'en as one reads the language of a book,
With a forgetful earnestness, until
The secret fountains of my heart were moved,
Unto the Giver of all good for her,
And oh! may it be answered.

God of Love!

Lend, for her sake, to winter's frosty sky,
A genial influence, till the prisoned bird
Of health shall flutter fearlessly beyond
The narrow bars of sickness, and with life
Sparkling and clear, as diamond newly set,
The graceful stranger safely may return
Unto the fitting casket of her home!

WAS SHE A COQUETTE?

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LETTERS FROM MISS LUCY LEE TO MRS. KATE KING.

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 4.

DEAR KATE,—Here we are, all safe and sound. Mother has arranged her furniture, and set her new house in order. Father has entered on the duties of his office, and I am fast forming a circle of elegant acquaintances. I fancy we shall be very happy in this fine city. Father and mother seem delighted with every thing; and as I brought my whole heart with me, I shall have no cause for home-sickness. Some very wise people have said that I am destitute of a heart, but I do not put any faith in such sayings; and yet a heart is no very desirable possession, if one may be allowed to judge from what one sees of its demonstrations—it invariably makes a woman a fool, and a man ridiculous. For instance, there is Harry Brown, who was moping, and sighing, and rhyming, on my account, during the last six months of my stay in our dear native city—did he not make himself supremely ridiculous? I could laugh at his folly, but for a feeling of contempt, that turns mirth to bitterness. I received yesterday a dolorous letter from aunt Alice, accusing me of having broken his heart, and rendered him miserable for life, and all that. But, dear Kate, I don't believe in broken-hearts. There was Fred Gay, who used to "worship" me, when I was a baby of fourteen. I do not know why it was, but I felt an insuperable aversion to him. I was miserable in his company, and my very hand shrunk instinctively from his touch; yet as he visited at our house, common politeness obliged me to treat him civilly, which was all the encouragement I ever gave him. At length he found opportunity to propose. I, of course, rejected him at once; but he was resolved not to take no for his answer, he plead, and promised, and lamented, and wept, and said he was undone forever, and took the most solemn oath that he would never, *never* marry any other woman living. Well, I did pity him very much, but I could not say him yes; yet I wept myself sick on his account, and was verily afraid that I had done wrong. So I made a confidant of my dear mother, and she said to me, you have done right, Lucy; never marry a man whom you do not love. Still I was troubled, and felt that if he was, indeed, undone, I should never know happiness. Well, what followed? Why, in less than a year, he married that old, ugly, ill-natured, Anna Bear; and I had the consolation of knowing that such a woman had consoled

him for my loss. Next came Charles Grant. I did like Charley; but after a while I heard that he said he would win me if possible, but if he could not get me, there was one he could have. So, on inquiry, I found that he had been paying very particular attentions to Miss May for a long time, and that they were said to be engaged. I told him what I had heard. He denied any affection for her, said he had given no occasion for such reports, either to her or others, and protested all manner of fine things to me. However, I did not credit his avowals, and dismissed him; and, lo! in three weeks he became the husband of Miss May. This affair also gave me much pain. Then there was Robert Austin; I did think that he would win me. I had a real regard for him, but one evening as we sat together, he playfully bade me kiss him. I refused. He insisted earnestly that I should do it. I told him seriously that I would never kiss any man except my husband. Instead of respecting this resolve, he became the more importunate. I still refused, and at length he told me, in a pet, that such stubbornness was a lovely sample of my disposition. I was hurt and offended—and so we parted. He huffed a long time; and when he thought that he had punished me sufficiently, he came and asked me, in the most smiling and affectionate manner, if I would not give him a right to that exclusive kiss. But I had seen too much of his tyrannical nature to put my neck into his yoke; so I was forced to endure his lamentations and reproaches. By this time I was branded a *coquette*. Now, Kate, was not that unjust? Should I have married Fred, disliking him as I did? If I had been as weak as many such young girls are, and sacrificed myself out of pity to him, should we not both have been inevitably miserable? And what would have shielded my heart in after years from that sympathy with a congenial mind, which, under such circumstances, might have led to guilt and ruin? When I permitted the attentions of Charles Grant, I did not know that I was allowing him to wrong one to whom his faith was plighted, if not by word, by the stronger language of actions. Yet if I had become his wife, the voice of the world would have laid the blame on me, and Ellen May would have cursed me as a traitor. I did sincerely purpose to become Mrs. Robert Austin, but he gave me a specimen of his temper too soon for his own peace; for it does seem that he is still unhappy. As

for Harry, though the censors say I coqueted with him, I declare I am innocent. I never gave him any encouragement, unless it be so to treat a visitor at your father's house with decent civility. What can a young lady do? Must she say to every gentleman that calls on her, don't presume to fall in love with me, for I do not know as I shall like you on further acquaintance? The world is a fool on the subject of coquetry. I am sick to death of all the ridiculous cant, and milk-and-water stories about coquettes. After all, what does it amount to? Simply that a young lady is attractive, and much admired; that she has sense enough to discriminate between good and evil, and firmness of character sufficient to enable her to reject those whom she cannot love, however worthy; and those she can love when they prove themselves unworthy. If a young lady is so destitute of all attractions, as to have no expectation of ever finding a lover, she may possibly fall into the arms of the first man who professes to love her, with a yes, and thank you, too; and she is a woman with a heart, and no *coquette*. Now do n't get angry, though you did accept the first offer, that first offer was every way worthy of acceptance—and your heart felt it to be so. If such had been my fortune, I should not have been a coquette either. Aunt Alice exhorts me not to resume my old business of breaking hearts here in my new location. We shall see. I certainly will not hunt, or trap, or angle for them, neither will I immure myself like a Turkish maiden, nor put on repulsive airs to frighten them; nor will I promise to accept the first or second offer that I may receive. I have grown too old a bird to be decoyed by chaff. I shall not marry lightly, for I do not think that a single life is so much to be dreaded. On the contrary, I must receive an equivalent for the careless freedom of girlhood, and the friends from whom I must be severed, as well as a balance for the inevitable sorrows, and fears, and pains, and humiliations of woman's lot. Now I am free, my own mistress, and many are happy to do me homage. If I become a wife, I accept a master, whom it must be my study to please. I must not only defer to all his opinions and wishes, but I must make this deference my pleasure; and for the *homage* of the scores who now kneel at my feet, I must be content to receive the commendation of "well done, good and faithful servant." Knowing all this, my husband, if I have one, must be one whom I can love and honor. Now if I am pleased with a gentleman's exterior, I shall not attribute to him all mental excellence, and so take him on trust, but shall endeavor to become thoroughly acquainted with him. If this acquaintance shall develop qualities which I cannot approve of, I shall certainly dismiss him; and if this is coquetry why I am a *determined* coquette. I am not seeking perfection, but I will have truth, honor, a good temper, and real love. When these offer, I shall be found weak, and like another man (woman.) I know, dear Kate, that you will laugh

at all this, and shake your wise head, with your old remark—a woman's love makes any man perfect. But now I must say good-by, and write myself

Your loving,

LUCY LEE.

— Cincinnati, Sept. 9.

KATE, DEAR KATE!—I almost begin to think that I really have no heart. Here is a gentleman who, to all that I require in a husband, adds a very handsome and commanding person, a high and acknowledged genius, and a large fortune; and yet, Kate, I do not love him. He attached himself to me, on our very first acquaintance, and still continues his assiduities. My father is anxious to call him son, and all my friends urge me to accept him. I have received several magnificent presents from him. I could not reject them without rejecting him; and, indeed, I would like to be his wife, if I could but love him. Aunt Alice says I am a fool; that not one woman in a hundred loves her husband before marriage. Ah, Kate, if it is so, no wonder there is so much domestic misery and conjugal infidelity in the world. I do not understand how woman can endure her lot, unsupported by love; and, certainly, it is not wonderful that man should seek elsewhere the sunshine of affectionate sympathy, which is not his at home. Kate, I am half inclined to become Mrs. Melwin, but when I think seriously about it, my very heart shudders. Oh, Kate! there is a yearning for something which I have not found, a sympathy that could draw me into its very heart, with all my feelings and failings undisguised, and fearless of reproach. To stand at the altar, *fearing* that he to whom you pledge your vows will discover the perjury of your heart—for is it not perjury to promise to love one whom you feel you cannot love? And yet, perhaps, my notions of love are all romance, never to be realized. Perhaps I love Mr. Melwin as well as I can ever love any man. Perhaps I had best accept his hand. Ah, me! what shall I do? I wish I could know myself. With him I certainly should have no cause of sorrow which did not spring from my own bosom. I am almost resolved to accept him. Do advise me, my dear, wise Kate, and save me from all these distracting doubts, and the fears of self-reproach, that now torment almost to distraction.

Your poor, wavering,

LUCY LEE.

— Cincinnati, Jan. —.

KATE! KATE!—I have a heart, a warm, confiding, loving heart! Strange that it has slept so long. But it is awake now. I have met one at whose feet I am willing to lay down the sceptre of my pride, for whose love I am ready to forego all my girlhood's treasures. He loves me, and I shall be his wife. Ah! dear Kate, if you could know how I am tormented now, when my heart is so happy. Father calls me a fool, an unaccountable simpleton;

mother sighs whenever her eyes rest on me, and she calls me a perverse child. My friends ridicule me; and Mr. Melwin—oh, Kate! I wish he had never seen me—I believe he takes a malicious pleasure in upbraiding me whenever he can find opportunity. I tell him honestly that I could not be his, because I could not love him. Then he asks why I coqueted with him? Coqueted! Now is not that provoking. I endured his attentions, because he was every way an excellent man, and I thought that if I could learn to love him, I should be most happy as his wife. How did I know that I could never love him until I tested my feeling by being much in his society? It does seem that the world is resolved to take from woman her only prerogative—that of *choosing* whom she will serve. Kate, love! am I not right? Since woman, on her wedding-day, loses her identity, and is thenceforth merged—name, honor, fame, fortune, every thing in him to whom she plights herself—does it not become her to be cautious to whom she thus resigns herself. Since our only freedom is this privilege of choosing a husband, should we not be suffered to exercise it? And yet if we reject one, two, or three suitors, we are heartless, and coquettes. If there were more such coquettes in the world, there would be infinitely less misery. I am of Aunt Alice's opinion, that most girls marry before they know any thing of love. You will see a vain child, just from boarding-school, tricked out in all the pride of fashion, and introduced to the *world* at some splendid ball or party. Of course, she is flattered, and admired, and complimented—she has made a splendid *debut*. Presently some gentleman pays her marked attentions. She is flattered by his preference. She has imbibed the prevalent opinion that the end of all woman's duties and aspirations is an eligible marriage. Her admirer is an unexceptionable man. She will accept him; and then, oh, how she will queen it as a bride, at the head of a splendid estab-

lishment. Her friends encourage her, applaud her choice, and she is married. Afterward, her husband discovers with astonishment, that in place of a meek, loving woman, he has got a selfish, arrogant, proud, and petulant child to manage as he best may. But then she never was a coquette! But to return. When I asked Mr. Melwin if he could desire me to give him my hand without love, he invariably replies, if you could not love me, why did you not tell me so, before I had centered in you all my hopes, and braided you in every strand of my future life! Dear me! how could I tell him before I knew it myself? I did wish to love him, and try to love him; and if I had been a silly child of fifteen, should doubtless have laid the foundation of our future misery by becoming his—shall I say wife? But, you will ask, who and what is the man of my choice? He is Horace Glynn, a young lawyer, scarcely older than myself, and, of course, unknown to fame or worldly honor. I will not say that he is handsome, and he is not rich; but he has genius, a lofty sense of honor, and unblemished character, and a heart full of all the sweet and gentle sympathies. More than all, he loves me, just as I always longed to be beloved. I feel that my pulse can echo his; that all my feelings and opinions blend and flow in the current of his. In short, that I am ready to resign my own will, and yield him a cheerful deference, and forsaking all that my young heart has known, or loved, follow him, and minister to him until death. I am so thankful that I did not marry until I felt this sweet devotion. The world will say—"Well, Lucy Lee, like all other incorrigible coquettes, has, after rejecting half a dozen excellent offers, thrown herself away upon a poor young fellow, infinitely beneath her other suitors." But I shall be blest with a whole heart happiness, and home will be my world. Oh, Kate! am I not happy!

LUCY LEE.

JENNY LOW.

BY C. M. JOHNSON.

WHEN first I pressed thy cheek, love,
 'T was in the month of May,
 You chidingly rebuked me,
 Yet bid me longer stay—
 And gave me back my kiss, love,
 Before I went away.

And when I met thee last, love,
 Beneath the trysting-tree,
 Before I went away, love,
 Beyond the roaring sea,
 That dewy kiss at parting
 Was a priceless gem to me.

They wrote me of thy death, love,
 How could it ever be!
 And that those lips in dying
 Were whispering for me—
 The very lips that I had pressed
 Beneath the trysting-tree.

O! all the wealth I've hoarded
 I'd freely give away,
 Could I that day live o'er again,
 In the pleasant month of May;
 And could I but renew that kiss
 I'd give my life away.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Indian race is rapidly becoming extinct; even now some tribes that once numbered their thousand warriors no longer exist, and those that still have a name are degraded and debased both in mind and body, and are fast vanishing away, "like snow-wreaths in a thaw." Not three centuries have elapsed since the white man landed on our shores, and begged as a gift, or bought for a trifle, from the rightful owners of the soil, a small tract of land; and now he owns it all, and noble cities and thriving villages stand on the loved hunting-grounds and burial-places of the red man. In a few years more the race will have passed away, and the place that once knew them will know them no more forever.

Yet we shall never forget them, for our country is full of monuments to their memory; we have Indian names for our towns, villages and rivers—and there are Indian legends attached to almost every high hill, every dark, dismal cave, or bold, bare rock. These legends are always thrilling, and often painfully so, for they show vividly the strongly marked characteristics of the Indian race, their endurance and contempt of hardship, their stoical indifference to suffering and death, their lasting remembrance of kindness received, and, above all, their deadly revenge of injuries.

In the present county of La Salle, and state of Illinois, there is a rock some forty or fifty feet high, standing out boldly from the bank of the Illinois river. The summit is level, perfectly destitute of vegetation, and is attained only by a narrow and difficult foot-path. In that prairie land, the rock is very notable, as being the only elevation for miles around; its bold, jagged and nearly perpendicular lines on the river-side seem to swell its height and increase its frightfulness, while the dull gray color of the rock itself, and its scathed appearance, contrast strangely with the "smoothness and sheen" of the river and the verdant prairie.

That rock was, in days long gone by, the scene of an Indian tribe's extinction, and is called in reference to the event, the "Starved Rock;" and the white settlers of that region believe and tell the legend as it has been gathered from Indian tradition.

In the vicinity of "Starved Rock"—so the legend runs—there once lived two small tribes of Indians, the Coriaks and Pinxie's. They were friendly toward each other, and often leagued together for mutual defence, or to destroy some common foe. On the return of the warriors of both tribes from an expedition in which they had proved victorious, and had taken an unusual number of prisoners, a feast was given by the Coriaks, to celebrate the event; and the braves of each tribe met to dance about

their victims, to throw with unerring aim their sharp-pointed arrows into their defenceless bodies, and to drown the death-song of expiring foes in unearthly shouts and loud boasts of their own bloody deeds. At this feast Canabo, one of the Pinxie braves, saw and loved the beautiful Anacaona, who was to be the wife of Wyamoke, a chief of her own (the Coriak) tribe, as soon as he had with his own hand obtained deer-skins enough to furnish his wigwam, and a sufficient number of scalps to ornament his girdle.

Anacaona, or the "Golden Flower," as her name signified, was tall, graceful and dignified—her dark, brilliant eyes were shaded by drooping lids and long silken lashes—her long, black, glossy hair fell over her smooth neck and shoulders; indeed the stream that flowed past her wigwam door never reflected from its bright bosom so lovely an object as it did when the "Golden Flower" looked in its depths and dressed her hair. Canabo joined in the feast, the wild song and the dance, but he thought only of the beautiful Anacaona; his keen eye soon detected the love glances that passed between her and Wyamoke—he saw the color deepen in her cheek when that brave approached—he saw that her eye flashed and her head was thrown back with pride when he sang of the victims he had slain, and the captives he had made; and there sprung up in his heart, and grew side by side, the deadly night-shade of hate and the sweet flower of love—hate, never ending hate, of his rival; and love, deep and wild, for the Indian girl.

Canabo felt that it would be in vain to try and win away her love with daring deeds or soft winning words, for Wyamoke was bold and brave as himself, and his voice was gentle and sweet as the sighing wind when he spoke to Anacaona, and called her his wild rosebud, or his gentle fawn.

The feast was ended, and Canabo, who with true Indian cunning had refrained from the mention or exhibition of his love or his hate, returned with his tribe to their own camp.

It was the close of a beautiful summer day when Anacaona left her lodge, and with stealthy steps took her way through the tangled wood; now and then she paused in a listening attitude, as if she expected to hear some other sound than the humming of the insects or the singing of the birds. At last a slight sound reached her ear—it was as if a withered branch broke beneath the tread of a foot. Her own loved Wyamoke had been absent three days—he was to return that night. Anacaona was sure it was her lover's step, and with a wild silvery laugh that rung through the forest, and which the

echoes caught up and repeated, she bounded forth to meet him. It was indeed a step she heard, and soon, alas! too soon, she was clasped, not in the arms of Wyamoke, but in those of the wily Canabo. Instantly he placed one hand over her mouth to stifle her cries, and raised her lightly in his arms, and picking his way carefully, stepping only on things that revealed no foot-print, till he gained the bank of the river, he removed the blanket from the now insensible girl, and threw it into the stream, and then stepping into the water himself, commenced walking rapidly but cautiously up the river. The next morning Anacaona's blanket was found, but there were no traces of her, and her lover and tribe mourned her as dead. Canabo reached his own camp late at night—no one saw him come in—no one knew aught about the girl he had brought with him save his brother, whom he had trusted with his secret. He placed Anacaona in his lodge, and though he would not force her to be his wife, he kept her alone day after day, in hopes she would weary of her solitude and consent. At length the autumn hunting season came on, and Canabo, as chief of his tribe, was obliged to accompany them to the hunt; and after giving his brother strict charge to guard the young girl with his life, he departed.

All was quiet and still in that Indian camp—the smoke curled gracefully but slowly up from the almost extinguished fires of those who remained to guard the village of the Pinxies; some few children were playing about, and one or two old squaws were weaving baskets beside their huts, but there was only one man visible, and he might easily have been mistaken for a statue, so motionless did he lie stretched out before the door of one of the principal lodges of the camp. The clear note of a whippoorwill sounded through the wood, and the Indian moved—again it sounded, and he half rose from his recumbent posture; it sounded nearer and clearer and the young Indian sprang to his feet, just as the laughing face of a girl peered out from the side of the lodge. She was slight and childlike in her form, and her hair, which was fastened back with a wreath of bright red flowers, fell almost to her feet; she held her bow and arrows in one hand, and in the other a dead bird. She called him in a sweet, musical voice to come and see the bird, but he pointed to the door of the lodge before which he stood, and shook his head. Nainee was vexed, and turning her back to him, she began to shoot her arrows at every thing she saw, and finally tossing her little head, and throwing back her hair, she moved away; but curiosity conquered pride, and just as her lover began to wish he had detained her, she returned, and taking a flower from her hair, pressed it to her lips and threw it on the ground before her lover. He moved from his post to get the flower, and as he bent down, Nainee placing her hand on his shoulder, bounded by him, and ere the astonished Indian could prevent her, she had

lifted the skin that served for a door, and passed into the lodge. A low laugh escaped from the Indian; he knew that Nainee could be trusted; that the secret was still safe—and he was pleased with her daring and cunning; she could hit a bird on the wing—she could outrun the deer, and now she had cunningly foiled him. "Yes, Nainee was indeed worthy of a brave Indian's love."

Anacaona was reclining on a pile of furs, her face buried in her hands, and so engrossed in her own sad thoughts that she was unconscious of the entrance of the visiter, until Nainee uttered an exclamation of surprise. She looked up—the sight of her beautiful face filled Nainee with jealousy, and her eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy; but Anacaona sprang up eagerly, and leading her to the place she had vacated, compelled her to be seated. Then she told her who she was, and the story of her capture, and begged her in soft, plaintive tones to aid her, and restore her to her lover and her tribe. All jealousy vanished from Nainee's heart, as she listened, and throwing her arms about Anacaona's neck, when she had ended the story, she promised to help her, and kindly kissing her hand, drew aside the deer-skin door and in a moment stood without at the Indian's side. But he seemed not to heed her presence, and she threw herself down beside him, and taking some long grass in her hand, she commenced braiding it together, while the words of an impromptu song burst from her lips. She sang of Anacaona's desolate home—of her broken-hearted mother and brave lover who mourned her loss—of the lone captive girl who longed to look once more on the greenwood, and whose proud spirit pined to be free. Nainee paused a moment to note the effect, and then commenced a low recitation of the former noble bearing and brave deeds of Canabo: He had been called "magnanimous," and his name was the "Eagle," but, alas! he had wronged his friend, disgraced his tribe, and had, like the hawk, stolen a dove from its nest; then, turning suddenly to the young Indian, Nainee raising her voice said,

"You will save Canabo—send the girl away—bid her swear by the Great Spirit never to tell where she has been, and let her go to her own people. Canabo will soon forget her, and you will have kept your brother from dishonor."

But the Indian was true, and would not betray his trust.

The shadows of evening gathered thick about that Indian camp, and the rippling of the river, and the occasional bark of some watchful dog, were all the sounds that were heard, as Nainee took her way to Anacaona's lodge. Soon the two beautiful girls, followed by the young Indian, were walking side by side along the banks of the Illinois, the moon and the bright stars lighting their way. Anacaona knew that the same stream flowed past her own loved home, and she broke off a branch from one of the trees near by, and throwing it upon the water,

bade it take her farewell to her lover. It was late ere they returned. Nainee had brought some bark and paints—these she gave to Anacaona to amuse herself with, and promising to come again the next evening, she took her leave. All the next day Anacaona busily employed herself in making a small bark canoe, on the bottom of which she painted a rude picture of herself, with her hands bound, in token of her captivity; and on the side there was an eagle's feather, the badge of Canabo's tribe. At night she went forth again to walk, and under her blanket was hid the little canoe. She watched the moon, and when a cloud shut out its light, she bent down to the river, as if to bathe her face, and slid her canoe into the stream; her heart beat almost audibly—she feared the Indian might see and get it, and then, she knew, her only hope of escape would be blighted; but he did not notice it, and soon it was carried so far down by the current that in the pale moonlight it could not be seen.

On their return, Nainee entered the lodge, and told Anacaona that she would come the next night and engage the Indian's attention, and while thus engaged, Anacaona could push aside a log of the lodge that was loose, and escape—"The heart of the Golden Flower is strong," said Nainee, "and to her the night and the lone woods have no terrors; her heart, too, is true and kind, and she will not seek revenge, or cause harm to fall on Nainee's tribe."

Anacaona pressed the girl to her bosom, and vowed for her sake to remember only the kindness and forget the wrong. Love, deep and pure, for each other had sprung up in their hearts, and they grieved that they were to part—but they were Indian girls, and no tears were shed, no words wasted; the deep waters of the heart were troubled, but the surface was calm and unruffled, and seemingly unmoved they parted forever.

The next night Anacaona made her escape, and for hours she fled, following the banks of the river. As morning began to dawn, the weary girl threw herself down on the grass, and fell asleep. She knew not how long she slept, but when she awoke, it was with a cry of terror, for the wild whoops of the Indians were ringing in her ears, and she knew that the tribe of her captor were on her track. She listened a moment, but there were no friendly sounds mingling with the savage yell. She looked around, but there was no aid, no refuge near—and on she fled. A huge rock was before her; she saw at a glance that the ascent was difficult, but nothing

daunted the fearless girl, and up its steep and rugged side she rushed. The horrid yells of the savages fell more and more distinctly on her ear, and when she reached the summit of the rock, they were close behind. There was no escape, and Anacaona stretching out her arms to heaven, uttered a shriek of despair, and leaped off into the foaming river beneath. Alas! for the unfortunate Anacaona! Had she delayed one moment, she would have heard her father's and her lover's loud cry. Her little canoe had fulfilled its mission, and the wild wood was full of armed braves thronging to deliver or avenge her. Wyamoke and his tribe from afar had seen Anacaona's fatal leap, and all the fierce passions of their nature were stirred within them. Canabo and his warriors were between them and the rock, and were driven up on to it with terrible slaughter. The Coriaks posted themselves at its base in force, and for days and days besieged their foes. Every sortie was successfully opposed, and individual attempts at escape foiled. Cooped up on that rock, starvation stared the Pinxies in the face—despair reigned among them; some of the warriors, resolving both to end their lives and take revenge, rushed down the rock—notwithstanding their efforts they were slain; others sang their death-song, and threw themselves off into the river and perished; others, with Indian calmness, laid themselves down to die of starvation.

On the evening of the fourth day, a young Indian girl came to Wyamoke. She told him she had been kind to Anacaona, and assisted her to escape, and in return she only asked to join her lover on the rock. Way was made for her to pass, and Nainee wound her way up the difficult path, amid the dead and dying of her tribe. Her young lover saw her coming, and met her. They looked over the sad scene and talked mournfully together, she leading him toward the edge of the rock; the brave hesitated a moment—then clasping her in his arms, leaped off into the stream; and the two beautiful Indian girls, Nainee and Anacaona, slept beneath the same bright waters.

Days passed away, and one by one Canabo's tribe, parched by thirst, wasted by famine, or self-destroyed passed into the spirit-land, till none were left but one old man. He, the last of his tribe, as the Coriaks crowded up the rock to finish their work of revenge, raised his shout of boasting and defiance, and died. No remnant of the tribe was left, even their name is lost, except in the terrible tradition that commemorates their extinction at Starved Rock. M.

LINE S FOR MUSIC.

In golden dreams my night goes by,
And sweet the life of sleep to me;
For, moon-like 'mid the starry sky,
My brightest dream is still of thee.

And as the moonlight stirs the deeps
Of ocean with her gentle sway,
So to thy glance my spirit leaps,
And thrills beneath the trembling ray. G. G. F.

THE LAY OF THE WIND.

BY LILLIAS.

I ROVE at my pleasure, all gayly and free,
O'er the wide spreading land and the loud roaring sea,
I'm at home 'mid the bright sunny bowers of the South,
And at home on the wild frozen wastes of the North;
While I whisper sweet things to the flowers in their bloom,
And breathe a sad strain round the aisle and the tomb.

When Winter all sternly comes forth from his cave,
To still the glad streamlet and fetter the wave,
I howl, as the tempest sweeps by in its wrath,
Or scatter the snow from the icy king's path,
And chant, in the midnight all lonely and still,
A dirge for the fallen, by valley and hill.

And Spring, lovely maiden! Oh what would *she* be
Without her mild breezes on land and on sea?
And what would awaken the sweet-scented flowers
To burst in their beauty in lone forest bowers?
Did I not bend o'er them and joyfully sing—
"A loved one is coming, the maiden is Spring."

Gay Summer, bright Summer, all joyous and fair,
Gives life to the desert, perfume to the air,
But the rays of her sun are too scorching and bright,
The lovely flowers languish and droop ere the night:

Then stealing at twilight from out my lone cave,
I wander along o'er the cool starry wave,
To fan Flora's gems with my magical wing,
And low, while the dew-drops are falling, to sing,
Then hie me away to a child in its dreams,
And whisper of fountains and cool running streams.

When Autumn steals on, clad in purple and gold,
The mountains and woods in his robe to enfold,
And flowers, as they gaze on the dull, paling sky,
Grow weary of life and so bow them to die;
When forest-leaves gently are falling to earth,
And gay singing waters forgetting their mirth,
O'er vale and o'er upland I breathe a sad lay,
For the fair and the lovely all passing away.

My hours are ne'er stolen by sorrow or sleep,
When weary of forests I fly to the deep;
My course is to-day amid sunshine and bloom,
To-morrow, it may be with tempests and gloom;
But though I ne'er linger, I'm joyous and free,
If sighing 'mid blossoms, or sweeping the sea,
For my way is right on through the long-coming years,
And I turn not aside for your hopes or your fears.

ECHO.

BY JOHN S. MOORE.

SWEET Echo, dweller in cavernous mountains,
Amid dark forests by abounding fountains,
Much loved that self-adoring boy,
The fair son of Cephissus,
And chased his footsteps with consuming joy,
Crying aloud "Narcissus!"

But vain were all her cries and all her wooing;
The youth replied not to the nymph pursuing,
But fled from her desiring gaze,
Filling her heart with anguish;
Then, like a flower scorched by the sun's hot rays,
Echo began to languish.

Afar, in deepest solitudes reclining,
She hid her from the woodland maids, repining,
Wasting the day with idle plaint—
With unavailing sorrow,
And every day her beauty grew more faint,
More pale by every morrow.

At last, out-worn by grief and passion violent,
Sweet Echo died within her grottoes silent,
Leaving her story unto fame.—
Her voice will never perish;
The prattling rocks still rattle with her name,
The hills her memory cherish.

SONNET TO ———.

WRITTEN AFTER A MIDNIGHT WALK.

BY R. H. BACON.

AN arrow tipped with solar fire should write
Upon the tablet of a cloudless sky
Its burning characters, so that the bright
And glowing fancies of my soul could lie
Faintly portrayed before thee, were the high,
Unwonted thoughts that thrill my wondering heart
Fitsly expressed. Alas! I have no art

To body forth emotion; nor to lay
Upon the edge of words a fringe of fire:
Day turns to night, and night gives place to day,
While I am baffled in my vain desire!
Yet, haunted by the memory of the moon
And mystic stars that walk night's gentle noon,
I string again my long-neglected lyre.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 145.)

PART XII.

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
Another minute makes it clear,
A scream, a rush, a burning tear,
From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
That blms like his is only seeming.

WASHINGTON ALSTON.

A MOMENT of appalled surprise succeeded the instant when Harry and Rose first ascertained the real character of the vessel that had entered the haven of the Dry Tortugas. Then the first turned toward Jack Tier and sternly demanded an explanation of his apparent faithlessness.

"Rascal," he cried, "has this treachery been intended? Did you not see the brig and know her?"

"Hush, Harry—*dear* Harry," exclaimed Rose, entreatingly. "My life for it, Jack has *not* been faithless."

"Why, then, has he not let us know that the brig was coming? For more than an hour has he been aloft, on the look-out, and here are we taken quite by surprise. Rely on it, Rose, he has seen the approach of the brig, and might have sooner put us on our guard."

"Ay, ay, lay it on, maty," said Jack, coolly, neither angry nor mortified, so far as appearances went, at these expressions of dissatisfaction; "my back is used to it. If I did n't know what it is to get hard raps on the knuckles, I should be but a young steward. But, as for this business, a little reflection will tell you I am not to blame."

"Give us your own explanations, for without them I shall trust you no longer."

"Well, sir, what good would it have done, *had* I told you the brig was standing for this place? There she came down, like a race-horse, and escape for you was impossible. As the wind is now blowin' the Molly would go two feet to the boat's one, and a chase would have been madness."

"I do n't know that, sirrah," answered the mate. "The boat might have got into the smaller passages of the reef, where the brig could not enter, or she might have dodged about among these islets, until it was night, and then escaped in the darkness."

"I thought of all that, Mr. Mulford, but it came too late. When I first went aloft, I came out on the north-west side of the lantern, and took my seat, to look out for the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir. Well, there I was sweeping the horizon with the glass for the better part of an hour, sometimes fancyin' I saw her, and then givin' it up; for to this moment I am not sartain there is n't a sail off here to the westward, turning up toward the light on a bowline; but if there be, she's too far off to know any thing partic'lar about her. Well, sir, there I sat, looking out for the Poughkeepsie, for the better part of an hour, when I thought I would go round on t' other side of the lantern and take a look to windward. My heart was in my mouth, I can tell you, Miss Rose, when I saw the brig; and I felt both glad and sorry. Glad on my own account, and sorry on your'n. There she was, however, and no help for it, within two miles of this very spot, and coming down as if she despised touching the water at all. Now, what could I do? There was n't time, Mr. Mulford, to get the boat out, and the mast stepped, afore we should have been within reach of canister, and Stephen Spike would not have spared *that*, in order to get you again within his power."

"Depend on it, Harry, this is all true," said Rose, earnestly. "I know Jack well, and can answer for his fidelity. He wishes to, and if he can he *will* return to the brig, whither he thinks his duty calls him, but he will never willingly betray *us*—least of all *me*. Do I speak as I ought, Jack?"

"Gospel truth, Miss Rose, and Mr. Mulford will get over this squall, as soon as he comes to think of matters as he ought. There's my hand, maty, to show I bear no malice."

"I take it, Jack, for I must believe you honest, after all you have done for us. Excuse my warmth, which, if a little unreasonable, was somewhat natural under the circumstances. I suppose our case is now hopeless, and that we shall all be soon on board the brig again; for Spike will hardly think of

abandoning me again on an island provisioned and fitted as is this!"

"It's not so sartin, sir, that you fall into his hands at all," put in Jack. "The men of the brig will never come here of their own accord, depend on that, for sailors do not like graves. Spike has come in here a'ter the schooner's chain, that he dropped into the water when he made sail from the aloop-of-war, at the time he was here afore, and is not expecting to find us here. No—no—he thinks we are beating up toward Key West at this very minute, if indeed, he has missed us at all. 'Tis possible he believes the boat has got adrift by accident, and has no thought of our being out of the brig."

"That is impossible, Jack. Do you suppose he is ignorant that Rose is missing?"

"Sartin of it, maty, if Mrs. Budd has read the letter well that Miss Rose left for her, and Biddy has obeyed orders. If they've followed instructions, Miss Rose is thought to be in her state-room, mourning for a young man who was abandoned on a naked rock, and Jack Tier, havin' eat something that has disagreed with him, is in his berth. Recollect, Spike will not be apt to look into Miss Rose's state-room or my berth, to see if all this is true. The cook and Josh are both in my secret, and know I mean to come back, and when the fit is over I have only to return to duty, like any other hand. It is my calculation that Spike believes both Miss Rose and myself on board the Molly at this very moment."

"And the boat; what can he suppose has become of the boat?"

"Sartinly, the boat makes the only chance ag'in us. But the boat was riding by its painter astern, and accidents sometimes happen to such craft. Then we two are the very last he will suspect of having made off in the boat by ourselves. There'll be Mrs. Budd and Biddy as a sort of pledge that Miss Rose is aboard, and as for Jack Tier, he is too insignificant to occupy the captain's thoughts just now. He will probably muster the people for'ard, when he finds the boat is gone, but I do not think he'll trouble the cabins or state-rooms."

Mulford admitted that this was *possible*, though it scarcely seemed probable to him. There was no help, however, for the actual state of things, and they all now turned their attention to the brig, and to the movements of those on board her. Jack Tier had swung to the outer door of the house, as soon as the Swash came in view through it, and fortunately none of the windows on that side of the building had been opened at all. The air entered to windward, which was on the rear of the dwelling, so that it was possible to be comfortable and yet leave the front, in view from the vessel, with its deserted air. As for the brig, she had already anchored and got both her boats into the water. The yawl was hauled alongside, in readiness for any service that might be required of it, while the launch had been manned at once, and was already

weighing the anchor, and securing the chain to which Tier had alluded. All this served very much to lessen the uneasiness of Mulford and Rose, as it went far to prove that Spike had not come to the Dry Tortugas in quest of them, as, at first, both had very naturally supposed. It might, indeed, turn out that his sole object was to obtain this anchor and chain, with a view to use them in raising the ill-fated vessel that had now twice gone to the bottom.

"I wish an explanation with you, Jack, on one other point," said the mate, after all three had been for some time observing the movements on board and around the Swash. "Do you actually intend to get on board the brig?"

"If it's to be done, maty. My v'y'ge is up with you and Miss Rose. I may be said to have shipped for Key West and a market, and the market is found at this port."

"You will hardly leave us *yet*, Jack," said Rose, with a manner and emphasis that did not fail to strike her betrothed lover, though he could in no way account for either. That Rose should not wish to be left alone with him in that solitary place was natural enough; or, might rather be referred to education and the peculiar notions of her sex; but he could not understand why so much importance should be attached to the presence of a being of Jack Tier's mould and character. It was true, that there was little choice, under present circumstances, but it occurred to Mulford that Rose had manifested the same strange predilection when there might have been something nearer to a selection. The moment, however, was not one for much reflection on the subject.

"You will hardly leave us yet, Jack?" said Rose, in the manner related.

"It's now or never, Miss Rose. If the brig once gets away from this anchorage without me, I may never lay eyes on her ag'in. Her time is nearly up, for wood and iron wont hold together always, any more than flesh and blood. Consider how many years I have been busy in hunting her up, and how hard 't will be to lose that which has given me so many weary days and sleepless nights to find."

Rose said no more. If not convinced, she was evidently silenced, while Harry was left to wonder and surmise, as best he might. Both quitted the subject, to watch the people of the brig. By this time the anchor had been lifted, and the chain was heaving in on board the vessel, by means of a line that had been got around its bight. The work went on rapidly, and Mulford observed to Rose that he did not think it was the intention of Spike to remain long at the Tortugas, inasmuch as his brig was riding by a very short range of cable. This opinion was confirmed, half an hour later, when it was seen that the launch was hooked on and hoisted in again, as soon as the chain and anchor of the schooner were secured.

Jack Tier watched every movement with palpable uneasiness. His apprehensions that Spike would

obtain all he wanted, and be off before he could rejoin him, increased at each instant, and he did not scruple to announce an intention to take the boat and go alongside of the *Swash* at every hazard, rather than be left.

"You do not reflect on what you say, Jack," answered Harry; "unless, indeed, it be your intention to betray us. How could you appear in the boat, at this place, without letting it be known that we must be hard by?"

"That do n't follow at all, maty," answered Jack. "Suppose I go alongside the brig and own to the captain that I took the boat last night, with the hope of finding you, and that failing to succeed, I bore up for this port, to look for provisions and water. Miss Rose he thinks on board at this moment, and in my judgment he would take me at my word, give me a good cursing, and think no more about it."

"It would never do, Jack," interposed Rose, instantly. "It would cause the destruction of Harry, as Spike would not believe you had not found him, without an examination of this house."

"What are they about with the yawl, Mr. Mulford?" asked Jack, whose eye was never off the vessel for a single moment. "It is getting to be so dark that one can hardly see the boat, but it seems as if they are about to man the yawl."

"They are, and there goes a lantern into it. And that is Spike himself coming down the brig's side this instant."

"They can only bring a lantern to search this house," exclaimed Rose. "Oh! Harry, you are lost!"

"I rather think the lantern is for the light-house," answered Mulford, whose coolness, at what was certainly a most trying moment, did not desert him. "Spike may wish to keep the light burning, for once before, you will remember, he had it kindled after the keeper was removed. As for his sailing, he would not be apt to sail until the moon rises; and in beating back to the wreck the light may serve to let him know the bearings and position of the reef."

"There they come," whispered Rose, half breathless with alarm. "The boat has left the brig, and is coming directly hither!"

All this was true enough. The yawl had shoved off, and with two men to row it, was pulling for the wharf in front of the house, and among the timbers of which lay the boat, pretty well concealed beneath a sort of bridge. Mulford would not retreat, though he looked to the fastenings of the door as a means of increasing his chances of defence. In the stern-sheets of the boat sat two men, though it was not easy to ascertain who they were by the fading light. One was known to be Spike, however, and the other, it was conjectured, must be Don Juan Montefalderon, from the circumstance of his being in the place of honor. Three minutes solved this question, the boat reaching the wharf by that time. It was instantly secured, and all four of the men left it.

Spike was now plainly to be discerned by means of the lantern which he carried in his own hands. He gave some orders, in his customary authoritative way, and in a high key, after which he led the way from the wharf, walking side by side with the *Señor Montefalderon*. These two last came up within a yard of the door of the house, where they paused, enabling those within not only to see their persons and the working of their countenances, but to hear all that was said; this last the more especially, since Spike never thought it necessary to keep his powerful voice within moderate limits.

"It's hardly worth while, Don Wan, for you to go into the light-house," said Spike. "Tis but a greasy, dirty place at the best, and ones clothes are never the better for dealin' with ile. Here, Bill, take the lantern, and get a filled can, that we may go up and trim and fill the lamp, and make a blaze. Bear a hand, lads, and I'll be a'ter ye afore you reach the lantern. Be careful with the flame about the ile, for seamen ought never to wish to see a light-house destroyed."

"What do you expect to gain by lighting the lamps above, Don Esteban?" demanded the Mexican, when the sailors had disappeared in the light-house, taking their own lantern with them.

"It's wisest to keep things reg'lar about this spot, Don Wan, which will prevent unnecessary suspicions. But, as the brig stretches in toward the reef to-night, on our way back, the light will be a great assistance. I am short of officers, you know, and want all the help of this sort I can get."

"To be sincere with you, Don Esteban, I greatly regret you *are* so short of officers, and do not yet despair of inducing you to go and take off the mate, whom I hear you have left on a barren rock. He was a fine young fellow, *Señor Spike*, and the deed was not one that you will wish to remember a few years hence."

"The fellow run, and I took him at his word, Don Wan. I'm not obliged to receive back a deserter unless it suits me."

"We are all obliged to see we do not cause a fellow creature the loss of life. This will prove the death of the charming young woman who is so much attached to him, unless you relent and are merciful!"

"Women have tender looks but tough hearts," answered Spike, carelessly, though Mulford felt certain, by the tone of his voice, that great bitterness of feeling lay smothered beneath the affected indifference of his manner; "few die of love."

"The young lady has not been on deck all day; and the Irish woman tells me that she does nothing but drink water—the certain proof of a high fever."

"Ay, ay, she keeps her room if you will, Don Wan, but she is not about to make a dupe of me by any such tricks. I must go and look to the lamps, however, and you will find the graves you seek in the rear of this house, about thirty yards behind it, you'll remember. That's a very pretty cross you've made, *señor*, and the skipper of the schooner's soul

will be all the better for your setting it up at the head of his grave."

"It will serve to let those who come after us know that a Christian sleeps beneath the sand, Don Esteban," answered the Mexican, mildly. "I have no other expectation from this sacred symbol."

The two now separated, Spike going into the light-house, a little in a hurry, while Don Juan Montefalderon walked round the building to its rear in quest of the grave. Mulford waited a moment for Spike to get a short distance up the stairs of the high tower he had to ascend, when placing the arm of Rose within his own, he opened the door in the rear of the house, and walked boldly toward the Mexican. Don Juan was actually forcing the pointed end of his little cross into the sand, at the head of his countryman's grave, when Mulford and his trembling companion reached the spot. Although night had shut in, it was not so dark that persons could not be recognized at small distances. The Señor Montefalderon was startled at an apparition so sudden and unexpected, when Mulford saluted him by name; but recognizing first the voice of Harry, and then the persons of himself and his companion, surprise, rather than alarm, became the emotion that was uppermost. Notwithstanding the strength of the first of these feelings, he instantly saluted the young couple with the polished ease that marked his manner, which had much of the courtesy of a Castilian in it, tempered a little, perhaps, by the greater flexibility of a Southern American.

"I see you," exclaimed Don Juan, "and must believe my eyes. Without their evidence, however, I could scarce believe it can be you two, one of whom I thought on board the brig, and the other suffering a most miserable death on a naked rock."

"I am aware of your kind feelings in our behalf, Don Juan," said Mulford, "and it is the reason I now confide in you. I was taken off that rock by means of the boat, which you doubtless have missed; and this is the gentle being who has been the means of saving my life. To her and Jack Tier, who is yonder, under the shadows of the house, I owe my not being the victim of Spike's cruelty."

"I now comprehend the whole matter, Don Henriquez. Jack Tier has managed the boat for the señorita; and those whom we were told were too ill to be seen on deck, have been really out of the brig?"

"Such are the facts, señor, and from *you* there is no wish to conceal them. We are then to understand that the absence of Rose and Jack from the brig is not known to Spike."

"I believe not, señor. He has alluded to both, once or twice to-day, as being ill below; but would you not do well to retire within the shade of the dwelling, lest a glance from the lantern might let those in it know that I am not alone."

"There is little danger, Don Juan, as they who stand near a light cannot well see those who are in the darkness. Beside, they are high in the air,

while we are on the ground, which will greatly add to the obscurity down here. We can retire, nevertheless, as I have a few questions to ask, which may as well be put in perfect security, as put where there is any risk."

The three now drew near the house, Rose actually stepping within its door, though Harry remained on its exterior, in order to watch the proceedings of those in the light-house. Here the Señor Montefalderon entered into a more detailed explanation of what had occurred on board the brig, since the appearance of day, that very morning. According to his account of the matter, Spike had immediately called upon the people to explain the loss of the boat. Tier was not interrogated on this occasion, it being understood he had gone below and turned in, after having the look-out for fully half the night. As no one could, or would, give an account of the manner in which the boat was missing, Josh was ordered to go below and question Jack on the subject. Whether it was from consciousness of his own connection with the escape of Jack, and apprehensions of the consequences, or from innate good-nature, and a desire to befriend the lovers, this black now admitted that Jack confessed to him that the boat had got away from him while endeavoring to shift the turns of its painter from a cleft where they ought not to be to their proper place. This occurred early in Jack's watch, according to Josh's story, and had not been reported, as the boat did not properly belong to the brig, and was an incumbrance rather than an advantage. The mate admired the negro's cunning, as Don Juan related this part of his story, which put him in a situation to throw all the blame on Jack's mendacity in the event of a discovery, while it had the effect to allow the fugitives more time for their escape. The result was, that Spike bestowed a few hearty curses, as usual, on the clumsiness of Jack Tier, and seemed to forget all about the matter. It is probable he connected Jack's abstaining from showing himself on deck, and his alleged indisposition, with his supposed delinquency in this matter of the boat. From that moment the captain appeared to give himself no further concern on the subject, the boat having been, in truth, an incumbrance rather than a benefit, as stated.

As for Rose, her keeping her room, under the circumstances, was so very natural, that the Señor Montefalderon had been completely deceived, as, from his tranquillity on this point, there was no question was the case with Spike also. Biddy appeared on deck, though the widow did not, and the Irish woman shook her head anxiously when questioned about her young mistress, giving the spectators reason to suppose that the latter was in a very bad way.

As respects the brig and her movements, Spike had got under way as soon as there was light enough to find his course, and had run through the passage. It is probable that the boat was seen; for something that was taken for a small sail had just been made

out for a single instant, and then became lost again. This little sail was made, if made at all, in the direction of the Dry Tortugas, but so completely was all suspicion at rest in the minds of those on the quarter-deck of the *Swash*, that neither Spike nor the Mexican had the least idea what it was. When the circumstance was reported to the former, he answered that it was probably some small wrecker, of which many were hovering about the reef, and added, laughing, though in a way to prove how little he thought seriously on the subject at all, "who knows but the light-house boat has fallen into their hands, and that they've made sail on *her*; if they have, my word for it, that she goes, hull, spars, rigging, canvas, and cargo, all in a lump, for salvage."

As the brig came out of the passage, in broad day, the heads of the schooner's masts were seen, as a matter of course. This induced Spike to heave-to, to lower a boat, and to go in person to examine the condition of the wreck. It will be seen that Jack's presence could now be all the better dispensed with. The examination, with the soundings, and other calculations connected with raising the vessel, occupied hours. When they were completed, Spike returned on board, run up his boat, and squared away for the Dry Tortugas. Señor Montefalderon confirmed the justice of Jack Tier's surmises, as to the object of this unexpected visit. The brig had come solely for the chain and anchor mentioned, and having secured them, it was Spike's intention to get under way and beat up to the wreck again as soon as the moon rose. As for the sloop-of-war, he believed she had given him up; for by this time she must know that she had no chance with the brig, so long as the latter kept near the reef, and that she ran the constant hazard of shipwreck, while playing so near the dangers herself.

Before the Señor Montefalderon exhausted all he had to communicate, he was interrupted by Jack Tier with a singular proposition. Jack's great desire was to get on board the *Swash*; and he now begged the Mexican to let Mulford take the yawl and scull him off to the brig, and return to the islet before Spike and his companions should descend from the lantern of the light-house. The little fellow insisted there was sufficient time for such a purpose, as the three in the lantern had not yet succeeded in filling the lamps with the oil necessary to their burning for a night—a duty that usually occupied the regular keeper for an hour. Five or six minutes would suffice for him; and if he were seen going up the brig's side, it would be easy for him to maintain that he had come ashore in the boat. No one took such precise note of what was going on, as to be able to contradict him; and as to Spike and the men with him, they would probably never hear any thing about it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was struck with the boldness of Jack Tier's plan, but refused his assent to it. He deemed it too hazardous, but substituted a

project of his own. The moon would not rise until near eleven, and it wanted several hours before the time of sailing. When they returned to the brig, he would procure his cloak, and scull himself ashore, being perfectly used to managing a boat in this way, under the pretence of wishing to pass an hour longer near the grave of his countryman. At the expiration of that hour he would take Jack off, concealed beneath his cloak—an exploit of no great difficulty in the darkness, especially as no one would be on deck but a hand or two keeping the anchor-watch. With this arrangement, therefore, Jack Tier was obliged to be content.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes more passed, during which the Mexican again alluded to his country, and his regrets at her deplorable situation. The battles of the 8th and 9th of May, two combats that ought to, and which will reflect high honor on the little army that won them, as well as on that hardly worked, and in some respects hardly used, service to which they belong, had been just fought. Don Juan mentioned these events without reserve, and frankly admitted that success had fallen to the portion of much the weaker party. He ascribed the victory to the great superiority of the American officers of inferior rank; it being well known that in the service of the "Republic of the North," as he termed America, men who had been regularly educated at the military academy, and who had reached the period of middle life, were serving in the stations of captains, and sometimes in that of lieutenants; men who, in many cases, were fitted to command regiments and brigades, having been kept in these lower stations by the tardiness with which promotion comes in an army like that of this country.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not sufficiently conversant with the subject, perhaps, else he might have added, that when occasions *do* offer to bestow on these gentlemen the preferment they have so hardly and patiently earned, they are too often neglected, in order to extend the circle of vulgar political patronage. He did not know that when a new regiment of dragoons was raised, one permanent in its character, and intended to be identified with the army in all future time, that, instead of giving its commissions to those who had fairly earned them by long privations and faithful service, they were given, with one or two exceptions, to strangers.

No government trifles more with its army and navy than our own. So niggardly are the master-spirits at Washington of the honors justly earned by military men, that we have fleets still commanded by captains, and armies by officers whose regular duty it would be to command brigades. The world is edified with the sight of forces sufficient, in numbers, and every other military requisite, to make one of Napoleon's *corps de armée*, led by one whose commission would place him properly at the head of a brigade, and nobly led, too. Here, when so favorable an occasion offers to add a regiment or two

to the old permanent line of the army, and thus infuse new life into its hope-deferred, the opportunity is overlooked, and the rank and file are to be obtained by cramming, instead of by a generous regard to the interests of the gallant gentlemen who have done so much for the honor of the American name, and, unhappily, so little for themselves. The extra-patriots of the nation, and they form a legion large enough to trample the "Halls of the Montezumas" under their feet, tell us that the reward of those other patriots beneath the shadows of the Sierra Madre, is to be in the love and approbation of their fellow citizens, at the very moment when they are giving the palpable proof of the value of this esteem, and of the inconstancy of popular applause, by pointing their fingers, on account of an inadvertent expression in a letter, at the gallant soldier who taught, in our own times, the troops of this country to stand up to the best appointed regiments of England, and to carry off victory from the pride of Europe, in fair field-fights. Alas! alas! it is true of nations as well as of men, in their simplest and earliest forms of association, that there are "secrets in all families;" and it will no more do to dwell on our own, than it would edify us to expose those of poor Mexico.

The discourse between the Señor Montefalderon and Mulford was interesting, as it ever has been when the former spoke of his unfortunate country. On the subject of the battles of May he was candid, and admitted his deep mortification and regrets. He had expected more from the force collected on the Rio Grande, though, understanding the northern character better than most of his countrymen, he had not been as much taken by surprise as the great bulk of his own nation.

"Nevertheless, Don Henrique," he concluded, for the voice of Spike was just then heard as he was descending the stairs of the light-house, "Nevertheless, Don Henrique, there is one thing that your people, brave, energetic, and powerful as I acknowledge them to be, would do well to remember, and it is this—no nation of the numbers of ours can be, or ever was conquered, unless by the force of political combinations. In a certain state of society a government may be overturned, or a capital taken, and carry a whole country along with it, but our condition is one not likely to bring about such a result. We are of a race different from the Anglo-Saxon, and it will not be easy either to assimilate us to your own, or wholly to subdue us. In those parts of the country, where the population is small, in time, no doubt, the Spanish race might be absorbed, and your sway established; but ages of war would be necessary entirely to obliterate our usages, our language, and our religion from the peopled portions of Mexico."

It might be well for some among us to reflect on these matters. The opinions of Don Juan, in our judgment, being entitled to the consideration of all prudent and considerate men.

As Spike descended to the door of the light-house,

Harry, Rose, and Jack Tier retired within that of the dwelling. Presently the voice of the captain was heard hailing the Mexican, and together they walked to the wharf, the former boasting to the latter of his success in making a brilliant light. Brilliant it was, indeed; so brilliant as to give Mulford many misgivings on the subject of the boat. The light from the lantern fell upon the wharf, and he could see the boat from the window where he stood, with Spike standing nearly over it, waiting for the men to get his own yawl ready. It is true, the captain's back was toward the dangerous object, and the planks of the bridge were partly between him and it; but there was a serious danger that was solely averted by the circumstance that Spike was so earnestly dilating on some subject to Don Juan, as to look only at that gentleman's face. A minute later they were all in the yawl, which pulled rapidly toward the brig.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not long absent. Ten minutes sufficed for the boat to reach the Swash, for him to obtain his cloak, and to return to the islet alone, no one in the vessel feeling a desire to interfere with his imaginary prayers. As for the people, it was not probable that one in the brig could have been induced to accompany him to the graves at that hour, though every body but Josh had turned in, as he informed Mulford, to catch short naps previously to the hour of getting the brig under way. As for the steward, he had been placed on the lookout as the greatest idler on board. All this was exceedingly favorable to Jack Tier's project, since Josh was already in the secret of his absence, and would not be likely to betray his return. After a brief consultation, it was agreed to wait half an hour, or an hour, in order to let the sleepers lose all consciousness, when Don Juan proposed returning to the vessel with his new companion.

The thirty or forty minutes that succeeded were passed in general conversation. On this occasion the Señor Montefalderon spoke more freely than he had yet done of recent events. He let it be plainly seen how much he despised Spike, and how irksome to him was the intercourse he was obliged to maintain, and to which he only submitted through a sense of duty. The money known to be in the schooner, was of a larger amount than had been supposed; and every dollar was so important to Mexico, at that moment, that he did not like to abandon it, else, did he declare, that he would quit the brig at once, and share in the fortunes of Harry and Rose. He courteously expressed his best wishes for the happiness of the young couple, and delicately intimated that, under the circumstances, he supposed that they would be united as soon as they could reach a place where the marriage rite could be celebrated. This was said in the most judicious way possible; so delicately as not to wound any one's feeling, and in a way to cause it to resemble the announcement of an expectation rather than the piece of paternal advice for which it was really intended. Harry

was delighted with this suggestion of his Mexican friend—the most loyal American may still have a sincere friend of Mexican birth and Mexican feelings, too—since it favored not only his secret wishes, but his secret expectations also.

At the appointed moment, Don Juan Montefel-deron and Jack Tier took their leave of the two they left behind them. Rose manifested what to Harry seemed a strange reluctance to part with the little steward; but Tier was bent on profiting by this excellent opportunity to get back to the brig. They went, accordingly, and the anxious listeners, who watched the slightest movement of the yawl, from the shore, had reason to believe that Jack was smuggled in without detection. They heard the familiar sound of the oar falling in the boat, and Mulford said that Josh's voice might be distinguished, answering to a call from Don Juan. No noise or clamor was heard, such as Spike would certainly have made, had he detected the deception that had been practiced on himself.

Harry and Rose were now alone. The former suggested that the latter should take possession of one of the little bed-rooms that are usually to be found in American dwellings of the dimensions and humble character of the light-house abode, while he kept watch until the brig should sail. Until Spike was fairly off, he would not trust himself to sleep; but there was no sufficient reason why Rose should not endeavor to repair the evil of a broken night's rest, like that which had been passed in the boat. With this understanding, then, our heroine took possession of her little apartment, where she threw herself on the bed in her clothes, while Mulford walked into the air, as the most effective means of helping to keep his eyes open.

It was now some time past ten, and before eleven the moon would rise. The mate consequently knew that his watch could not be long before Spike would quit the neighborhood—a circumstance pregnant with immense relief to him at least. So long as that unscrupulous, and now nearly desperate, man remained any where near Rose, he felt that she could not be safe; and as he paced the sands, on the off, or outer side of the islet, in order to be beyond the influence of the light in the lantern, his eye was scarcely a moment taken away from the Swash, so impatiently and anxiously did he wait for the signs of some movement on board her.

The moon rose, and Mulford heard the well-known raps on the booby-hatch, which precedes the call of "all hands," on board a merchant-man. "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" succeeded, and in less than five minutes the bustle on board the brig announced the fact, that her people were "getting the anchor." By this time it had got to be so light that the mate deemed it prudent to return to the house, in order that he might conceal his person within its shadow. Awake Rose he would not, though he knew she would witness the departure of the Swash with a satisfaction little short of his own. He thought he

would wait, that when he did speak to her at all, it might be to announce their entire safety. As regarded the aunt, Rose was much relieved on her account, by the knowledge that Jack Tier would not fail to let Mrs. Budd know every thing connected with her own situation and prospects. The desertion of Jack, after coming so far with her, had pained our heroine in a way we cannot at present explain; but go he would, probably feeling assured there was no longer any necessity for his continuance with the lovers, in order to prevail on Rose to escape from Spike.

The Swash was not long in getting her ground-tackle, and the brig was soon seen with her top-sail aback, waiting to cat the anchor. This done, the yards swung round and the top-sail filled. It was blowing just a good breeze for such a craft to carry whole sail on a bowline with, and away the light and active craft started, like the racer that is galloping for daily exercise. Of course there were several passages by which a vessel might quit the group of islets, some being larger, and some smaller, but all having sufficient water for a brigantine of the Molly's draught. Determined not to lose an inch of distance unnecessarily, Spike luffed close up to the wind, making an effort to pass out to windward of the light. In order to do this, however, it became necessary for him to make two short tacks within the haven, which brought him far enough to the southward and eastward to effect his purpose. While this was doing, the mate, who perfectly understood the object of the manœuvres, passed to the side of the light-house that was opposite to that on which the dwelling was placed, with a view to get a better view of the vessel as she stood out to sea. In order to do this, however, it was necessary for the young man to pass through a broad bit of moonlight; but he trusted for his not being seen, to the active manner in which all hands were employed on board the vessel. It would seem that, in this respect, Mulford trusted without his host, for as the vessel drew near, he perceived that six or eight figures were on the guns of the Swash, or in her rigging, gesticulating eagerly, and seemingly pointing to the very spot where he stood. When the brig got fairly abeam of the light, she would not be a hundred yards distant from it, and fearful to complete the exposure of his person, which he had so inadvertently and unexpectedly commenced, our mate drew up close to the wall of the light-house, against which he sustained himself in a position as immovable as possible. This movement had been seen by a single seaman on board the Swash, and the man happened to be one of those who had landed with Spike only two hours before. His name was Barlow.

"Capt. Spike, sir," called out Barlow, who was coiling up rigging on the fore-castle, and was consequently obliged to call out so loud as to be heard by all on board, "yonder is a man, at the foot of the light-house."

By this time, the moon coming out bright through an opening in the clouds, Mulford had become conscious of the risk he ran, and was drawn up, as immovable as the pile itself, against the stones of the light-house. Such an announcement brought everybody to leeward, and every head over the bulwarks. Spike himself sprang into the lee main-chains, where his view was unobstructed, and where Mulford saw and recognized him, even better than he was seen and recognized in his own person. All this time the brig was moving ahead.

"A man, Barlow!" exclaimed Spike, in the way one a little bewildered by an announcement expresses his surprise. "A man! that can never be. There is no one at the light-house, you know."

"There he stands, sir, with his back to the tower, and his face this way. His dark figure against the white-washed stones is plain enough to be seen. Living, or dead, sir, that is the mate!"

"*Living* it cannot be," answered Spike, though he gulped at the words the next moment.

A general exclamation now showed that everybody recognized the mate, whose figure, stature, dress, and even features, were by this time all tolerably distinct. The fixed attitude, however, the immovable, statue-like rigidity of the form, and all the other known circumstances of Harry's case, united to produce a common and simultaneous impression among the superstitious mariners, that what they saw was but the ghostly shadow of one lately departed to the world of spirits. Even Spike was not free from this illusion, and his knees shook beneath him, there where he stood, in the channels of a vessel that he had handled like a top in so many gales and tempests. With him, however, the illusion was neither absolute nor lasting. A second thought told him it could scarcely be so, and then he found his voice. By this time the brig was nearly abreast of where Harry stood.

"You, Josh!" called out Spike, in a voice of thunder, loud enough to startle even Mrs. Budd and Biddy in their berths.

"Lor' help us all!" answered the negro, "what *will* come next t'ing aboard dis wessel! Here I be, sir."

"Pass the fowling-piece out of my state-room. Both barrels are loaded with ball; I'll try him, though the bullets *are* only lead."

A common exclamation of dissatisfaction escaped the men, while Josh was obeying the order, "It's no use." "You never can hurt one of them things," "Something will befall the brig on account of this," and "It's the mate's sperit, and sperits can't be harmed by lead or iron," were the sort of remarks made by the seamen, during the short interval between the issuing the order for the fowling-piece and its execution.

"There 'tis, Capt. Spike," said Josh, passing the piece up through the rigging, "but 't will no more shoot *that* thing, than one of our carronades would blow up Gibraltar."

By this time Spike was very determined, his lips being compressed and his teeth set, as he took the gun and cocked it. Then he hailed. As all that passed occurred, as it might be, at once, the brig even at that moment was little more than abreast of the immovable mate, and about eighty yards from him.

"Light-house, there!" cried Spike—"Living or dead, answer or I fire."

No answer came, and no motion appeared in the dark figure that was now very plainly visible, under a bright moon, drawn in high relief against the glittering white of the tower. Spike dropped the muzzle to its aim and fired.

So intense was the attention of all in the Swash, that a wink of Harry's could almost have been seen, had he betrayed even that slight sign of human infirmity at the flash and the report. The ball was flattened against a stone of the building, within a foot of the mate's body; but he did not stir. All depended now on his perfect immovability, as he well knew, and he so far commanded himself as to remain rigid as if of stone himself.

"There! one can see how it is—no life in that being," said one. "I know'd how it would end," added another. "Nothing but silver, and that cast on purpose, will ever lay it," continued a third. But Spike disregarded all. This time he was resolved that his aim should be better, and he was inveterately deliberate in getting it. Just as he pulled the trigger, however, Don Juan Montefalderon touched his elbow, the piece was fired, and there stood the immovable figure as before, fixed against the tower. Spike was turning angrily to chide his Mexican friend for deranging his aim, when the report of an answering musket came back like an echo. Every eye was turned toward the figure, but it moved not. Then the humming sound of an advancing ball was heard, and a bullet passed, whistling hoarsely, through the rigging, and fell some distance to windward. Every head disappeared below the bulwarks. Even Spike was so far astonished as to spring in upon deck, and, for a single instant, not a man was to be seen above the monkey-rail of the brig. Then Spike recovered himself and jumped upon a gun. His first look was toward the light-house, now on the vessel's lee-quarter; but the spot where had so lately been seen the form of Mulford, showed nothing but the glittering brightness of the white-washed stones!

The reader will not be surprised to learn that all these events produced a strange and deep impression on board the Molly Swash. The few who might have thrown a little light on the matter were discreetly silent, while all that portion of the crew which was in the dark, firmly believed that the spirit of the murdered mate was visiting them, in order to avenge the wrongs which had been inflicted on it in the flesh. The superstition of sailors is as deep as it is general. All those of the Molly, too, were salts of the old school, sea-dogs of a past

generation, properly speaking, and mariners who had got their notions in the early part of the century, when the spirit of progress was less active than it is at present.

Spike himself might have had other misgivings, and believe that he had seen the living form of his intended victim, but for the extraordinary and ghost-like echo of his last discharge. There was nothing visible, or intelligible, from which that fire could have come, and he was perfectly bewildered by the whole occurrence. An intention to round-to, as soon as through the passage, down boat and land, which had been promptly conceived when he found that his first aim had failed, was as suddenly abandoned, and he gave the command to "board fore-tack;" immediately after his call was to "pack on the brig," and not without a little tremor in his voice, as soon as he perceived that the figure had vanished. The crew was not slow to obey these orders, and in ten minutes the Swash was a mile from the light, standing to the northward and eastward, under a press of canvas, and with a freshening breeze.

To return to the islets. Harry, from the first, had seen that every thing depended on his remaining motionless. As the people of the brig were partly in shadow, he could not, and did not, fully understand how completely he was himself exposed, in consequence of the brightness of all around him, and he had at first hoped to be mistaken for some accidental resemblance to a man. His nerves were well tried by the use of the fowling-piece, but they proved equal to the necessities of the occasion. But, when an answering report came from the rear, or from the opposite side of the islet, he darted round the tower, as much taken by surprise, and overcome by wonder, as any one else who heard it. It was this rapid movement which caused his flight to be unnoticed, all the men of the brig dodging below their own bulwarks at that precise instant.

As the light-house was now between the mate and the brig, he had no longer any motive for trying to conceal himself. His first thought was of Rose, and, strange as it may seem, for some little time he fancied that she had found a musket in the dwelling and discharged it, in order to aid his escape. The events had passed so swiftly that there was no time for the cool consideration of any thing, and it is not surprising that some extravagances mingled with the first surmises of all these.

On reaching the door of the house, therefore, Harry was by no means surprised at seeing Rose standing in it, gazing at the swiftly receding brigantine. He even looked for the musket, expecting to see it lying at her feet, or leaning against the wall of the building. Rose, however, was entirely unarmed, and as dependent on him for support as when he had parted from her, an hour or two before.

"Where did you find that musket, Rose, and what have you done with it?" inquired Harry, as

soon as he had looked in every place he thought likely to hold such an implement.

"Musket, Harry! I have had no musket, though the report of fire-arms, near by, awoke me from a sweet sleep."

"Is this possible! I had imprudently trusted myself on the other side of the lighthouse, while the moon was behind clouds, and when they broke suddenly away its light betrayed me to those on board the brig. Spike fired at me twice, without injuring me; when, to my astonishment, an answering report was heard from the islet. What is more, the piece was charged with a ball cartridge, for I heard the whistling of the bullet as it passed on its way to the brig."

"And you supposed I had fired that musket?"

"Whom else could I suppose had done it? You are not a very likely person to do such a thing, I will own, my love, but there are none but us two here."

"It must be Jack Tier," exclaimed Rose suddenly.

"That is impossible, since he has left us."

"One never knows. Jack understood how anxious I was to retain him with us, and he is so capricious and full of schemes, that he may have contrived to get out of the brig, as artfully as he got on board her."

"If Jack Tier be actually on this islet, I shall set him down as little else than a conjurer."

"Hut!" interrupted Rose, "what noise is that in the direction of the wharf? It sounds like an oar falling in a boat."

Mulford heard that well known sound, as well as his companion, and, followed by Rose, he passed swiftly through the house, coming out at the front next the wharf. The moon was still shining bright, and the mystery of the echoing report and answering shot was immediately explained. A large boat, one that pulled ten oars at least, was just coming up to the end of the wharf, and the manner in which its oars were unshipped and tossed, announced to the mate that the crew were man-of-war's men. He walked hastily forward to meet them.

Three officers first left the boat together. The gold bands of their caps showed that they belonged to the quarter-deck, a fact that the light of the moon made apparent at once, though it was not strong enough to render features distinct. As Mulford continued to advance, however, the three officers saluted him.

"I see you have got the light under way once more," observed the leader of the party. "Last night it was as dark as Erebus in your lantern."

"The light-house keeper and his assistant have both been drowned," answered Mulford. "The lamps have been lit to-night by the people of the brig which has just gone out."

"Pray, sir, what brig may that be?"

"The Molly Swash, of New York; a craft that I lately belonged to myself, but which I have left on account of her evil doings."

"The Molly Swash, Stephen Spike master and owner, bound to Key West and a market, with a cargo of eight hundred barrels of flour, and that of a quality so lively and pungent that it explodes like gunpowder! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mate, for not recognizing you sooner. Have you forgotten the Poughkeepsie, Capt. Mull, and her far-reaching Paixhans?"

"I ought to ask your pardon, Mr. Wallace, for not recognizing you sooner, too. But one does not distinguish well by moonlight. I am delighted, to see you, sir, and now hope that, with my assistance, a stop can be put to the career of the brig."

"What, Mr. Mate, do you turn against your craft?" said Wallace, under the impulsive feeling which induces all loyal men to have a distaste for treachery of every sort, "the seaman should love the very planks of his vessel."

"I fully understand you, Mr. Wallace, and will own that, for a long time, I was tied to rascality by the opinions to which you allude. But, when you come to hear my explanation, I do not fear your judgment in the least."

Mulford now led the way into the house, whither Rose had already retreated, and where she had lighted candles, and made other womanly arrangements for receiving her guests. At Harry's suggestion, some of the soup was placed over coals, to warm up for the party, and our heroine made her preparations to comfort them also with a cup of tea. While she was thus employed Mulford gave the whole history of his connection with the brig, his indisposition to quit the latter, the full exposure of Spike's treason, his own desertion, if desertion it could be called, the loss of the schooner, and his abandonment on the rock, and the manner in which he had been finally relieved. It was scarcely possible to relate all these matters, and altogether avoid allusions to the schemes of Spike in connection with Rose, and the relation in which our young man himself stood toward her. Although Mulford touched on these points with great delicacy, it was as a seaman talking to seamen, and he could not entirely throw aside the frankness of the profession. Ashore, men live in the privacy of their own domestic circles, and their secrets, and secret thoughts, are "family secrets," of which it has passed into a proverb to say, that there are always some, even in the best of these communities. On shipboard, in the camp it is very different. The close contact in which men are brought with each other, the necessity that exists for opening the heart and expanding the charities, gets in time to influence the whole character, and a certain degree of frankness and simplicity takes the place of the reserve and acting that might have been quickened in the same individual, under a different system of schooling. But Mulford was frank by nature, as well as by his sea-education, and his companions on this occasion were pretty well possessed of all his wishes and plans, in reference to Rose, even to his hope of falling in with the chap-

lain of the Poughkeepsie, by the time his story was all told. The fact that Rose was occupied in another room, most of the time, had made these explanations all the easier, and spared her many a blush. As for the man-of-war's men, they listened to the tale with manly interest and a generous sympathy.

"I am glad to hear your explanation, Mr. Mate," said Wallace, cordially, as soon as Harry had done, "and there's my hand, in proof that I approve of your course. I own to a radical dislike of a turncoat, or a traitor to his craft, Brother Hollins"—looking at the elder of his two companions, one of whom was the midshipman who had originally accompanied him on board the Swash—"and am glad to find that our friend Mulford here is neither. A true-hearted sailor can be excused for deserting even his own ship, under such circumstances."

"I am glad to hear even this little concession from you, Wallace," answered Hollins, good naturedly, and speaking with a mild expression of benevolence, on a very calm and thoughtful countenance. "Your mess is as heterodox as any I ever sailed with, on the subject of our duties, in this respect."

"I hold it to be a sailor's duty to stick by his ship, *reverend* and dear sir."

This mode of address, which was used by the "ship's gentleman" in the cant of the ward-room, as a pleasantry of an old shipmate, for the two had long sailed together in other vessels, at once announced to Harry that he saw the very chaplain for whose presence he had been so anxiously wishing. The "reverend and dear sir" smiled at the sally of his friend, a sort of thing to which he was very well accustomed, but he answered with a gravity and point that, it is to be presumed, he thought befitting his holy office.

It may be well to remark here, that the Rev. Mr. Hollins was not one of the "launch'd chaplains" that used to do discredit to the navy of this country, or a layman dubbed with such a title, and rated that he might get the pay and become a boon companion of the captain, at the table and in his frolics ashore. Those days are gone by, and ministers of the gospel are now really employed to care for the souls of the poor sailors, who so long have been treated by others, and have treated themselves, indeed, as if they were beings without souls altogether. In these particulars the world has certainly advanced, though the wise and the good, in looking around them, may feel more cause for astonishment in contemplating what it once was, than to rejoice in what it actually is. But intellect has certainly improved in the aggregate, if not in its especial dispensations, and men will not now submit to abuses that, within the recollections of a generation, they even cherished. In reference to the more intellectual appointments of a ship of war, the commander excepted, for we contend he who directs all ought to possess the most capacity, but, in reference to what are ordinarily believed to be the more intellectual appointments of a

vessel of war, the surgeon and the chaplain, we well recollect opinions that were expressed to us, many years since, by two officers of the highest rank known to the service. "When I first entered the navy," said one of these old Benbows, "if I had occasion for the amputation of a leg, and the question lay between the carpenter and the doctor, d—e, but I would have tried the carpenter first, for I felt pretty certain he would have been the most likely to get through with the job." "In old times," said the other, "when a chaplain joined a ship, the question immediately arose whether the mess were to convert the chaplain, or the chaplain the mess, and the mess generally got the best of it." There was very little exaggeration in either of these opinions. But, happily, all this is changed vastly for the better, and a navy-surgeon is necessarily a man of education and experience; in very many instances men of high talents are to be found among them; while chaplains can do something better than play at backgammon, eat terrapins, when in what may be called terrapin-ports, and drink brandy and water, or pure Bob Smith.*

"It is a great mistake, Wallace, to fancy that the highest duty a man owes is either to his ship or to his country," observed the Rev. Mr. Hollins quietly. "The highest duty of each and all of us is to God; and whatever conflicts with that duty must be avoided as a transgression of his laws, and consequently as a sin."

"You surprise me, reverend and dear sir! I do not remember ever to have heard you broach such opinions before, which might be interpreted to mean that a fellow might be disloyal to his flag."

"Because the opinion might be liable to misinterpretation. Still, I do not go as far as many of my friends on this subject. If Decatur ever really said, 'our country, right or wrong,' he said what might be just enough, and creditable enough, in certain cases, and taken with the fair limitations that he probably intended should accompany the sentiment; but, if he meant it as an absolute and controlling principle, it was not possible to be more in error. In this last sense, such a rule of conduct might, and in old times often would, have justified idolatry; nay, it is a species of idolatry in itself, since it is putting country before God. Sailors may not always be able to make the just distinctions in these cases, but the quarter-deck should be so, irreverend and dear sir."

Wallace laughed, and then he turned the discourse to the subject more properly before them.

"I understand you to say, Mr. Mulford," he remarked, "that, in your opinion, the Swash has gone to try to raise the unfortunate Mexican schooner, a second time, from the depths of the ocean?"

"From the rock on which she lies. Under the circumstances, I hardly think he would have come

hither for the chain and cable, unless with some such object. We know, moreover, that such *was* his intention when we left the brig."

"And you can take us to the very spot where that wreck lies?"

"Without any difficulty. Her masts are partly out of water, and we hung on to them. in our boat, no later than the last night, or this morning rather."

"So far, well. Your conduct in all this affair will be duly appreciated, and Capt. Mull will not fail to represent it in a right point of view to the government."

"Where is the ship, sir. I looked for her most anxiously, without success, last evening; nor had Jack Tier, the little fellow I have named to you, any better luck; though I sent him aloft, as high as the lantern in the light-house, for that purpose."

"The ship is off here to the northward and westward, some six leagues or so. At sunset she may have been a little further. We have supposed that the Swash would be coming back hither, and had laid a trap for her, which came very near taking her alive."

"What is the trap you mean, sir—though taking Stephen Spike alive is sooner said than done."

"Our plan has been to catch him with our boats. With the greater draught of water of the Poughkeepsie, and the heels of your brig, sir, a regular chase about these reefs, as we knew from experience, would be almost hopeless. It was, therefore, necessary to use head-work, and some man-of-war traverses, in order to lay hold of him. Yesterday afternoon we hoisted out three cutters, manned them, and made sail in them all, under our lugs, working up against the trades. Each boat took its own course, one going off the west end of the reef, one going more to the eastward, while I came this way, to look in at the Dry Tortugas. Spike will be lucky if he do not fall in with our third cutter, which is under the fourth lieutenant, should he stand on far on the same tack as that on which he left this place. Let him try his fortune, however. As for our boat, as soon as I saw the lamps burning in the lantern, I made the best of my way hither, and got sight of the brig just as she loosened her sails. Then I took in my own lugs and came on with the oars. Had we continued under our canvas, with this breeze, I almost think we might have overhauled the rascal."

"It would have been impossible, sir. The moment he got a sight of your sails he would have been off in a contrary direction, and that brig really seems to fly, whenever there is a pressing occasion for her to move. You did the wisest thing you could have done, and barely missed him as it was. He has not seen you at all, as it is, and will be all the less on his guard against the next visit from the ship."

"Not seen me! Why, sir, the fellow fired at us twice with a musket; why he did not use a carronade is more than I can tell."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wallace; those two shots were

* In the palmy days of the service, when Robert Smith was so long Secretary of the Navy, the ship's whisky went by this familiar *sobriquet*.

intended for me, though I now fully comprehend why you answered them."

"Answered them! yes, indeed; who would not answer such a salute, and gun for gun, if he had a chance. I certainly thought he was firing at us, and having a musket between my legs, I let fly in return, and even the chaplain here will allow that was returning 'good for evil.' But explain your meaning."

Mulford now went into the details of the incidents connected with his coming into the moon-light, at the foot of the light-house. That he was not mistaken as to the party for whom the shots were intended, was plain enough to him, from the words that passed aloud among the people of the *Swash*, as well as from the circumstance that both balls struck the stones of the tower quite near him. This statement explained every thing to Wallace, who now fully comprehended the cause and motive of each incident.

It was now near eleven, and Rose had prepared the table for supper. The gentlemen of the Poughkeepsie manifested great interest in the movements of the Hebe-like little attendant who was caring for their wants. When the cloth was to be laid, the midshipman offered his assistance, but his superior directed him to send a hand or two up from the wharf, where the crew of the cutter were lounging or sleeping after their cruise. These men had been thought of, too, and a vessel filled with smoking soup was taken to them by one of their own number.

The supper was as cheerful as it was excellent. The dry humor of Wallace, the mild intelligence of the chaplain, the good sense of Harry, and the spirited information of Rose, contributed, each in its particular way, to make the meal memorable in more senses than one. The laugh came easily at that table, and it was twelve o'clock before the party thought of breaking up.

The dispositions for the night were soon made. Rose returned to her little room, where she could now sleep in comfort, and without apprehension. The gentlemen made the disposition of their persons that circumstances allowed, each finding something on which to repose that was preferable to a plank. As for the men, they were accustomed to hard fare, and enjoyed their present good-luck to the top of their bent. It was quite late before they had done "spinning their yarns" and "cracking their jokes" around the pot of turtle-soup, and the can of grog that succeeded it. By half past twelve, however, every body was asleep.

Mulford was the first person afoot the following morning. He left the house just as the sun rose, and perceiving that the "coast was clear" of sharks, he threw off his light attire, and plunged into the sea. Refreshed with this indulgence, he was returning toward the building, when he met the chaplain coming in quest of him. This gentleman, a man of real piety, and of great discretion, had been singularly struck, on the preceding night, with the narrative of our young mate; and he had not

failed to note the allusions, slight as they were, and delicately put as they had been, to himself. He saw at once the propriety of marrying a couple so situated, and now sought Harry with a view to bring about so desirable an event, by intimating his entire willingness to officiate. It is scarcely necessary to say that very few words were wanting to persuade the young man to fall into his views; and as to Rose, he had handed her a short note on the same subject, which he was of opinion would be likely to bring her to the same way of thinking.

An hour later, all the officers, Harry and Rose, were assembled in what might be termed the light-house parlor. The Rev. Mr. Hollins had neither band, gown, nor surplice; but he had what was far better, feeling and piety. Without a prayer-book he never moved; and he read the marriage ceremony with a solemnity that was communicated to all present. The ring was that which had been used at the marriage of Rose's parents, and which she wore habitually, though not on the left hand. In a word, Harry and Rose were as firmly and legally united, on that solitary and almost unknown islet, as could have been the case had they stood up before the altar of mother Trinity itself, with a bishop to officiate, and a legion of attendants. After the compliments which succeeded the ceremony, the whole party sat down to breakfast.

If the supper had been agreeable, the morning meal was not less so. Rose was timid and blushing, as became a bride, though she could not but feel how much more respectable her position became under the protection of Harry as his wife, than it had been while she was only his betrothed. The most delicate deportment, on the part of her companions, soon relieved her embarrassment, however, and the breakfast passed off without cause for an unhappy moment.

"The ship's standing in toward the light, sir," reported the cockswain of the cutter, as the party was still lingering around the table, as if unwilling to bring so pleasant a meal to a close. "Since the mist has broke away, we see her, sir, even to her ports and dead-eyes."

"In that case, Sam, she can't be very far off," answered Wallace. "Ay, there goes a gun from her at this moment, as much as to say, 'what has become of all of my boats.' Run down and let off a musket; perhaps she will make out to hear that, as we must be rather to windward, if any thing."

The signal was given and understood. A quarter of an hour later, the Poughkeepsie began to shorten sail. Then Wallace stationed himself in the cutter, in the centre of one of the passages, signalling the ship to come on. Ten minutes later still, the noble craft came into the haven, passing the still burning light, with her top-sails just lifting, and making a graceful sweep under very reduced sail, she came to the wind, very near the spot where the *Swash* had lain only ten hours before, and dropped an anchor.

[To be continued.]

THE STRATAGEM.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. BRIP.

CHAPTER I.

"'T is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to view his wondrous works."

On a warm afternoon, in the summer of 1843, a solitary horseman might have been seen advancing along a sylvan road not far from the Washington House, in the neighborhood of the White Mountains. Our traveler was apparently very young, and had quite a prepossessing appearance. His figure, though well knit, was delicate, and he rode his spirited steed with graceful ease. Suddenly the road emerged from the woodlands, and he found himself in one of those bright green valleys with which our beautiful land is embellished. He involuntarily drew in his rein, and stopped to gaze on the landscape. On one side the view presented the White Hills, with their mighty peaks, stupendous and grand. On the other side, in the distance, swelled up a gentle elevation, covered with green fields and clumps of forest. Immediately before him a streamlet went purling on its course, warbling its murmuring music, seeming the spirit of peace whispering "all's well."

After a few minutes the young man put spurs to his horse, and in a gallop dashed down the road with unabated speed until he arrived at the Washington House, kept by Horace Fabyan, which lay concealed in the lap of the mountain, like the modest violet nestling in a quiet nook. After refreshing himself, our hero, whom we shall call Harry Thatcher, urged on by his enthusiastic love of nature, and contrary to the advice of his landlord, who thought it rather late to make the attempt alone, resolved to gain the summit of Mount Deception. From the beginning the ascent led through winding ravines, thickets, and a rough broken path; but surmounting these difficulties without much fatigue, he at length found himself standing alone on the "mountain's silent brow." Here his spirit drank in the intensity of sublimity on which he gazed. On all sides a vast pile of mountains met his eye, with Mount Washington towering above the rest with frowning majesty in all its "azure somberness." Solitude and silence reigned. No sound came up from beneath, and the breeze was too gentle to be heard. The wooded summits of the adjacent hills were bathed in a flood of golden radiance, which pierced the thickets of underwood, and revealed many a nook of vernal beauty. Our hero had chosen a situation where he could view

the setting sun, and catch the zephyrs that played lightly in its dying beam, and then swept on where the ferns, the mosses, and the wild flowers grow. The gazer might well call up a dream of romance, and forget for a time the plodding, busy world, for here was plenty of food for romantic rumination,

"Beneath, around, above,
Earth, water, air, seemed full of love."

The place seemed the very Eden for Cupid's votaries, the silence and solitude the very sanctuary for love's impassioned confessions, and Harry wondered if there were no legend connected with the spot. Whilst musing upon the scene, a solitary bird came floating along leisurely, balancing its way in the air, and took its station on the bough of a tree near him. The stillness was interrupted; for it commenced gayly to warble its evening lullaby. Harry had lingered without observing the thick mass of clouds that hovered over him, at first almost imperceptible, but now gradually assuming a threatening aspect, whose portentous appearance gave signs of bursting into storm; and twilight, which in a mountainous country is so rapidly succeeded by darkness, was fading away beneath the sable veil of night. The wind commenced sighing along the ground in low, sullen murmurs, then all at once rushing into a gust, swept like the roar of artillery through the trees, bending and tearing off their topmost branches. To seek the nearest shelter was the first impulse of our hero, as the quick splashing sound of rain-drops fell upon the ground, and sharp flashes of lightning, followed by the loud thunder, began to chase each other through the black clouds that now seemed to cover the boundless expanse of heaven. He paced rapidly along the single narrow precipitous path, nearly overgrown with thorns and bushes, and had progressed but a short distance, when he found he had mistaken his way, for the passage became impregnable; rocks seemed piled one upon another, and innumerable clusters of wild vines and thistles were so thick as to defy intrusion. It was growing intensely dark, and the rain commenced falling in torrents. The rumbling sound of the water as it dashed down the mountain—the angry whistle of the wind as it swept along in destruction and fury, while the arrowy bolts of lightning lighted up the darkness, and the deep thunder that rocked the earth, like a tremendous cannonading, as clash after clash rent the clouds, blended with the low muttered growls of the wild beasts, made it an awful night,

and would have sent a chill through the stoutest heart. An awe as of some mighty presence fell upon the spirits of Harry as he watched the progress of the terrific storm. Presently a bolt of lightning more vivid than the rest flashed near him, like the spirit of destruction, tearing a large tree to atoms. He sunk back appalled, and a sickening sensation of loneliness and dread came over him, as he strained his sight in vain to catch, through the thick and almost impenetrable gloom, a glimpse of some opening by which he could leave this fearful spot. Presently he thought he heard the report of a gun, and assuming a listening attitude, he distinctly heard, during the lulls of the now fast subsiding storm, a succession of firing. Although aware of the proximity of friends, yet it was difficult to ascertain their locality, for the distance between them prevented intercourse with the voice. But to his great relief he soon heard his own name repeatedly called, and answered to the call with shouts which echoed from rock to rock. Footsteps were also approaching, and as they drew nearer, the forms of three men were indistinctly seen emerging from a thicket of brushwood.

"Never were the forms of mortals so welcome to the sight as yours are to mine, my good friends," exclaimed Harry, grasping their hands in his delight.

"Mr. Fabyan, fearing you had lost yourself among these intricate windings, sent us to search for you, and guide you safely down," replied one of the three.

"Thank you! you are all very kind!" said Harry, "and but for your assistance I might have had a perfect Radcliffe adventure; for I verily believe this is the haunt for gnomes, witches, and all the dread family of evil spirits, who would choose such a night as this to walk abroad."

Under the guidance of these men, Harry descended the declivity; first ascending a rough and almost imperceptible path, which a thick hedge of laurels hid entirely from view, until they came to the footway which led below. The descent was tedious, and would have been, without the escort of one thoroughly acquainted with the path, totally impracticable in the darkness.

Harry Thatcher was a Virginian by birth. His health had been delicate for some time, and a tour north had been recommended by his physicians, with a view to his entire recovery. Already he had visited Saratoga, Niagara Falls, Canada and the Lakes, and was now taking a homeward route through New England. Wherever he went the hand of friendship was extended to him, and a sigh of regret was heaved at his departure, for he inherited from nature all those qualities which, properly cultivated, can render a man esteemed.

It would prolong this story too much to detail all his voyages of discovery over the summits of this exceedingly picturesque and wild "Alpine region." It was to the end full of interest and excitement. The Willey house, which has been celebrated by

the catastrophe which happened in 1826, when a whole family were swept from a living world into eternity, particularly interested him, as also did the far-famed Notch, which is a "sundering of the mountains" supposed to have been caused by a convulsion of nature.

CHAPTER II.

Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty. THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Harry was much pleased with the New England people—there seemed some peculiar traits about them, some habits of thought, which denoted the source from which they sprung, and which told of the pilgrim band who sought here refuge from oppression. Though their step and songs of praise were heard no more in the land, and the neat villages, with their pretty churches, spoke of the refinement of taste, still there appeared a vestige of the pilgrims' spirit, and the pilgrims' feelings broadly marked on her sons and daughters. In Boston Harry met an old acquaintance, Mr. Pluribus, who was very attentive to him, kindly showing him all the lions in the city and around the neighborhood. One afternoon Mr. Pluribus and he were taking their customary drive, when they found themselves upon one of those gentle elevations from which a fine view of the surrounding scenery may be obtained. The landscape was beautiful beyond description. In the distance lay the city of Boston, clothed by the bright rays of Phœbus in a glorious robe of golden light. The clear waters of its noble bay rolled on in silent grandeur, whilst gallant vessels, with every sail set, went careering, all life and bravery, before the wind, and tiny barks were glittering upon its polished surface; some drawing nearer, others lost in the distant expanse of ocean; opposed to this, neat and beautiful villages, with their modest church steeples, diversified with such signs of life as in a rural prospect the eye delights to meet; cattle grazing in the meadows, or wending homeward, children playing before the cottage-doors, laborers at work in the field, or with hearty steps and cheerful faces advancing to the reward of their day's toil.

The New England landscape has invariably been admired and praised by travelers, but its sentiment is very often overlooked. Its chief charm exists in its calm tranquillity—in the air of repose, happiness and assured security it breathes. All is perfect serenity, and the gazer feels that he is in the land of freedom and plenty; even the busy bee, as heavily laden he journeys homeward, lights on the flowers in seeming sport, as if he knew there was no danger of disturbance. The height on which Harry and his friend had stopped, was clothed with summer verdure, and adorned with rows of handsome houses, each having a beautiful garden attached to it, where countless flowers of various dyes peeped forth, amid innumerable shrubs and

creeping, clinging ivy, or were so shaded by the bending willow and graceful hazel, that the summer sun in its mid-day glory could only enter here and there in a few broken coquetish beams. Struck with the extreme beauty of one of those gardens, Harry gazed wistfully into the cultivated enclosure.

"What a beautiful garden," exclaimed he, in undisguised admiration. "And look! oh look, Mr. Pluribus, what a sweet, pretty girl there is in it, too!"

Mr. Pluribus seemed amused, for he laughed as Harry continued to give utterance to his admiration.

"Why she is a perfect beauty—how like a fairy-shape she flits among the roses—can any thing so glorious be earthly? Oh! how I wish I knew her."

Never, indeed, was there a more beautiful picture than that young girl as she glided about, with the mellow sunlight falling around her sylph-like form. Her hair, which was a rich and shining black, was gathered into a knot behind, and laid in soft bands over her pure and polished brow. Her eyes were of that deep, full blue which is so rare, large and bright, and full of fire and spirit. The star of intellectuality beamed from her animated countenance, and spoke of a soul within that admitted of no influence to thwart its loftiness of purpose, or sully its innocence and purity. She was twining a garland of rose-buds, heliotrope and mignonette, and more than once was she seen to press the flowers to her ruby lips, while a peculiar witchery played over her features.

"Would that I knew her," repeated Harry.

"Well, I will introduce you; for, to tell you the truth, I came here for that very purpose," replied his companion; "but beware!" he added, shaking his finger, "for I begin to suspect that wicked urchin, Cupid, intends playing some of his mischievous pranks here."

"Indeed, the place seems a fitting one for his votaries," returned Harry, earnestly, as they entered the gateway.

Miss Bryarly, who was introduced to our hero as the niece of Mr. Pluribus, received him with a soft, enchanting grace, which completed his fascination. This passage of Moore came into his mind, for he felt—

As if his soul that moment caught,
An image it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all his sighs,
And never to forget again,
Sparkled and smiled before him then.

Miss Bryarly was not one of those who pass the time within doors, when the light, the air, and the glorious sunshine tempted her abroad. She invited her guests to take a stroll through the grounds, and pointed out the most beautiful spots, with an animated face glowing with enthusiasm; and Harry's eyes sparkled with delight, as he listened to the eloquent tones of her low, sweet voice. There were here groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them, and shrubbery of the rarest

and most beautiful kinds, with flowers of every hue and fragrance, which loaded the air with odorous sweets, and lawns which looked like velvet. A stream of water, pure as crystal, wound along with gentle murmurs, and served to impart an Eden-like aspect to the place. Their walk was prolonged until after sunset had lent its golden light to beautify the scene; then a summons to the tea-table was almost reluctantly obeyed. It was late when Harry tore himself away, charmed with Mr. Bryarly, and completely fascinated by his daughter. His enthusiastic nature afforded a striking contrast to the calm, dignified temper of Mr. Bryarly, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Bryarly liked Harry's frankness and warm-heartedness, while Harry was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in his new friend. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon our hero's gratification at finding himself invited to partake of the hospitality of Mr. Bryarly, or to say that he took full advantage of it. A few days glided swiftly by, each one finding him at Mary Bryarly's side, studying the changes of her sweet face, which appeared to him like a volume of "unwritten poetry," which no one could read but himself. Sometimes they walked together, and often he would read passages from his favorite authors to her; then, in return, she would point out the beauties, and explain the character and qualities of her various plants; and the interest he seemed to take in her tastes and pursuits, gave them new importance in her eyes. "With her conversing he forgot all time;" but at length a letter from his father recalled him to Virginia.

CHAPTER III.

"Put money in thy purse."

Harry Thatcher was poor, that is, he had only his inborn energies to carry him through the world. When very young he had been seized with poetic inspiration, and had sometimes even dreamed of immortality. He wrote with ease and beauty. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and many of his productions were published and circulated. The world applauded them, and inquiries were made, in the hope of discovering the author, but vainly; for, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, he merely listened to the voice of praise. His thirst for fame had been gratified; and he now began to yearn for the companionship of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won. Though he had often pictured to himself the felicity of being beloved by a beautiful and intellectual being, on whom he could pour all the treasured feeling which lay hushed in repose, he had never met with such a creature until he had seen Miss Bryarly; for so exalted had been his conceptions of the woman whom he could love, that all he had hitherto met fell far below the standard

he had erected in his own mind. He now loved, yet he could never hope to obtain the object of his choice, while his position in life remained undefined, and his fortunes uncertain; he would not offer a portionless hand to one who might choose a suitor from the wealthiest of the land. He knew he had talents which, if properly used, would lead to distinction, and gain competency—but how were they to be profitably employed? To toil for such a woman would be nothing; but then the time required would be a great trial. He pondered long on the subject, but definitely made up his mind to engage in mercantile business, and abandon the classic shades in which he had hitherto wandered, until images of beauty filled his soul. He was not without friends, who were both able and willing to assist him in his claims upon fortune. An advantageous offer was made him, which he accepted, though it involved the necessity of banishment from his native home to a far distant state.

The labors of the intellect—which rarely bring fortune, but which are to the scholar a delightful pastime—were now put aside for the musty ledgers of a dingy counting-room. He had chosen for his motto, “hope on—hope ever;” and he did not despair of success. He was now no longer the light-hearted boy to whom life was but a scene of enjoyment and preparation for future struggles—he had but one object, and but one hope; to labor that he might acquire a competency, was accomplishing the first, then to seek and win Mary, would fulfill the second.

He soon acquired a knowledge of commerce, and devoted himself with a degree of zeal and perseverance that could not but command success. Though he had never told his love, it cannot be said that concealment had “preyed on his damask cheek;” the only change effected in that damask was a more healthful color caused by constant exercise. Even during the excitement of his daily duties, and the engrossing study of all that could tend to the fulfillment of his designs, time seemed to wear but slowly away, though, indeed, the hours were often beguiled of their weariness when meditating on the loveliness and grace of Mary.

CHAPTER IV.

“Methinks I feel this youth's perfection,
Steal with an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes”

Miss Bryarly was idolized by both her father and uncle, and her education and accomplishments had been their joint care. The indulgence of the latter toward her knew no bounds; the expensive presents he lavished upon her, silently attested how well he loved her.

Mr. Pluribusi had never married. He was a man of a firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression as readily on behalf of others as himself; and at the bottom of all he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling

which must not be passed by without at least our humble commendation.

One day Mary and her uncle were sitting alone; he held a book in his hand, and was apparently reading, while she had given herself up to one of those thoughtful dreams, half joy, half sadness, in which she had frequently indulged since the departure of Mr. Thatcher. She was aroused by her uncle, who laughingly said,

“Well, Mary, can you tell me now what this passion of love is, that you and I read and hear so much about?”

“Oh, uncle, how should I know?” replied she, blushing crimson.

“I am pretty sure,” said he, still laughing, “you will never again ask, ‘Uncle, what is love?’ You want no explanation now—no, no, not you; you can now teach me what it is.”

“Nay, dear uncle, you know I am perfectly unacquainted with the passion.”

“Perfectly, my dear; and you are perfectly unacquainted with a certain tall, good-looking young man, who was here a few weeks since, watching your every motion with so enamored a spirit, and so beseechingly imploring a repetition of that sweet, enchanting air, called Puritani, which you are never tired—no, not you—of singing, since he so rapturously praised it. You did not see who was laughing behind you all the time.”

“How can you be so ridiculous?” said Mary, half pouting, half laughing.

“And how can you treat such a discreet and trust-worthy personage as your own uncle in this way, and make your heart, like the prison-house of the ghost of Hamlet, the abode of untold secrets.”

“I do not understand you, further than you think yourself very clever—the very Newton of philosophers in the discovery of nothing.”

“Mercy on us!” exclaimed Mr. Pluribusi, with pretended surprise; “how can you be so unamiable—you know that you have been attacked with that particular malady called love, which you have so often wished me to explain that—”

Here Mary ran to her piano and played an extempore prelude of crashing chords, which completely drowned his voice, though it did not silence him. She then sung, with a sweet voice, the saucy air of “cease your funning.” Mr. Bryarly, who had entered during this colloquy without being observed, now approached, and taking Mary's hand, said, seriously,

“Let us have done with this ‘funning.’ Mary, I wish you to marry; and Harry Thatcher I have doomed to be the hero of your destiny, graced as he is with every quality to win and wear a maiden's heart.”

The soft blush that had hitherto colored the cheek of our heroine was pale to the crimson that now dyed its surface.

“Father,” said she, “you are rather precipitate. Pray allow Mr. Thatcher to choose for himself.”

"I am certain he loves you, Mary," said her father.

"He never told me so." She spoke the truth literally in her reply; he had never told her so in words; but there is a language which speaks—the language of feeling, of intuition, and the force of such communication had made its impression upon her—and she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart.

"But he has told me so," said Mr. Pluribus; "and when industry and economy win fortune, you will be the object of his choice, as you now are of his love."

"Why, uncle, do you, too, advocate marriage?" exclaimed she, feigning surprise. "I thought you wished me to resemble you in every thing."

"In every thing but remaining unmarried, Mary," returned he.

"But you have been very happy—quite an enviable person."

"I have never been exactly happy since they called me old bachelor," replied he, a little impatiently.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his niece with real surprise. "But did not you tell me some three or four weeks ago that this passion which is ycleped love, sometimes produces unhappiness as well as happiness?"

"That I also told you depended on the dispositions of the persons under its influence. If they have sufficient common sense to avoid the many dangers that intersect the way to happiness, they will find the passion truly delightful; but should they overstep the limits marked out by prudence, they will ultimately find they have pursued a shadow which has ended in disappointment or blighted hopes."

"Dear me! but, father, what do you say on the subject?"

"That the *parterres*, among which the most beautiful flowers blossom, often conducts to a bed of thorns, if we deviate from the correct path."

"It is surprising, then, dear father, that you should wish me to travel a road so perilous."

"Avoid the perils, daughter."

"But what are they, father?"

"They consist of some of those errors of disposition that often produce the misery of mankind—false-pride, want of confidence, anger, jealousy—"

"But what is jealousy?" asked she, interrupting her father.

"Decidedly the greatest evil of the whole—'tis the bane to all happiness. It is a want of that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to love a permanence that we seldom find on earth."

"Dear me! I am sure I shall never be jealous," said Mary.

"Never suspect the truth and constancy of the individual in whose hands you are willing to place your happiness. Let nothing induce you to think that another shares his affection."

"I never will. I may love, as it seems, such a universal thing if it be only to please you and uncle Pluribus, but I can never be jealous."

CHAPTER V.

"Bright blown hopes dispersed in air."

What is there more beautiful than the first love of a young heart; every thought is fresh and pure, the poetry of life has not yet been crushed out of the soul—then it is we love with an intensity such as we never feel again. It was thus that our heroine loved. Every thing Harry had done, and every thing he had said, had been treasured, and had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. The flowers he had loved, now possessed a fragrance hitherto undiscovered; and the landscape he had praised, appeared more elegant than it had ever done before. The poetry he had read to her, she now read so often, that she could repeat every line. Sometimes she questioned her heart, why it turned so instinctively toward one who was comparatively a stranger, for the gratification of all its cherished feelings. She was perfectly sure that love had no share in what she felt, notwithstanding uncle Pluribus's hints to the contrary, or her father's wishes that it might be so—love was entirely out of the question, for he had never spoken of love to her, and she could never love unbidden; though, to be sure, his eyes had often spoken a language far more expressive than his lips could have done.

The summer months passed away; the green leaves fell from the trees, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the deserted garden, yet Mary had never received tidings of Harry. Then came winter, spreading over nature its wings laden with frosts and storms.

The winter of life resembles the winter of the year—both have their withering storms, and both take the place of sweet summer, of roses and hopes, and the dreams of youth.

Mary now awakened from her dream. She found that she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment was dissolving away. But where the scene had been, there appeared every prospect of a ruin. She who had hitherto bloomed in freshness and beauty, now withered in the blast; for she felt that she was utterly forgotten, at the same time the startling consciousness of what was really the truth, that she had given her love unsought, had burst upon her. Her smile lost its brightness, her step its elasticity. At times she would rouse herself, and assume a gayety she was far from feeling, especially if the eye of her father or uncle rested upon her; but this artificial manner passed away like the dew before the morning sun. About this time Mary received a letter from a friend in Albany, inviting her to spend some weeks with her. Her father, thinking scenes of festivity and pleasure would have a charm for her, hurried her away, and Mr. Pluribus accompanied her.

CHAPTER VI.

"I love, and shall be beloved! O, life!
At last I feel thee!"

No locomotive that was ever invented could prevent old time from traveling in his own way, and at his own pace; and thus it was that some six months passed away on leaden wings—at least so thought our young aspirant for fortune's favor. He was becoming very impatient for the return of summer, and the dull business months, that he might take another trip to New England. Just at this juncture, he, to his great delight, received a letter from Mr. Pluribus, dated from Albany. It commenced with—

"Where, in the name of wonder, have you been hiding? Mr. Bryarly has long been expecting you to visit this part of the world again. How unsought and how unmerited do the favors of fortune fall into the caps of some men who do not even give themselves the trouble to hold it out to receive them. Here has Mary been asking again and again, what had become of you. Now, tell me—how was I to answer these questions, when I knew nothing about you, absolutely nothing, except that you had changed your residence from Virginia to New Orleans? My niece and I are spending a few weeks in Albany; and a gay time we have here, too. Mary's health has been somewhat delicate, but I am happy to say it is much improved. But here she comes—and having found out that I was writing to you, she insists upon reading my letter; but as I intend she shall not always have her own way, I refused. She is much amused at what she calls my obstinacy, and stands laughing at me—the witch! She has made me forget all I was going to say. I will write again to you, when I hope to be free from such interruption.

Your friend,

P. PLURIBUS."

After reading this letter, as may be supposed, Harry was not long in determining what course to pursue. After a few hurried preparations, he started for Albany.

The weather was intensely cold; the snow lay on the ground, and the sun beamed on the icicles which hung from the houses, retaining, probably, their fantastic pendules by the keen easterly wind which seemed to penetrate through every crevice. It was St. Valentine's day. Mr. Pluribus, his niece, and Miss Medford, the daughter of the lady with whom they were staying, were wending their way to a fair, which was gotten up by the ladies of Albany for the benefit of a missionary cause—and many of the most beautiful and fashionable took a deep interest in the matter. Some furnished articles for sale, and others acted as sales-women on the occasion. Among the latter our heroine shone conspicuous for grace and beauty; her table was soon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who pressed forward in every direction to catch a word or a look from one so celebrated. Mary, however, did

not appear to take much interest in the group around her, but ever and anon she cast, by stealth, her dark eyes over the room, apparently endeavoring to discover if she recognized among any of the faces, that of an old acquaintance, (for her uncle had told her that Mr. Thatcher was in the city, and would visit the fair that day,) but she could see nothing to repay the effort.

"I declare, this is an Arabian desert," said she, sighing, as she split one of her white kid gloves in pulling it on.

"Why, Mary, they look like the best French kid," answered Miss Medford, who misunderstood her.

"My dear," said her uncle, "do not you see an old admirer of yours sauntering about the room in the most lounging, lazy style?"

"Which of your admirers, Mary?" asked Miss Medford.

"Pray, Miss Bryarly, have you got your list in your pocket," inquired one of the dangles at her side.

"Not at all—he left it at home," said Miss Medford, finding Mary did not answer.

"How unfortunate?" observed the young man.

Mary was becoming actively engaged in tossing over all sorts of merchandise. In a few moments Harry approached through the crowd, and stood before her. She crimsoned as her ear drank in the tones of his voice, and his heart thrilled, and his cheek burnt, when he met her glance of recognition.

"What a beautiful color your friend has, Mary," whispered Miss Medford; "and, I declare, you are blushing, too."

Poor Mary's color deepened; she stood with a trembling heart, and downcast eye, fancying every one was looking at her—every one guessing her treasured secret, with scarcely the power to answer the remarks of her companions.

Their mutual emotion supplied the gossips of Albany with material for a week's talk.

It was a relief to both when Mr. Pluribus proposed a walk around the room. Harry remained with our party until late at night, and repeatedly testified his happiness in the enjoyment of Mary's society by all those little ingratiating attentions which appeal so silently but effectually to the human heart.

I will not linger over the happy hours the lovers spent together. They flew away rapidly, each winged with bliss—for happiness lends wings to time. Harry accompanied Mr. Pluribus and Mary home. Every evening he intended to depart, and every morning he changed his intention.

The limits we have allotted to this narrative will not admit of a minute detail of circumstances; let it suffice to know that the attachment which existed between the lovers had grown and strengthened, and now twined, like the tendrils of a vine, around the tree which supports it, closer and closer around them, until they felt that parting would be like severing the very chords of existence.

One evening they sat at a window; the silvery beams of the pale moon, which fell on objects around, lent their softening influence to the feelings of the lovers. They both became silent from some overpowering emotion—for at such a moment mirth seemed sacrilege. The hour was growing late, and its quiet was unbroken, save by the distant rumbling of carriage-wheels. We do not know how it happened, except her conscious heart lent a deep flush to her cheek, and a softer light to her dark eye, but Mary never looked so lovely. Harry gazed upon her until he could no longer contain the emotions of his soul; the time, the place, favored his wishes—and words which, when heart responds to heart are never breathed in vain, were now uttered—that hour witnessed their betrothal.

CHAPTER VII.

What plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil.—*MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

The lovers had promised to write to each other, and as Harry was to commence the correspondence, he did not long delay to fulfill the delightful task; and letters were received from him, filled with the overflowings of a boundless and fervent love, and her answers were full of affection, tender thoughts, and gentle fancies.

As time progressed, Harry became more assiduously engaged than ever in the pursuits of commerce, and was deemed by merchants one of the most promising of his young countrymen, steadfastly pursuing a course of upright integrity and untiring industry, that was adding to his reputation, and fast gaining independence. With the fair sex he was becoming an idol. Parties were made, and nosegays offered him; but he behaved exceedingly ill to them, being blind, and deaf, and hard-hearted to an intolerable degree, neither seeing sweet glances, nor hearing balmy sighs. Miss Martin was rich, and would gladly have made him so. Miss Brown was highly accomplished, and would have done the honors of his house so gracefully. Miss White was very domestic, and would have made him such an economical wife. Then there were many amiable and warm-hearted creatures who particularly grieved to see the lonely condition of such a rising young man. There was, literally, "much ado about nothing;" for he rarely accepted their innumerable and pressing invitations. Sometimes, indeed, after business hours, he might have been seen promenading, or spending the evening with some pretty girl, whom he regarded with friendly feelings; but these friends were not selected from among those who so freely lavished their adulation.

During his last visit to Boston, he had been introduced to a Mrs. Webster, who resided in the vicinity of that city. Mrs. Webster had an only son, who was heir to a property which had accumulated, during his long minority, to a fortune unusually

large; and she had long resolved in her mind that the young heir should be the husband of Mary Bryarly; and so adroitly had she maneuvered, that the parties had been thrown constantly together previous to the appearance of Mr. Thatcher. Even her son almost considered it a matter of course that he was to marry her. Mary, not conscious of these machinations, regarded young Webster as a youth of high promise, and treated him as an especial favorite. Mrs. Webster soon discovered that the presence of Harry threatened destruction to all her plans—so she determined to destroy his power, even at the expense of shameful falsehood. She was now in New Orleans, and had been two or three times thrown into the society of our hero. On such occasions, she had watched him closely, and smiled with delight if any thing approximating toward intimacy was observable in his intercourse with any of the fair sex. To apprise Mary of his delinquency was a duty; and she was at no great loss to imagine how so desirable an object could be accomplished without involving herself in any difficulty.

CHAPTER VIII.

To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions.—*OTHELLO.*

A quiet happiness was now Mary's—a happiness "which passeth show." Heaven had blessed her, she believed, beyond her dearest hopes. But, alas! the joys of the heart are more fleeting than the days of spring. Where is the mortal that can secure to himself the cup of happiness without alloy? It dwells not under a regal canopy—for a diadem often makes the head ache. Nor with the conqueror, however great his glory in the battle-field—the mangled bodies—the reeking blood—the groans of the dying would prevent it. The poet, then—all his happiness consists in being very miserable. The learned—nay, all they acquire makes them but the more dissatisfied with themselves—and self-dissatisfaction, every one knows, tends not to the promotion of happiness. Then the lover, with the draught in his hand, cannot say it will reach his lips. A something may come between him and his bliss, and the cup may pass away. The cup that Mary had longed to drain to the bottom, was about to be dashed away. The glory that brightened the sky of her being was beginning to darken—and the storm threatened to crush the flower of her affections, even in its happiest moment of existence.

One day she received a letter, written in an unknown hand; she opened it carelessly, but soon became absorbed as she read the following:

MISS BRYARLY,—Believing you to be the affianced wife of Mr. Thatcher, I take the liberty of writing to you to admonish you of his conduct. If his engagement with you is not broken off, he must either be a villain, or he is acting like one. I have had a watchful eye on him for some time, during which he has been paying the most constant and devoted

attention to Miss Morton; so far, indeed, has he gone, as to induce her family to believe that he is about to make proposals for her hand. One of her brothers so expressed himself to me a few days since. I hope you will inform your father of these facts, that he may use every precaution against the duplicity of one who would have deeply injured you.

A FRIEND.

"This letter I pronounce a base falsehood," said she, handing it to her father, "and its author a calumniator, who, like an assassin, seeks darkness to cover his evil deeds, for he has not dared to sign his name."

Mr. Bryarly also regarded the letter as a vile calumny, not worthy of notice. Confiding in the truth of her lover, Mary had ceased to think of its contents, when an insinuation to his discredit was again breathed in her ear; then came a report that he was a confirmed flirt—a gay deceiver; and as bold slander loses nothing in its busy progress, the rumor was magnified until the seeds of discontent were sown in Mary's heart—and she was now absolutely jealous. That which she had once imagined so repulsive as to scoff at the mere possibility of her own actions ever being ordered by such a feeling, triumphed—and she was unable to conquer the "green-eyed monster." One evening she was evidently very melancholy. In vain had she tried to elicit harmony from the keys of her piano, and becoming weary of the fruitless effort, she threw herself languidly on a sofa, and sighed deeply.

"Mercy on us! that was a terribly long and sentimental heigh-o! I wonder which way it went! Ah! I see it now; it floats like a gossamer on that glorious sunbeam, and goes in the direction of New Orleans," laughed Mr. Pluribus.

"You are growing poetical, uncle; it is really charming to listen to you—pray go on."

"Mary," said her father, who had been also observing her, "any one would suppose all your perceptions were obscured by a thick, ugly, green cloud."

"Oh, father?" was all she could say.

"You know," he continued, "there is nothing on earth so disagreeable to me as a jealous woman—"

"Except, indeed, a prudish one," chimed in Mr. Pluribus.

"I have great cause, father, to be unhappy; for all the reports I have heard, have been confirmed by Mrs. Webster since her return home."

"My opinion is, that you are wasting an immense amount of sorrow, all for nothing," answered her father; "for with the characters of the truest and most upright slander will sometimes be busy. Entertain not so mean an opinion of your betrothed husband, as to believe he is capable of change. The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling; and that perfect community binds two beings together as closely as

the holiest of human ties. It is only that confidence, that community of all the heart's secrets, and the mind's thoughts, that can give us permanent happiness."

"Oh, father! could you but convince me that my doubts are unfounded."

"I think I can settle the matter to your entire satisfaction, Mary," quietly observed her uncle.

"How, uncle?" asked she, eagerly.

"You must consent to use a little stratagem," replied he.

"If you think it right, and father sanctions it, I am willing to do any thing you propose," she said, looking at her parent.

"Do as you think proper," answered Mr. Bryarly.

"Have you answered Harry's last letter?" inquired Mr. Pluribus.

"How could I?—I am three deep in his debt."

"So much the better for my plan, which is to arouse the demon of jealousy in his bosom. Write to him immediately, and give him but the shadow of a cause for distrust, and if he is not at your feet as soon as the power of steam can bring him, why, then I will no longer believe in the constancy of man."

"And then I should no longer doubt his affection. But, uncle, what shall I say to him?"

"Write a glowing description of me; dwell on the pleasant time we spend together; then, if he does not yield a most loyal and ready obedience to the 'green-eyed monster,' I will say he cares for another."

CHAPTER IX.

"Why writes she so to me?"

The next mail bore Harry the following letter from his own Mary:

MY DEAREST HARRY,—I have no excuse to offer for my protracted silence, other than I have been so very much engaged. But I know your kind heart will readily forgive my remissness when you hear all I have to say to you; therefore I must hasten to tell you, first premising that you must not be jealous. Both father and Uncle Pluribus says that is a most detestable passion—and you know I so dislike any thing that is ugly and disagreeable.

But to my confession. There is a friend of mine at present sojourning here—a kind of relative; and a splendid fellow he is, dear Harry. In both form and face he is eminently handsome; then he is so merry—and polite to the highest degree of refinement. His discourse is a perpetual series of neat repartee, elegant compliment, bright thoughts, and happy expression. He has a beaming smile, and a pleasant word for every one; but he anticipates my thoughts, knows the meaning of every glance, and ministers to my every wish before it is formed. Is he not a very paragon? I know you will like him so much, when you become as well acquainted with him as I am. I often tell him he is second in my heart's best affections. This seems to please him

greatly; and he expresses his delight by snatching a kiss. Now, Harry, don't be shocked! remember, he is a very old and dear friend. Although his very soul seems to be the seat of joyousness, I verily believe he possesses a tolerably large portion of sentiment; and you must not be surprised if you hear I have made a conquest of his heart. I assure you my manner toward him has been free from any thing like coquetry, but I do enjoy his society. The perpetual summer of his mind imparts a corresponding glow and animation to his manner, a lively and genial warmth to all his actions; and his very look seems to say, "Come, let us laugh at a world that only laughs at us." Would you believe it, Harry? with him for my partner, I often find myself whirling round at some gay party, in the delicious delirium of the waltz. I know you will be charmed to hear this; for you have so often expressed a wish that I should become perfect in that delightful accomplishment. My friend is somewhat in my confidence, and knows that I am engaged to somebody; but this knowledge has not in the least changed his attention to me. He says matrimony is at best but a "divine comedy." I suppose I have thought of it too seriously. I have promised to ride with him this afternoon, and—bark! I hear the horses at the door now; dear me! he is always so early, he will never give me time to write a letter even to you.

What delight there is in a wild gallop. I am an expert equestrian now, and often execute some daring exploits. In your absence these delightful excursions form the chief pleasure of my life; and to me there is more melody in our horses' hoofs, as they "tramp, tramp along the land," than I could thump out of my piano this morning. Forgive the brevity of this; I am sure you will, for this is the second time I have been interrupted by "the horses are waiting, Mary."

You see how my time is occupied; I have scarcely an hour that I can call my own.

Having every faith in your constancy and truth, I bid you farewell.

Your ever faithful,

MARY.

An indescribable emotion racked the whirling brain of our hero, as, word by word, this epistle seemed tearing the very fibres of his heart. How like an endless night came down the shadows of despair, as throwing it down he murmured, "Lost—lost to me forever, I fear!"

CHAPTER X.

But ties around this heart were spun,
That would not, could not, be undone.—CAMPELL.

One day Mary said to her father, "My head does really ache so badly."

"Go into the garden—a walk and the fresh air will revive you," replied he.

She followed his advice, and rambled about for a long time, but neither her flowers nor the beauties of nature could fix her attention—her thoughts ran

on an absent one; she had suffered herself to be persuaded that Harry would surely come, immediately after receiving her letter—and she had been looking for him for some hours. If the wind moved the branches—she started, or a bird flew rustling through the leaves, as if their accustomed sounds were the harbingers of coming footsteps. She was unwilling to acknowledge, even to herself, the disappointment that weighed upon her spirits; but not finding in her walk the exhilarating influence she anticipated, she was turning her steps homeward, when a sudden crashing among the boughs interrupted her progress, and the object of her thoughts bounded into the path, his face glowing with the rapidity of his motions; her eyes flashed with their wonted joy, and forgetting every thing but the delight she felt in meeting him, with a sudden impulse she rushed forward and threw herself into his outstretched arms.

"I feared that I might be forgotten," exclaimed he, tenderly; "but I see I have wronged you."

"I could never forget you, Harry," was the whispered reply.

"But why did you write that terrible letter, Mary? Anguish pierced my heart when I read its contents. Oh! if you had ever felt the torture of jealousy, you would have spared me that."

A thrill of delight penetrated Mary's heart; now she was convinced that she was beloved as well as ever.

"Have I no cause to reproach you?" asked she, looking up into his face as if she would read his very soul.

"If I deserve upbraiding from you, I am totally unconscious; but tell me, dear Mary, how have I offended?"

"Rumor has been busy spreading reports that you have been addressing another; and it says that you did not address her in vain. But now, Harry, I do not believe one word of what I have been told."

"But you have doubted me, Mary," said he, mournfully. "There is but one sun in heaven—there is but one Mary to my eyes on earth!"

"Forgive me, Harry? Mrs. Webster confirmed all these reports when she returned."

"Mrs. Webster is not my friend, Mary; and I suspect all those reports have come from her. I have long known her disregard of truth, as well as her design on you."

"I now begin to penetrate a plot, and believe her to be the inventor of all the base charges against you. Alas! the inborn wickedness of the human heart."

"Now, tell me of the letter, Mary, that aroused me, for a time, from the sweetest and brightest dream that ever gladdened the heart of man?"

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "my very dear friend was no other than Uncle Pluribus!"

"Then you have been romancing a little, to be revenged on me?" inquired he, archly.

"I believe I must plead guilty."

"I am impatient to meet my fascinating rival, that we may enjoy together a hearty laugh over our 'Comedy of Errors.'"

Genial reader, this is but a plain, unvarnished tale. It is true, I might have drawn upon my imagination for adorning it. I might have presented you with hair-breadth escapes, and crushing reverses; but I could not do so without detracting from its perfect truthfulness—for the incidents on

which the foregoing pages are founded, are literally true.

I regret exceedingly that I am unable to wind-up with a marriage; but for the gratification of my youthful readers, I must not forget to add, that this event will take place immediately on the return of Mr. Thatcher from Europe, whither he has been unexpectedly called to transact some important business for the firm of Thatcher & Co.

ODE TO TIME.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "YEMASSEE," "GUT RIVERS," ETC.

I.

GRAY monarch of the waste of years,
Mine eyes have told thy steps in tears,
Yet yield I not to feeble fears,
In watching now thy flight;
The neck, long used to weighty yoke,
The tree, long shivered by the stroke,
The heart, by frequent torture broke,
Need fear no second blight.

II.

Oh! mine has been a mournful song—
My neck has felt the burden long—
My tree was shivered—weak and strong,
Beneath the bolt went down:
My heart—enough—thou canst not prey
On many in this later day;
The old, the young, were torn away,
Ere manhood's wing had flown:
I saw the noble sire, who stood,
Majestic, as in crowded wood
The pine—and after him the brood—
All perish in thy frown!

III.

So, count my hopes, and know my fears,
And ask what now this life endears,
To him who gave, with many tears,
Each blossom of his love;
Whose store in heaven, so precious grown,
He counts each earthly moment flown,
As loss of something from his own,
In treasures stored above:
Denied to seek—to see—his store,
Yet daily adding more and more,
Some precious plant, that, left before,
The spoiler rends at last.
Not hard the task to number now,
The few that live to feel the blow;
The perished—count them on my brow—
With white hairs overcast!

IV.

White hairs—while yet each limb is strong,
To hold the right and crush the wrong;
Ere youth, in manhood's struggling throng,
Had half pursued his way:
Thought premature, that still denied
The boy's exulting sports—the pride,
That, with the blood's unconscious tide,
Knew but to shout and play!

Youth, that in love's first gush was taught
To see his fresh affection brought
To tears, and woe, and death—
While yet the fire was in his eye,
That told of passion's victory—
And, in his ear, the first sweet sigh,
From beauty's laboring breath.

V.

And manhood now—and loneliness—
With, oh! how few to love and bless,
Save those, who, in their dear duress,
Look down from heaven's high towers:
The stately sire, the gentle dame,
The maid who first awoke the flame,
That gave to both a mutual claim,
As fresh and frail as flowers!—
And all those dearest buds of bloom,
That simply sought on earth a tomb,
From birth to death, with rapid doom,
A bird-flight winged for fate:
How thick the shafts, how sure the aim!
What other passion wouldst thou tame,
O! Time, within this heart of flame,
Elastic, not elate?

VI.

Is't pride?—methinks 'tis joy to bend;
My foe—he can no more offend;
My friend is false—I love my friend;
I love my foeman, too.
'T is man I love—nor him alone—
The brute, the bird—its joy or moan
Not heedless to my heart hath gone—
I feel with all I view.
Wouldst have me worthy?—make me so;
But spare on other hearts the blow;
Spare, from the cruel pang, the woe,
The innocent, the bright!
On me thy vengeance!—'T is my crime
That needs the scourge, and, in my prime,
'T were fruitful of improving time,
Thy hand should not be light.

VII.

I bend me willing to thy thrall,
Whate'er thy doom, will bear it all—
Drink of the bitter cup of gall,
Nor once complain of thee!
Will poverty avail to chide,
Or sickness bend the soul of pride,

Or social scorn, still evil-eyed—
 Have, then, thy will of me!
 But spare the woman and the child;
 Let me not see their features mild,
 Distorted—hear their accents wild,
 In agonizing pain:
 Too much of this! I thought me sure,
 In frequent pang and loss before;
 I still have something to endure—
 And tremble, and—refrain!

VIII.

On every shore they watch thy wing—
 To some the winter, some the spring,
 Thou bring'st, or yet art doomed to bring,
 In rapid—rolling years:
 How many seek thee, smiling now,
 Who soon shall look with clouded brow,
 Heart filled with bitter doubt and wo,
 And eyes with gathering tears!
 But late, they fancied—life's parade
 Still moving on—that not a shade
 Thou flung'st on bower and sunny glade,
 In which they took delight:
 Sharp satirist! methinks I see

Thy glance in sternest mockery—
 They little think, not seeing thee,
 How fatal is thy flight;
 What feathers grow beneath thy wing—
 What darts—how poisoned—from what spring
 Of torture—and how swift the sting—
 How swift and sure the blight!

IX.

Enough!—the feeling has its way,
 As thou hast had;—'t is not the lay
 Of vain complaint—no idle play
 Of fancy, dreaming care:
 A mocking bitter, like thine own,
 Wells up from fountains, deep and lone,
 From core and spirit, soul and bone—
 I've felt thee every where!
 Thou 'st mocked my hope and dashed my joy,
 With keen rebuke and cold alloy;
 The father, son, the man, the boy,
 All, all! have felt the rod!
 Perchance not all thy work in vain,
 In softening soul, subduing brain,
 If suffering, I submit to pain—
 That minister of God!

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

'T WAS night; and hoary Winter walked abroad,
 Howling like hungry wolves amid the wild;
 Moon there was none—and every star seemed awed,
 And shrinking, trembled like a frightened child!
 Through all the woods the dreary snow was piled,
 Or like a shroud it lay, the ridged fold
 Showing the shape beneath—above, beguiled
 By Sorrow, swayed the pines; through wood and wold
 The wild winds to and fro went sighing unconsoled.

A cabin stood upon the wooded slope—
 From many a crevice fitful firelight streamed,
 Making the blackness denser, like the hope
 Which from the settler's broken spirit gleamed,
 Only to show the dark!—then, where it beamed,
 Died, leaving all its ashes on his heart!
 And now he gazed into the fire and dreamed
 Of home, of native mountains wrapt apart,
 The village and afar the large and steeped mart.

He saw the haze lay o'er the landscape green,
 Where, like a happy thought, the streamlet flowed
 The fields of waving grass and groves between.
 Afar the white and winding turnpike glowed—
 The peopled coach rolled down the dusty road.
 The shining cattle through the pasture grazed;
 And all the air seemed trembling with a load
 Of melody, by birds and children raised:
 But now, a voice—a groan—he started—stood amazed.

Hark! was 't the wind which eddied round the place,
 Or mournful trees by wailing tempests tossed?
 Or was 't a moan from that pale, wasted face
 Which from the bed gleamed like a sleeping ghost?

Or Hunger worrying Slumber from his post
 Amid the little ones? He only heard
 The heave of breasts which unknown dreams had crossed,
 Such dreams as stir the lips but make no word,
 And heard his own heart beat like an o'er-wearied bird!

A noise—a tramp amid the crisping snow—
 Startled his ear! A large, imploring eye
 Gleamed at the window with unearthly glow!
 Was 't the grim panther which had ventured nigh?
 Or ghost condemned—or spirit of the sky?
 To grasp the gun his hand contained no force—
 His arm fell trembling and he knew not why!
 He ope'd the door—there stood a shivering horse,
 While clung upon his mane a stiff and muffled corse.

Oh Death! who calls thy aspect terrible?
 Is 't he who gazes on the gentle maid
 Wrapped in her careful shroud; for whom a knell
 Steals o'er the village like a twilight shade;
 And on whose breast and in whose hands are laid
 White violets and lilies of the vale,
 Gems which bloom downward? Or, like them arrayed,
 Beholds the child as its own pillow pale,
 And hears the father's groan and mother's piercing wail?

Who calls thy aspect terrible? Do they
 Who gaze on brows the lightning stoops to scathe?
 Or darker still, on those who fall a prey
 To jealousy's unmotherable wrath?
 Or they who walk in War's ensanguined path
 And hear the prayers and curses of distress?
 These call thy aspect terrible! oh Death!
 More terrible, by far, let those confess,
 The frozen rider in that frozen wilderness!

THE MAN WITH THE BIG BOX.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

MR. ROBERT SHORT—or, as he was called for shortness, Bob Short—was a genius. He could write a passable poem, and on one occasion—perhaps I should say two—had imprinted a sonnet upon each virgin sole of a pair of stainless satin slippers, kindly loaned him by the fair owner who was to trample upon his mounting aspirations. But some, who accidentally read the verses in the evening—ladies' slippers *will* come off and get passed round the room, you know—asserted that Bob had put his foot into it more completely than the lady. And then the pretty excuses he made for the minuteness of the hand, or rather foot writing—"they were really so very small he could scarcely crowd his rhymes upon them, in any character!" It was quite charming and irresistible! Mr. Short rose cent. per cent. in moral and social stature, and eventually swelled to the size of a lion. Do n't be alarmed, ladies—we mean a New York lion—not a real king of the forest, with yellow mane, eyes of fire, and a roar like Niagara Falls; but that much more harmless and docile animal, a civil, social lion—the lion of ladies in want of distinction, the lion of the *bas bleu*, the lion of Waverley Place and other high latitudes.

But, with all his numerous and admirable qualifications, Mr. Short had no genius for packing big boxes. Indeed, he had no genius for packing at all; and when his wife sent him packing, during his first courtship, he would n't stay packed, but came back and plagued her so with his attentions that at length she fairly married him to get rid of him—and a very good way it is, too, to get rid of a man's society, as many wives have proved. Mr. Short turned out, as might have been expected, any thing but an efficient housekeeper. He could cut a pigeon-wing, but was incapable of carving a chicken; he could wheedle the Muses, but was invariably cheated by the market-women; he could make *bon mots*, after a fashion, but bargains not at all. Although his verses were eminently mechanical, his manual dexterity extended to no useful purpose. As for putting up a bedstead, he could no more do it than he could have built a gallows and hung himself with the bed-cord; and he was obliged to wear gaiters all winter from lack of sufficient ingenuity to construct a boot-jack.

But Bob loved his wife, and felt ashamed of his utter inefficiency about the house. When his first child was born, therefore, he determined to reform, and see if he could not acquire some of the faculties in which he found himself so lamentably deficient. So he quit sonneteering and conundrum-making

and betook himself to his study, where he passed day and night in profound meditation. His wife thought he was only a little more crazy than usual; but the neighbors contended that he was calculating the centre of gravity. The result, however, upset every body's gravity, and all their calculations. Bob had invented a cradle! Such a cradle! If I had the pencil of Darley or Martin I could show you something of an idea of this wonderful cradle—but you must imagine. In form it was a happy combination of Cleopatra's barge and the tub of Diogenes; while in convenience and "general utility" it was at least equal to the Chinese junk at the Battery, or the walking gentleman at the — theatre. Proud of his baby—for which he was indebted to his wife—he was still prouder of his cradle—which was entirely his own. No sooner was the grand idea perfected than he rushed to the cabinet-maker, who, after anxious reflection on the subject, informed him that it would require a month to give form and mahogany to his magnificent conception. Meanwhile, what was to be done with Baby? He could not, of course, possibly think of sleeping and being rocked in a common cradle—no, that would be rank sacrilege. The father had an idea—Baby should sleep in a champagne-basket, until the cradle was finished. It would be so cool and pleasant—champagne was cool and pleasant—and so promotive of sleep, for were not its contents originally of the poppy variety? So it was settled that the little Short should take the place of a whole dozen of champagne, and be packed in a basket. Had it been the third, or even the second child, Mrs. Short would have taken the management of affairs more decidedly into her own hands; but young mothers are so tender and yielding!

Mrs. SHORT was one of those "magnificent creatures" about which newspaper people and dandies "go on so," in their respective cities throughout Yankeedoodledom; and having taken a husband merely to please Mr. Short, she concluded that she had a perfect right to choose a lover to please herself. Mrs. Short was a tall, majestic woman, with an almost military precision and elegance of carriage. She was one of those sartorial equivoques which the great tailor Nature sometimes suffers to go out of the shop—a full suit of regimentals made up into frock and petticoats. Her complexion was as pure and spotless as a French flower; her hair curled as gracefully about her—curling-tongs—as the young spring tendril round the vine; and her very particular friend was Lieutenant Long of the

City Guard. The lieutenant was the exact counterpart of the lady—a military man apparently got up with starch and rice-paper, out of the remnants of a milliner's shop. But he was not deficient in impudence, and made a pretty income from his thriving trade of trunk-maker. This necessarily brought him more or less acquainted with the invaluable stores of his country's unread literature, and he even at length managed to get himself on good terms with some of the unappreciated authors and hangers-on of the press. A few suppers at Windust's, judiciously applied to the reporters, and a thick cotton poultice, applied with equal judgment to each leg, made our hero pass with the public for "that excellent soldier and gallant officer, Lieut. Long," and in society for a very useful and presentable man.

Mr. Short loved his wife—doted on his baby—and worshiped his cradle. The latter had even exceeded his most sanguine expectations, as is the case of General Tom Thumb with a remarkable number of editors; while, for my own part, that celebrated individual did not come up to my anticipations by several inches. Thus completely occupied, how was it to be expected that Mr. Short should be jealous? If any one had stolen his child—but that's all humbug—people's children, especially poor people's, never *are* stolen!—or if the model of his new-fashioned cradle had been pirated, he might indeed have been aroused. But while these were all right, the one within the other, and both in their right places, was he not infinitely obliged to Lieutenant Long for his civilities to Mrs. Short? He detested Shakspeare (*he* supposed that the old humbug still kept his place upon the stage!) and 'abominated the opera, while his wife was *enchanted* with both. How very obliging, therefore, of his dear friend, Lieutenant Long, to take her so frequently to these places!—he even insisted upon paying for the tickets!

It was now spring, and Mrs. Short had indicated to her husband the propriety of taking another house and "moving." The poor man—who entertained the keenest sense of his anti-packing deficiencies—was aghast at the bare idea. It was some time before he could recover the power of speech. When he did, the first use he made of it was to remonstrate.

"But, my dearest Julia, why should we move? Are we not so comfortable and happy here? We have such a nice garden, you know, and then we have just had the Croton put in, and the door-bell mended, and the blowers to all the grates painted black—why does my paragon wish to move?"

"Why? Why, because, because—I'm sure, Mr. Short, you're very—because, does n't every body move? Besides, I'm determined I won't live stuck away in this vulgar part of the town any longer. I declare I'm quite ashamed to tell any body where I live—No.—Madison Street. Nobody lives west of Broadway."

"Now, my dear angel!"

"Never mind your nonsense—you can save all that, Mr. Short, for little Miss Prim."

[*Memo.* Ladies fond of flirting are always particularly jealous of their husbands.]

"My dear Julia, what do you mean about Miss Prim? I never spoke to her but twice in my life."

"I don't care—she's a minx—and you don't love me."

"Be calm! I do love you—I swear it by every thing I hold dear—by my child—our child, Julia! by my—by his—cradle!"

"You may go to sea in your stupid old cradle, if you like, and the baby too. I was a fool for ever having either of you."

Mr. Short was thunderstruck. Such a triple-armed denunciation from the lips of that wife upon whom his very soul doted, was too much—it was annihilation. She boasted that she cared nothing for him—that was dreadful, but he felt that, were it alone, the blow could have been borne. She declared her indifference for his child, his darling, in whose sweet face he was fain to trace, day after day, the mingling beauties of mother and father, softened and purified by the light of infancy. This was awful! But, worse than this, than these, than all—she had actually abused his cradle! she had called it "that stupid old cradle!" Horror! At first he was too overwhelmed to act, or scarcely to think; while the lady kept pinning and unpinning a splendid lace *berta* around her still more splendid shoulders, and humming a bar of Benedetti's *Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali*. At length Mr. Short determined to be indignant, and assert the supremacy of outraged manhood. So, swallowing a tremendous mouthful of air, and putting his hands ominously into his trowers' pockets, he began,

"Mrs. Short—"

But at the instant her name was uttered, the magnificent creature, throwing aside the slight covering of her beautiful neck, as if by an impulse of spontaneous grace, turned round in a majestic attitude and fixed her eyes, whose fathomless fountains gleamed mysteriously beneath their willowy lids, full upon him.

Reader, have you ever gone a deer-hunting? Well, the first time you took your stand by the "station" where the older sportsmen told you the game was about to pass—you waited with cocked gun and beating heart. At length a rustle—a bound in the bushes, and another in your bosom—you turn, and the noble creature stands directly before you, looking calmly into your very eyes. Well, reader, did you shoot that deer?

Mr. Short took a house the next day in Dishwater Place.

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In other cities one day in the year answers for the anniversary of fools, but in Gotham it would seem to require two—and the first of May has come to be infinitely more celebrated for its orgies

to Folly than its illustrious predecessor, the first of April. I am not about to attempt its history. Wrecks are its records; strewed along the curbstones and side-walks that encompass the great ocean of metropolitan life, they beacon with the phosphoric light of decaying wash-stands, and the bleaching bones of dislocated bedsteads, the way to ruin. Suffice it that Mr. Short must "move" on the first of May, simply because every body moved. He had as yet no distinct notion of what he was about to undergo, but it hung over him like a vague, terrible, dark cloud. He counted the days and nights like a criminal waiting the day of his execution, or an undetected bankrupt for the maturity of his first note. He grew thin with apprehension and a kind of nameless terror, which, I have no doubt, furnished Bulwer the hint for his "Dweller of the Threshold."

At length came the eventful day. Mr. Short had at first tried to escape the horror of moving when every body else was moving, by precipitating his departure from Madison Street—but it was impossible. The house in Dishwater Place was not to be "vacated" until twelve o'clock on the first of May; and at that precise hour, so his landlord informed him, he must "vacate" the premises in Madison Street. Only think of it! Two hundred thousand people turned simultaneously out of house and home, with bed and baggage, on the striking of the clock, and each rushing madly about through a wilderness of fugitive furniture and cracked crockery, in search of a place to lay his head and set down his kettles and bandboxes!

Mr. Short had spent several anxious and sleepless nights. In his waking dreams had passed and repassed in grim procession every article of furniture the house contained, from the mantel-clock to the scrubbing-pail. Ghosts of clamorous cartmen mustered around his pillow, and horrid noises, like the shrieking of broken furniture, blew aside his curtains. A dozen times, in his excited fancy, he packed and re-packed every thing upon the cart. The beds were to be piled thus—the bureaux stood up end-wise in this manner—the looking-glasses, the clock, the carpets, the stoves, the crockery, were all disposed of, at last, and poor Mr. Short, like another great man who don't know how to pack big boxes, breathed freer and deeper. But then, what was to be done with all the minor utensils, the household "traps," as they are not inappropriately styled? Where should ride the flat-irons, the preserve-jars, the centre-table ornaments, the lamp-shades, the—he had another idea! He would have a big box, and stow them all safely away in it. Mr. Short was getting to be decidedly a man of mechanical ideas! So the box was ordered and sent home—a gigantic thing, reaching from the door-step to the middle of the street. It was a public wonder. Little niggers played hide and seek around the corners; newsboys cracked jokes against its barn-like sides, and beggars with

six children made shelter beneath its shade. Men stared and wondered as they hurried by, and women pointed at it with their parasols, and examined it all round, as if they mistook it for a house to rent, and were curious to see how many rooms there were in the third story.

At last every thing was gone except the big box. Mr. Short had persuaded Mrs. Short to ride out on the Avenue with Lieutenant Long, so as to be out of the way of the racket, and had undertaken to do every thing himself. He had indeed performed wonders. He seemed to have become possessed of a real household inspiration. Like Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista, he was here and there and every where at once, reinforcing every body all round. Up stairs, down cellar, in the box, each hand filled with movables, and a looking-glass, perhaps, under each arm, Mr. Short that day performed prodigies of skill and valor, and actually went far in retrieving the reputation of the family. At the last moment, however, when he was congratulating himself on his brilliant and somewhat unexpected exploits, and, hammer in hand, was preparing to nail down the box, down ran Bridget with the startling announcement,

"Oh, Mr. Short—you like to have forgot the cradle!"

"Good God! so I did! Bring it down in an instant."

The cradle came, all nicely packed and tucked in with its beautiful white quilt—and in Mr. Short popped it into the box—nailed down the cover with a flourish of triumph, and left it to the tender mercies of the cartman—thoroughly exhausted, and sick with his unusual exertions and the reaction of the tremendous excitement of the day. Knowing that it would be some hours before his wife and the lieutenant would reach home, he strolled, or rather tumbled, into an oyster-cellar, and ate his first meal that day. A glass of punch followed the oysters, and Mr. Short, quite refreshed, emerged from his subterranean paradise, just as the sun stepped across the Hudson and lay down for a nap in the Elysian Fields. Hastening to his new home in Dishwater Place, to see whether his wife and the big box had arrived in safety, he found Bridget busy as a certain personage in a gale of wind, putting things "to rights" in the most notable manner; but neither box nor wife had arrived.

"Well, Bridget, how do you get along?"

"Oh, purty well, I thank ye, Mister Short—but the cartman's been here, and says the box is stuck fast in Chatham Street, and can't be got out till morning. And here's a letter, sir, came this few minutes gone."

The letter is short, but will materially assist in conducting us to the end of our short story. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR,—You know I never loved you, and you will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that I have concluded to accept the protection of

Lieutenant Long through life. Pursuit will be quite in vain. Yours, truly, JULIA."

"P. S. Remember me to Baby—take good care of the precious darling for my sake."

"The baby! Heavens and earth! where is the baby then? Bridget, did n't your lady take the baby with her this morning?"

"Oh no, sir—she took somebody she likes a great deal better than him, sir, I'm thinking."

"But where is the dear creature? tell me this instant!" shouted the now infuriated man.

"Mercy, mercy, yer honor's glory! But as I'm a livin' sinner, it's in the cradle, packed in the big box, that he is!"

MIDNIGHT, AND DAYBREAK.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

I.—MIDNIGHT.

I HAD been tossing through the restless night—
Sleep banished from my pillow—and my brain
Weary with sense of dull and stifling pain—
Yearning, and praying for the blessed light.
My lips moaned thy dear name, beloved one;
Yet I had seen thee lying still and cold,
Thy form bound only by the shroud's pure fold,
For life with all its suffering was done.
Then agony of loneliness o'ercame
My widowed heart—night would fit emblem seem
For the evanishing of that bright dream:
The heavens were dark—my life henceforth the same.
No hope—its pulse within my breast was dead.
No light—the clouds hung heavily o'erhead.

II.—DAYBREAK.

Once more I sought the casement. Lo! a ray,
Faint and uncertain, struggled through the gloom,
And shed a misty twilight on the room;
Long watched-for herald of the coming day!
It brought a thrill of gladness to my breast.
With clasped hands, and streaming eyes, I prayed,
Thanking my God for light, though long delayed—
And gentle calm stole o'er my wild unrest.
"Oh, soul!" I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all—
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again, though drear the night;
Earth may be darkness—Heaven will give thee light."

PIONEERS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM H. C. MOSKES.

HIGH was the homage senates paid
To the plumed conquerors of old,
And freely at their feet were laid
Rich piles of flashing gems and gold.
Proud History exhausted thought—
Glad bards awoke their vocal reeds,
While Phidian hands the marble wrought
In honor of their wondrous deeds:
But our undaunted pioneers
Have conquest more enduring won,
In scattering the night of years,
And opening forests to the sun:
And they are victors nobler far
Than the helmed chiefs of other times,
Who rolled their chariots of war
In other lands, and distant climes.
Earth groaned beneath those mail-clad men,
Bereft of beauty where they trod—
And wildly rose, from hill and glen,
Loud, agonizing shrieks to God.
Parveyors to the carrion-bird,
Blood streamed from their uplifted swords,
And while the crash of states was heard
Swept on their desolating hordes.
Then tell me not of heroes fled—
Crime renders foul their boasted fame!

While widowed ones and orphans bled,
They earned the phantom of a name.
The sons of our New England sires,
Armed with endurance, dared to roam
Far from the hospitable fires,
And the green, hallowed bowers of home.
Distemper, leagued with famine wan,
Nerved to a high resolve, they bore;
And flocks, upon the thymy lawn,
Ranged where the panther yelled before.
Look now abroad! the scene how changed
Where fifty fleeting years ago,
Clad in his savage costume, ranged
The belted lord of shaft and bow.
No more a woody waste, the land
Is rich in fruits and golden grain,
And clustering domes and temples stand
On upland, river-shore and plain.
In praise of Pomp let fawning Art
Carve rocks to triumph over years—
The grateful incense of the heart
Give to our glorious pioneers.
Almighty! may thy stretched-out arm
Guard, through long ages, yet to be,
From tread of slave and kingly harm
Our Eden of the Genesee!

THE SPORTSMAN.

OR MY FIRST DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY FRANK FORESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE WARWICK WOODLANDS," ETC.

My first day's snipe shooting at Cambridge! Alas! alas! how many reminiscences, bitter and bleak as the cold north-eastern storm that, even while I write, is bellowing without, fall heavy on my heart, as I indite those simple words, How many, many long years wasted; how many generous aims and lofty aspirations blighted; how many kindly deeds and goodly feelings, written on sand, to be effaced as soon; how many faults and follies, recorded upon brass, perennial; how many warm hearts changed to sad, chill ashes; how many friends—dead, faithless, or forgetful! Alas! for those young days, and young feelings, flown forever, before there was a furrow on the brow, or a gray hair on the head, before disappointment had wrought agony, and agony been mother to the dark twins, distrust and despondency, near akin to despair.

That morning—I remember it as well as if twenty long and sorrowful years had not lagged along since it dawned gay with anticipated pleasure—so well do I remember it, that not a small detail of the room in which we met before our start, not a picture or trinket, nay, not the very colors of breakfast china have faded from my memory; and I believe that my tongue could re-word our whole conversation, and my steps retrace our whole walk, though I doubt not many a rare fen has been drained, and many an acre sown and harvested, across which on that day we picked our way from bog to bog, or waded ankle-deep in coffee-colored water, with now a snipe's shrill whistle, and now a mallard's harsh qua-ack—qua-ack saluting our delighted ears, making our youthful hearts beat hard and hurriedly, and drawing rash, unsteady trigger-pulling from our yet inexperienced hands. That morning was a bright, calm, beautiful October's dawning, as ever awoke sportsmen, too young and ardent to be sluggards, from college beds too hard and narrow to be very tempting, long ere the earliest cock had crowed, or the last loitering reveler ceased from vociferating to something, which he deemed a tune, most redolent of hot milk-punch or fiery bishop,

"We went go till morning, we went go home till morning, Till daylight does appear."

I had refused an invitation to a supper party, at which a dozen jovial hearts now scattered over this world, or passed from it, were to discuss broiled bones and deviled kidneys, diluted by hot gin-punch of the strongest—refused it on the score of keeping

my hand steady, and my nerves braced for the morrow, and had supped quietly in my own rooms, with my companion of the day to be recorded, on poached eggs, Edinburgh ale, and a single bottle of Carbonell's best port, brewed into negus.

With my companion of the day to be recorded—Alas! poor George Gordon! Ours was a strange introduction, whence arose an entire and uninterrupted friendship, unbroken by a single angry word, a single unkind feeling, proof against time and undissolved by distance, but severed long ago by the insatiate hand of the cold fiend, consumption.

We were both from the north, freshmen on our way to Cambridge. I from the West Riding of Yorkshire, he from the Highland Hills of Aberdeenshire; and in the old Highflyer we traveled all the way from Ferrybridge, two hundred mortal miles and eighteen weary hours, the only inside passengers to Cambridge. Each of us took the other for an old collegian, neither of us being exceeding verdant, and both cognizant of that excessive college etiquette, which will not suffer a man to save a classmate, unIntroduced, from drowning, not a word passed between us; we both wished to be cruel knowing—both proved, in that respect at least, to be cruel green. It was by odds the dullest and most tedious journey I ever have experienced—though I have traveled since over the half of two hemispheres, and though traveling, like misery, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

I never shall forget how glad I was when the coach stopped at the Harp Hotel, and I got out, trusting that I should never again encounter that stiff, stately Don, who could not even speak to a fellow, because he was a freshman.

And he, it seems, was all the while putting up the like orisons against all future meetings with myself, Frank Forester.

Six hours later we were sworn friends, and never were, and now never can be, hap what hap, aught else in this world.

It so happened that I was not acquainted with a single man of my own college, when I went up to the university, all my old brother Etonians being either Johnians or Trinity men, while I had entered at Caius. I had the blues, therefore, most awfully; felt as if I was alone in a new and perilous world; a shipwrecked mariner left all among the cannibals "a-galloping ashore;" and, when dinner-time arriv-

ed, it was only by a mighty exertion of energy and pluck that I put on, for the first time, those singularly unbecoming habiliments yoleped cap and gown, and sallied forth to brave, as I supposed, alone, unknown and unsupported, the criticisms and witticisms, and impertinent comments of my thereafter to be classmates.

After inquiring carefully of my *gyp* the way into *hall*, the particular table at which I was to sit, and all the etiquettes, not to be conversant with which is to a freshman the very fiend's arch mock—after taking especial care not to put on my trencher wrong side before, and to arrange my gown in what I imagined to be a very devil-may-care fashion, forth I went, with about as pleasant a prospect as the gallows before me, but without the despairing pluck which enables the poor culprit to face that prospect manfully.

On I went, with my courage screwed to the sticking place, but I must confess with my heart thumping against my ribs prodigiously, when immediately under the low-browed archway—I have not seen it these twenty years and better; yet there it stands as palpable before me as if it were not a trick of memory—the low-browed archway giving access by an ascending stair to the hall redolent of six year old mutton, and by a descending flight to the college butteries and cellars, redolent of audit ale, and that most cloud-compelling compound, of hot ale, sherry, brandy, cloves, nutmegs, toast and cinnamon, which gods call nectar, and college men Caius copus—when under that low-browed archway, I say, of what should I become aware, but of my tall friend of the Highflyer, arrayed like myself in a cap and gown, which testified by their resplendent newness that he too was a freshman.

No words can, I believe, adequately describe the mutual delight of that recognition. He, it appears, was in precisely the same predicament with myself! He, like myself, had remained enaconned in his own *rooms*, not daring to stir out and meet the animadverting eyes of junior and senior sophomores, until the summons of the dinner-bell, and the yet more imperative commands of an esurient stomach had driven him out, as they have many a hero both before and since, to do and dare the worst.

Instead then of a morose and stately Don, steeped to the lips in scorn of verdant youngsters, each of us had before him an innocent, and equally imperilled, brother freshman. Confound all etiquette! there was no one near to see! so out went both our hands at once?

"Believe I had the pleasure of traveling from the north—"

"Think we came up together in the Highflyer—"

"Devilish little pleasure about it, however," said I, Frank Forester, mustering a little of the spice of the original fiend that possesses me.

"Deuced dull work it was, certainly, but, my dear sir, I took you for a Don."

"And I you—and for a mighty stiff one too."

18*

"To tell you the truth," said the North Briton, "I have been thanking Heaven all the morning that I should never see that sulky little fellow again."

Little! confound his picture! I stand five feet ten in my stockings, and measure thirty-eight inches over the chest—but, sure enough, *little* I was beside *him*; for he was in truth a very son of Anak. Six feet four without his shoes, and yet so exquisitely fashioned, and in so perfect proportion, that unless there stood some one near him, against whom to institute a comparison, you would not have taken him for a six-footer. Alas! that very prematurity of perfect size and stature had perhaps sapped already the foundations of that noble piece of architecture, and foredoomed it to decay as speedy and untimely as its growth had been unduly rapid.

But no such thought as this at that time thrust itself upon us—we were young, bold, self-confident, free, fearless of the future, and dreamed of any thing, in our proud aspirations after all that was great and noble, rather than of that which was so soon to befall us—untimely death the one, the other, long, long years of weary wandering.

"My name is George Gordon," said the Highland giant, "of Newton, near Old Raine, in Aberdeenshire."

"And mine, Frank Forester, of Forest Hall, near Wetherby, in the West Riding."

"Well, Mr. Forester, seeing that we now know one another, suppose we eat our first mutton, side by side, in this hall of Caius, and send the Dons to the devil!"

"Agreed, Mr. Gordon, provided that the mutton ended, you will take your *port* with me, at No. 12 in the Fellows' Court. It is some of Carbonell's purple, and by no means to be despised, I assure you. It is a present from John L—, of fox-hunting celebrity in Yorkshire, whom you may perhaps have heard of, even so far as Aberdeenshire."

"Jack L—! who has not heard of him, I should like to know. I shall be too happy, Mr. Forester, the rather that my wine has not yet made its appearance."

"By the way, don't you think we might just as well drop the Mister?"

"And be—George Gordon?"

"And Frank Forester. And make these Caius snobs—I have no doubt they *are* snobs, if they were ten times Dons—believe that we have known each other these ten years."

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

And we shook hands again upon it, and went into hall, and discussed the six year old mutton, undaunted by the observation of the oldsters, and astonishing the youngsters by the off-hand way in which *he* talked of Kintore and Kennedy, and stalking royal harts with cupped horns on Braemar or in Glen Tilt; and I of Paine, of Selby, and Harry Goodrich, and brushing at bulfinches, and switching twenty-five feet brooks; while the pale snobs about

us, with tallow faces and sleek hair, short, seedy trousers and black gaiters, were deep in the discussion of the *Pons Asinorum*, or exchanging experiences concerning tutors and morning lectures, chapels, and deans and proctors.

That evening, I will not say that we got fou', but this I will say, that my squinting gyp, old Robson, reported six fellow-commoners—*id est*, empty bottles—on the hearth the next morning—and that neither of us went to evening chapel that night, or to morning chapel the next day; which cost each of us the writing of an imposition of 600 lines of Virgil, or rather three half-crowns paid to old Dick, the barber, for writing it in our stead.

Thenceforth were we sworn friends forever. Thenceforth, eschewing hall, which we voted very slow and bad feeding, we dined alternate days each in the other's room, the standing order being, soup, chops, or steaks, game, Stilton cheese and walnuts, and ever and aye four bottles to be *aired* before the fire.

Thenceforth, were we seen rarely at the lecture-room or chapel, but often at the covert-side, with Handbury, or Charley Newman, of the East Essex, often with Lord Fitzwilliam, or the Oakley, aye, by'r lady, and with Osbaldeston's lady pack, in Northamptonshire, though to accomplish that, we had eighty miles of road-work to do in coming and returning.

Thenceforth did our guns often ring together o'er many a lowland fen, and in after days on many a Highland hill; and this brings me back to the point whence I have so widely wandered.

It was, as I have said, a beautiful, calm October morning, on which, as soon as the skies were well light, I sallied forth from the college gates, and took my way through Trinity street, in front of the proud gate-house in which, above the archway, is still shown the room wherein young Newton dreamed perhaps already of celestial marvels to be made patent soon by his immortal genius—in front of the brick turrets and square casements of dingy-hued St. Johns—turned to the left into Bridge street, and soon reached the snug lodging in which my friend roomed, within college rules, though without the time-honored walls of Caius.

There never was a more complete specimen, than the snugery into which I was introduced, of a college sportsman's room. It was not, it is true, above fourteen feet square; but into that small space was crowded almost every comfort and convenience that can be conceived. Above the mantel-piece, under the ample arch of which blazed a glorious sea-coal fire, hung a large, handsome looking-glass, between the frame and mirror of which were stuck a profusion of visiting-cards, summons to appear before the dean, buttery bills, and lists of hunting appointments. On each side of the glass was a dog's head, by the inimitable Landseer; and on the right hand wall a large picture of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, by the same prince of modern masters. A large and luxurious sofa ran along the left hand

wall, on the crimson cushions of which were cast at random the black gown and trencher cap of the student.

Before the fire-place stood a table, which had once been amply furnished for the morning meal; but now the teapot stood with its lid staring open, guiltless of souchong or bohea; the voiceless urn sent up no spiral wreaths of sweetly murmuring steam; the egg-cups contained only shells; the massive silver dish, with its cover half displaced, showed only now, in lieu of the nobly deviled kidneys and turkey's gizzards, the scent of which "clung to it still," a little ruby-colored gravy, whereon floated a few rings of congealed fatness; the brown loaf was dismantled; the butter-pats had disappeared *in toto*; and the *tout ensemble* read me a lamentable lecture on the vices of procrastination and delay, the burthen of which was still the old college saw of *seco venientibus ossa*—"to the late comer, bones!"

Beneath the table, crouched, beautiful spectacle to a thorough-bred sportsman's eye, as superb a brace of setters as ever ranged a stubble, or brushed the dew-drops from the heather of a highland hill.

One of them was a red and white Irish dog, with large, soft, liquid eyes of the darkest hazel, a coal-black nose, palate and lips of the same thorough-bred tint, a stern feathered almost as thickly as a fox's brush, but with hair as soft and lucent as floss silk; his legs were fringed two inches deep with the same glossy fleece, and his whole coat was as smooth and sleekly combed as the ringlets of a highborn beauty. The other was English bred, and in his own way scarce less beautiful; he was jet-black, without a speck or snip of white on forehead, breast, or feet; but legs and muzzle were of the richest and warmest tan. And he, too, showed in his well-ordered coat, bright eye, and cold, moist muzzle, the very perfection of care and science in feeding and kennel management.

Beside the board, alas! for me no longer hospitable, sat the tall sportsman, his blue bird's-eye fogie, his snuff-colored velvetene jacket, his scarlet kerseymere waistcoat, with pearl buttons, the very pattern of a garb for a winter sportsman; but, unaccustomed yet to the wet lowland shooting of the fens, he had arranged his nether man in loose trousers of brown corduroy, a most inconvenient dress for marsh shooting.

He was in the act of putting together his gun, a short, powerful, heavy, double-barreled Manton, built to his own order, of unusual weight and calibre; a weapon of sure execution in safe hands, and of range almost extraordinary. I opened the door and strode in not without some considerable racket, but he never raised his eyes from the lock, which he was just screwing on, until he had accomplished his job; although, perhaps, knowing my step, perhaps guessing who it was from the increased wagging of the setters' tails, thumping the floor in joyous recognition, he said in a quiet voice, not untouched by a sort of dry humor,

"How are you, Frank? In time for once. Well, sit down, and get your breakfast. I suppose you have not fed yet."

"Fed! I should think not, truly. We don't feed in the *night* in my country—none of us, at least, except the woodcocks! and as for sitting down, that I can do well enough, but for the breakfast—"

"Oh! ah! I had forgotten. I ate that," said Master George, looking up very coolly. "Never mind, Frank; I have ordered a capital dinner at eight this evening, and there is a cold pheasant, and a bottle of Duff Gordon's gold sherry in the well of the dog-cart, to say nothing of anchovy sandwiches. You must hold on till two o'clock, and then make up for lost time at luncheon. Next time you'll be punctual."

"The devil take it, man," responded I; "I can no more walk thirty miles without my breakfast, than I can leap a thirty foot fen ditch without a pole. Breakfast—by George! I must have some breakfast, or no snipe to-day. Holloa! Eustace, holloa! I must have prog of some kind—what can you give me?"

"I will find something, Mr. Forester, I'll warrant you," replied the gyp, kicking the door open with his right foot, and pulling it to behind him with his left as he entered, both his hands being occupied in bearing a well-appareled tray—fresh tea, kidneys red-hot, rolls smoking, and, to complete the whole, prawn curry.

"Now, then, be smart, Frank," shouted my comrade, "I hear the gray cob stamping at the door, and I don't keep him waiting over ten minutes—no not for the emperor of all the Chinas!"

Within ten minutes the kidneys had disappeared, the prawn curry was not, the second teapot was empty, no crust or crumb of the hot rolls remained to hint to future generations what they had been; and to wash down the whole, and settle our stomachs for the day, George and I had absorbed a thimblefull a piece of the real mountain-dew of Glenlivet.

The dogs were stowed under the seat; the guns, in their leather cases, strapped to the top-rail of the dog-cart; our sporting toggery concealed from keen eyes of proctors by heavy driving-coats; and, within the given period of ten minutes, the lively little gray was stepping it out gallantly at 12 miles the hour, snatching at its steel curb, and tossing its proud head, as if it had not got some forty stone behind it.

Down Jesus lane we bowled, rattling over the rough cobblestones, and bringing all the helpers out of Sparrow's livery-stable to see what was in the wind, past Stourbridge Common, and up the hill toward Barnwell, hamlet of unclean notoriety, peopled entirely, of men, by dog-fanciers, rat-hunters, pigeon-shooters, and the lowest of that tribeycleped the fancy; and of women, by those unfortunates, who have to ears polite no appellation. Through that ill den we rattled merrily, heedless of the clamors which followed us, and soon reached Paper-mill Bar, on the Newmarket road, with its high turnpike gates placed on the keystone of a one-arched bridge spanning a deep and turbid stream, flowing from the fens

to the Cam in devious curves through the deep meadow-land.

Here Gordon pulled up for the moment, and while he was paying the toll, pointed to a bit of splashy ground, not thirty yards from the road-side to the right hand.

"If you will jump out with your gun, Frank—never mind taking a dog along—you'll flush a couple or two of snipe in that pool. Get a double shot, if you can, but do n't wait to follow them. We are behind time, even now."

No sooner said than done. Out I jumped, gun in hand, and walked forward briskly, with both my barrels cocked. I had not in those days attained the cool quickness which enables the sure finger to cock the piece, as it rises to the eye, without delay or hesitancy. Up they jumped, just as I had been warned, two couple close under my nose. Bang, went my first barrel, harmless, discharged before the bird was ten paces distant from the muzzle. *Sheep! sheep!*—away they went, twisting and zigzagging their way up wind, as wild as hawks; but I had rallied already, and fired my second barrel coolly, and with better luck than I had deserved by my first miss.

The bird I shot at was keeled over clean, and quite dead, riddled by the mustard-seed at the true distance—it must have gone like a single ball at the first snipe—and, to my great astonishment, another, which, unseen at the moment when I pulled the trigger, was crossing the same line at some twelve yards further, went down wing-tipped. That was the first and last time that I ever have killed myself, or seen killed by another, two English snipe at one shot.

Well pleased, I jumped again into our dog-cart; and away we rattled five miles further to Dry Water, a large broad brook, along the banks of which is the best shooting in that district, and there, upon the bridge, we found awaiting us, with his fourteen foot jumping-pole, and his capacious game-bag, Jem Carter, the best guide and pole-man of the fens, surnamed *the clean, lucus à non lucendo*, from his exceeding filthiness, together with his brother, a smart, wicked urchin of sixteen. To the guidance of the latter we entrusted the gray cob, to be driven to the Rutland Arms, at Bottisham, and there installed at rack and manger, to await our coming. To the guidance of the former, thorough mud and thorough mire, we committed ourselves. I remember, as I said before, every turn and winding of that long, weary walk, every tussock over which we stumbled, every quagmire in which we stuck fast, every broad dyke into which, jumping short, we blundered; but these things would have small attraction to my readers. Much game we did not kill that day, assuredly; but we have killed *some* since, *sarten!* as Tom Draw says. And for the rest, it is neither for the shooting performed, nor for the miles traversed, but for the memory, never to be forgotten, of old friendship interrupted, and good fellowship ended forever, that I still cherish, and hold dear, in a deep angle of my heart, the recollection of "my first day's snipe-shooting at Cambridge."

WHEN EYES ARE BEAMING;
OR THE
FAREWELL SONG,

WRITTEN BY HEBER,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS M. BARRY,
BY M. KELLER.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, NO. 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILAD'A

Allegro. *Stringendo.* *a tempo.*

p *cres.* *fz.* *pp*

When eyes are beam - ing, What ne - ver tongues might tell, When tears are

stream - ing From their crys - tal cell, When hands are link'd that

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and two piano accompaniment staves in treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are: "dread to part, And heart is met by throb - bing heart, Oh!". The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *fz.* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "bit - ter, bit - ter is the smart Of them that bid fare". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The dynamic *pp* (pianissimo) is marked at the beginning of the system.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a short rest followed by the lyrics: "well! fare - well!". The piano accompaniment features a crescendo marked *p cres.* and a *Stringendo.* instruction. The system ends with a *a tempo.* marking and a dynamic of *f* (forte).

Fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It features a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz.* (forzando) and *pp* (pianissimo) before the final chord.

SECOND VERSE.

When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the heart to dwell;
 When fetter'd by a viewless chain,
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,
 Oh! death were mercy to the pain,
 Of them that bid farewell!

THE MARINER RETURNED.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

Come back—come back with your sun-lit eyes—
Oh, sing me your olden melodies—
I have piled the oak on the ingle wide,
And bright is the hall of my boyhood's pride;
I long to gaze on the household throng,
With the blended laugh and the fireside song,
I long to print on my mother's cheek
The kiss, whose feeling no tongue may speak,
I long for a clasp of my father's hand,
And the welcome strain of that sister band,
And the love-lit glance of my brother's eye,
Would waken my soul to ecstasy.
I have sped me back from the India grove,
With the shells and birds that my kindred love;
I have brought the gems for my maiden's hair,
To shine like the silver starlets there,
The pearl from the sea-cave's calm retreat,
I have borne it home, with a footstep fleet,
And the rich-dyed plume of the songster gay,
I have brought as a radiant prize away.
'T is true my cheek has a dusky shade,
For the southern gale with my locks has played,
'T is true the seasons that sped away
Have left the marks of the tell-tale gray,
And the plough of time, with a furrow now,
Has come in its turn to my sunburnt brow,

But oh! in my heart unchanged their lies
A throng of reviving memories,
And one touch of love shall awake once more
Each vision bright of the days of yore.
Oh, lone one, come from the far green sea,
That household band cannot come to thee,
For she with the calm and pensive eye,
Who cradled thy head in infancy,
And he whose bosom would bound with joy,
As he joined in laugh with his first-born boy,
And they who watched with a sister's pride
The scion that grew by their parents' side,
And the brother, too, who with joy and grace
Would part the ringlets from off thy face,
They have gone in turn in a shadowy band;
Oh, yes, they have flown to the better land,
They have traced their names on the slab of white:
Go read the line, if it dim thy sight,
And standing there, with their dust beneath,
And the eye of faith on their seraph-wreath,
Oh vow, in the strength of God's blessed Son,
To win the crown that your kindred won,
And then forever each household tie
Will firmly link in the far-off sky,
And each form beloved shall be clasped by thee,
Oh, mariner, come from the sounding sea.

BURIAL OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT'S CHILD AT SEA.

BY J. T. F.

No flowers to lay upon his little breast,
No passing bell to note his spirit home—
We lowered him gently to his place of rest,
Parting with tears at eve the ocean foam.

No turf was round him, but the heaving surge
Entombed those lids that closed so calm and slow,
While solemn winds, with their cathedral dirge,
Sighed o'er his form a requiem sad and low.

Ah! who shall tell the maddening grief of love
That swept her heart-strings in this hour of woe?
Weep, childless mother! but, oh, look above
For aid that only Heaven can now bestow.

Gaze, blue-eyed stranger, on that silken hair,
Weep, but remember that thy God will stand
Beside thee here in all thy wild despair,
As o'er the green mounds of thy Fatherland.

HERMIONE.

WINTER'S TALE. ACT V. SCENE III.

Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.

Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I wooed her!

'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs;

(*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*)

Start not: her actions shall be holy as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her;
Until you see her die again; for then,
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor!

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "dread to part, And heart is met by throb - bing heart, Oh!". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Dynamics include *fz.* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are: "bit - ter, bit - ter is the smart Of them that bid fare". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are: "well! fare - well!". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *Stringendo.*, *a tempo.*, and *f* (forte).

Fourth system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Dynamics include *fz.* (forzando) and *pp* (pianissimo).

SECOND VERSE.

When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the heart to dwell;
 When fetter'd by a viewless chain,
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,
 Oh! death were mercy to the pain,
 Of them that bid farewell!

almost needless to speak, for it is read wherever the English language is spoken. It is a quaint, humane, practical, poetical, and most delicious volume. For summer reading, under the trees, or by the rocks of the sea-shore, it is almost unmatched. The reader for the time is equal to Walton himself, in "possessing his soul in much quietness." To the angler the book is both a classic and a companion. The person who reads it for the first time is to be envied. The American editor has performed his task of illustration and comment with the spirit both of an antiquary and a lover, and has really added to the value of the original. To all men and women, vexed with cares and annoyances of any kind, we commend this sunny volume. They will feel it as a minister of peace and quiet thoughts.

Fresh Gleanings: or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The title of this work is not more quaint than its mechanical execution. As it is like no other book of travels, so it is printed like no other. It seems as if the author felt that his subject had been so exhausted, that the public would not believe in the epithet "fresh," unless the printing was "fresh" also. We can hardly praise the book more than by saying that the title is true. Almost every page is alive with a fresh, keen, observing, thoughtful, tolerant, fanciful, and sensible mind. The author's manner of writing is characteristic, and, except that it sometimes reminds us of Sterne, is as new as his matter. Even the occasional affectation in his style appears like something which has grown into his mind, not plastered upon it. Among the many merits of his descriptions and narrations, we have been especially struck with his originality in blending his own emotions with what he describes. He represents objects not only as pictures, but he gives the associations, and the mysterious trains of thought they awaken. There is a certain strangeness, so to speak, in his descriptions, which, without marring the distinctness of objects, adds to them a charm derived from a curious fancy, and a thoughtful intellect.

We suppose that most of our readers are aware that Ik. Marvel is but another name for Donald G. Mitchell.

Notes on the Parables of Our Lord. By Richard Chereviz French, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

A work like this, learned enough for the scholar, and plain enough for the worshiper, has long been wanted. The author has given the subject the most profound study, and examined almost every thing bearing upon it, either directly or incidentally; and has produced a work in which the results of patient thought and investigation are presented in a style of great sweetness and clearness. The diction, considered in respect to its tone rather than its form, reminds us of Newman, one of those masters of composition who are too apt to be overlooked by the mere man of letters, from the exclusive devotion of their powers to theology.

The Crown of Thorns. A Token for the Sorrowing. By Edwin H. Chapin. Boston: A Tompkins. 1 vol. 24mo.

Mr. Chapin is a Boston clergyman, of strong and cultivated intellect, and eloquent both as a writer and speaker. The present little volume is full of deep feeling and fine reflection, and will go right to the hearts of those for whom it was especially written. As a literary production it well sustains the author's reputation. The style is nervous and animated, the topics are well chosen and well treated, and a tone of earnestness gives meaning and character to every page. A great deal is compressed in a small compass.

The Months. By William H. C. Hosmer. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have read this unpretending little volume with great pleasure. Its gifted author unites to a fervid and sparkling imagination a profound and enthusiastic love of Nature, and a rare and poetical appreciation of its beauties. It is a daring task to undertake the description of the seasons after Thomson; but Mr. Hosmer has succeeded in presenting the distinctive features of our ever changing and ever beautiful American scenery, with a grace and truthfulness that will challenge the admiration of every reader of taste. "Each of the within," say the neat and modest preface, "is marked by its own distinctive features, clothed in its appropriate garb, and hallowed by the recollection of the events which have occurred during its stay. The year which came with the one closes with the other. There is, in this constant, never-ending change, something congenial to the nature of man, which is stamped on every thing around him. Were our skies to be ever of an azure blue, clear and unclouded, we should soon become wearied with the sameness of their aspect.

Who would be doomed to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?"

We select, as a seasonable and gratifying specimen of the author's manner, the following, from his description of October:

The partridge, closely ambushed, hears
The crackling leaf—poor, timid thing!
And to a thicker covert steers
On swift, resounding wing:
The woodland wears a look forlorn,
Hushed is the wild bee's tiny horn,
The cricket's bugle shrill—
Sadly is Autumn's mantle torn,
But fair to vision still.

Bright flowers yet linger—from the morn
Yon Cardinal hath caught its blush,
And yellow, star-shaped gems adorn
The wild witch-hazel bush;
Rocked by the frosty breath of Night,
That brings to frailer blossoms blight,
The germs of fruit they bear,
That, living on through Winter white,
Ripens in Summer air.

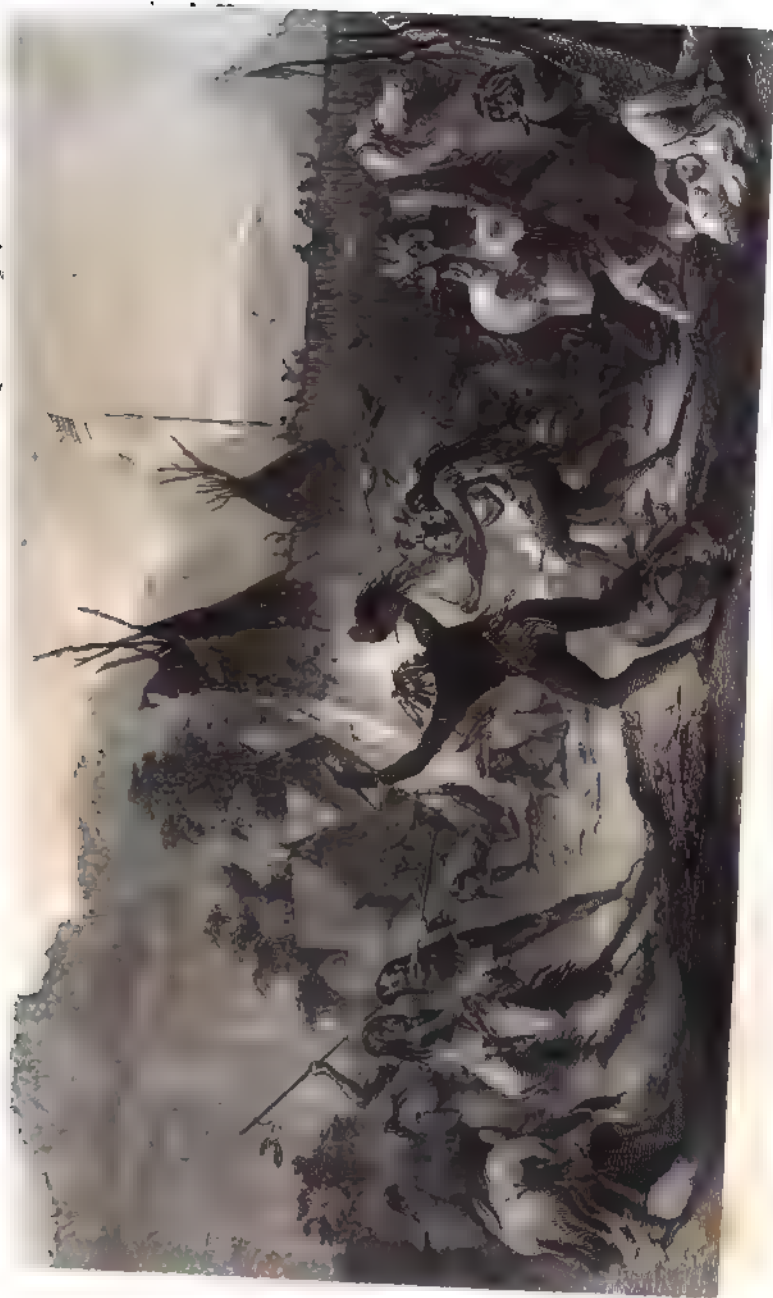
Yon streamlet, to the woods around,
Sings, flowing on, a mournful tune,
Oh! how unlike the joyous sound
Wherewith it welcomed June!
Wasting away with grief, it seems,
For flowers that flaunted in the beams
Of many a sun-bright day—
Fair flowers!—more beautiful than dreams
When life hath reached its May.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in Relation to Health and Morals. By Geo. Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Such books as this, if generally circulated, cannot fail to do a vast deal of good. Dr. Moore is well adapted to make the subject he has chosen interesting and intelligible, and the subject itself comprehends topics of great practical importance. In his mode of treating his theme, the author avoids all the technicalities of his profession, addressing the public, not physicians. The style, buting a little effort after rounded sentences, is clear and precise.

O'Sullivan's Love, a Legend of Edenmore; and the History of Paddy Go-Easy and his Wife Nancy. By William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Mr. Carleton is one of the most powerful of the many novelists who have aimed to illustrate Irish character. He gives us the true Irishman, in his passions, his blunders, his blarney, and his potatoes. His pathos and humor are both excellent. The present novel well sustains his high and honorable reputation.







LIBERTY AND JUSTICE UNDER THE ROSE





LE FOLLET

Boulevard St-Martin 61.

Crinolines de Longchamps.

Chapeaux de M^{me} Delannoy pl. de la Bourse, 31 - Plumes et fleurs de M^{me} Tilmant, 2 Menars.

Robes de M^{me} Breuveau, 1 de la Chambre d'Orléans 31

Mantelets en dentelle de Rolard, 1 Chausseul, 2^{ème} 1 rue de la Bourse, 3 Montmartre, 111



trypsen, though he knows they are

would rather be circumvented by his own countrymen than pay an additional frank to a Frenchman.

Wherever half a dozen English families are congregated, there is a loyal English association for the preservation of the purity of English manners, English patriotism, and the holy and essential connection of Church and State. As a matter of course, when-

which constitute the great aggregate of human happiness.

I will here allude only to one instance—the manner in which we spend our summers. Our summers are, in general, hotter than those of Europe and, in consequence, drive a much larger portion of the population into the country and to the

LE FOLLET

Boulevard St Martin, 61.

Coiffettes de Longchamps.

Chapeaux de M^{me} Delannay pl. de la Bourse, 31 - Plumes et fleurs de M^{me} Vilmar, r. Ménars, 2.

Robes de M^{me} Bienvenu, r. de la Chaussée d'Antin, 41.

Mantelet en dentelle de Violard, r. Chéroux, 26 - Corsage de Rousse, r. Montmartre, 112.



GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

REMINISCENCES OF WATERING-PLACES.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

WHATEVER our political independence may be, we are slavish imitators of Europe in every thing appertaining to society. We may boast of being republicans—we may beard England and France, conquer the Mexicans and annex Cuba, but we dare not get up a coat or a pantaloon, or a morning-dress, or a *peignoir* of a lady, without first waiting for the fashion plates of Paris. What is taste but a sense of the fitness of things—the intuition of propriety—and why should we not lay claim to it as well as other nations. John Bull, in that respect, is a much more remarkable man; not only is he stock-English at home, but an Englishman wherever he goes—in Canton and St. Petersburg, in Constantinople or Paris—wherever he sojourns he founds, or assists in founding, an English colony, governed by English laws, English fashions, English tastes, and all the substantial customs of his foggy and smoky island. Nothing tempts him to forego his Anglicism. He breakfasts on a steak in India, as he does on Ludgate Hill, and has made the establishment of butcher's shops in the Asiatic possessions of England an important item of legislation;—he has established coffee-houses in Paris, where you get, *par excellence*, a *biftec à l'anglaise*—he has established *Hôtels d'Angleterre* in every habitable town and village of Europe, and he has colonized the world with English shoemakers, tailors, and other artisans of every description. Let him go where he may, he prefers the productions of his country to every other, and even deals in preference with his countrymen, though he knows they cheat him. He would rather be circumvented by his own countrymen than pay an additional frank to a Frenchman.

Wherever half a dozen English families are congregated, there is a loyal English association for the preservation of the purity of English manners, English patriotism, and the holy and essential connection of Church and State. As a matter of course, when-

ever they can afford to pay for a preacher, they have their English chapel, and if a nobleman happens to get among them, they have their English genealogies, their court and their toadies. In former days they were at least obliged, when traveling, to study French, or some other European language, but since English is spoken all over the world, from the lady in the drawing-room to the *garçon* of the hotel and the *café*, the incoherent monosyllables of which English conversation is usually composed, will answer for an overland journey to Calcutta. Even in this country the English remain attached to their habits and customs, and to the fashions of their own modern Babylon.

Alas! it is not so with us. We imitate the whole world; we are the slaves of fashions set by other people, and yet, we are the only country on earth which has a *written declaration* of independence.

But the worst of it is, that in imitating Europe, we select generally that which is least fit for our use, and omit those laudable customs and manners which, being founded on the experience of centuries, give to the old continent the only real advantage it has over us. We copy aristocratic prudery and exclusiveness, and omit the graceful *provenance* of the higher orders, wherever their rank or title is not drawn into question, and the agreeable equality which is the essential charm of society. We cannot unbend for a single moment—we carry our personal dignity, our wealth, and our connections into the humblest walk of life, and by that very means deprive ourselves of a thousand little enjoyments which constitute the great aggregate of human happiness.

I will here allude only to one instance—the manner in which we spend our summers. Our summers are, in general, hotter than those of Europe and, in consequence, drive a much larger portion of the population into the country and to the

watering-places. The facilities of locomotion, too, are very great, and traveling comparatively cheap; because we are in a habit of doing it in caravans, whether it be by rail-roads* or in floating palaces. How delightfully might we not spend the warm season, and the delicious autumn which follows, if we only knew how!

In Europe there are two kinds of watering-places: those where baths are taken or waters drank for the use of health, and those which, being delightfully situated, attract crowds of visitors merely for the purpose of agreeable pastime. The waters of the Pyrenees, of the Tyrol, and some of the *Brunnens* of Germany, belong to the former class; but by far the greatest number are properly comprised under the head of "Baths of Luxury and Amusement." And, indeed, it is a luxury to use such baths in such places, and surrounded by such comforts! Among the model waters of the world are those of Germany. They unite in themselves all the advantages of the others, and surpass them in the profundity of thought and research with which they are organized and embellished. There is a high, lofty enthusiasm in that hardy race of Germans, which one would not naturally seek behind those listless blue eyes, flaxen hair, drum heads and quadrangular faces, which have won for them the characteristic appellation of *têtes-carreés*; and yet how beautifully are their classic lore, their wild romanticism, and their modern merriment, illustrated at their *Brunnens*! They are complete little worlds in themselves—miniature planets, scarcely perturbed by the revolutions of other bodies. In a week you can pass through the whole of them, from Heesse Homburg and Baden-Baden to Wiesbaden, Emms and Langenschallbach, and yet each of these bears a distinct physiognomy, and is complete within itself. Wonderful totality of the Germans—harmonious agreement of taste, fancy and reality, to be found at a German watering-place, and no where else in Germany! The republicanism and philosophy of the Germans, driven from the residences of princes, have taken refuge at the *Brunnens*, where they have established the democracy of high life—the cosmopolitism of education and good breeding, and the individual independence which is sometimes in vain sought in other commonwealths! I will give here, by way of example, a short description of the principal advantages of Baden-Baden—deservedly the most fashionable watering-place now in Europe—to show what a fashionable resort of that kind can be made; and of what improvements our own are capable, if people had a mind to be free and easy, at least as long as the thermometer ranges from eighty to a hundred.

I shall not trouble my readers with a description of the various routes that lead to Baden from Paris, London, or any other place they choose to start from. They will find it laid down on every map of Germany, not far from Strasburg and the Rhine, and

* I purposely avoid the English dandyism "railway."

the postillions in their high-boots, leather inexpressibles, short-jackets and glazed hats, with bright brass bugles dangling to their sides, on which they often charm their horses and annoy their English passengers, are so accustomed to the road that they are sure to carry you there within the time prescribed by law, (4 miles to the hour,) if you will promise not to disappoint them with the *drink-geld*. A German postillion gets money merely for drink, and hence his *douceur* is called drink-money—the English translation of the above idiom. This only I will say: that if you take the rail-road from Carlsruhe to Baden-Baden, you have already a foretaste of the comforts that await you. Of course you take first class cars, balanced on extra steel springs, where, stretched on a rose-wood sofa, carved à la *Renaissance*, with a large looking-glass before you, and an elegant table between, you may either read, take notes, take a collation or enjoy an agreeable *tête-à-tête*, as taste or opportunity may prompt you. These cars are never crowded, and you are in them as in a lady's *boudoir*, treading softly on the carpet. Instead of the shrill whistle, the hunter's, respectively the postillion's bugle, apprises you of your arrival, the door is opened, and the conductor, doffing his cap with the Grand Ducal arms, informs you that you have reached the place of your destination. There is no trouble about the luggage, which is all marked and registered, and sent to your hotel by the *agents of the road*, for another *drink-geld*, regulated by a tariff.

And now as to the hotels, of which there are about twenty or thirty in the place. The first question is: how large an apartment do you want? Do you require two, three, four, five, six or more rooms? with the windows looking into the garden or on the street? There are some rooms higher up with a fine view of the mountains—some with a balcony, &c. These rooms are not merely places to sleep in; they are as completely furnished as those of your own house, with large glasses, sofas, lounges, *fauteuils*, and every convenience of the town or residence you have just left. You are in the country without missing any of the comforts of the city. There are two excellent *tables d'hôte*, one at an early and one at a late hour, (5 o'clock,) to suit your habits; breakfast in your rooms when you ridg; supper from seven or eight in the evening till four or any o'clock the next morning, à la *carte*. Of course when you dine in your room you command your dinner à la *carte* also, but you better leave that to the taste of your host. Every hotel has baths attached to it, which you may command at any hour, and physicians who explain to you their effect on the constitution, and with whom you may advise as to your case. If you dine at the *table d'hôte* you are sure to have a band of music, which has at least the effect of promoting conversation, if it does not refresh your memory with the most popular pieces of the last opera. There is no public parlor; but the accommodations are such that you may receive your

friends in your own room. The public parlor is the *Conversation House*, or *Kursaal*, where you see every body—not only “the boarders of your hotel,” but the whole society of the place, which meets there twice a day, and is to the visitors of Baden what the capitol in Washington is to strangers in that city. This, of course, prevents the formation of cliques or sets, or coteries that are, for instance, formed at Saratoga, in regard, God save the mark! to the boarding-place you may be at, and enables you to be in good society without being observed; meeting your acquaintances, and yet obliged to recognize none unless you choose to do so. During the season there are some two or three thousand people every day at the Conversation House, which, of an evening, I can compare to nothing better than the levee of our President, with this exception only, that there is less of a jam, and of course less confusion.

The Conversation House itself is a very tasteful and elegant building; and some idea may be formed of the costliness of its furniture, when I state that the painting of the walls of a single saloon in it has cost fifty thousand francs. There are music and dancing, concerts and theatrical representations connected with the Conversation House, and only one marplot, which the government is about to suppress—the gaming-table. The principal games played are *Rouge* and *Noire*, or *trente et quarante*, *Roulet* and *Hazard*, introduced lately from Crockford's. But it is not considered good taste to gamble, though there is usually a large gallery of spectators; and a lady at the gaming-table is, indeed, a most sorry spectacle. Every body has a right to enter the Conversation House *gratis*, from the time it is opened till it is closed; provided the person, male or female, is properly dressed; and it is the fashion to be dressed as simply as possible, and for the ladies never to wear diamonds. Balls and concerts are given in separate rooms by subscription; but even there it is considered bad taste and absolutely vulgar, to appear in full dress. I have seen Prince Gallitzin waltzing with the Duchess of Béthune, he dressed in a linen jacket, and she wearing red morocco shoes! The only hair-dress which is not absolutely ridiculous in a lady, consists of natural flowers. It is the intention that all shall enjoy themselves equally, and that nothing shall provoke remarks. The height of vulgarity, in a watering-place, is to be distinguished. It is understood that all social obligations and distinctions are suspended or cancelled at the watering-place, and that no obligation there incurred need be recognized in the city. There is, therefore, no fear of making disagreeable acquaintances, and the agreeable ones must be renewed in town.

But what I have thus far stated is but half the real pleasure enjoyed at a German watering-place, or the comfort that you can find there, if you like to stay there for a season. In that case you had best hire an *étage* (a whole floor of a house, usually

from five to ten rooms, with a kitchen, &c.) or a whole house for yourself, all which you find already furnished, with kitchen utensils, crockery, silver, in short, every thing that you have left at home, with even servants, if you desire, to wait on you; all by the week, month, or the whole season. In a similar manner may you hire your carriage by the day, week, month, or season, your saddle-horse, or a donkey to ride over the mountains. You are, in fact, surrounded by every convenience of London or Paris, and yet, in half an hour's drive, amidst the peasantry of the most laughing villages of Germany.

Baden is not without its Italian Corso. Every afternoon, that is from 6 o'clock till dark, ladies and gentlemen drive from Baden to Lichtenthal, a distance of not more than two English miles, but which, by art, is so arranged as to convey the idea of a much longer jaunt. You drive all the time through a most beautiful alley of horse-chestnuts; but you are not fatigued with the tiresome monotony of a straight line, and its diminishing perspective. The line you follow is serpentine, with unequal curves on both sides, so as to lengthen your course and still keep you in the valley bounded on both sides by semi-circular mountains. In this manner you enjoy every possible scenery, and every advantageous position to view it. Now the old castle, which you have just left, again bursts on your sight; then the landscape seems to be changed into an open prairie, bound on both sides by craggy rocks; then you find yourself suddenly traversing a flower-garden, traveling along between rose-bushes raised to the height of from eight to ten feet; and all at once you are again, as if by magic, buried within the dark foliage of a dense oak forest. Thus the scenery varies till you have come to the nunnery of Lichtenthal, where you may alight and take some refreshment in the hotel opposite, or if you are fond of clear, mountain streamlets, taste the cool water of the rills that trickle down the mountains; some blowsy children being always ready to present you with a tumbler-full on a waiter, with a bunch of flowers placed by the side of it, for which you are expected to make a small return. Germany is essentially the country of flowers and music, and you can indulge in both of them, during the season, at Baden-Baden. By the side of the alley of horse-chestnuts, which is wide enough for two or three carriages to drive abreast, there is another for cavaliers on horseback, so that ladies and gentlemen can practice all the arts of refined coquetry whilst admiring the beauties of nature, and enjoying the fragrant air with which this romantic valley is constantly blessed. On the left hand, following the gurgling brook which meanders through the valley, is a gravel-walk, sufficiently near the drive for the promenaders to observe and to be observed, and with its animated groups, much contributing to the variety of the scene. There is no social difference observed between those who drive and those who walk, parties

frequently alighting from their carriages to join the pedestrians, and carriages being ready on both ends of the promenade to convey them. Whichever way you turn, social distinctions vanish—the life you lead seems to be all romance; you have left the cares of the world behind you, and are willing to look upon all men as honest and true, and on all women as angels. Neither are you answerable for your doings at the watering-place, except to your own conscience—all that occurs there is a mere episode, you live, as it were, in a parenthesis. What a pretty parenthesis one lives in at Saratoga with a "corps of reporters" at one's elbow to note one's acts, and chronicle one's fancies! But this very freedom from social trammels is often the cause of the most lasting affections, as those trees frequently strike the deepest roots which are early exposed to the blast.

You have now returned from the *Corso* to the Conversation House, which on one side is leaning against the mountains, having in front a rich park, and under the trees numerous stalls, where ladies may indulge in the entertaining vocation of shopping, to ruin either husbands or *gallants*. The shops, however, are now closed; the moon has risen, and with her electro-galvanic power, is silvering the old walls of the castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the mountain. As you pass on, her playful light twinkles through the leaves, and paints grotesque figures on ladies' shawls and bonnets, which are not to be imitated either by Nancy or Paris embroidery, and are handsomest when falling on plain gauze or muslin, slightly veiling the sylph-like forms that flit between the trees.

In front of the Conversation House is the orangery, with the golden fruit of *Hesperus* suspended from its dark-green branches; an ocean of light from lamps placed between the trees, gives a magic appearance to the crowd that floats between them; and a scientific orchestra of from twenty-four to thirty instruments, diffuses harmony through the cool evening breeze, till its melodious notes die with faint echo in the mountains.

In that promenade, though not measuring more than six or eight hundred paces, you seem to take an optical trip through Europe. You hear every language spoken, and behold every possible costume, from the straight-laced Englishman to the turbaned Turk and the ample-folded Armenian. The Italian, French, Spanish, English, Russian, German, and Oriental tongues are here mingling with one another without producing the least confusion, or making any one believe that he is not at home. The Englishman, with his two left hands, so manly in public life, and so peevish and awkward in society, almost unbends; the fiery Spaniard forgets his Prado and the dark eyes of Madrid; the mocking Frenchman leaves off his *bons-mots*; the Russian thaws from his icy despotism; and the enthusiastic Italian himself swears that this would have been a scene for the love of Petrarcha. But

the thoughtful German, with his abstractions and enthusiasm running in rich veins deep beneath the surface, flies from the throng, and climbing up the footpath of the mountain, carved in the rock by patient taste, breathes soft vows to willingly listening ears, in the sweet solitude of moonlight.

Connected with the Conversation House is a *restaurateur*, who is at the same time a *limonadier* and *glacier*. There is nothing that the *Café de Paris*, the *Maison d'or*, *Tertoni*, the *Rocher de Cancale*, or the *Trois frères Provençaux* can furnish, that you do not find on the *carte* of this practical *épicure*; while instead of the glass-boxes in which you are obliged to dine or sup, in *Paris*, you are here served in a spacious gallery, ornamented with plants and flowers from the four quarters of the globe, a thousand times reflected in gigantic mirrors. Every thing here seems to be arranged by the hands of a kind fairy, and the repasts themselves are served with a promptitude and a precision as if the spirits attending you were obeying the magic wand of an enchanter.

A reading-room and a circulating library are also connected with the establishment. The latter contains the standard works, and the latest publications in English, French, and German you are sure to find there the best; and there is no club in England that can furnish a greater variety of newspapers, English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish journals, with the *New York Herald*, and the *Courier and Enquirer*.

It is long past midnight when you return home, but the hotels, and many private residences, are still lit up, and music, that sweet concomitant of life in Germany, is still greeting you as you wind your way through the crooked streets.

In no part of Europe do you see a British peer dining *table d'hôte*; but the watering-places of Germany make an exception from the rule. I have seen the most aristocratic leaders of the Tory party (that was)—certainly not without a proper train of English todies—lieutenant-generals in the army of the historical house of S—t, and India nabobs, content with the public ordinary, though the ladies of the party are seldom seen without a *dragon*. "What is a dragon?" will some of my readers ask. I will explain. A dragon, applied to a young English gentlewoman is what an "*elephant*" is applied to a German. It consists of an old maiden aunt, or some other distant relation, whose business it is to superintend the conduct of a young lady that is just "out." Her functions resemble those of the old nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, only that she is much more watchful, and seldom or ever to be bribed. If you attempt to corrupt her, you rouse the British lion, or the Dragon of St. George; hence the name, which has been given them by the French. The acerbity of the temper of English dragons renders them generally lean and gaunt; but in Germany, where good nature abounds, they grow fat, though with a dogged obstinacy which is as insulting as it is provoking, they will squat down on the sofa

right between you and the lady you wish to entertain; proving a most palpable objection to a *table-d'hôte*, for which reason they are properly called "elephants."

The business of an English dragon at a *table d'hôte* in a German watering-place, is to occupy a seat on that flank of a lady which is threatened with a masculine invasion. As a further precaution, and a sort of second line of circumvallation, the seat next to the dragon is left unoccupied, because they expect a friend at dinner, who is always invited, but who never comes, and for whom no landlord dares to make a charge, be the table ever so crowded. Thus guarded and fortified, a young Englishwoman of family may defy siege or assault from any quarter; in a watering-place, however, it is best not to feel too secure, and to rely not altogether either on the beasts I have just named, or those which are conspicuously displayed on escutcheons.

While upon this chapter, I may as well allude to the fact, that there is no "match-making" at a German watering-place; and that gentlemen, from the extreme freedom of manners which is tolerated, are not expected to pay the debts of their gallantry. A gentleman, having danced or conversed with a lady, or been introduced to her in every form used in society, does not yet acquire a right to call on her; and having even been invited in the place, has not yet received the privilege of making his bow in town. So, then, society is left to its own good sense, and with no other but individual responsibilities. There is no shrewd distinction between elder sons and Tartars;* no forced attention to heiresses, and consequently, no arrogant neglect of "poor beauties." Grace and loveliness enchant by their own charms, and wealth is courted only at the end of the season.

Such is a German watering-place for three months in the year—from the 1st of July to the end of September, though the latter part of that month the place begins to thin; and in the winter these places are nothing but pretty villages, with fine white houses and spacious hotels. A few calculating Englishmen, however, have discovered that living there all the year round would enable them to practice such economy that they might, in the season, cut a very great dash without spending much money in the aggregate. Accordingly, some twenty or thirty families—swallows whose pinions are clipped, and will not admit of yearly migrations—have made their nests there for the winter; and the most forlorn-looking creatures they are, if you get a chance to see them. The men affect to indulge in the chase, and the dowager ladies in a quiet rubber of whist, whilst the young women divide their time between novels and embroidery. No nightingale longs for the return of the seasons as they do; they become true lovers of nature, and prefer the cool evenings of summer to all the gayeties of the carnival.

* Younger sons without fortune.—*Remark of the Editors.*

19*

But I have not yet enumerated all the advantages of German watering-places, and particularly of Baden-Baden. Not only are the drives about the town very handsome, but also those within a circumference of from ten to twenty miles. You may take a drive to the old and the new castle (a new castle in Germany is one which dates from the 16th century) to the Mercury—a sort of watch-tower perched on the summit of the highest mountain in the panorama which surrounds you—to Gernsbach, a delightful village, situated in a romantic valley, through whose apparently quiet bosom a mountain-torrent is rushing, like a wild passion, toward the father of the German streams, old Helvetian Rhine—or to the old chapel—or, if you are fond of wild scenery, to the craggy cliffs of the Black Forest. All these roads are built at an enormous expense, and with great skill through narrow defiles, over precipices, real and artificial, and in a serpentine manner so as to command a variety of views. The roads are as level as the floor of your parlor; a much more direct footpath, resembling the neatest gravel-walk in your garden, conducts pedestrians to the same places.

Wherever you find a beautiful spot, with a commanding sight, there you will find a bench and one or more oak chairs, where you may rest yourself, and enjoy the landscape at your ease. Even on the road for carriages a space is left for turning or halting wherever a commanding view presents itself to the eye. In this careful treasuring up of the wealth of nature, the Germans have no equal in Europe. Theirs are the quiet enjoyment of contemplativeness—the dreams, called forth by an ardent love of the great fountains of inspiration. But who is there deriving happiness from bare realities, without reminiscences of the past, or hopes of the future?

The old castle is a ruin of very ancient date, but several rooms in it have been refitted, of course in the style of the middle ages, with huge massive oak tables and chairs, arched windows, with painted glass, and armorial *frescoes*. The old dungeon has been, very properly, transformed into a wine-cellar, the only prisoners being huge casks of hock, and a corresponding number of long-necked bottles. On a writ of *habeas corpus*, any of these will be brought before you, and you may drink the health of the present Grand Duke—a poor devil of a fellow, whose place ought to have been occupied by *Caspar Hauser*—or the memory of his worthy ancestors, in the finest room that is left in their old residence. You will also find an excellent restaurant, and a *cafetier*, who, in the midst of the remnants of past ages, will present you with a *carte*, the very copy of which you may have seen at Mavri's, or at the *Café Anglais*. After dinner you may climb up the old tower, and from the dilapidated loop-holes of the fourteenth century, contemplate the improvements of the nineteenth, as the cars from *Carlsruhe* rattle over the rails.

There is, indeed, a peculiar pleasure in thus scanning, with a single glance, the vestiges of five successive centuries; to view the past and the present, and to lose oneself in the contemplation of the future. You can almost realize immortality in beholding the works of twenty generations, and the undying spirit that produced them, without having lost one atom of its pristine energy or vigor. The world spirit is ever young, though one generation after another dies in its embrace, each cherishing its own fond hope of everlasting life. The contemplation of the future steels men's nerves to patient enterprise and heroic valor; but the retrospective is the true element of poetry. The future, from our limited perception, is necessarily shapeless; but the past, aided by distance, stands out in bold relief, and the colossal figures of history animate the scene. They stand on pedestals, animating or warning examples in all times to come. There is a peculiar species of romanticism connected with the remnants of the middle ages. They are nearer to us than the classical ruins of antiquity, and from their immediate connection create stronger sympathies. The spiritualism of the middle ages contrasts advantageously with the materialism of the Greeks and Romans, and has a stronger and more direct hold on our imagination. The ruins of Rome, Athens, and Carthage, lead to a train of reflections which leave you comparatively cold; while the turreted castle and time-defying walls of our own immediate ancestors strike us like reminiscences of our own childhood.

Descending the castled mountain, and taking the road toward the Hunter's Lodge, the scenery becomes more and more wild; the habitations of men disappear, and pursuing your route some few hours, you find yourself at once transplanted to the most picturesque scenes of the Alleghanies. You are now in the Black Forest, one of the few spots in Europe where you behold primitive oaks, as yet undesecrated by the woodman's axe, and land which has never been tilled by the ploughman. Here is a little miniature painting, beautifully set in diamond spires and emerald hills on the one side, and the pearly Rhine on the other. Some there are who think the setting more valuable than the picture; but diplomacy has a different opinion on the subject, and has always valued the Black Forest as one of the most important strategical positions of Germany.

There is no sea-bathing in Europe equal in natural grandeur to either Cape May, or Long Branch. The most frequented watering-place of that sort, on the Continent, is Ostende; but the Belgians are the most unpoetical, unamiable people of Europe. With more historic lore than almost any other modern people, their minds are as flat as their

soil,* and their manners as unsociable as the Spanish hangman, *Alba*, could have made them. Their religion is petrified, their literature stale, and there is nothing of the ideal in them. It is in the bogs of Flanders where the home-sick Swiss mountaineer is most tempted to commit suicide. Ostende, independent of the beach, which does not compare to our own sea-shore, is extremely dreary. Nothing but sand, sand-hills, and morasses, surround it. It is true, these morasses have been cultivated by the extreme patience and industry of the Flemish peasant, but there is a monotony in their fields and parks, and even in their gardens, which can drive you mad. Every thing answers a useful purpose, but to the imagination it is a dreary waste.

Ostende, during the summer season, is nevertheless a picture of Europe in miniature. You can reach it from England in eight hours, from Brussels in six, from Paris in sixteen, from the Rhine (Cologne) in fifteen. Brighton, on the opposite side of the Channel, is nevertheless a paradise to it, if any thing can be called a paradise where, instead of the primitive manners of the first couple, you meet with the exclusive dampness of English society. But nature has blessed that little Island of Great Britain—the Japan of the European sea—with so many gifts, that the strange organization of its society appears to be less the offspring of that peculiar irony which runs through history, than a means of tempering "the envy of less happier lands," and making them comparatively content with their fate. Every Continental watering-place is crowded with Englishmen, who come there to enjoy social freedom; those of England are nothing but epitomes of the concentric circles which mark the monotonous orbits of the different classes of English society. The elements do not mingle, form no harmonious groups, and have nothing cheering either for the imagination or the heart.

There is great danger that the society of our own watering-places is gradually copying the English model, without having the same uniform, and on that account more endurable standard of division. The different coteries of a large city—the necessary consequence of the difference of refinement and education—need not necessarily conflict with each other; but they are intolerable in a small place, where the distinctions are constantly before your eyes, and can hardly be kept up without rudeness. Fancy half a dozen coteries dining at the same table, meeting at least three times a day, and then spending the evening together in the same parlor. It must be a perfect little purgatory, from whose pains there is no respite, except by diving in the broad Atlantic.

* I, of course, except the people of Liege and the Ardennes, who are descended from the Gauls, and are only politically united with Flanders and Brabant.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LEONARD MYERS.

(Concluded from page 167.)

I ARRIVED at Montpellier, and was well received by my uncle, who informed me that he had obtained for me an honorable situation. A rich Englishman, very old, nervous and gouty, was desirous of having a doctor constantly beneath his roof, an intelligent young man, who might attend to his disease under the direction of another physician. I had been proposed and accepted. We immediately repaired to the residence of Lord James Kysington. We entered a large and handsome mansion, filled with servants, and having passed through a suite of rooms we were ushered into the cabinet of Lord James Kysington.

Lord Kysington was seated in a large arm-chair. He was a very old man, with a chilling and austere countenance. His hair, which was completely white, contrasted singularly with eye-brows that were still of the deepest black. He was tall and thin, at least as well as I could distinguish through the folds of a large linen surtout, fashioned like a dressing-gown. His hands were hidden in the sleeves, and a white bear's fur covered his ailing feet. A table stood near him on which were placed several vials containing potions.

My uncle introduced me. "My lord, this is my nephew, Doctor Barnabé," he said.

Lord Kysington bowed, that is to say, he made an almost imperceptible inclination of his head, as he looked at me.

"He is well instructed," my uncle resumed, "and I doubt not will prove useful to your lordship."

A second motion of the head was the only answer my uncle obtained.

"Besides," added the latter, "having received a good education, he can read to your lordship, or write when you wish to dictate."

"I shall be obliged to him for it," Lord Kysington at last replied, and he instantly closed his eyes, either because he was fatigued or that he wished the conversation to cease there; and my uncle took his departure.

I now had time to look about me. Near the window sat a young woman, very elegantly dressed, who was working at a piece of embroidery without at all raising her eyes toward us, as though we were not worthy of her notice. On the carpet at her feet a little boy was playing with toys. At first the young woman did not appear to me pretty, because she had black hair and black eyes, and to be hand-

some, in my estimation, was to be fair, like Eva Meredith; and then, in my inexperienced judgment, I always associated beauty with a certain air of gentleness. That which I found pleasant to look upon was what I supposed to be a goodness of heart—and it was long before I could confess to myself the beauty of this female, whose bearing was so proud, and whose look so disdainful.

She was, like Lord Kysington, tall, thin, and somewhat pale, and there seemed to exist between them a family resemblance. Their dispositions were too much alike for them to agree well, and they lived together scarcely exchanging a word, certainly not loving each other. The child, too, had been taught to make as little noise as possible; he stepped on tiptoe, and at the least creaking of the floor a harsh look from his mother or Lord Kysington would change him into a statue.

It was too late now to return to my village, but there is always time to regret that which we have loved and lost, and my heart beat faster when I thought of my humble home, my native valley, and liberty.

The following was all I could learn relative to the family I was in.

Lord Kysington had come to Montpellier for the restoration of his health, which had been injured by the climate of the Indies. The second son of the Duke of Kysington, himself only lord by courtesy, he owed to his own talents, and not to birth, his fortune and political position in the House of Commons. Lady Mary was the wife of his youngest brother, and Lord Kysington had chosen her son, his nephew, for his heir. I now began to attend to this old man as zealously as I could, fully persuaded that the most likely method of bettering a bad position was to fulfill even a painful duty.

Lord Kysington always behaved to me with the strictest politeness. A nod would thank me for every care, for every action that relieved him. One day when he appeared to be asleep, and Lady Mary was busy with her work, little Harry climbed on my knees, and finding that we were in a distant corner of the room, he asked me some questions with the artless curiosity of his age, and I, in return, hardly aware of what I was saying, interrogated him as to his relations.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" I asked.

"I have a very pretty little sister."

"And what is her name?"

"Oh, she has a charming name, guess it, doctor."

I know not what I was thinking of. In my own village I had only heard the names of peasants, and they would not have been fit for the daughter of Lady Mary. Madame Meredith was the only well-bred lady I knew, and as the child kept repeating, guess, guess, I answered at random,

"Eva, perhaps."

We were speaking in a very low tone, but the instant the name of Eva had passed my lips, Lord Kysington suddenly opened his eyes and sat upright in his chair, Lady Mary dropped her work and turned quickly toward me. I was stupefied at the effect I had produced, and gazed at them alternately, without daring to speak another word—some moments elapsed—Lord Kysington fell back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes again, Lady Mary resumed her work, and Harry and myself spoke no more.

For a long time I sat reflecting on this singular incident; afterward, all things having sunk into their usual calm, and silence reigning around me, I rose gently, and was about to leave the room. Lady Mary laid aside her embroidery, passed out before me, and motioned with her hand for me to follow her. As soon as we reached the parlor, she shut the door, and standing before me, her head erect, and her whole countenance wearing the imperious air which was the most natural expression of her features. "Dr. Barnabé," said she, "will you be so kind as never again to pronounce the name you just now uttered; it is one that Lord Kysington should not hear;" and with a slight inclination she returned to the cabinet and shut the door.

A thousand ideas beset me; this Eva, whose name it was forbidden to mention, was she not Eva Meredith? Was she, then, the daughter-in-law of Lord Kysington? And was I living with the father of William? I hoped, yet doubted, for, in a word, although this name of Eva designated but one person to me, to others it might only be a name, perhaps, common in England.

I did not dare to question, but the thought that I was in the family of Eva Meredith, near the woman who was robbing the mother and orphan of their paternal inheritance, engrossed my mind constantly, both day and night. Often in fancy did I picture the return of Eva and her son to this dwelling, and saw myself asking and obtaining forgiveness for them; but when I raised my eyes, the cold, impassable face of Lord Kysington froze all the hopes of my heart. I began to examine that face as if I had never seen it; I endeavored to find in those features some motions, some traces, which might disclose a little feeling. I sought for the soul I wished to move; alas! I found it not. But, thought I, what signifies the expression of the countenance, it is but the exterior cover which is seen with the eye—the meanest chest may be filled with gold! All that is within us cannot be guessed at first sight; and whoever has

lived, has also learned to separate his soul and his thoughts from the common expression of his features.

I resolved to clear up my doubts—but what method was I to take? To interrogate Lady Mary, or Lord Kysington, was out of the question. To ask the domestics?—they were French, and but newly engaged. An English valet-de-chambre, the only servant who had accompanied his master, had just been sent to London on a confidential mission. It was to Lord Kysington that I must direct my inquiries. From him would I learn all—from him obtain pardon for Eva. The severe expression of his face had ceased to terrify me. I said to myself, "when in the forest we find a tree to all appearance dead, we make an incision in it to ascertain whether the sap does not still flow beneath the dead bark; so will I test his heart, and try if some feeling be not still within it." I waited for an opportunity. To await patiently will not bring to pass that which we look for; instead of depending entirely on circumstances, we should avail ourselves of them as they occur.

One night Lord Kysington sent for me; he was in pain. After giving him the attentions requisite, I remained by him to watch the result of my prescriptions. The chamber was gloomy. A wax light shone dimly on the objects in the room; the pale and noble form of Lord Kysington was reclining on his pillow. His eyes were closed; it was his custom, when about to suffer, to collect his moral courage; he never complained, but lay stretched on his couch, straight and motionless as the effigy of a king on his tomb. He usually asked me to read to him, perhaps because the thoughts of the book would occupy his mind, or the monotony of a voice might put him to sleep.

That evening he made a sign to me with his bony hand to take a book and read to him; but I looked for one in vain, for the books and papers had been taken down into the parlor, and all the doors leading to it were fastened, so that I could not obtain one without ringing for it and disturbing the family. Lord Kysington made a gesture of impatience, but he resigned himself, and pointed to a chair for me to take a seat near him. We sat thus for a long while without speaking, almost in darkness, the clock alone breaking the silence with the regular ticking of its pendulum. But sleep came not. Of a sudden Lord Kysington unclosed his eyes, and turning to me, said,

"Speak to me; relate something, I care not what."

He shut his eyes again, and lay waiting.

My heart beat violently—the time was come.

"My lord," I said, "I fear I know of nothing that would interest your lordship. I can only speak of myself, and the events of my life; and you would wish to hear the history of some great man, or some great event, that might claim your attention. What can a peasant have to descant upon, who has lived content with little, in obscurity and repose? I have

scarcely ever been absent from my native village. It is a pretty hamlet in the mountains. Not far off there is a country residence, where I have seen those who were rich, and might have left, and who, nevertheless, stayed there because the woods are thick, the paths covered with flowers, the rivulets clear and dashing over the rocks. Alas! there were two in that house—and soon but one poor, solitary woman remained until the birth of her child. My Lord, this lady spoke the same language as yourself. She was beautiful, as seldom may be seen in England or France; good, as only the angels in heaven can be. She was but eighteen years of age when I left her, fatherless, motherless, and already bereaved of an adored husband; she is weak, delicate, almost sickly, and yet she has need to live—who else will protect her little child?

Oh! my lord, there are many unfortunate beings in this world. To be unfortunate in the meridian of life, or when old age is creeping on, is doubtless sad, yet there are then pleasant remembrances which tell us that we have played our part, that we have lived our time, and had our joys. But when tears and sorrow come at eighteen, it is sadder still, for we know full well nothing can revive the dead—all that is left is to weep forever. Poor girl! do we see a beggar by the road-side, it is with cold or hunger that he suffers; we give him charity, and do not think of him with sorrow, since he may be relieved; but the only alleviation that could be tendered to this unhappy being, whose heart is bowed and broken, would be to love her—and there is no one near to do her this charity. Ah! my lord, had you but known the handsome young man who was her husband. Barely twenty-three years old, of a noble form, a high forehead—like your own, intellectual and haughty—with deep blue eyes, somewhat thoughtful—yes, somewhat sad; but I knew the reason—it was that he loved his father, his country, and yet must be banished from both. His smile was full of gentleness. Oh! how he would have smiled on his little child had he lived to see him! Yes, he loved it yet unborn; he even took delight in looking at the cradle destined for it. Poor, unfortunate young man! I saw him on a stormy night, in a dark forest, stretched on the damp ground, motionless, lifeless, his garments covered with mire, and his head crushed with a frightful wound, from which the blood still flowed in torrents. I saw—alas! I saw William—”

“You were present, then, at the death of my son!” cried Lord Kysington, rising like a spectre from the pillows that sustained him, and fixing on me his eyes, so large, so piercing, that I drew back in fear; but in spite of the darkness of the room, I thought a tear moistened the eye-lids of the old man.

“My lord,” I replied, “I saw your son dead, and I saw his child born.”

There was a moment's silence.

Lord Kysington gazed fixedly on me; at last he made a motion, his trembling hand sought mine and

pressed it, his fingers then unclasped, and he fell back exhausted.

“Enough, enough, sir!—I suffer!—I have need of repose. Leave me.”

I bowed and withdrew.

Before I left the room Lord Kysington had resumed his accustomed position, his silence, and immobility.

I will not repeat to you, ladies, my numerous and respectful attempts with Lord Kysington; his indecision, his concealed anxiety, and how, at last, his paternal love, awakened by the details of the horrible catastrophe; how the pride of his house, animated by the hope of leaving an heir to his name, ended in the triumph over a bitter resentment. Three months after the scene I have just described, I stood on the threshold of the mansion to receive Eva Meredith and her son, recalled to their family to resume all their rights. It was a joyful day for me.

Lady Mary, who, possessing great command over herself, had dissembled her joy when family dissensions had made her son the future heir of her brother, now concealed still better her regret and anger when Eva Meredith, or rather Eva Kysington, became reconciled with her father-in-law. Lady Mary's marble-like brow remained without emotion, but how many dark passions lurked within her breast beneath this apparent calm.

I stood, as I have said, at the threshold when the carriage of Eva Meredith (I will continue to call her by that name) drew up in the court-yard. Eva eagerly gave me her hand. “Thanks! thanks, my friend!” she said, and she brushed away the tears that were trembling in her eyes, and taking by the hand her child, a boy three years old, she entered her new home. “I feel afraid,” she said to me. She was the same weak woman, broken down by misfortune, pale, sad, and beautiful, scarcely believing in the hopes of earth, and whose only certainty was the things of heaven. I walked by her side, and, whilst still dressed in mourning, she was ascending the first flight of stairs, her sweet face bedewed with tears, her slender and attenuated form leaning on the balustrade, and with outstretched arm she drew along the child, who walked still slower than herself, Lady Mary and her son appeared at the head of the staircase. She wore a robe of brown velvet, splendid bracelets encompassed her arms, and a light gold chain girt that forehead which would have graced a diadem. Her step was firm, her form erect, and her glance one of pride; and thus did these two mothers meet for the first time.

“Welcome, madame,” said Lady Mary, as she kissed Eva Meredith. Eva made an effort to smile, and answered in an affectionate manner. How could she have dreamt of hatred, she who only knew how to love.

We proceeded toward Lord Kysington's cabinet. Madame Meredith could scarcely support herself, but she entered first, and advancing several steps,

knelt by the arm-chair of her father-in-law. She took her child in her arms and placing him on Lord Kysington's knees, said,

"It is *his* son." And the poor creature wept in silence.

For a long time did Lord Kysington gaze on the child, and as he recognized the resemblance to the features of his lost son, his look became affectionate, and his eyes grew dim with tears. Forgetting his age, the lapse of time, the misfortunes he had experienced, he fancied the happy days were returned when he pressed that son, yet a child, to his heart.

"William! William!" he sobbed. "My daughter!" he added, extending his hand to Eva Meredith.

My eyes were suffused with tears. Eva had now a home, a protector, a fortune. I was happy and wept.

The child, quietly seated on its grand-father's knee, had evinced no signs of fear or joy.

"Will you love me?" said the old man.

The child raised his head, but made no reply.

"Do you not hear me? I will be a father to you."

"Excuse him," his mother said, "he has always been alone; he is still very young, and so many persons frighten him; he will soon, my lord, understand your kind words."

But I looked at the child; I examined him attentively; I recalled my sinister alarms. Alas! those forebodings were changed into a certainty; the awful calamity Eva had experienced before the birth of her child, had occasioned sad consequences for her infant; none but a mother, in her youth, and love, and inexperience, could have remained so long in ignorance of her misfortune.

And Lady Mary, too, was watching the child at the same time as minutely as myself.

Never, while life remains, shall I forget the expression of her face; she was standing upright, and her piercing eyes were bent on the little William as though they wished to penetrate his very soul; and as she gazed, lightning seemed to flash from her eyes, her lips parted, as if to smile, her breath came short and oppressed, like that of one anticipating a great joy. She looked with straining eyes—hope, doubt, and eager expectation depicted on every feature; at last her acute hatred guessed the worst, a cry of triumph seemed to have escaped from her inmost heart, but no sound issued from her lips. She drew herself up, cast a glance of disdain on her conquered rival, and once more became impassible.

Lord Kysington, wearied with the emotions of the day, sent us all from his cabinet, and continued alone the whole evening.

The next morning, after a night of disquiet, when I descended to Lord Kysington's room, all the family were assembled round him; Lady Mary held the little William in her arms—it was the tiger holding its prey.

"The beautiful babe," said she. "See, my lord, this fair silken hair, how bright the sun makes it

look! but, dear Eva, is your son always so silent? He has not the vivacity, nor the gayety belonging to his age."

"He is always pensive," said Madame Meredith. "Alas! he could not learn to be gay while near me."

"We will try to amuse him and make him lively," returned Lady Mary. "Go, my dear child, and embrace your grandfather, tell him that you love him."

But William did not stir.

"Do you not know how to embrace? Harry, that's a good boy, embrace your uncle, and set your cousin a good example."

Harry sprang on Lord Kysington's knees, threw his arms about his neck, and said,

"I love you, uncle."

"Now, my dear William," said Lady Mary.

But William stood without moving, without even raising his eyes to his grandfather.

A tear stole down Eva's cheek.

"It is my fault," she said, "I have not educated him rightly." And she took William on her lap, while her tears fell fast upon his face; he felt them not, however, but fell asleep on the oppressed bosom of his mother.

"Try," said Lord Kysington, "to make William less shy."

"I will endeavor," she replied, in that child-like tone of submission I had so often heard. "I will try, and perhaps I may succeed, if Lady Mary will tell me what she has done to make her son so happy and gay." And the wo-begone mother looked at Harry, who was playing by Lord Kysington's chair, and her glance returned to her own poor sleeping babe.

"He suffered even before his birth," she murmured. "We have both been very unfortunate; but I will endeavor to weep no more that William may become as other children."

Two days elapsed, two painful days, full of concealed grief, full of a heavy anxiety. Lord Kysington's brow was care-worn, and his eyes would seek mine, as though to question; but I turned away to avoid answering.

The morning of the third day Lady Mary entered the room with playthings of various kinds, which she had brought for the two children. Harry laid hold of a sabre, and ran up and down the room, uttering shouts of joy. William stood still; he held in his little hands the toys that were given him, but made no effort to use them, nor even looked at them.

"Stay, my lord," said Lady Mary to her brother, "take this picture-book and give it to your grandson, perhaps his attention will be attracted by the pictures in it." And she led William to Lord Kysington. The child made no resistance, but walked up to him, then stood still as a statue.

Lord Kysington opened the book, and every eye was turned upon the old man and his grandson. Lord Kysington was sullen, silent, and austere; he turned over several leaves, slowly stopping at every picture, and keeping his eye on William, whose

steadfast gaze was not even directed toward the book. Lord Kysington turned over a few more leaves, then his hand became motionless, the book fell from his knees, and a mournful silence prevailed in the room.

Lady Mary approached me, and leant over, as if to whisper in my ear, but said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all present, "This child is surely an idiot, doctor."

She was answered by a scream. Eva rose like one thunder-stricken, and snatching up her son, whom she clasped convulsively to her breast—"Idiot!" she cried, while her glance for the first time flashed with indignation, "Idiot!" she repeated, "because he has been unfortunate all his life; because he has witnessed nothing but tears from his birth; because he cannot play like your son, who has ever been surrounded by happiness! Come! come, my child," said Eva, and she wept bitterly, "come, let us leave these pitiless hearts, that have nothing but harsh words for our calamities.

And the unhappy mother took her child in her arms, and quickly ascended to her chamber. I followed her. She placed William on the floor and knelt before that little child. "My son! my son!" she sobbed; William came to her, and leaned his head on his mother's shoulder. "Doctor," she cried, "he loves me; you see it; he comes to me when I call him; he embraces me; his caresses have sufficed for my tranquillity, for my happiness, sad as that happiness is. Good God! is not this enough! Speak to me, my son; comfort me; find a consoling word, a single word to tell thy despairing mother. Until now I have only thought of gazing on those features so like thy father's, and wished for silence that I might weep freely; but now, William, I must have words from thy lips. Dost thou not see my tears, my anguish. Beloved child, so beautiful, so like thy father—speak, oh, speak to me!"

Alas! the child did not heed her, and evinced no emotion, no intelligence; a smile alone—a smile horrible to look upon, played upon his lips. Eva buried her face in her hands, and continued kneeling on the floor, sobbing violently.

O! then I prayed heaven to inspire me with consoling thoughts, which might suggest to this mother a ray of hope. I spoke to her of the future, of a cure to be looked for, of a change that was possible, nay, probable. But hope seldom lends its aid to falsehood; and when there is no longer room for it, it changes to despair. A terrible, a mortal shock had been given, and Eva at last comprehended the whole truth.

From that day but one child descended each morning into Lord Kysington's cabinet; there were two females, but one only seemed to live, the other was silent as the dead; the one said, "my son," the other never breathed her child's name; the one bore herself erect and haughty, the other's head was ever bowed on her bosom, the better to hide her tears; the one brilliant and beautiful, the other pale,

and clothed in mourning. The struggle was over—Lady Mary triumphed. Harry was allowed to play beneath Eva's very eyes; this was cruel. Her anguish was never taken into consideration; each day Harry was brought to repeat his lessons to his uncle. They boasted of his progress. The ambitious mother had calculated every thing that could insure success; and whilst she had soothing words and feigned consolations for Eva Meredith, each moment she contrived to torture her heart. Lord Kysington, disappointed in his dearest hopes, relapsed into that coldness which had terrified me so much; the last spark of love had fled from that heart, closed now as firmly as the stone seals the tomb. Though strictly polite to his daughter-in-law, he had for her no affectionate word. The daughter of the American planter could find no place in his heart but as the mother of his grandson, and that grandson he regarded as one dead. He was more silent and gloomy than ever, regretting, no doubt, that he had yielded to my entreaties, and given his old age a severe trial, so painful, and henceforth so useless.

A year rolled by in this manner, when, on a mournful day, Lord Kysington sent for Eva Meredith, and motioned her to take a seat near him. "Listen to me, madame," he said, "take courage, and listen to me. I wish to act justly toward you and conceal nothing. I am old and ailing, and must now attend to my worldly affairs. They are sad both for you and myself. I will not speak to you of my chagrin at my son's marriage; your misfortune has disarmed me on that point. I sent for you to reside with me; I was desirous to see and love in your son William, the heir of my fortune; on him were based all my dreams of the future and of ambition. Alas! madame, fate has been cruel to us both. The widow and child of my son shall have all that can obtain them an honorable subsistence, but as the master of a fortune, which I have acquired by my own exertions, I have adopted my nephew; and hereafter shall consider him as my sole heir. I am about to return to London, but my house shall still be your home."

Eva, (so she afterward told me,) for the first time, felt courage take the place of dejection within her; she possessed that becoming strength a noble spirit gives; she raised her head, and if her brow had not the pride of Lady Mary's, it wore at least the dignity of misfortune.

"Depart, my lord," she replied, "go! I shall not accompany you. I will not be a witness to the disinheritance of my son. You have been very hasty, my lord, in condemning forever. What can we know of the future? You have very soon despaired of God's mercy."

"The future," said Lord Kysington, "at my age, is all in the passing hour. If I am to act, there is no time for delay—the present moment is my only certainty."

"Do as you will," Eva replied. "I will return to the house where I was happy with my husband. I

will remain there with your grandson, Lord William Kysington; this name, his only heritage, he shall retain; and though the world may never know it till it is inscribed on his tomb, nevertheless your name is that of my son."

Eight days from this time Eva Meredith descended the staircase, still holding her son by the hand as when she first entered that fatal house. Lady Mary was behind, a few steps higher up, and numerous domestics gathered together in melancholy silence, were looking on, and regretting that mild mistress driven from her paternal roof.

In quitting this house, Eva left the only beings whom she knew on earth, the only ones from whom she had the right to claim pity; the world was before her, boundless and void—it was Hagar departing for the desert.

"This is dreadful, doctor!" exclaimed the village doctor's auditors. "Are there, then, lives so completely miserable—and you too have witnessed them?"

"I did witness all," said Doctor Barnabé; but I have not yet told you all, allow me to finish."

Soon after the departure of Eva Meredith, Lord Kysington started for London. Finding myself once more at liberty, I renounced all desire of improving myself—I possessed enough skill for my native village, and I returned to it immediately.

And again we stood in that little white house, reunited as before this two years' absence; but the time which had passed had augmented the heaviness of misfortune. We neither of us dared to speak of the future, that unknown time of which we have all so much need, and without which the present moment, if it is joyous, passes by with a transient happiness, if sad, with indelible sorrow.

I have never looked on a grief more noble in its simplicity, more calm in its strength, than that of Eva Meredith. She still implored the God who had stricken her. God was for her the unseen Being who could work impossibilities, near whom we commence to hope once more, when the hopes of earth are fled. Her look, that look replete with faith, which had already attracted my attention so forcibly, was riveted on the brow of her boy, as if awaiting the coming of the soul she so fervently prayed for. I cannot describe to you the courageous patience of that mother, speaking to her son, who heard but understood not. I could tell you all the treasures of love, the thoughts, the ingenious tales she endeavored to instill into that benighted mind, which repeated like an echo the last words of the sweet language spoken to him. She told him of heaven, and God, and of his angels; she joined his hands together that he might pray, but she could never make him raise his eyes to heaven.

She attempted in every possible form the first lessons of childhood; she read to her son, spoke to him, tried to divert him with pictures, and sought from music sounds which, differing from the voice, might attract his attention.

One day, making a horrible effort, she related to William his father's death; she hoped for, expected a tear. That morning the child fell asleep while she was yet speaking to him; tears were shed, but they fell from the eyes of Eva Meredith.

Thus she vainly exhausted every endeavor in a persevering struggle. She labored on that she still might hope; to William, however, pictures were but colors, and words only noise. Nevertheless the child grew, and became remarkably handsome. Any one to have seen him for a moment only, would have called the passiveness of his features calmness; but this prolonged, this continued calm, this absence of all sorrow, of all tears, had upon us a strange and melancholy effect. Ah! it must be in our nature to suffer, for William's eternal smile made every one say "the poor idiot!" Mothers do not know the happiness which is concealed beneath their children's tears. A tear is a regret, a desire, a fear—in fine, it is the very existence commencing to be understood. William was content with every thing. In the daytime he appeared to sleep with open eyes; he never hastened his steps, nor avoided any danger. He never grew weary, impatient, or angry; and if he could not obey the words spoken to him, he at least made no resistance to the hand which led him.

One instinct alone remained in this nature deprived of all understanding; he knew his mother—he even loved her. He took pleasure in leaning on her lap, on her shoulder—he embraced her. If I detained him for some time from her, he manifested a kind of uneasiness, and when I conducted him to her, without evincing any signs of joy, he became tranquil again. This tenderness, this faint glimmering of reason in William's heart was Eva's support—her very life. Through this she found strength to attempt, to hope, to wait. If her words were not understood, at least her kisses were. O! how often she pressed his head between her hands, and kissed his forehead again and again, as though she had hopes that her love might kindle that cold and silent heart. How often, when clasping her son in her arms, did she almost look for a miracle.

Of times, in the village church, (Eva was of a Catholic family,) kneeling on the stones, before the altar of the Virgin, forgetting every thing beside, she would hold her son in her arms, by the marble statue of Mary, and say—"Holy Virgin! my son is inanimate as this thy image, O! ask of God a soul for my child."

She gave alms to all the poor of the village; she supplied them with bread and clothing, saying, "Pray for him." She consoled suffering mothers in the cherished hope that she, too, might be comforted. She dried up the tears of others, that hers also might cease to flow. She was beloved, blessed, venerated by all who knew her; conscious of this, she offered up the blessings of the unfortunate, not in pride, but hope, to obtain grace for her son. She loved to look upon William when he slept, for

then he appeared like other children ; for an instant, a single moment, perhaps, she would forget the truth, and gazing on those symmetrical features, on that bright hair, on the long lashes which cast their shade on William's rosy cheek, she felt that she was a mother almost joyfully, almost with pride. God is often merciful even toward them whom he has decreed shall suffer.

It was thus that William's first years of childhood were passed. He had now reached his eighth year. Then a sad change came over Eva Meredith, which I could not fail to perceive ; she ceased to hope ; whether her son's stature (for he had grown tall) rendered his want of intelligence more apparent, or that, like a workman who has labored all the day, in the evening yields to fatigue, the soul of Eva seemed to have renounced the task it had undertaken, and to have become doubly dejected. She now only prayed to Heaven for resignation. She abandoned books, pictures, music, in fine, all the means she had called to her assistance. She became utterly dispirited and silent, but, if possible, still more affectionate to her son. Having ceased hoping that she could afford him the chance of mixing with the world, of acquiring a position in it, she felt that he had now none but her on earth ; and she asked of her own heart a miracle, that of augmenting the love she bore him. The poor mother became a slave—a slave to her son ; the whole aim of her soul was to keep him from every suffering, from the smallest inconvenience. If a sunbeam shone on him, she would rise, draw the curtains, and produce shade in the place of the strong light which had made him lower his eyes. If she felt cold, it was for William she brought a warmer garment ; was she hungry, for William, too, the garden fruits were gathered ; did she feel fatigued, for him she brought the arm-chair and downy cushions ; in a word, she only lived to guess his every wish and want. She still possessed activity, but no hope. William arrived at the age of eleven, and then commenced a new epoch in Eva's life. William, amazingly large and strong for his age, had no longer need of the constant cares that are lavished on the first years of life. He was no longer the child, sleeping on his mother's lap ; he walked alone in the garden ; he rode on horseback with me ; he followed me willingly in my mountain trips ; the bird, though deprived of wings, had at last quitted its nest.

William's misfortune had in it nothing frightful nor even painful to look on. He was a young boy, beautiful as the day, silent and calm—a calmness not belonging to earth, whose features expressed nothing but repose, and whose face was ever smiling. He was neither awkward, nor disagreeable, nor rude ; a being living by your side without a question to ask, and who knew not how to answer one. Madame Meredith had not now, to occupy her grief, that need of activity which the mother, as a nurse, always finds ; she again seated herself by the window, whence she could see the hamlet and the

village spire, on the very spot where she had mourned so deeply for her first William. She turned her face to the exterior air, as though asking the wind which breathed through the trees to refresh her burning temples also.

Hope, necessary cares, each in turn vanished, and now she had only to be vigilant, to watch at a distance, day and night, as the lamps which burn forever beneath the church vaults.

But her strength was exhausted. In the midst of this grief, which had returned when on the point of being healed, through silence and want of occupation, after having vainly tried every effort of courage and hope, Eva Meredith fell into a consumption. In spite of the resources of my art, I saw her weaken and waste away ; for what remedy can be given when the disease is of the soul ?

Poor stranger ! the sun of her own clime, and a little happiness might have restored her ; but there was no ray of either for her. For a long time she was ignorant of her danger—for she had no thought of self ; but when she could no longer leave her arm-chair, it became apparent even to herself. I could not depict to you her anguish at the thought of leaving William, helpless, with no friends or protector, among such as could not find an interest in him, who should have been loved, and led by the hand like a child. Oh ! how she struggled to live ! with what eagerness she drank the potions I prepared for her ! and she fondly believed in a cure—but the disease progressed. And now she detained William in the house more frequently ; she could not bear him to be out of her sight. "Stay with me," she would say ; and William, always contented by his mother's side, seated himself at her feet. She would gaze on him till a torrent of tears prevented her from distinguishing his gentle form, then she beckoned him still nearer, folded him to her heart, and exclaimed in a species of transport, "O ! if my soul, when separated from my body, could enter into that of my child, I could die with pleasure !"

Eva could not persuade herself to despair entirely of the divine mercy ; and when every earthly hope had vanished, her loving heart had sweet dreams on which she built new hopes. Good God ! it was sad to see that mother dying beneath the very eyes of her son—of a son who could not comprehend her situation, but smiled when she embraced him.

"He will not regret me," she said, "he will not weep for me, perhaps not even remember me." And she sat motionless, in mute contemplation of her child, her hand then sometimes seeking mine. "You love him, my friend ?" she murmured.

And I told her that I would never leave him till he had better friends than myself.

God in heaven, and the poor village doctor, were the only protectors to whom she confided her son.

Truth is mighty ! this widowed being, disinherited, dying by the side of a child who could not even appreciate her love, felt not yet that despair which

makes men die blaspheming. No, an invisible friend was near her, whom she seemed to depend on, and would often listen to holy words that she alone could hear.

One morning she sent for me early; she was unable to leave her bed, and with her shrunken hand she pointed to a sheet of paper, on which some lines were traced.

"Doctor, my friend," she said, in her sweetest tone, "I had not the strength to go on, will you finish the letter?"

I took it up, and read as follows.

"MY LORD,—This is the last time I shall ever write to you. Whilst health is restored to your old age, I am suffering and dying. I leave your grandson, William Kysington, without a protector. My lord, this letter is written to remind you of him, and I ask for him rather a place in your affections, than your fortune. Throughout his life he has understood but one thing—his mother's love; and he must now be deprived of this forever! Cherish him, my lord; he only comprehends affection."

She had not been able to finish; I added,

"Lady William Kysington has but a few days to live; what are Lord Kysington's orders in regard to the child who bears his name?"

"DR. BARNABE."

This letter was sent to London, and we anxiously awaited the answer. Eva never after rose from her bed. William, seated beside her, held his mother's hand in his the livelong day, and she sadly endeavored to smile on him. On the opposite side of the bed I prepared draughts to mitigate her pain.

She again began to speak to her son, still in hopes that after her death some of her words would recur to his memory. She gave him every advice, every instruction that she would have lavished on the most enlightened being; and turning to me, she would say—"Who knows, doctor, perhaps some day he will find my words in the depths of his heart."

Some weeks more slipped by. Death was approaching, and however submitted her soul might be, this moment brought the anguish of separation, and the solemn thought of futurity. The curate of the village came to see her; and when he left her, I drew near him, and taking his hand, said, "You will pray for her?"

"I asked her," he replied, "to pray for me."

It was the last day of Eva's life. The sun had set, the window near which she had sat so often, was open. She could see in the distance the spots which had become endeared to her. She clasped her son to her heart, kissing his brow, and his locks, and wept.

"Poor child!" said she, "what will become of you?" and with a final effort, while love beamed from her eyes, she exclaimed, "O! listen to me, William; I am dying—your father, too, is dead; you are now alone on earth—but pray to God. I consign you to

Him, who provides for the harmless sparrow on the house-top, He will watch over the orphan. Dear child! look on me—speak to me! Try to comprehend that I am dying, that some day you may think of me!" And the poor mother lost her strength to speak, but still embraced her child.

At that moment an unaccustomed noise aroused me. The wheels of a carriage were rolling over the gravel of the garden-walks. I ran to the steps. Lord Kysington and Lady Mary alighted, and entered the house.

"I received your letter," said Lord Kysington to me. "I was on the point of leaving for Italy, and I have deviated from my route somewhat in order to decide the fate of William Meredith. Lady William?"

"Lady William Kysington still lives, my Lord," I answered.

It was with a feeling of pain that I saw that calm, cold, and austere man enter Eva's chamber, followed by that proud woman, who had come to witness an event so fortunate for herself—the death of her former rival.

They went into the little chamber, so neat and plain, so different from the gorgeous apartment of the mansion at Montpellier. They approached the bed, within the curtains of which Eva, pale and dying, yet still beautiful, held her son folded to her heart. They stood on either side of that bed of sorrow, but found no tender word to console the unfortunate being whose eyes met theirs. A few cold sentences, a few disconnected words escaped their lips. Witnesses, for the first time, of the mournful spectacle of a death-bed, they averted their eyes, in the belief that Eva Meredith could not see nor hear; they were only waiting till she should expire, and did not even assume an expression of kindness or regret.

Eva fixed her dying gaze upon them, and a sudden effort seized upon her almost lifeless heart. She now understood that which she never before suspected—the concealed sentiments of Lady Mary, the profound indifference, the selfishness of Lord Kysington. She at last felt that these were her son's enemies, not his protectors. Despair and terror were depicted on her wan, emaciated countenance. She made no effort to implore the soulless beings before her, but with a convulsive impulse, she drew William still closer to her heart, and gathering her little remaining strength, she cried, while she impressed her last kisses on his lips, "My poor child! thou hast not a single prop on earth; but God above is good. O, God! come to the assistance of my child!" And with this cry of love, with this last, holiest prayer, her breath fled, her arms unclasped, and her lips remained fixed on William's brow. She was dead, for she no longer embraced her son—dead! beneath the very eyes of those who to the last had refused to protect her—dead! without giving Lady Mary the fear of seeing her attempt, by a single supplication, to revoke the

decree which had been pronounced, leaving her a lasting victory.

There was a pause of solemn silence; no one moved or spoke—for death appals the proudest hearts. Lady Mary and Lord Kysington knelt by the bed of their victim.

In a few minutes Lord Kysington rose, and said to me, "Take the child from the room, doctor; I will explain to you my intentions regarding him."

William had now lain two hours on Eva's shoulder—his heart pressed hers, his lips glued to hers. I approached, and without addressing him in useless words, I endeavored to raise him, in order to lead him from the room; but William resisted, and his arms clasped his mother still tighter to his breast. This resistance, the first he had ever opposed to any one on earth, touched me to the heart. Nevertheless, I renewed the effort; this time William yielded, he moved, and turning toward me, I saw his fine face bedewed with tears. Till that day William had never wept. I was deeply affected, and allowed the child to throw himself again on his mother's body.

"Lead him away," said Lord Kysington.

"My lord, he is weeping; Oh! let his tears flow."

I leaned over the child and heard him sob.

"William, my dear William," I anxiously said, taking his hand in mine, "why do you weep?"

William again turned his head toward me, and with a look of the deepest grief, he answered, "My mother is dead!"

No words can tell you what I then felt. William's eyes beamed with intelligence; his tears were sorrowful as though not flowing by chance; and his voice was broken like that of one whose heart suffers. I uttered a cry, and knelt beside the bed of Eva.

"Oh! Eva," I murmured, "you had reason not to despair of the mercy of Heaven!"

Even Lord Kysington trembled, and Lady Mary grew as pale as the corpse before her.

"My mother! my mother!" William sobbed, in accents that filled me with joy; then repeating the words of Eva Meredith—those words which she so truly had said he would find in the depth of his heart, the child continued aloud,

"I am dying, my son—your father is dead—you are alone on earth—but pray to God!"

I placed my hand gently on William's shoulder, to induce him to fall on his knees; he bent down, joined his trembling hands of his own accord, and with a supplicating look to Heaven, replete with animation, he ejaculated, "O, God! pity me!"

I bent over the form of Eva; I took her cold hand, "O, thou mother that hast suffered so much!" I exclaimed, "dost thou hear thy child? Dost thou look on him from above? Be thrice happy! thy son is saved! poor woman, who has wept so much."

Eva lay stretched in death at Lady Mary's feet; but this time, at least, her rival trembled before her—for it was not I who led William from

the room, it was Lord Kysington, carrying his child in his arms.

What more need I say, ladies; William had regained his reason, and left in company with Lord Kysington. Soon afterward, restored to his rights, he became the sole heir to his family's estate. Science has verified some rare examples of an intellect restored by a violent moral shock. Thus the fact, which I have related to you, finds its natural explanation; but the good women of the village, who had taken care of Eva Meredith during her illness, and who heard her fervent prayers, still believe that the soul of the mother had passed into the body of her child, even as she besought her Maker.

"She was so good," the villagers would say, "that God would not deny her any thing." This unsophisticated belief is established throughout this part of the country. No one mourned Eva as one dead.

"She still lives," they would say; "speak to her son—it is she who answers."

And when Lord William Kysington, who had become the possessor of his grandfather's estate, each year sent abundant alms to the village which witnessed his birth and his mother's death, the poor exclaimed—"It is the good soul of Madame Meredith still caring for us! Ah! when she goes to heaven, the unfortunate will have cause to be pitied!"

It is not to her tomb that flowers are brought—they are laid on the steps of the altar of the Virgin, where she had so often prayed to Mary to send her son a soul, and depositing their garlands of flowers, the villagers say to each other,

"When she prayed so fervently, the holy Virgin answered her, in low accents—'I will give thy son a soul!'"

The curate bequeathed to our peasants this touching belief. As for myself, when Lord William visited me in this village; when he looked at me with eyes so like his mother's; when his voice, in accents familiar to my ear, said to me, as Madame Meredith had said—"Doctor, my friend, I thank you!" then—you may smile, ladies, if you will—then I wept, and thought with others, that Eva Meredith stood before me.

This unhappy woman, whose life was a series of misfortunes, left at her death a sweet, consoling remembrance, which had no pain for those who loved her. In thinking of her, we think of the mercy of God; and if there exist a hope within our hearts, we hope the more confidently.

But it is quite late, ladies, your carriages have been at the door this some while. Excuse this long narrative; at my age one cannot be brief, when speaking of the memories of youth. Forgive the old man for having caused you to smile on his arrival, and weep when you condescended to listen to him.

These last words were spoken in a milder and more paternal tone, and a faint smile played on his lips. They all gathered round him, and began a thousand thanks; but Doctor Barnabé rose from his seat, and brought his great coat, that was lined with puce-colored taffeta, which he had thrown over a chair, and while his young auditors assisted him in putting it on, he said, "Adieu, gentlemen! adieu, ladies! my cabriolet is ready, night is coming on, and the roads are bad; I must take my leave—good-night!"

When Dr. Barnabé, in his cabriolet of green osier, and the little gray horse, tickled by the whip, were about starting, Madame de Moncar rose quickly, and placing her foot on the step she leaned over toward the doctor, and said to him in a low tone—so low none else could hear—

"Doctor, I give you the white house, and will have it arranged the same as — when you loved Eva Meredith." And she hastened away without giving him time to answer; in a few minutes the carriages and cabriolet left in different directions.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ANCIENT road, that winds deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market,
Like a stream with scarce a sail.

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And as in the light of dreams
See the years roll down and vanish
Like thy whitely tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed morn;
But I miss the crowded coaches
And the driver's bugle-horn.

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the moss-grown, wayside tavern
Comes the noisy crowd no more,

And the faded sign complaining
Swings unnoticed at the door.

The old toll-man at the gateway
Waiting for the few who pass
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquished—
The usurper of the vale
Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected;
But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray and grassy,
Yet I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys.
And as blest a calm as thine.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORT.

BY LIEUT. A. T. LEE, U. S. ARMY.

I AM old and gray—I am old and gray,
And my strength is failing me day by day;
But it warms my heart when the sun has gone
And her robe of stars the night puts on,
To gaze on the glad ones who gather here,
To breathe their sweet songs on my aged ear.

They bear me back—they bear me back,
To the field of youth and its flow'ry track;
When my step was light, and my heart was bold,
And my first young love was not yet cold;
And I gaze on many a smiling brow,
That sleeps in the still old church-yard now.

It wrung my heart—oh! it wrung my heart,
When I saw them one by one depart;
And they cost me full many a tear of woe,

For my hopes then hung on the things below.
But the visions of earthly joy grow dim,
With the whitening hair and the falling limb.

I am old and gray—I am old and gray,
But I've strength enough left me to kneel and pray;
And morning and evening I bless the power
That 'woke me to light in the midnight hour,
That spared me, to gaze with an aged eye
On a hope that can never fade or die.

I am gliding on—I am gliding on,
Through a quiet night, to a golden dawn:
And the merry hearts that around me play,
Are star-beams to cheer up my lonely way:
And oh! may the waves of life's dark sea,
Deal gently with them, as they've dealt with me.

IDA BERNSTORF'S JOURNAL.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"AND what is this, Miss Enna?" said my friend, Kate Wilson, one morning, as she sat before the old writing-desk, opening with curiosity the different packages. "What a romantic name," she continued, "'Letters and Journal of Ida Bernstorf,' letters from Germany long years ago. Come, Miss Enna, do please, stop that tiresome letter, and tell me all about it."

"Read the letters and journal, Kate," I replied, "they tell the story themselves."

"No, no," said the impatient beauty, "that will not do; *you* must tell me the story, and read me the Journal, it will sound so much prettier. I have not disturbed you for more than the hour you asked for. See, my little Geneva monitor will bear witness;" and she held up her tiny watch to prove her assertion. My letter-clasp being filled to overflowing, I had stipulated that morning with Kate, to give me one hour to answer two or three of these letters, that my conscience might feel relieved; that being done, I promised to entertain her to the best of my ability. With playful willfulness she rolled my large chair away from my writing-table, chanting in merry notes—

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks—
Why all this toil and trouble?"

then taking her favorite seat on a low ottoman beside me, she rested her beautiful head on my lap, its rich fall of ringlets almost sweeping the ground, and with her steady, brilliant eye, looked up in my face most coaxingly. I submitted; for, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to be made to read over "Ida's Journal;" so many years had passed since the events it narrated had taken place, that it seemed to possess more of interest on account of the lapse of time. Ida was the daughter of a second cousin of my mother's. This cousin was an orphan ward of my grandfather's, and had been brought up from infancy in his family. I never saw her, but judging from a picture of her in my mother's possession, she must have been a remarkably beautiful woman. She was very superior in mind, but wild and wayward in disposition. My Uncle Walter, my grandfather's only son, loved his beautiful cousin—doated on her; but she, with willful opposition, rejected his love, and the worldly advantages attending on it, to follow the fortunes of a young German artist, who had taught her music, and who she fancied was the realization of the ideal her illy regulated fancy had formed. Her marriage with Hermann Bernstorf, and departure from her country, brought great

sorrow to her friends, my mother said, and it was feared my Uncle Walter would never recover from the disappointment it caused him; but time is an excellent physician, and my Uncle Walter not only recovered from the disappointment, severe as it was, but became a model of husbands; and his devotion to my gentle, lovely Aunt Mary, was a constant subject of admiring remark with his nephews and nieces, who did not know the romance of his student days.

Madame Bernstorf had removed to Germany immediately after her marriage. So much opposed was my grandfather to her marriage, that he would never see her after her engagement was disclosed; and she left home and kindred, who had worshiped her, and spoiled her with indulgence, to follow the uncertain fortunes of a stranger in a strange land. My mother loved her cousin dearly, and though she regretted the willfulness of her conduct, she did not feel unkindly toward her; and when my grandfather refused to see her, or remain under the same roof with her, to my mother's house did she come, and there was her sad, tearful wedding celebrated.

Years rolled around, and when I was a little girl I used to hear my mother talk of her cousin Agnes Morton—Agnes Bernstorf she never called her—and listen with childish eagerness to the letters she constantly received from her. Madame Bernstorf, though willful, was warm-hearted; and she never failed to write regularly to my mother and aunts, and cherish for them the warmest feelings. We never knew, except by inference, what her circumstances had proved to be on her removal to her husband's home. Her letters, though affectionate, were short; and she never entered into details of her situation. One child, a daughter, she spoke of—her little Ida; and my first letter was written to this little stranger cousin. Appended to each letter of our mothers was always a tiny, childish scrawl; and from childhood to girlhood the correspondence continued, until we began to write *whole letters* to each other.

Although Madame Bernstorf was so reserved and laconic in her letters, especially about her domestic affairs, it was evident she wished to keep up her connection with home and home friends. She seldom mentioned her husband's name in her letters; and when she did, it was but casually. Trouble she had, it was certain, for her letters gave evidence of it in the serious tone which they breathed. There was no allusion to certain, specified trouble, but there was a lack of hope and brightness in them. Several children she gave birth to, but the letters

announcing their different births, were followed a few months after with announcements of their deaths. This might have caused sorrow to her; she never expressed it so, however; on the contrary, each letter announcing the death of a child, was filled with expressions of thankfulness, that they were taken from a world of trouble and trials. Actual poverty she could not be suffering from, for the income of her little property was semi-annually remitted to her; the principal was small, but it was left in trust by her father, settled upon her children, and only the income of it could she have. It was not much, it is true, but it was sufficient to keep actual want from her door we felt certain. Bernstorff, her husband, had been a wild, visionary young man, though fascinating in his manners and appearance, and from this remembrance of him her family argued that disappointment had attended her obstinate imprudent marriage, and mortification and pride prevented her acknowledgment of it. Ida's letters, as she grew older, gave marks of cultivation and refinement. She wrote of her studies, to which her time seemed to be devoted. She spoke of the beauty of their country home; from that we supposed that if they were not enjoying wealth, they were above want. Isolated seemed to be their situation, for she never alluded to friends around her. When she was about sixteen her father died; but Madame Bernstorff announced his death with calmness, as though she had been prepared for it, although none of her previous letters mentioned his sickness. But at last came letters of deep agony, only a few months following the one announcing her husband's decease; one from Madame Bernstorff, an unfinished one, to my Aunt Miriam, who had taken my mother's place in the correspondence, enclosed in a few lines from poor Ida, wet with tears, and expressive of the greatest wretchedness, announcing her mother's death. Madame Bernstorff's letter had been written in evident anticipation of death.

"I know I am dying, dear Miriam," she wrote, "trouble and anxiety of mind have at last worn out my poor body. I have been hoping my strength would last, even so long that I might see my kindred once more before I die; but all hope is, I fear, gone. How sunny was my life previous to my marriage? Not a care had I. Since that unhappy event all has been bitterness. But I must not murmur; I consulted only my own will and selfish desires, and I have suffered as I deserved. Hermann Bernstorff, whom I idolized with all the wild devotion of an ill-regulated spirit, proved to be a neglectful, careless, and at last an intemperate husband; and his death was, indeed, a relief to me. On my death-bed I can at last admit it, although mortification and pride have heretofore kept me silent. Ah! Miriam, I cannot tell you how much I have suffered. I hoped my cup of sorrow was drained to the dregs; but I find the bitterest drop remaining, the leaving of my child alone in life. I cannot bring my mind to look

calmly on my approaching death. Oh! how wildly have I besought Heaven to spare me, if only for a few months, that I might see her safe with my own family; but in vain—death creeps on apace, and I feel something must be done. Ida cannot be left here. With my husband's family, I have never had any intercourse; he had forfeited their countenance and regard long before his marriage with me; pride has always kept me from seeking them. I have no one to look to for aid but in my own family. Will you not, dear Miriam, take charge of my child? The little property my father so wisely provided for his grandchild, will prevent her from being an actual dependent upon any one; but she will need, when I am gone, a home—some one to protect and love her. She is a delicate flower, and needs nurturing. I know you will grant this request of a dying woman, and though comforted by this knowledge, remorse embitters even this comfort, when I recall, that I have given only to you and your family trouble and vexation, while from you I have always received kindness and doting indulgence.

"I write with pain and difficulty. Ida does not dream of her approaching trouble—her mild, dove-like eyes beam on me hopefully, and she talks of our future with certainty. I cannot tell her the sad truth. Oh, Father above! why am I thus sorely afflicted?"

Ida's letter told us her mother had been found senseless over this letter, and only revived a few moments to bless her child. She then yielded up her tried spirit into the hands of the Wise Power who had first gifted her with every worldly blessing, then, when those blessings were abused, had visited her with every earthly trouble.

There was no hesitation on my Aunt Miriam's part; immediately were letters from all of us dispatched to welcome the orphan amongst us, and proper means employed to bring her safely to us. To our amazement my Aunt Mary and Uncle Walter, upon hearing of Madame Bernstorff's death and application to Aunt Miriam, insisted upon adopting Ida themselves. They had but one child, a son, who was finishing his studies at an eastern university. An orphan niece of Aunt Mary's, a wealthy heiress, Adelan Lee, resided with them; but my aunt urged she had no daughter, and Ida seemed, she said, providentially provided for them. She knew of her husband's early love for Madame Bernstorff, but, with angelic singleness of heart, she persisted in claiming Ida, because she felt it would be gratifying to him. We did not wonder at Uncle Walter's devotion to his wife, when we saw this decided proof of her pure, confiding, selfforgetting spirit.

Ida at last arrived. She remained with me a few weeks before going to my uncle's mountain home, which was situated in a romantic county quite in the interior of the state. We renewed during this visit the declarations of friendship we had expressed by letters. She was a beautiful creature—totally

unlike her mother. Her person was tall, but graceful and finely proportioned. She had a great quantity of beautiful hair, of that pure Madonna, auburn tint painters delight in. Her complexion was exquisitely clear, and one could well fancy when looking at her, why her mother had called her a "delicate flower;" delicate and fragile indeed did she seem. Her eyes were deep and melting in their expression. I never could decide on their color; sometimes they seemed a soft, dark gray, sometimes an auburn brown, like her hair; but their expression was truly poetic. There was a great *naïveté* and tender pathos in her manner and countenance, that was bewitching; a total disregard of self, and an innate desire to contribute to every one's comfort. Her mother had evidently cultivated in her daughter the qualities her own character needed. Poor girl! she was overwhelmed with sorrow for her mother's death, but was filled with gratitude for our kindness. My aunt and uncle came to the city for her, and greeted her with parental fondness, which quite encouraged her, and softened the regret she felt at parting with me. The journal commences at the first day of her arrival at her new home, and will tell her story better than I can.

IDA'S JOURNAL.

Rockland Hill, —, —.

Here I am in my new home. Angel spirit of my mother! are you indeed hovering around your child, as in your last moments you assured me you would? When alone I fancy her near me, and my bitter, heart-aching sobs are soothed.

How all my sad forebodings have been dispelled. Though filled with grief for my mother's loss, I feel I am not without friends. My new father and mother, as they insist upon calling themselves, are indeed kind to me. The husband is still a very handsome man, though past middle age, and "Aunt Mary," as she permits me to call her—for "mother" I cannot say—is gentle and lovely in both person and mind. She treats me with all the affectionate tenderness of a mother. When we arrived at this beautiful place she introduced me to her niece Adelan, a bright, merry-looking girl, about my own age; and on showing me to my apartment, which is a beautifully furnished room, she threw open a door, which led into a fine large room, handsomely furnished also, with piano, harp and guitar, a large well chosen library, and writing and work-tables, with a number of comfortable chairs and lounges. The windows of this delightful room opened on a balcony that commanded a full view of the high mountains, which rise abruptly on the opposite side of the mountain stream, which dashes darkly, but brightly along at the foot of the lawn that leads from beneath our windows.

"This," said Aunt Mary, "is Adelan's study and yours. That door opposite yours leads to Adelan's

room, and here you are both free to come, whenever you wish, secure from interruption. These are your own apartments, subject to your own control. Adelan has often wished I had a daughter to cheer her solitary hours—now Providence has kindly bestowed upon me a daughter."

Both aunt and niece tenderly caressed me when my grateful tears began to flow, and tried all in their power to dispel every feeling of restraint. If I am not content here it will be my own fault—were it not for the agonizing recollection that weighs on me like lead, that never again on earth am I to see my mother, I should even be happy. But, Father above, grant unto me a spirit of resignation; let me not grieve these kind friends by my wretchedness; teach me that in another world we shall meet again.

My mother spent all her childhood and girlhood at this beautiful place. My Uncle Walter's father lived here, and this was her home for many years. How often have I heard her describe every place about it. Aunt Mary tells me the house is different, and that some changes have been made in the arrangement of the grounds. My aunt brought her husband a handsome fortune, which enabled him to put up a fine, commodious mansion-house on the estate, and throw more of the land into the immediate grounds of the house.

Mountains surround us on all sides. A rapid, dashing stream rolls along some distance from the house, and an undulating lawn sweeps down from the back part of the house to it. It is a wild, romantic spot. This morning on awakening I threw on my dressing-gown, and passing through "our study," as Adelan calls our pleasant room, stepped out on the balcony. It was early morn, and I watched the curling mists sweep up the sides of these bluish green hills, forming themselves into fantastic shapes, as they felt the penetrating heat and light of the sun. They curled, waved, rolled together, and as the sun rose higher, beaming upon them, they gradually melted away. I gazed with an elevated spirit, then turned back to my sleeping-room, and kneeling, thanked God fervently for having made so beautiful a world. In such moments I feel my blessed mother near me, and the fancied waving of her angel wings brings gentle soothings to my wailing spirit.

I have been here now two months, and how quickly has sped the time. I am quite domesticated. I ride on horseback in the morning and evening with Uncle Walter; walk, sing and play duets with dear Adelan; and read with Aunt Mary. She is studying German of me, and after our lesson is over I read to her from the works of my "*vaterland*." She is fond of books and study, and her heart responded when I read to her to-day those hopeful cheering lines of Novalis.

"Let him who is unhappy in the outdoor world—

who finds not what he seeks—let him go into the world of books and art—into Nature, that eternal antique and yet eternal novelty—let him live in that *Ecclesia pressa* of the better world. Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend—a fatherland and a God.”

These words sound to my ears like my mother's strong heart words. Blessed mother! thou art ever with me!

We paid a visit yesterday to some very nice people, who live four or five miles off, across the mountains; and yet they are our nearest neighbors. The day passed delightfully. It was a true summer outdoor visit. There was a large family of beautiful children; fine, noble-looking boys, and bright-eyed, laughing girls. They grew fond of me, and twined their arms about me tenderly. I taught them German games, into which they entered with spirit, and I quite forgot in their shouts of merry, gleeful laughter, the heavy, tearful cloud that hung over me when I awakened in the morning. We returned by moonlight; my aunt and Adelan in the carriage, uncle and I on horseback. The road for the greater part of the way lay beside the beautiful Undine stream, that gurgles and dashes daily before my eyes, as I look from the balcony. I slackened the reins of my horse, and my uncle kindly loitered with me beside the dancing waters, whose fairy billows glittered with the moon's silvery rays. The rich silver flood of light that came pouring down from heaven touched every wavelet that went dancing along, as if rejoicing in its snowy crest. I wished I could linger by this flashing streamlet all night, and when a turning of the road bore me from the sparkling, joyous waters, I sighed inwardly a sad, unwilling good-bye, as I would in childhood to a darling playmate—nay, to crowds of playmates—for in the tiny white-crested billows I fancied the shining locks and flashing eyes of the lovely water-nymphs; the rippling dash of the waters I told myself was their sweet spirit-talk. It was a lovely, moonlight, waking dream to me.

Adelan is quite a pretty girl, I think—little and delicate in form, and merry and bright as a bird. She is a sunbeam to us. She chants and warbles all the day long. Her voice is very melodious, and great care has been taken in its culture—indeed much care has been given to her education. She is a great heiress, I am told, inheriting a large property; and Lizzie, the little maiden who waits upon us, said to me this morning, as I was looking at Adelan on the lawn, from my room window, that old Nancy, the nurse, had told her “Miss Adelan would marry Mr. Lewis sometime.” This “Mr. Lewis” is my aunt and uncle's only son, who I have never seen; as he is away finishing his studies at a university. In the fall he will have completed them, and will then return to his home. A picture of him as a bright-looking, handsome boy hangs in

Aunt Mary's dressing-room. She talks of him constantly, with much affection and pride, and his letters prove that he is affectionate as well as clever in mind. Adelan has never displayed any embarrassment when talking of him. Strange if she loves him and yet preserve it so secretly from me, for she is a warm-hearted, frank creature, and innocent and artless as a young child; but Love—sad, naughty Love—teaches, even the most guileless, art.

This morning we both arose very early and wandered out in the mountain paths, far from the house, long before breakfast. Nurse Nancy would make us eat before starting, one of her white rolls, which, with a glass of the sparkling spring-water, quite invigorated us. The sun shone brightly, and the clear blue sky with its wavy, wreathy clouds were reflected in the quiet parts of the stream most vividly. As we roamed along we came to a rude bridge that spanned our beautiful stream. It was a spot of peculiar beauty—high mountains environed us, covered with tall trees of luxuriant foliage. Dashing and foaming along came the mountain waters, and as they rolled away they formed cascades in their impetuous flow. The sky above was blue; rich, heavy clouds at times obscured the brilliancy of the blessed sun; but as we paused upon the bridge, the clouds swept aside and the sun shone out brightly. The dancing, coquettish waves, as they caught the glittering sunbeams, seemed to leap along their rocky bed more joyously, and made me almost certain I could see the wild, reckless Undine spirits of the flood. I had brought my camp-stool and sketching-paper with me, for it pleases my uncle to find beside his plate at the breakfast-table sketches of our morning rambles, and this beautiful view I determined to secure for him. Adelan left me making my sketch, to gather wild flowers. She came up to me at last, with a handfull of St. John's wort, fox-glove, wild roses, and sweet violets. When I was a child and used to gather wild flowers for my mother, she would repeat to me a simple little story, which she called “Woman's Hopes.” Adelan's bunch reminded me of it, and as she threw herself beside me on the grass I repeated it to her.

“Some merry, laughing children were tripping along gayly, one bright summer's morning, when they stopped to admire and gather the road-side flowers. The flowers had just awakened from their sleep and were in tears.

“‘Languish not, pretty ones,’ said the children caressingly, ‘you shall be our dearly loved flowers. We will take you home with us, give you fresh spring-water, and set you before a mirror which shall reflect your beauties.’

“One gay, vain little flower, at these bright promises, lifted up its drooping head, rolling off the sparkling dewy drops proudly, but the little humble violet sighed, for it knew its moments were numbered. A few short hours passed, and the sportive children were chasing butterflies—but the poor wild

flowers! where were they? Cast aside and forgotten!"

Summer is fast waning—a year has passed since my blessed mother died. What agony I suffered then, and how wildly I wished for death. So lonely and cheerless seemed my future without her sweet smile and heart-cheering words. But Heaven has raised up dear friends to me, and has granted unto me a sweet peaceful frame of mind. My mother's death has been hallowed unto me. Faith and resignation have been bestowed upon me. I see before me a reunion with her in another world. Now, my life-path is no longer gloomy, and I feel that I can rouse my suffering spirit. As my mother used to wish, I have learned to *act* as well as *mediate*. I do not often permit myself to contemplate and brood over past sorrows. I do not permit myself even to take up this little book, unless I am sure my mind is in a healthy state; but when sad, languid feelings come over me, I rouse myself, and shake off the morbid sentimentality to which woman is so prone. "I hear the voice of my soul—thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth."

I practice with Adelan, read with Aunt Mary, and share my uncle's outdoor exercises, of which he is so fond; and how happy it makes me to see that they look for my coming, and feel that every occupation must be shared with me. I know my mother would smile upon me if she were alive, and feel that I had tried to discover my mission, and perform its duties. How often I repeat to myself those lines of hers, and they give me strength.

Thy earthly bonds are tightening,
Thy powers are failing fast,
Awake, oh! Spirit hear me,
And break these chains at last.

Thy angel wings are drooping,
Earth clogs them all around;
The spirit's flight is heavenward,
Why then to earth art bound?

Why thou art banished heaven,
'T will yield thee naught to know;
Thy duties are before thee,
Why sink to rest below?

Earth slowly gathers o'er thee,
Soon, soon thou wilt be bound,
And all thy heavenly beauty
In death's strong clasp be found.

The remembrance of thy heavenly life
Has 't left no trace with thee?
Gone, are the spirit's longings,
The sighing to be free?

Oh! raise those wings of beauty,
Shake off each earthly clod,
And Psyche-like uprising,
Seek union with thy God!

Great preparations have been made—the whole house has been in a state of bustling hurry for weeks. Each one has been anxious to perform

their part; and the secret of this is, that the son of the family, "the young master," our Cousin Lewis, is to return home. To-day he is expected. The final touch has been given to every thing. I have just visited every part of the house and grounds with my uncle and aunt, to satisfy them all was right. His rooms are fairy spots. They adjoin his mother's dressing-room—the same rooms he occupied in childhood, but newly fitted up. Adelan, Aunt Mary and myself have just completed for these rooms a set of furniture covers, of the most beautiful embroidery. Bouquets of the rarest flowers, Sandy has spared from the conservatory, for they all say "Master Lewis is so fond of flowers." A year has passed since he visited his home—he was here just a few months before I arrived—it has been five years since he has remained any length of time at home, now he has completed his studies, and will have no need to leave his family again. He brings with him a college friend, a Mr. Turner, who will remain with him some time. I dread the change this will make in our quiet life; but I must not, it is selfish; this change, though irksome to me, brings happiness to others.

As I sit writing, I can lift my eyes and see Adelan decking her beautiful head. Her room-door is open, and she has been tripping around for the last half hour, performing her *toilette*. A grand dinner-party is to greet this arrival of our cousin and his friend, and Adelan is preparing herself for it. She does not know I am watching her. Now she holds a consultation with little Lizzie about the arrangement of a knot of ribbon, and Lizzie's face bears such an expression of admiration and anxiety blended that it is amusing. How lovely Adelan looks; her beautiful curls sweep over her finely moulded neck and shoulders, and her bright eyes and cunning, rosy mouth have a more mischievous, saucy expression than ever. Ah! Cousin Adelan, is that little heart looking forward to the approach of a lover in this Cousin Lewis?

Our cousin is here, and his friend. How handsome—how spiritual-looking is he; not the friend, but Lewis. He resembles his mother most; has her high, intellectual brow, and soft, beaming, melting, dark eyes. He is very interesting. They did not arrive until just before dinner, and as many of our friends had assembled in the drawing-room, I was presented to my Cousin Lewis in the midst of this company. Dear Uncle Walter and Aunt Mary introduced me to him as his "Sister Ida." My heart was full, my eyes became dim, and ears throbbled; but I heard his gentle greeting words with pleasure. His friend Frank Turner is pleasant looking, and agreeable, but is quite thrown in the shade in my cousin's presence. Who would not be though? Adelan looks very happy and joyous, and Cousin Lewis regards her with evident delight. Blessed—happy girl!

Gay parties have succeeded one another in hasty eagerness for weeks past. All the neighbors for miles around seem anxious to make much of the new comers. At the houses of the most intimate friends I have gone, where I would meet the smallest parties, but my sombre mourning-dress keeps me from general society, and my spirit feels harassed and wearied in large companies. These gayeties bring me many lonely hours. My aunt's German studies are laid aside for the present, and Adelan is up so late at night she cannot arise early for our morning rambles; even the horseback rides have to be given up partly, so busy are they going here and there. The house is filled with visitors, and all this will last for some weeks I suppose. I wish I could enter into this gayety, but I cannot; my thoughts are with my own dear mother; my heart is heavy, and I pine for rest. Oh how willingly would I lie beside her in the cold, damp grave!

How delightful is it to me to watch the father, mother and son—they are wrapt up in each other. Lewis is indeed the model of a man. He is as calm and gentle in manner as in disposition. He converses most eloquently.—I listen spell bound to his words. I do not think Adelan really loves him as he should be loved. She yawned this evening in the midst of his conversation with a gentleman on modern literature, and rose up from beside him and went into the music-room, as if wearied. I could have listened to him forever, even had the subject been one less interesting. The sound of Adelan's rich voice, accompanied by the rippling notes of the harp, came sweeping into the drawing-room, like an angel melody, and broke up the conversation. A little after I saw Lewis leaning over Adelan at the harp, and then their voices swelled out in delightful harmony together. They looked so happy, and my uncle and aunt sat near each other with countenances expressive of content. Naughty, melancholy thoughts came brooding over my mind. An aching sense of loneliness crept over me, chilling my very heart, and I abruptly left Mr. Turner, who was kindly endeavoring to entertain me, and came to my own room. As I write, the delicious music from below comes floating in through the windows of the balcony, and mingled with it is the rippling dash of my Undine stream. How strange, Adelan is singing Thekla's song, which I arranged for her, "*Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn*"—how true sound the words to my ears—they seem an echo of my heart.

"The heart is dead, the world is empty, and gives me nothing further to desire. Thou holy one! take thy child unto thee. I have enjoyed the happiness of this life—I have lived and have loved."

Ah, how sad and heavy I feel! Angel mother, hast thou forsaken thy child? Why are evil thoughts and dark spirits brooding around me?

Several weeks have again passed. I have not been well; it pains me to sit writing, and I have, moreover, avoided it, for I fear the sad gloominess that hangs over me may be increased by communings with myself—communings which I dread. At last my eyes are opened, and opened by the trouble of another. A few days since, Mr. Turner, to my amazement, made to me a most fervent declaration of love. I had not imagined I was an object of interest to him, and I felt grieved to hear his avowal. My uncle and aunt, and even Lewis pressed his suit. Rich, good-looking, and intelligent, I suppose they wondered at my refusal; but it was useless—I could not love him, and frankly told him so. Sadly he took his leave of us all, and left me to a misery, a wretchedness, worse, fifty times worse than his. His offer disclosed to me my weakness, my wicked frailty. I love my Cousin Lewis passionately, with all the ardor of an untried heart—and, shame upon me, I love without return. Adelan and he are inseparable. He adapts his conversation and pursuits to her tastes—and they are happy lovers.

I have been reading over this journal, and am filled with mortification. When little was required of me, what selfgratulation I gave myself. Now, when temptation and heart-trials come upon me, I weakly, wickedly yield. Where is that inner voice of my spirit—"thy actions, and thy actions alone determine thy worth." I will rouse myself and shake off this morbid feeling; I will bring myself to look upon the happiness of others, and be willing to sacrifice my own. I have withdrawn myself so much from the family as to excite attention. All evince a kind, tender earnestness for me; and Aunt Mary's soft eyes filled with tears to-day when she noticed my paleness; she upbraided herself for having been so occupied with her son. How my heart reproached me for my selfishness. I will rouse myself, and shake off this wicked passion. Mother, sweet, angel mother, aid me!

How foolish I have been in seeking and making trouble for myself. My poor head and heart are so filled with wild happiness that I can scarcely command words to express the cause of my great joy. Blessed mother! thou hast, indeed, watched over thy child; and, although undeserving and doubting, great happiness has been reserved for me. Lewis loves me with all the fond earnestness that a woman's heart can desire. He has loved me from the first; but my own willful selfishness, and suspicious, jealous nature, blinded me. He has never loved Adelan more than as a sister, and she regards him as a dear brother. They all thought I was attached to Frank Turner, because I so freely accepted his attentions. Lewis forbore to press his suit out of regard to his friend; and, moreover, I had always observed such a repelling coldness toward him, he feared he was disagreeable to me.

When I last wrote in here, I resolved to mingle more with the family, and try to overcome my unhappy love. As the circle was smaller, our visitors having left, Lewis and I were thrown more together. The delight of listening to him overcame my fear of love; we rode together; he united in our German studies; joined my morning rambles, and unconsciously, I scarcely know how, my happiness became known to me. A mere chance disclosed his love; he intended waiting patiently. Every one else knew it but myself—my aunt, uncle, and Adelan; while I, with mock heroism, was determining myself to be very miserable. I do not deserve this good fortune—wicked, selfish, and doubting as I have been; but I will pray for strength to guide my future. As my aunt folded me in her arms this evening, when Lewis with joyful eagerness presented me to his parents, she murmured in my ears, "My blessed child, will you not *now* call me 'mother!'"

My inner spirit praises Heaven for all its mercies, and bows down in serious, confiding gratitude. But the future still lies before me. Suffering I have but indifferently borne; let me pray that strength may be given me to bear my prosperity.

The angel pinions of my blessed spirit mother again float around me. A violet hue is spread before my mental vision, and the clouds of doubt and selfish jealousy, that hung curling around me like the mists on the mountain's side, are all dissipated and melted away under the soft beams of my rising sun of love and confidence.

A few weeks after I attended the wedding of my dear cousin Ida—Adelan and I officiating as bridesmaids to the gentle creature. She trembled at the excess of her happiness, and never realized how like an angel we all deemed her. She gave me this journal, she said, as a *penance* for herself, to let me know how wicked she was. Many happy years have been hers, and she still enjoys life. A crowd of beautiful children troop around her; and the violet hue of an angelic atmosphere seems always to pervade her presence, to my fancy.

Her spirit has been one of those which Jean Paul says "falls from heaven like a flower-bud, pure and spotless." Hers has remained undimmed through life's toilsome journey, and the pure, fresh bud has opened, exhaling spiritual fragrance on all around her.

LUCRETIA.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

There rolled a howl along the streets of Rome,
As if its ancient patron, to the skies,
From street, arcade and pillared colonnade,
Sent up her hungry cries.

And there were sounds of trampling feet of men
Moving in haste; and each one, as he passed,
Glanced in his neighbor's eye; then onward dashed,
Swift as the wild sea-blast.

From every hovel-door—each portico
Of marble palaces, pale faces gazed
On the pedestrians, passing to and fro—
Mute, trembling and amazed.

And, ever and anon, that howl arose—
The she wolf's legacy—long, loud, and hoarse;
The voice of men aroused from deep repose,
And surging on in force.

Rome's alleys, lanes and streets were all alive;
All hurrying toward the Forum, from which came
Impulsive words, followed by moans, that told
The giver's heart in flame;

And sparks from torches, lit at quiet homes,
Waving in answer to the speaker's tones;
And the black crowd, with thunder which was Rome's,
Replied with ominous groans.

Occasionally the name of Collatine,
In audible whispers, slowly crept about—
And ever, as the orator's form was seen,
Went up a mighty shout—

Another! and another! as his hand
Upheld a bloody knife—his figure bent,
Regarding them; his aspect of command
Loftily eloquent—

A bale fire flashing from his eagle eye!
As pointing unto something laid below,
He saw a shudder, followed by a sigh,
Pass trembling to and fro

Among that crowd, with eager faces bent
Up on his own; and then came words of peace,
As though he painted home, and calm content,
And joy unto surcease.

Swayed, like the ocean by the hurricane,
That sea of men responded as the name
Broke on their ears—the pale polluter's name,
Immortal in its shame!

And mingling in a yell that shook old Rome,
"Death to the Tarquins!" every voice arose.
Women and warriors—all men and all time—
Were Tarquin's foes!

As autumn tempests gathering break, so broke
That crowd in frenzy, rushing to and fro
With blazing torches—Tyranny's iron yoke
Dissolved like snow.

And there were louder cries, and other flames
Sprang to the heavens, till Rome was red with fire
From Tarquin's palaces; and Freedom rose
From pale Lucretia's pyre.

THE EARLY TAKEN.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSEMER.

[ADDRESSED TO THE PARENTS OF MY LITTLE FAVORITE, CAROLINE K. CHANDLER, WHOSE DEATH HAS
SADDENED MANY HEARTS.]

I stood with the childless—
A desolate pair—
When, drest for the grave,
Lay the sinless and fair,
Who died like a lily that droops on its stem,
And torn were my heart-strings with sorrow for them.

Outshone by the curls
That the slumberer wore
Was the mid-summer light
Streaming in at the door;
And clung to her lip a more delicate red
Than tinted the rose-wreath encircling her head.

More drear than a desert
Where never is heard
The singing of waters,
Or carol of bird,
Are homes in this dark world of sorrow and sin
Uncheered by the music of childhood within.

And round one frail blossom
Your hopes were entwined—
One daughter of beauty
Affection made blind;
Before her ye saw a bright future outspread
But dreamed not of dirge-note or shroud for the dead.

Oh! blest is the spirit
Unstained by the clod,
That mounts, in the morn,
Like a sky-lark to God:
A glittering host the new-comer surround,
And welcome the harp-strings of Paradise sound.

Ye Stricken! oh think,
While your wailing is wild
That, above this dim orb,
It is *well with the child!*
And pray for reunion with her ye have lost,
Where love knows no heart-ache, the blossom no frost.

SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

BY HARRIET MARION WARD.

Didst ever note how pleasantly the sun of Autumn dies,
Leaving a gorgeous legacy upon the evening skies?
While quietly the gathering clouds, come trooping wave
on wave,
To weave bright bowers, with blushing flowers, above the
proud one's grave.

Now here—now there, they flit around, with lithesome,
witching grace,
Their shadowy forms, like loving hearts, melting in sweet
embrace;
Now bending down with flushing lips they kiss the waters
bright,
Till waves have caught the gleam they sought, and mur-
mur wild delight.

And now they build a path of gold across the deep blue
skies,
All spanned and arched with Iris bows in ever-changing
dies;
While ghosts of clouds in silver shrouds, a world of fairy
things,
Are grouped around that flowery ground, like doves with
snowy wings.

Now silently they melt away amid the starry showers,
Weaving the while their train of lace festooned with buds
and flowers,

Gathered in rolls and crimson folds they sweep night's
palace through,
Like islands bright with liquid light, drifting in seas of
blue.

Now all are gone, and in their stead a calm and cloudless
heaven,
Dimpled with stars whose placid light to earth is freely
given,
To blend with heart-imaginings in the still evening air,
Soft and subdued, with love imbued, an everlasting prayer.

So much of faith—so much of hope—so much of trusting
love,
Seems stereotyped in glowing words on the bright page
above,
That glad earth grows less beautiful—less mighty in its
power,
And thoughts of death come soothingly in that calm, holy
hour.

For who can watch these brilliant wrecks in all their
varying forms
Nor feel a yearning wish to reach God's haven from life's
storms;
To quit this scene of weary strife, of turmoil and unrest,
Hushed in a deep, eternal sleep on the Redeemer's breast.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As You LIKE It.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 192.)

PART XIII.

The gull has found her place on shore;
The sun gone down again to rest;
And all is still but ocean's roar;
There stands the man unblest'd.
But see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates? Why looks he with that piteous stare?

DANA.

SUPERSTITION would seem to be a consequence of a state of being in which so much is shadowed forth, while so little is accurately known. Our far-reaching thoughts range over the vast fields of created things, without penetrating to the secret cause of the existence of even a blade of grass. We can analyze all substances that are brought into our crucibles, tell their combinations and tendencies, give a scientific history of their formation, so far as it is connected with secondary facts, their properties, and their uses; but in each and all there is a latent natural cause that baffles all our inquiries, and tells us that we are merely men. This is just as true in morals as in physics—no man living being equal to attaining the very faith that is necessary to his salvation, without the special aid of the spirit of the godhead; and even with that mighty support, trusting implicitly for all that is connected with a future that we are taught to believe is eternal, to "the substance of things *hoped* for, and the evidence of things *unseen*." In a word, this earthly probation of ours was intended for finite beings, in the sense of our present existence, leaving far more to be conjectured than is understood.

Ignorance and superstition ever bear a close, and even a mathematical relation to each other. The degrees of the one are regulated by the degrees of the other. He who knows the least believes the most; while he who has seen the most, without the intelligence to comprehend that which he has seen, feels, perhaps, the strongest inclination to refer those things which to him are mysteries, to the supernatural and marvelous. Sailors have been, from time immemorial, more disposed than men of their class on the land, to indulge in this weakness, which

is probably heightened by the circumstance of their living constantly and vividly in the presence of powers that menace equally their lives and their means, without being in any manner subject to their control.

Spike, for a seaman of his degree of education, was not particularly addicted to the weakness to which we have just alluded. Nevertheless, he was not altogether free from it; and recent circumstances contributed to dispose him so much the more to admit a feeling which, like sin itself, is ever the most apt to insinuate itself at moments of extraordinary moral imbecility, and through the openings left by previous transgression. As his brig stood off from the light, the captain paced the deck, greatly disturbed by what had just passed, and unable to account for it. The boat of the Poughkeepsie was entirely concealed by the islet, and there existing no obvious motive for wishing to return, in order to come at the truth, not a thought to that effect, for one moment, crossed the mind of the smuggler. So far from this, indeed, were his wishes, that the Molly did not seem to him to go half as fast as usual, in his keen desire to get further and further from a spot where such strange incidents had occurred.

As for the men forward, no argument was wanting to make *them* believe that something supernatural had just passed before their eyes. It was known to them all that Mulford had been left on a naked rock, some thirty miles from that spot; and it was not easy to understand how he could now be at the Dry Tortugas, planted, as it might be, on purpose to show himself to the brig, against the tower, in the bright moonlight, "like a picture hung up for his old shipmates to look at."

Sombre were the tales that were related that night among them, many of which related to the sufferings of men abandoned on desert islands; and all of which bordered, more or less, on the supernatural. The crew connected the disappearance of the boat with Mulford's apparition, though the logical inference would have been, that the body

which required planks to transport it, could scarcely be classed with any thing of the world of spirits. The links in arguments, however, are seldom respected by the illiterate and vulgar, who jump to their conclusions, in cases of the marvelous, much as politicians find an expression of the common mind in the prepared opinions of the few who speak for them, totally disregarding the dissenting silence of the million. While the men were first comparing their opinions on that which, to them, seemed to be so extraordinary, the Señor Montefalderon joined the captain in his walk, and dropped into a discourse touching the events which had attended their departure from the haven of the Dry Tortugas. In this conversation Don Juan most admirably preserved his countenance, as well as his self-command, effectually preventing the suspicion of any knowledge on his part that was not common to them both.

"You did leave the port with the salutes observed," the Mexican commenced, with the slightest accent of a foreigner, or just enough to show that he was not speaking in his mother tongue; "salutes paid and returned."

"Do you call that saluting, Don Wan? To me that infernal shot sounded more like an echo than any thing else."

"And to what do *you* ascribe it, Don Esteban?"

"I wish I could answer that question. Sometimes I begin to wish I had not left my mate on that naked rock."

"There is still time to repair the last wrong; we shall go within a few miles of the place where the Señor Enrique was left; and I can take the yawl, with two men, and go in search of him while you are at work on the wreck."

"Do you believe it possible that he can be still there?" demanded Spike, looking suddenly and intently at his companion, while his mind was strangely agitated between hatred and dread. "If he is there, who and what was *he* that we all saw so plainly at the foot of the light-house?"

"How should he have left the rock? He was without food or water; and no man, in all his vigor, could swim this distance. I see no means of his getting here."

"Unless some wrecker, or turtler, fell in with him and took him off. Ay, ay, Don Wan; I left him that much of a chance at least. No man can say I murdered my mate."

"I am not aware, Don Esteban, that any one *has* said so hard a thing of you. Still, we have seen neither wrecker nor turtler since we have been here; and that lessens the excellent chance you left Don Enrique."

"There is no occasion, señor, to be so particular," growled Spike, a little sullenly, in reply. "The chance, I say, was a *good* one, when you consider how many of them devils of wreckers hang about these reefs. Let this brig only get fast on a rock, and they would turn up, like sharks, all around us,

each with his maw open for salvage. But this is neither here nor there; what puzzles me was what we saw at the light, half an hour since, and the musket that was fired back at us! I *know* that the figure at the foot of the tower did not fire, for my eye was on him from first to last; and he had no arms. You were on the island a good bit, and must have known if the light-house keeper was there or not, Don Wan?"

"The light-house keeper *was* there, Don Esteban—but he was in his *grave*."

"Ay, ay, one, I know, was drowned, and buried with the rest of them; there might, however, have been more than one. You saw none of the people that had gone to Key West, in or about the house, Don Wan?"

"None. If any persons have left the Tortugas to go to Key West, within a few days, not one of them has yet returned."

"So I supposed. No, it can be none of *them*. Then I saw his face as plainly as I ever saw it by moonlight, from aft for'ard. What is your opinion about seeing the dead walk on the 'arth, Don Wan?"

"That I have never seen any such thing myself, Don Esteban, and consequently know nothing about it."

"So I supposed; I find it hard to believe it, I do. It may be a warning to keep us from coming any more to the Dry Tortugas; and I must say I have little heart for returning to this place, after all that has fell out here. We can go to the wreck, fish up the doubloons, and be off for Yucatan. Once in one of your ports, I make no question that the merits of Molly will make themselves understood, and that we shall soon agree on a price."

"What use could we put the brig to, Don Esteban, if we had her all ready for sea?"

"That is a strange question to ask in time of war! Give *me* such a craft as the Molly, with sixty or eighty men on board her, in a war like this, and her 'arnin's should not fall short of half a million within a twelvemonth."

"Could we engage you to take charge of her, Don Esteban?"

"That would be ticklish work, Don Wan. But we can see. No one knows what he will do until he is tried. In for a penny, in for a pound. A fellow never knows! Ha! ha! ha! Don Wan, we live in a strange world—yes, in a strange world."

"We live in strange *times*, Don Esteban, as the situation of my poor country proves. But let us talk this matter over a little more in confidence."

And they did thus discuss the subject. It was a singular spectacle to see an honorable man, one full of zeal of the purest nature in behalf of his own country, sounding a traitor as to the terms on which he might be induced to do all the harm he could to those who claimed his allegiance. Such sights, however, are often seen; our own especial objects too frequently blinding us to the obligations that we owe morality, so far as not to be instrumental in

effecting even what we conceive to be good, by questionable agencies. But the Señor Montefalderon kept in view, principally, his desire to be useful to Mexico, blended a little too strongly, perhaps, with the wishes of a man who was born near the sun to avenge his wrongs, real or fancied.

While this dialogue was going on between Spike and his passenger, as they paced the quarter-deck, one quite as characteristic occurred in the galley, within twenty feet of them—Simon, the cook, and Josh, the Steward, being the interlocutors. As they talked secrets, they conferred together with closed doors, though few were ever disposed to encounter the smoke, grease, and fumes of their narrow domains, unless called thither by hunger.

"What you t'ink of dis matter, Josh?" demanded Simon, whose skull having the well-known density of his race, did not let internal ideas out, or external ideas in as readily as most men's. "Our young mate *was* at de light-house, beyond all controversy; and how can he be den on dat rock over yonder, too?"

"Dat is imposserbul," answered Josh; "derefore I says it is n't true. I surposes you know dat what is imposserbul is n't true, Simon. Nobody can't be out yonder and down here at der same time. Dat is imposserbul, Simon. But what I wants to intermate to you will explain all dis difficulty; and it do show de raal super'ority of a colored man over de white poperlation. Now, you mark my words, cook, and be full of admiration! Jack Tier came back along wid de Mexican gentle'm, in my anchor-watch, dis very night! You see, in de first place, ebbery t'ing come to pass in nigger's watch."

Here the two dark-skinned worthies haw-haw'd to their heart's content; laughing very much as a magistrate or a minister of the gospel might be fancied to laugh, the first time he saw a clown at a circus. The merriment of a negro will have its course, in spite of ghosts, or of any thing else; and neither the cook nor the steward dreamed of putting in another syllable until their laugh was fairly and duly ended. Then the cook made his remarks.

"How Jack Tier comin' back explain der differculy, Josh?" asked Simon.

"Didn't Jack go away wid Miss Rose and de mate in de boat dat got adrift, you know, in Jack's watch on deck?"

Here the negroes laughed again, their imaginations happening to picture to each, at the same instant, the mystification about the boat; Biddy having told Josh in confidence, the manner in which the party had returned to the brig, while he and Simon were asleep; which fact the steward had already communicated to the cook. To these two beings, of an order in nature different from all around them, and of a simplicity and of habits that scarce placed them on a level with the intelligence of the humblest white man, all these circumstances had a sort of mysterious connection, out of which peeped much the most conspicuously to their faculties, the

absurdity of the captain's imagining that a boat had got adrift, which had, in truth, been taken away by human hands. Accordingly, they laughed it out; and when they had done laughing, they returned again to the matter before them with renewed interest in the subject.

"Well, how all dat explain dis differculy?" repeated Simon.

"In dis wery manner, cook," returned the steward, with a little dignity in his manner. "Ebbery t'ing depend on understandin', I s'pose you know. If Mr. Mulford got taken off dat rock by Miss Rose and Jack Tier, wid de boat, and den dey comes here altogedder; and den Jack Tier, he get on board and tell Biddy all dis matter, and den Biddy tell Josh, and den Josh tell the cook—what for you surprise, you black debbil, one bit?"

"Dat all!" exclaimed Simon.

"Dat just all—dat ebbery bit of it, do n't I say."

Here Simon burst into such a fit of loud laughter that it induced Spike himself to shove aside the galley-door, and thrust his own frowning visage into the dark hole within, to inquire the cause.

"What's the meaning of this uproar?" demanded the captain, all the more excited because he felt that things had reached a pass that would not permit him to laugh himself. "Do you fancy yourself on the Hook, or at the Five Points?"

The Hook and the Five Points are two pieces of tabooed territory within the limits of the good town of Manhattan, that are getting to be renowned for their rascality and orgies. They probably want nothing but the proclamation of a governor in vindication of their principles, annexed to a pardon of some of their unfortunate children, to render both classical. If we continue to make much further progress in political logic, and in the same direction as that in which we have already proceeded so far, neither will probably long be in want of this illustration. Votes can be given by the virtuous citizens of both these purlieus, as well as by the virtuous citizens of the anti-rent districts, and votes contain the essence of all such principles, as well as of their glorification.

"Do you fancy yourselves on the Hook, or at the Five Points," demanded Spike, angrily.

"Lor, no sir!" answered Simon, laughing at each pause with all his heart. "Only laughs a little at *ghost*—dat all, sir."

"Laugh at ghost? Is that a subject to laugh at? Have a care, you black rascal, or he will visit you in your galley here, when you will least want to see him."

"No care much for *him*, sir," returned Simon, laughing away as hard as ever. "*Sick* a ghost ought n't to skear little baby."

"*Such* a ghost? And what do you know of *this* ghost more than any other?"

"Well, I seed him, Capt. Spike; and what a body sees, he is acquainted wid."

"You saw an image that looked as much like

Mr. Mulford, my late mate, as one timber-head in this brig is like another."

"Yes, sir, he like enough—must say *dat*—so wery like, could n't see any difference."

As Simon concluded this remark, he burst out into another fit of laughter, in which Josh joined him, heart and soul, as it might be. The uninitiated reader is not to imagine the laughter of those blacks to be very noisy, or to be raised on a sharp, high key. They *could* make the welkin ring, in sudden bursts of merriment, on occasion, but, at a time like this, they rather caused their diversion to be developed by sounds that came from the depths of their chests. A gleam of suspicion that these blacks were acquainted with some fact that it might be well for him to know, shot across the mind of Spike; but he was turned from further inquiry by a remark of Don Juan, who intimated that the mirth of such persons never had much meaning to it, expressing at the same time a desire to pursue the more important subject in which they were engaged. Admonishing the blacks to be more guarded in their manifestations of merriment, the captain closed the door on them, and resumed his walk up and down the quarter-deck. As soon as left to themselves, the blacks broke out afresh, though in a way so guarded, as to confine their mirth to the galley.

"Capt. Spike t'ink *dat* a ghost!" exclaimed Simon, with contempt.

"Guess if he see *raal* ghost, he find 'e difference," answered Josh. "One look at *raal* sperit wort' two at dis object."

Simon's eyes now opened like two saucers, and they gleamed, by the light of the lamp they had, like dark balls of condensed curiosity, blended with awe, on his companion.

"You ebber see him, Josh?" he asked, glancing over each shoulder hurriedly, as it might be, to make sure that he could not see "him," too.

"How you t'ink I get so far down the wale of life, Simon, and nebber see sich a t'ing? I seed t'ree of the crew of the 'Maria Sheffington,' that was drowned by deir boat's capsizing, when we lay at Gibraltar, jest as plain as I see you now. Then—"

But it is unnecessary to repeat Josh's experiences in this way, with which he continued to entertain and terrify Simon for the next half hour. This is just the difference between ignorance and knowledge. While Spike himself, and every man in his brig who belonged forward, had strong misgivings as to the earthly character of the figure they had seen at the foot of the light-house, these negroes laughed at their delusion, because they happened to be in the secret of Mulford's escape from the rock, and of that of his actual presence at the Tortugas. When, however, the same superstitious feeling was brought to bear on circumstances that lay *without* the sphere of their exact information, they became just as dependent and helpless as all around them; more so, indeed, inasmuch as their previous habits

and opinions disposed them to a more profound credulity.

It was midnight before any of the crew of the *Swash* sought their rest that night. The captain had to remind them that a day of extraordinary toil was before them, ere he could get one even to quit the deck; and when they did go below, it was to continue to discuss the subject of what they had seen at the Dry Tortugas. It appeared to be the prevalent opinion among the people, that the late event foreboded evil to the *Swash*, and long as most of these men had served in the brig, and much as they had become attached to her, had she gone into port that night, nearly every man forward would have run before morning. But fatigue and wonder, at length, produced their effect, and the vessel was silent as was usual at that hour. Spike himself lay down in his clothes, as he had done ever since Mulford had left him; and the brig continued to toss the spray from her bows, as she bore gallantly up against the trades, working her way to windward. The light was found to be of great service, as it indicated the position of the reef, though it gradually sunk in the western horizon, until near morning it fell entirely below it.

At this hour Spike appeared on deck again, where, for the first time since their interview on the morning of Harry's and Rose's escape, he laid his eyes on Jack Tier. The little dumpling-looking fellow was standing in the waist, with his arms folded sailor-fashion, as composedly as if nothing had occurred to render his meeting with the captain any way of a doubtful character. Spike approached near the person of the steward, whom he surveyed from head to foot, with a sort of contemptuous superiority, ere he spoke.

"So, Master Tier;" at length the captain commenced, "you have deigned to turn out at last, have you? I hope the day's duty you've forgotten will help to pay for the light-house boat, that I understand you've lost for me also."

"What signifies a great clumsy boat that the brig could n't hoist in nor tow," answered Jack, coolly, turning short round at the same time, but not condescending to "uncoil" his arms as he did so, a mark of indifference that would probably have helped to mystify the captain, had he even actually suspected that any thing was wrong beyond the supposed accident to the boat in question. "If you had had the boat astern, Capt. Spike, an order would have been given to cut it adrift the first time the brig made sail on the wind."

"Nobody knows, Jack; that boat would have been very useful to us while at work about the wreck. You never even turned out this morning to let me know where that craft lay, as you promised to do, but left us to find it out by our wits."

"There was no occasion for my telling you any thing about it, sir, when the mast-heads was to be seen above water. As soon as I heard that them 'ere mast-heads was out of water, I turned over and

went to sleep upon it. A man can't be on the doctor's list and on duty at the same time."

Spike looked hard at the little steward, but he made no further allusion to his being off duty, or to his failing to stand pilot to the brig as she came through the passage in quest of the schooner's remains. The fact was, that he had discovered the mast-heads himself, just as he was on the point of ordering Jack to be called, having allowed him to remain in his berth to the last moment after his watch, according to a species of implied faith that is seldom disregarded among seamen. Once busied on the wreck, Jack was forgotten, having little to do in common with any one on board, but that which the captain termed the "women's mess."

"Come aft, Jack," resumed Spike, after a considerable pause, during the whole of which he had stood regarding the little steward as if studying his person, and through that his character. "Come aft to the trunk; I wish to catechise you a bit."

"Catechise!" repeated Tier, in an under tone, as he followed the captain to the place mentioned. "It's a long time since I have done any thing at that!"

"Ay, come hither," resumed Spike, seating himself at his case on the trunk, while Jack stood near by, his arms still folded, and his rotund little form as immovable, under the plunges that the lively brig made into the head-seas that she was obliged to meet, as if a timber-head in the vessel itself. "You keep your sea-legs well, Jack, short as they are."

"No wonder for that, Capt. Spike; for the last twenty years I've scarce passed a twelvemonth ashore; and what I did before that, no one can better tell than yourself, since we was ten good years shipmates."

"So you say, Jack, though I do not remember you as well as you seem to remember me. Do you not make the time too long?"

"Not a day, sir. Ten good and happy years did we sail together, Capt. Spike; and all that time in this very—"

"Hush—hush, man, hush! There is no need of telling the Molly's age to every body. I may wish to sell her some day, and then her great experience will be no recommendation. You should recollect that the Molly is a female, and the ladies do not like to hear of their ages after five-and-twenty."

Jack made no answer, but he dropped his arms to their natural position, seeming to wait the captain's communication, first referring to his tobacco-box and taking a fresh quid.

"If you was with me in the brig, Jack, at the time you mention," continued Spike, after another long and thoughtful pause, you must remember many little things that I don't wish to have known; especially while Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece is aboard here."

"I understand you, Capt. Spike. The ladies shall I'arn no more from me than they know already."

"Thank'e for that Jack—thank'e, with all my
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heart. Shipmates of our standing ought to be fast friends; and so you'll find me, if you'll only sail under the true colors, my man."

At that moment Jack longed to let the captain know how strenuously he had insisted that very night on rejoining his vessel; and this at a time, too, when the brig was falling into disrepute; but this he could not do, without betraying the secret of the lovers—so he chose to say nothing.

"There is no use in blabbing all a man knows, and the galley is a sad place for talking. Galley news is poor news, I suppose you know, Jack."

"I've hear'n say as much on board o' man-of-war. It's a great place for the officers to meet and talk, and smoke, in Uncle Sam's crafts; and what a body hears in such places, is pretty much newspaper stuff, I do suppose."

"Ay, ay, that's it; not to be thought of half an hour after it has been spoken. Here's a doubloon for you, Jack; and all for the sake of old times. Now, tell me, my little fellow, how do the ladies come on? Does n't Miss Rose get over her mourning on account of the mate? Ar'n't we to have the pleasure of seein' her on deck soon?"

"I can't answer for the minds and fancies of young women, Capt. Spike. They are difficult to understand; and I would rather not meddle with what I can't understand."

"Poh, poh, man; you must get over that. You might be of great use to me, Jack, in a very delicate affair—for you know how it is with women; they must be handled as a man would handle this brig among breakers; Rose, in partic'lar, is as skittish as a colt."

"Stephen Spike," said Jack, solemnly, but on so low a key that it entirely changed his usually harsh and cracked voice to one that sounded soft, if not absolutely pleasant, "do you never think of hereafter? Your days are almost run; a very few years, in your calling it may be a very few weeks, or a few hours, and time will be done with you, and eternity will commence—do you never think of a hereafter?"

Spike started to his feet, gazing at Jack intently; then he wiped the perspiration from his face, and began to pace the deck rapidly, muttering to himself—"this has been a most accursed night! First the mate, and now *this*! Blast me, but I thought it was a voice from the grave! Graves! can't they keep those that belong to them, or have rocks and waves no graves?"

What more passed through the mind of the captain must remain a secret, for he kept it to himself; nor did he take any further notice of his companion. Jack, finding that he was unobserved, passed quietly below, and took the place in his berth, which he had only temporarily abandoned.

Just as the day dawned, the Swash reached the vicinity of the wreck again. Sail was shortened, and the brig stood in until near enough for the purpose of her commander, when she was hove-to, so

near the mast-heads that, by lowering the yawl, a line was sent out to the fore-mast, and the brig was hauled close alongside. The direction of the reef at that point formed a lee; and the vessel lay in water sufficiently smooth for her object.

This was done soon after the sun had risen, and Spike now ordered all hands called, and began his operations in earnest. By sounding carefully around the schooner when last here, he had ascertained her situation to his entire satisfaction. She had settled on a shelf of the reef, in such a position that her bows lay in a sort of cradle, while her stern was several feet nearer to the surface than the opposite extremity. This last fact was apparent, indeed, by the masts themselves, the lower mast aft being several feet out of water, while the fore-mast was entirely buried, leaving nothing but the fore-topmast exposed. On these great premises Spike had laid the foundation of the practical problem he intended to solve.

No expectation existed of ever getting the schooner afloat again. All that Spike and the Señor Montefalderon now aimed at, was to obtain the doubloons, which the former thought could be got at in the following manner. He knew that it would be much easier handling the wreck, so far as its gravity was concerned, while the hull continued submerged. He also knew that one end could be raised with a comparatively trifling effort, so long as the other rested on the rock. Under these circumstances, therefore, he proposed merely to get slings around the after body of the schooner, as near her stern-post, indeed, as would be safe, and to raise that extremity of the vessel to the surface, leaving most of the weight of the craft to rest on the bows. The difference between the power necessary to effect this much, and that which would be required to raise the whole wreck, would be like the difference in power necessary to turn over a log with one end resting on the ground, and turning the same log by lifting it bodily in the arms, and turning it in the air. With the stern once above water, it would be easy to come at the bag of doubloons, which Jack Tier had placed in a locker above the transoms.

The first thing was to secure the brig properly, in order that she might bear the necessary strain. This was done very much as has been described already, in the account of the manner in which she was secured and supported in order to raise the schooner at the Dry Tortugas. An anchor was laid abreast and to windward, and purchases were brought to the masts, as before. Then the bight of the chain brought from the Tortugas, was brought under the schooner's keel, and counter-purchases, leading from both the fore-mast and main-mast of the brig, was brought to it, and set taut. Spike now carefully examined all his fastenings, looking to his cables as well as his mechanical power aloft, heaving in upon this, and veering out upon that, in order to bring the Molly square to her work; after

which he ordered the people to knock-off for their dinners. By that time it was high noon.

While Stephen Spike was thus employed on the wreck, matters and things were not neglected at the Tortugas. The Poughkeepsie had no sooner anchored, than Wallace went on board and made his report. Capt. Mull then sent for Mulford, with whom he had a long personal conference. This officer was getting gray, and consequently he had acquired experience. It was evident to Harry, at first, that he was regarded as one who had been willingly engaged in an unlawful pursuit, but who had abandoned it to push dearer interests in another quarter. It was some time before the commander of the sloop-of-war could divest himself of this opinion, though it gradually gave way before the frankness of the mate's manner, and the manliness, simplicity, and justice of his sentiments. Perhaps Rose had some influence also in bringing about this favorable change.

Wallace did not fail to let it be known that turtle-soup was to be had ashore; and many was the guest our heroine had to supply with that agreeable compound, in the course of the morning. Jack Tier had manifested so much skill in the preparation of the dish, that its reputation soon extended to the cabin, and the captain was induced to land, in order to ascertain how far rumor was or was not a liar, on this interesting occasion. So ample was the custom, indeed, that Wallace had the consideration to send one of the ward-room servants to the lighthouse, in order to relieve Rose from a duty that was getting to be a little irksome. She was "seeing company" as a bride, in a novel and rather unpleasant manner; and it was in consequence of a suggestion of the "ship's gentleman," that the remains of the turtle were transferred to the vessel, and were put into the coppers, *secundum artem*, by the regular cooks.

It was after tickling his palate with a bowl of the soup, and enjoying a half hour's conversation with Rose, that Capt. Mull summoned Harry to a final consultation on the subject of their future proceedings. By this time the commander of the Poughkeepsie was in a better humor with his new acquaintance, more disposed to believe him, and infinitely more inclined to listen to his suggestions and advice, than he had been in their previous interviews. Wallace was present in his character of "ship's gentleman," or, as having nothing to do, while his senior, the first lieutenant, was working like a horse on board the vessel, in the execution of his round of daily duties.

At this consultation the parties came into a right understanding of each other's views and characters. Capt. Mull was slow to yield his confidence, but when he did bestow it, he bestowed it sailor-fashion, or with all his heart. Satisfied at last that he had to do with a young man of honor, and one who was true to the flag, he consulted freely with our mate, asked his advice, and was greatly influenced in the

formation of his final decision by the opinions that Harry modestly advanced, maintaining them, however, with solid arguments, and reasons that every seaman could comprehend.

Mulford knew the plans of Spike by means of his own communications with the Señor Montefalderon. Once acquainted with the projects of his old commander, it was easy for him to calculate the time it would require to put them in execution, with the means that were to be found on board the *Swash*. "It will take the brig until near morning," he said, "to beat up to the place where the wreck lies. Spike will wait for light to commence operations, and several hours will be necessary to moor the brig, and get out the anchors with which he will think it necessary to stay his masts. Then he will hook on, and he may partly raise the hull before night return. More than this he can never do; and it would not surprise me were he merely to get every thing ready for heaving on his purchases to-morrow, and suspend further proceedings until the next day, in preference to having so heavy a strain on his spars all night. He has not the force, however, to carry on such duty to a very late hour; and you may count with perfect security, Capt. Mull, on his being found alongside of the wreck at sunrise the next day after to-morrow, in all probability with his anchors down, and fast to the wreck. By timing your own arrival well, nothing will be easier than to get him fairly under your guns, and once under your guns, the brig must give up. When you chased her out of this very port, a few days since, you would have brought her up could you have kept her within range of those terrible shells ten minutes longer."

"You would then advise my not sailing from this place immediately," said Mull.

"It will be quite time enough to get under way late in the afternoon, and then under short canvas. Ten hours will be ample time for this ship to beat up to that passage in, and it will be imprudent to arrive too soon; nor do I suppose you will wish to be playing round the reef in the dark."

To the justice of all this Capt. Mull assented; and the plan of proceedings was deliberately and intelligently formed. As it was necessary for Mulford to go in the ship, in order to act as pilot, no one else on board knowing exactly where to find the wreck, the commander of the *Poughkeepsie* had the civility to offer to the young couple the hospitalities of his own cabin, with one of his state-rooms. This offer Harry gratefully accepted, it being understood that the ship would land them at Key West, as soon as the contemplated duty was executed. Rose felt so much anxiety about her aunt, that any other arrangement would scarcely have pacified her fears.

In consequence of these arrangements, the *Poughkeepsie* lay quietly at her anchors until near sunset. In the interval her boats were out in all directions, parties of the officers visiting the islet where the powder had exploded, and the islet where the tent,

erected for the use of the females, was still standing. As for the light-house island, an order of Capt. Mull's prevented it from being crowded in a manner unpleasant to Rose, as might otherwise have been the case. The few officers who did land there, however, appeared much struck with the ingenuous simplicity and beauty of the bride, and a manly interest in her welfare was created among them all, principally by means of the representations of the second lieutenant and the chaplain. About five o'clock she went off to the ship, accompanied by Harry, and was hoisted on board in the manner usually practiced by vessels of war which have no accommodation-ladder rigged. Rose was immediately installed in her state-room, where she found every convenience necessary to a comfortable though small apartment.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the boat-swain and his mate piped "all hands up anchor, aboy!" Harry hastened into the state-room for his charming bride, anxious to show her the movements of a vessel of war on such an occasion. Much as she had seen of the ocean, and of a vessel, within the last few weeks, Rose now found that she had yet a great deal to learn, and that a ship of war had many points to distinguish her from a vessel engaged in commerce.

The *Poughkeepsie* was only a sloop-of-war, or a corvette, in construction, number of her guns, and rate; but she was a ship of the dimensions of an old-fashioned frigate, measuring about one thousand tons. The frigates of which we read half a century since, were seldom ever as large as this, though they were differently built in having a regular gun-deck, or one armed deck that was entirely covered, with another above it; and on the quarter-deck and fore-castle of the last of which were also batteries of lighter guns. To the contrary of all this, the *Poughkeepsie* had but one armed deck, and on that only twenty guns. These guns, however, were of unusually heavy calibre, throwing thirty-two pound shot, with the exception of the *Paixhans*, or *Columbiads*, which throw shot of even twice that weight. The vessel had a crew of two hundred souls, all told; and she had the spars, anchors, and other equipments of a light frigate.

In another great particular did the *Poughkeepsie* differ from the corvette-built vessels that were so much in favor at the beginning of the century; a species of craft obtained from the French, who have taught the world so much in connection with naval science, and who, after building some of the best vessels that ever floated, have failed in knowing how to handle them, though not always in that. The *Poughkeepsie*, while she had no spar, or upper deck, properly speaking, had a poop and a top-gallant-fore-castle. Within the last were the cabins and other accommodations of the captain; an arrangement that was necessary for a craft of her construction, that carried so many officers, and so large a crew. Without it, sufficient space would

not be had for the uses of the last. One gun of a side was in the main cabin, there being a very neat and amply spacious after cabin between the state-rooms, as is ordinarily the case in all vessels from the size of frigates up to that of three-deckers. It may be well to explain here, while on this subject of construction, that in naval parlance, a ship is called a single-decked vessel; a *two-decker* or a *three-decker*, not from the number of decks she actually possesses, but from the number of *gun-decks* that she has, or of those that are *fully* armed. Thus a frigate has four decks, the spar, gun, berth, and orlop (or haul-up) decks; but she is called a "single-decked ship," from the circumstance that only one of these four decks has a complete range of batteries. The two-decker has two of these fully armed decks, and the three-deckers three; though, in fact, the two-decker has five, and the three-decker six decks. Asking pardon for this little digression, which we trust will be found useful to a portion of our readers, we return to the narrative.

Harry conducted Rose to the poop of the Poughkeepsie, where she might enjoy the best view of the operation of getting so large a craft under way, man-of-war fashion. The details were mysteries, of course, and Rose knew no more of the process by which the chain was brought to the capstan, by the intervention of what is called a messenger, than if she had not been present. She saw two hundred men distributed about the vessel, some at the capstan, some on the fore-castle, some in the tops, and others in the waist, and she heard the order to "heave round." Then the shrill fife commenced the lively air of "the girl I left behind me," rather more from a habit in the fife, than from any great regrets for the girls left at the Dry Tortugas, as was betrayed to Mulford by the smiles of the officers, and the glances they cast at Rose. As for the latter, she knew nothing of the air, and was quite unconscious of the sort of parody that the gentlemen of the quarter-deck fancied it conveyed on her own situation.

Rose was principally struck with the quiet that prevailed in the ship, Capt. Mull being a silent man himself, and insisting on having a quiet vessel. The first lieutenant was not a noisy officer, and from these two, every body else on board received their cues. A simple "all ready, sir," uttered by the first to the captain, in a common tone of voice, was answered by a "very well, sir, get your anchor," in the same tone, set every thing in motion. "Stamp and go," soon followed, and taking the whole scene together, Rose felt a strange excitement come over her. There were the shrill, animating music of the fife; the stamping time of the men at the bars; the perceptible motion of the ship, as she drew ahead to her anchor, and now and then the call between Wallace, who stood between the knight-heads, as commander-in-chief on the fore-castle, (the second lieutenant's station when the captain does not take the trumpet, as very rarely

happens,) and the "executive officer" aft, who was "carrying on the duty," all conspiring to produce this effect. At length, and it was but a minute or two from the time when the "stamp and go" commenced, Wallace called out "a short stay-peak, sir." "Heave and pull," followed, and the men left their bars.

The process of making sail succeeded. There was no "letting fall" a foretop-sail here, as on board a merchantman, but all the canvas dropped from the yards, into festoons, at the same instant. Then the three top-sails were sheeted home and hoisted, all at once, and all in a single minute of time; the yards were counterbraced, and the capstan-bars were again manned. In two more minutes it was "heave and she's up and down." Then "heave and in sight," and "heave and pull again." The cat-fall was ready, and it was "hook on," when the fife seemed to turn its attention to another subject as the men catted the anchor. Literally, all this was done in less time than we have taken to write it down in, and in very little more time than the reader has wasted in perusing what we have here written.

The Poughkeepsie was now "free of the bottom," as it is called, with her anchor catted and fished, and her position maintained in the basin where she lay, by the counterbracing of her yards, and the counteracting force of the wind on her sails. It only remained to "fill away," by bracing her head yards sharp up, when the vast mass overcame its inertia, and began to move through the water. As this was done, the jib and spanker were set. The two most beautiful things with which we are acquainted, is a graceful and high-bred woman entering or quitting a drawing-room, more particularly the last, and a man-of-war leaving her anchorage in a moderate breeze, and when not hurried for time. On the present occasion, Capt. Mull was in no haste, and the ship passed out to windward of the light, as the Swash had done the previous night, under her three topsails, spanker, and jib, with the light sails loose and flowing, and the courses hanging in the brails.

A great deal is said concerning the defective construction of the light cruisers of the navy, of late years, and complaints are made that they will not sail, as American cruisers ought to sail, and were wont to sail in old times. That there has been some ground for these complaints, we believe; though the evil has been greatly exaggerated, and some explanation may be given, we think, even in the cases in which the strictures are not altogether without justification. The trim of a light, sharp vessel is easily deranged; and officers, in their desire to command as much as possible, often get their vessels of this class too deep. They are, generally, for the sort of cruiser, oversparred, over-manned, and over-provisioned; consequently, too deep. We recollect a case in which one of these delicate craft, a half-rigged brig, was much abused for "having lost her sailing." She did, indeed, lose her fore-yard, after

which she sailed like a witch, until she got a new one! If the facts were inquired into, in the spirit which ought to govern such inquiries, it would be found that even most of the much abused "ten sloops" proved to be better vessels than common. The St. Louis, the Vincennes, the Concord, the Fairfield, the Boston, and the Falmouth, are instances of what we mean. In behalf of the Warren, and the Lexington, we believe no discreet man was ever heard to utter one syllable, except as wholesome crafts. But the Poughkeepsie was a very different sort of vessel from any of the "ten sloops." She was every way a good ship, and, as Jack expressed it, was "a good goer." The most severe nautical critic could scarcely have found a fault in her, as she passed out between the islets, on the evening of the day mentioned, in the sort of undress we have described. The whole scene, indeed, was impressive, and of singular maritime characteristics.

The little islets scattered about, low, sandy, and untenanted, were the only land in sight—all else was the boundless waste of waters. The solitary light rose like an aquatic monument, as if purposely to give its character to the view. Capt. Mull had caused its lamps to be trimmed and lighted for the very reason that had induced Spike to do the same thing, and the dim star they presented was just struggling into existence, as it might be, as the brilliance left by the setting sun was gradually diminished, and finally disappeared. As for the ship, the hull appeared dark, glossy, and graceful, as is usual with a vessel of war. Her sails were in soft contrast to the color of the hull, and they offered the variety and divergence from straight lines which are thought necessary to perfect beauty. Those that were set presented the symmetry in their trim, the flatness in their hoist, and the breadth that distinguish a man-of-war; while those that were loose, floated in the air in every wave and cloud-like swell, that we so often see in light canvas that is released from the yards in a fresh breeze. The ship had an undress look from this circumstance, but it was such an undress as denotes the man or woman of the world. This undress appearance was increased by the piping down of the hammocks, which left the nettings loose, and with a negligent but still knowing look about them.

When half a mile from the islets, the main yard was braced aback, and the maintop-sail was laid to the mast. As soon as the ship had lost her way, two or three boats that had been towing astern, each with its boat-sitter, or keeper, in it, were hauled up alongside, or to the quarters, were "hooked on" and "run up" to the whistling of the call. All was done at once, and all was done in a couple of minutes. As soon as effected, the maintop-sail was again filled, and away the ship glided.

Capt. Mull was not in the habit of holding many consultations with his officers. If there be wisdom in "a multitude of counsellors," he was of opinion it was not on board a man-of-war. Napoleon is re-

ported to have said that *one* had general was better than *two* good ones; meaning that one head to an army, though of inferior quality, is better than a hydra of Solomons, or Cæsars. Capt. Mull was much of the same way of thinking, seldom troubling his subordinates with any thing but orders. He interfered very little with "working Willy," though he saw effectually that he did his duty. "The ship's gentleman" might enjoy his joke as much as he pleased, so long as he chose his time and place with discretion, but in the captain's presence joking was not tolerated, unless it were after dinner, at his own table, and in his own cabin. Even there it was not precisely such joking as took place daily, not to say hourly, in the midshipmen's messes.

In making up his mind as to the mode of proceeding on the present occasion, therefore, Capt. Mull, while he had heard all that Mulford had to tell him, and had even encouraged Wallace to give his opinions, made up his decision for himself. After learning all that Harry had to communicate, he made his own calculations as to time and distance, and quietly determined to carry whole sail on the ship for the next four hours. This he did as the wisest course of making sure of getting to windward while he could, and knowing that the vessel could be brought under short canvas at any moment when it might be deemed necessary. The light was a beacon to let him know his distance with almost mathematical precision. It could be seen so many miles at sea, each mile being estimated by so many feet of elevation, and having taken that elevation, he was sure of his distance from the glittering object, so long as it could be seen from his own poop. It was also of use by letting him know the range of the reef, though Capt. Mull, unlike Spike, had determined to make one long leg off to the northward and eastward until he had brought the light nearly to the horizon, and then to make another to the southward and eastward, believing that the last stretch would bring him to the reef, almost as far to windward as he desired to be. In furtherance of this plan, the sheets of the different sails were drawn home, as soon as the boats were in, and the Poughkeepsie, bending a little to the breeze, gallantly dashed the waves aside, as she went through and over them, at a rate of not less than ten good knots in the hour. As soon as all these arrangements were made, the watch went below, and from that time throughout the night, the ship offered nothing but the quiet manner in which ordinary duty is carried on in a well-regulated vessel of war at sea, between the hours of sun and sun. Leaving the good craft to pursue her way with speed and certainty, we must now return to the Swash.

Capt. Spike has found the mooring of his brig a much more difficult task, on this occasion, than on that of his former attempt to raise the schooner. Then he had to lift the wreck bodily, and he knew that laying the Swash a few feet further ahead or

astern, could be of no great moment, inasmuch as the moment the schooner was off the bottom she would swing in perpendicularly to the purchases. But now one end of the schooner, her bows, was to remain fast, and it became of importance to be certain that the purchases were so placed as to bring the least strain on the masts while they acted most directly on the after body of the vessel to be lifted. This point gave Spike more trouble than he had anticipated. Fully one half of the remainder of the day, even after he had begun to heave upon his purchases, was spent in rectifying mistakes in connection with this matter, and in getting up additional securities to his masts.

In one respect Spike had, from the first, made a good disposition. The masts of the brig raked materially, and by bringing the head of the Swash in the direction of the schooner, he converted this fact, which might otherwise have been of great disadvantage, into a circumstance that was favorable. In consequence of the brig's having been thus moored, the strain, which necessarily led forward, came nearly in a line with the masts, and the latter were much better able to support it. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, it was found expedient to get up preventer-stays, and to give the spars all the additional support that could be conveniently bestowed. Hours were passed in making these preliminary, or it might be better to say, secondary arrangements.

It was past five in the afternoon when the people of the Swash began to heave on their purchases as finally disposed. After much creaking, and the settling of straps and lashings into their places, it was found that every thing stood, and the work went on. In ten minutes Spike found he had the weight of the schooner, so far as he should be obliged to sustain it at all, until the stern rose above the surface; and he felt reasonably secure of the doubloons. Further than this he did not intend to make any experiment on her, the Señor Montefalderon having abandoned all idea of recovering the vessel itself, now so much of the cargo was lost. The powder was mostly consumed, and that which remained in the hull must, by this time, be injured by dampness, if not ruined. So reasoned Don Juan at least.

As the utmost care was necessary, the capstan and windlas were made to do their several duties with great caution. As inch by inch was gained, the extra supports of the masts were examined, and it was found that a much heavier strain now came on the masts than when the schooner was raised before. This was altogether owing to the direction in which it came, and to the fact that the anchor planted off abeam was not of as much use as on the former occasion, in consequence of its not lying so much in a straight line with the direction of the purchases. Spike began to have misgivings on account of his masts, and this so much the more because the wind appeared to haul a little further to the

northward, and the weather to look unsettled. Should a swell roll into the bight of the reef where the brig lay, by raising the hull a little too rudely, there would be the imminent danger of at least springing, if not of absolutely carrying away both the principal spars. It was therefore necessary to resort to extraordinary precautions, in order to obviate this danger.

The captain was indebted to his boatswain, who was now in fact acting as his mate, for the suggestion of the plan next adopted. Two of the largest spare spars of the brig were got out, with their heads securely lashed to the links of the chain by which the wreck was suspended, one on each side of the schooner. Pig iron and shot were lashed to the heels of these spars, which carried them to the bottom. As the spars were of a greater length than was necessary to reach the rock, they necessarily lay at an inclination, which was lessened every inch the after body of the wreck was raised, thus forming props to the hull of the schooner.

Spike was delighted with the success of this scheme, of which he was assured by a single experiment in heaving. After getting the spars well planted at their heels, he even ordered the men to slacken the purchases a little, and found that he could actually relieve the brig from the strain, by causing the wreck to be supported altogether by these shores. This was a vast relief from the cares of the approaching night, and indeed alone prevented the necessity of the work's going on without interruption, or rest, until the end was obtained.

The people of the Swash were just assured of the comfortable fact related, as the Poughkeepsie was passing out from among the islets of the Dry Tortugas. They imagined themselves happy in having thus made a sufficient provision against the most formidable of all the dangers that beset them, at the very moment when the best laid plan for their destruction was on the point of being executed. In this respect, they resembled millions of others of their fellows, who hang suspended over the vast abyss of eternity, totally unconscious of the irretrievable character of the fall that is so soon to occur. Spike, as has been just stated, was highly pleased with his own expedient, and he pointed it out with exultation to the Señor Montefalderon, as soon as it was completed.

"A nicer fit was never made by a Lunnun leg maker, Don Wan," the captain cried, after going over the explanations connected with the shores—"there she stands, at an angle of fifty, with two as good limbs under her as body could wish. I could now cast off every thing, and leave the wreck in what they call '*statu quo*,' which, I suppose, means on its pins, like a statue. The taffarel is not six inches below the surface of the water, and half an hour of heaving will bring the stern in sight."

"Your work seems ingeniously contrived to get up one extremity of the vessel, Don Esteban," re-

turned the Mexican; but are you quite certain the doubloons are in her?"

This question was put because the functionary of a government in which money was very apt to stick in passing from hand to hand was naturally suspicious, and he found it difficult to believe that Mulford, Jack Tier, and even Bidley, under all the circumstances, had not paid special attention to their own interests.

"The bag was placed in one of the transom-lockers before the schooner capsized," returned the captain, "as Jack Tier informs me; if so, it remains there still. Even the sharks will not touch gold, Don Wan."

"Would it not be well to call Jack, and hear his account of the matter once more, now we appear to be so near the Eldorado of our wishes?"

Spike assented, and Jack was summoned to the quarter-deck. The little fellow had scarce showed himself throughout the day, and he now made his appearance with a slow step, and reluctantly.

"You've made no mistake about them 'ere doubloons, I take it, Master Tier?" said Spike, in a very nautical sort of style of addressing an inferior. "You know them to be in one of the transom-lockers?"

Jack mounted on the breach of one of the guns, and looked over the bulwarks at the dispositions that had been made about the wreck. The taffarel of the schooner actually came in sight, when a little swell passed over it, leaving it for an instant in the trough. The steward thus caught a glimpse again of the craft on board which he had seen so much hazard, and he shook his head and seemed to be thinking of any thing but the question which had just been put him.

"Well, about that gold?" asked Spike, impatiently.

"The sight of that craft has brought other thoughts than gold into my mind, Capt. Spike," answered Jack, gravely, "and it would be well for all us mariners, if we thought less of gold and more of the dangers we run. For hours and hours did I stand over eternity, on the bottom of that schooner, Don Wan, holding my life, as it might be, at the mercy of a few bubbles of air."

"What has all that to do with the gold? Have you deceived me about that locker, little rascal?"

"No, sir, I have *not* deceived you—no, Capt. Spike, no. The bag is in the upper transom-locker, on the starboard side. There I put it with my own hands, and a good lift it was; and there you'll find it, if you will cut through the quarter-deck at the spot I can point out to you."

This information seemed to give a renewed energy to all the native cupidity of the captain, who called the men from their suppers, and ordered them to commence heaving anew. The word was passed to the crew that "it was now for doubloons," and they went to the bars and handspikes, notwithstanding the sun had set, cheerfully and cheering.

All Spike's expedients admirably answered the intended purposes. The stern of the schooner rose

gradually, and at each lift the heels of the shores dropped in more perpendicularly, carried by the weights attached to them, and the spars stood as firm props to secure all that was gained. In a quarter of an hour, most of that part of the stern which was within five or six feet of the taffarel rose above the water, coming fairly in view.

Spike now shouted to the men to "pull!" then he directed the falls to be very gradually eased off; in order to ascertain if the shores would still do their duty. The experiment was successful, and presently the wreck stood in its upright position, sustained entirely by the two spars. As the last were now nearly perpendicular, they were capable of bearing a very heavy weight, and Spike was so anxious to relieve his own brig from the strain she had been enduring, that he ordered the lashings of the blocks to be loosened, trusting to his shores to do their duty. Against this confidence the boatswain ventured a remonstrance, but the gold was too near to allow the captain to listen or reply. The carpenter was ordered over on the wreck with his tools, while Spike, the Señor Montefalderon, and two men to row the boat and keep it steady, went in the yawl to watch the progress of the work. Jack Tier was ordered to stand in the chains, and to point out, as nearly as possible, the place where the carpenter was to cut.

When all was ready, Spike gave the word, and the chips began to fly. By the use of the saw and the axe, a hole large enough to admit two or three men at a time, was soon made in the deck, and the sounding for the much-coveted locker commenced. By this time it was quite dark, and a lantern was passed down from the brig, in order to enable those who searched for the locker to see. Spike had breasted the yawl close up to the hole, where it was held by the men, while the captain himself passed the lantern and his own head into the opening to reconnoiter.

"Ay, it's all right!" cried the voice of the captain from within his cell-like cavity. "I can just see the lid of the locker that Jack means, and we shall soon have what we are after. Carpenter, you may as well slip off your clothes at once, and go inside; I will point out to you the place where to find the locker. You're certain, Jack, it was the starboard locker?"

"Ay, ay, sir, the starboard locker, and no other?"

The carpenter had soon got into the hole, as naked as when he was born. It was a gloomy-looking place for a man to descend into at that hour, the light from the lantern being no great matter, and half the time it was shaded by the manner in which Spike was compelled to hold it.

"Take care and get a good footing, carpenter," said the captain, in a kinder tone than common, "before you let go with your hands; but I suppose you can swim, as a matter of course?"

"No, sir, not a stroke—I never could make out in the water at all."

"Have the more care, then. Had I known as much I would have sent another hand down; but mind your footing. More to the left, man—more to the left. That is the lid of the locker—your hand is on it; why do you not open it?"

"It is swelled by the water, sir, and will need a chisel, or some tool of that sort. Just call out to one of the men, sir, if you please, to pass me a chisel from my tool-chest. A good stout one will be best."

This order was given, and during the delay it caused, Spike encouraged the carpenter to be cool, and above all to mind his footing. His own eagerness to get at the gold was so great that he kept his head in at the hole, completely cutting off the man within from all communication with the outer world.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Spike, a little sternly. "You shiver and yet the water cannot be cold in this latitude. No, my hand makes it just the right warmth to be pleasant."

"It's not the water, Capt. Spike—I wish they would come with the chisel. Did you hear nothing, sir? I'm certain I did!"

"Hear!—what is there here to be heard, unless there may be some fish inside, thrashing about to get out of the vessel's hold?"

"I am sure I heard something like a groan, Capt. Spike. I wish you would let me come out, sir, and I'll go for the chisel myself; them men will never find it."

"Stay where you are, coward! Are you afraid of dead men standing against walls? Stay where you are. Ah! here is the chisel—now let us see what you can do with it."

"I am certain I heard another groan, Capt. Spike. I cannot work, sir. I'm of no use here—do let me come out, sir, and send a hand down that can swim."

Spike uttered a terrible malediction on the miserable carpenter, one we do not care to repeat; then he cast the light of the lantern full in the man's face. The quivering flesh, the pallid face, and the whole countenance wrought up almost to a frenzy of terror, astonished as well as alarmed him.

"What ails you, man?" said the captain in a voice of thunder. "Clap in the chisel, or I'll hurl you off into the water. There is nothing here, dead or alive, to harm ye!"

"The groan, sir—I hear it again! Do let me come out, Capt. Spike."

Spike himself, this time, heard what even *he* took for a groan. It came from the depths of the vessel, apparently, and was sufficiently distinct and audible. Astonished, yet appalled, he thrust his shoulders into the aperture, as if to dare the demon that

tormented him, and was met by the carpenter endeavoring to escape. In the struggle that ensued, the lantern was dropped into the water, leaving the half frenzied combatants contending in the dark. The groan was renewed, when the truth flashed on the minds of both.

"The shores! the shores!" exclaimed the carpenter from within. "The shores!" repeated Spike, throwing himself back into the boat, and shouting to his men to "see all clear of the wreck!" The grating of one of the shores on the coral beneath was now heard plainer than ever, and the lower extremity slipped outward, not astern, as had been apprehended, letting the wreck slowly settle to the bottom again. One piercing shriek arose from the narrow cavity within; then the gurgling of water into the aperture was heard, when naught of sound could be distinguished but the sullen and steady wash of the waves of the gulf over the rocks of the reef.

The impression made by this accident was most profound. A fatality appeared to attend the brig; and most of the men connected the sad occurrence of this night with the strange appearance of the previous evening. Even the Señor Montefalderon was disposed to abandon the doubloons, and he urged Spike to make the best of his way for Yucatan, to seek a friendly harbor. The captain wavered, but avarice was too strong a passion in him to be easily diverted from its object, and he refused to give up his purpose.

As the wreck was entirely free from the brig when it went down for the third time, no injury was sustained by the last on this occasion. By renewing the lashings, every thing would be ready to begin the work anew—and this Spike was resolved to attempt in the morning. The men were too much fatigued, and it was too dark to think of pushing matters any further that night; and it was very questionable whether they could have been got to work. Orders were consequently given for all hands to turn in, the captain, relieved by Don Juan and Jack Tier, having arranged to keep the watches of the night.

"This is a sad accident, Don Esteban," observed the Mexican, as he and Spike paced the quarter-deck together, just before the last turned in; "A sad accident! My miserable schooner seems to be deserted by its patron saint. Then your poor carpenter!"

"Yes, he was a good fellow enough with a saw, or an adze," answered Spike, yawning. "But we get used to such things at sea. It's neither more nor less than a carpenter expended. Good night, Señor Don Wan; in the morning we'll be at that gold ag'in."

[To be continued.]

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF A COQUETTE.

BY THOMAS MAYNE REID.

A MORE capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and the mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances; (for, believe us, gentle reader, this story, though short, is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman at least who will recognize the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future unfortunate lovers, and afford a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account, had two parties of the aforesaid young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor, whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing, and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course, a foreign mustache, and a *decidedly* foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the *first* families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret, and Nob was welcome every where.

But under no mahogany did Mr. Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say *Mrs.*

Crossley, for although her good husband still lived, he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C.'s turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirées, and suppers, followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloods. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus not present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself, who was constantly exclaiming,

"My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that traveling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son;" and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the "elegant" himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or, in other words, his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine, Kate, all this time? Flirting, of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitz-rush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his foot. Fitz blushes, simpers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are "large, very large, indeed;" to which candid acknowledgment on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that "they are small for a man of his size," insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached; but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit out to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her satire upon another victim.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's."

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green

color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's, but not "seeing them as others saw them," he replied that "he could not help it—the music always excited him so."

"Ah! the music, Mr. Cressy; but perhaps—"

She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in the doorway, and who was no less a personage than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand, he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasy shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot toward the "elegant," and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did upon this occasion; and the right leg of Fitz-rush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the favored "elegant's" handsome person. It was all in vain, however, Nob was evidently the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chatted to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showered all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals.

Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be, not only to torment her host of other lovers, but occasionally the "elegant" himself.

Augustus, however, still continued first in favor, and from the attentions which he received at the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's former lovers had long since "hailed their wind," and only a few, among whom were Fitz-rush and Cressy, still continued to hang on despairingly to what was evidently a forlorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the "deaw creatuw," and that he "would be under the positive

necessity of healing it at the hymeneal altaw." "He was very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—oh! it would be bawbawous—positively bawbawous!"

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no—Kate knew every thing, and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob thoroughly; and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance upon him.

Spring—delightful spring has returned—and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman. The trees upon our side-walks, and in our beautiful squares, are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages, from which those warbling prisoners—the mockbird, and the troupial, and the linnet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the streets with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen, as it is the shopping hour, and gentlemen would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion in the upper part of Chestnut street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street toward the busier part of the city. She does not loiter nor look in at the shop-windows, as ladies generally do at this hour, but walks nimbly along as though she came forth upon some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chestnut street which is in the neighbourhood of the State House she lessens her gait, and walks more leisurely. She is heard to soliloquize—

"In truth, it is as much as my courage, nay, even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well, I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an elopement, or marry that ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I *shall*. Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he shall be to hear me consent; but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again. 'HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER.' Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me enter." So saying, the graceful girl entered a large hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of a chamber, upon which was repeated, in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building—

"HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER."

In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine

looking youth, with dark hair and slight mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back-ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation "dearest!" that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the sitter through the halfopened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words—"A message for you, Henry; it would have been pleasanter, perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency." So saying, she delivered the paper—received a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said, "good morning!" and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried, with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from its perusal like a man mad—mad from excess of joy—mad from love; and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, "Yes, dearest heart! any thing—anything you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Ninny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends—all! How sweet and how powerful is first love!"

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married, there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate, or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it *should* be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused. He was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

"All right!" soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the half-door behind him; "all right, and very simple! old lady decidedly in my favvaw—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right again—simple, vewy simple, and vewy romantic, too!"

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the sidewalk in the upper part of Chestnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant

carriage and horses drawn close up to the curbstone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloth cloak, loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers by, however, to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell upon the state-house tolled two. A light footstep was now heard in the distance, and a moment after a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree, immediately recognized the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

"My dear Kate," said he, "I have been waiting for you half an hour—how vewy cold it is!"

"No, no—not cold on such an errand as ours! But, dear Augustus, said Kate, changing her manner, we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C—, the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of any one else; he has promised me, and is now expecting us."

"Oh, vewy well," replied the lover, "you are sure he expects us?"

"Yes; I will give directions to the driver." So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turning down Chestnut, entered a cross street, and drove northward toward the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver, dismounting from his box, opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought that he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white-gloved hand as she stepped upon the curbstone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure, however, that he was the most officious and impertinent driver he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse that he caught of the fellow's face, by the light of a street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or resent imaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing-room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing-room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that

the Rev. Mr. C—— would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that that same driver, who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom. It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes; but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she still had her bonnet on, as when last he saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stupefied Augustus at once recognized as the impertinent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist. Mr. Willis

politely thanked Mr. Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither, and assisted him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob, however, having *got the wack* in so cruel a fashion, felt no inclination to *take the box*, and in a few moments he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage and drove to Jones's Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was positively her last adventure.

DEATH OF THE GIFTED.

BY JOHN WILFORD OVERALL.

Inscribe on my grave-stone—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water." JOHN KEATS.

To that sweet land of lyre and song,
Of storied ancient fame,
Where deeds of old, like pilgrims throng,
To bless its mighty name;
A minstrel went, unloved, to weep,
And lay his aching heart,
Where golden skies serenely sleep,
And fruited gardens start.

'Tis bitter for the young to die,
And leave this world of ours,
Its sunshine and its sparkling sky,
Its paradise of flowers—
But oh! when tears mark every track,
And woes lead on to death,
'Tis blessedness to render back
The feeble, gasping breath!

The brightest, frailest, fairest things
That to the earth are given,
Feel first the angel's snowy wings
To waft them home to heaven—

And like a meteor in the sky,
Or foam-beads on the wave,
They dazzle man's bewildered eye,
And sink into the grave.

Oh! what is Genius but a part
Of Him, whose glory flings
A bliss o'er each devoted heart,
And o'er all earth-born things?—
An essence of the mind of God,
A pure ethereal light,
That wingeth at its master's nod,
As angels to their flight.

Farewell! thou art not yet forgot,
Nor wilt thou ever be,
While earth has one sweet Eden spot,
Or stars laugh on the sea—
Thou hast thy wish, and on the bed
Where thou dost gently rest,
The summer daisy waves its head,
And blossoms o'er thy breast.

LINES AT PARTING.

BY T. TREVOR.

FAREWELL, farewell!—the brightest day must close:
And the sweet vision of my recent hours
Will fade too soon. Ah! will it not return?
The clouds that evening gathered o'er our heads
Stayed not till morn; but leave the sun more bright.
The early mist, that veiled yon green hill-side,
Has risen, and floated on the air awhile,
Then slowly vanished, and you see again
The glades, where sings the bird and bounds the deer.
And may not absence hide thee, for a time,
Then give thee fairer back? Oh! I will trust.

And as beyond the clouds I know the sun
Shines, though I see him not, my spirit's eye
Thy form shall trace, though absent, and thy soul,
E'en when thou know'st it not, shall soft respond
To some kind thought of mine. Thus, though forever
Thy absence last, we shall not wholly part.
But now, awhile, farewell! and may each boon,
By Heav'n most prized, fall richly to thy lot.
Be every thought replete with quiet joy,
And every purpose overruled for good.

THE THREE CALLS.

BY H. L. JONES.

THE sofas and ottomans were covered with crimson velvet; the morning sun streamed through folds of rich stuff, that tempered and warmed its light; the tread was unheard on the thick carpet, and the glowing coal sent a cheerful smile over the ample apartments.

Alice and Louisa Stanwood were employed much like other young ladies of their age, hemming long, mysterious slips of muslin, or embroidering in worsted, and now and then chatting of the last night's party, or the gayeties of the coming evening. They were pretty, and rich, and young, and gay, and admired, and happy. They knew they had complexions and figures to be both studied and improved—at all events, not to be injured by the adoption of awkward habits. They were fully alive to the merits of the last new bonnet, and had their own opinions touching the "Elseler fling," and the harmonies of Ole Bull. What with dressing and calling, and dining and driving, with parties, balls, and social cotillions; with sleeping good, long, renovating night's sleep, and perhaps a little siesta after dinner, really the months, and even the years, went by with astonishing rapidity.

They had already whirled Alice into her twentieth and Louisa into her eighteenth winter. (Our city belles do not count life by summers,) yet placid smiles dwelt on their unruffled features, and even thought had passed, zephyr-like, over their brows, nor left a mark behind. Their laugh had a joyousness born of the present, in which neither hope nor memory had share. They had had no time to think, to feel, to suffer. But that there was suffering in the world they knew very well. They knew it by reading history, and the newspapers; nay, they knew, too, there was suffering of many sorts, and often and often had they dropped the sympathetic tear over the sentimental woes which the "cunning hand" of genius portrayed in the novel of the day.

Madam Stanwood, the grandmother of these fair girls, reclined in the easiest of easy chairs, her feet imbedded in the yielding "bricoche," and by her side her little reading stand, on which she had just laid down her book and spectacles. Her pale and composed features, her comely attire, her dignified deportment, had all that makes age winning and respectable; and the fond glances with which she regarded her grandchildren, spoke not less her readiness to sympathize with youth, than youth's tenderness and respect for her; for we do, indeed, "receive but what we give," and rarely is there an instance of heartfelt sympathy with the young, that is not cheerfully and sincerely answered.

"The history of any individual, if it were faithfully written out, would be an epic poem," said Madam Stanwood, repeating the last lines she had been reading. "What do you think of that, my dears? Does it not startle you to look at the faces you meet in the streets, and think of the history that is so unwritten on them?"

"Undoubtedly it would, grandma, if we ever thought of reading faces; but, really, I must think there is more poetry than truth in the remark; I should sooner complain of the entire want of meaning in the faces and lives of those I meet, than be alarmed at the announcement of a history in them."

"I declare," said the ever laughing Louisa, "I wish something would happen to startle and confound us among our 'dear five hundred friends,' even a little bit of a volcano in our domestic circle would not be amiss. Such an event, now, as Mary Ware's elopement! Think what a shaking that gave our faculties! why it lasted us full a week for steady talking."

"Well, I don't see but Alice or I must be packing up a small bundle, and getting a farewell letter ready for you, just for the sake of variety," said the grandmother, gayly.

The door opened and admitted a tall and very much dressed woman, who advanced with much liveliness, and greeted the trio.

The usual topics that fill out a ten minutes' fashionable call were discussed with great spirit and volubility by all the ladies; the guest repeated in her farewell, the vivacious interest of her salutation, and tripped lightly down to her carriage.

"There, grandmother—there is a face! Now, where is the epic poem to which it is the index?" said Alice.

"What do you read, my dears?"

"I read," said Alice, "a life spent in much the same round of calls and visits as she has been making this morning. A mind fully occupied with the genealogies of all the families in Philadelphia, that are at all worth knowing. I dare say she knows more now about my grandfather than I do myself—she does, to be sure, if she knows any thing." Alice stopped, and Louisa added,

"I have read something, dear grandmother, that is more objectionable than gayety in Mrs. Ellicott's face. Gayety I love dearly in old people—I love yours—"

"Calling Mrs. Ellicott 'old people,' Louisa! you are certainly stark mad! with all those long white teeth glittering defiance of such a calumny."

"Gently! gently!" said Madam Stanwood; "teeth

to the contrary notwithstanding, Mrs. Ellicott is my senior by some years."

"But how different!" exclaimed Alice, warmly, "how different her gayety and yours—as different as lightning and sunshine—"

"Nay, Alice," said Madam Stanwood, in a serious tone, "I must protest against being compared or contrasted with Mrs. Ellicott. I asked you what you read in *her* face. A capability, at least, of feeling and suffering?"

"You will think me satirical, grandmother; but she does make other people suffer so much, that—but I won't say it—and yet that hard face, those authoritative manners, that ever smiling mouth, put them altogether, she is just one of those persons I should think born not to suffer any thing, nor to feel much for any body."

Madame Stanwood looked at the placid face, which had just expressed so harsh an opinion, with a melancholy smile.

"Come hither, Alice—and you, Louisa; let me teach you not to guess from the froth on the tossing wave, what is the deep calm that lies a thousand fathoms below. Long may it be before you know from the quick sympathy of experience, to detect the sigh under the smile, or to see how the lonely tears quench the conventional sparkles that seemed so brilliant."

The young girls drew near, awed by the serious and almost sad demeanor of their relative.

"Something you said, Louisa—something that touched long silent chords in my heart. They do not make music there—they are, as your song says, 'echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.' But it was of Mrs. Ellicott we were talking. I happen to know a circumstance which, as yet, is concealed from her nearest friends, except her medical adviser. This woman, so gay, so social, so alive to all that she feels or fancies her duty to society, had, only six months ago, the assurance of her physician, backed by the opinions of the first practitioners in New York, that her recovery is hopeless—absolutely hopeless."

"Her recovery, grandmother!—is she ill?"

"She looks well—does she not? Well, she is consuming of a cancer. She has been hoping that a surgical operation might relieve her, until last June, when the result of 'a consultation' was announced to her, that at her advanced age it would probably be fatal. Her resolution was taken. She insisted on knowing the probable length of her life, if the disease took its course, and then forbade any allusion to it hereafter. Her own sisters, who are in the house, do not know it. She is as cheerful and as gay as ever. 'Let no tears be shed for me while I live,' she said, 'mine are sorrows which would only be doubled by sharing them.'"

"That was noble!" exclaimed Alice. "Oh, how cruel, how unjust I was to her! and in the very point where she most deserves praise; for I own to you, her interest in all about her, struck me as par-

ticularly frivolous and unworthy in a woman of her age." And Alice, in her generous haste to atone for her injustice, was in some danger of falling in love with what was, in truth, the exceptionable manner of Mrs. Ellicott.

"She is like Lady Delacour, Alice," said Louisa, "do n't you remember, in Belinda?"

"As like as most facts are to fancies," said Madam Stanwood, "Mrs. Ellicott, destitute of all Lady Delacour's grace and fascination, has a simple, and almost sturdy moral strength, which gives dignity to an otherwise uninteresting character. She is not acting for point or effect at all, but expressing simply a disinterestedness and regard for others, which, under the circumstances, I own, inspires me with more respect than most martyrdoms."

"There is the door bell!" exclaimed Louisa, "now, Alice, let us study characters, instead of talking nonsense."

The gay Mrs. Lewis was not the counterpart of the gay Mrs. Ellicott, but the young girls looked wistfully at her, as if they, for the first time, felt the possibility that, "seeing, they might not see nor understand." The smile and the voice, though cordial, seemed not heartfelt. For the first time they missed a sincerity, a truthfulness in the tones about them; and they silently listened, with watchful eyes, while their grandmother talked on with their visitor.

When she, too, had gone, and the gay laugh, and "good morning!" had died in the quiet room, Louisa broke silence.

"Dear me, grandmother! I feel as if I were treading on a volcano! I shan't dare to step on the surface of society for fear of breaking in upon burning lava somewhere! I declare, this notion of people having two natures is very terrible—it quite takes away my composure."

"And yet you have two, Louisa."

"I, grandmother!—and where is the other, then?"

"Very soundly sleeping, my love—but some arrow, whether of joy or wo, will waken it to a life of its own. In good time—in good time. Let it rest—that other self of yours; 't will spring up, full grown, and panoplied, some day. But tell me, Alice, how have you read Mrs. Lewis? I saw you studying her face as if you never saw it before."

"I am ashamed to tell you how little I made out—merely that she was good-natured, and happy, and laughing all the day long."

"So we live, my Alice; and the life that is deepest leaves no traces on our faces or manners. Society is not to be bored with individual joys or sorrows; and Mrs. Lewis has the good sense and taste to make lively visits to her friends, who have neither leisure nor desire to study the under tones in her laugh, or to see that tears and smiles wear the same channels in the face."

"But has Mrs. Lewis's really been an eventful life?" said Alice. "I have only known her as a woman who has been struggling somewhat to maintain her position in society, and not so rich as she

would like, perhaps; but she always appears just the same, as if nothing had ever troubled her much."

"Her life," answered Madam Stanwood, gravely, "has been one of extraordinary mental vicissitude, though outwardly it has seemed rather uneventful. Take from her history the very common one of the loss of property, the habitual cheerfulness that has soothed, sustained, and encouraged her husband under repeated and continual losses. At one time he lost three ships in the same storm; he was prostrated, as men so often are under these reverses; but she constantly had her bright smile and ready sympathy—and that was every thing to his sick heart. Take the energy with which, in early life, she struggled against poverty, and has made herself almost, by mere strength of will, all that she was and is, and this, my dear children, implies a warfare that you cannot dream of, far less realize. Take away these minor events in her character, there is still something which makes her very interesting to me. She is childless. The prattle of her nursery ceased long ago; and the chill of death seems on the room which is now never opened. Her last child lived to be three or four years old; and she told me, not long since, that she never saw a door open, that she did not unconsciously turn toward it 'to see her little Edith come in,' that she never, never was out of her mind for a moment. There is something inexpressibly sad to me in her gay face, so haunted, like the Egyptian banquet, by the image of the dead. It is not so with us in general; what we have suffered we bury in our memories, and we keep the graves green sodden down in our hearts, and even in thought but strew flowers on them. But this presence of a grief perpetually with and about her, I have pitied her that she must live! I am certain I respect and love her, that she lives so disinterestedly as she does."

"Grandmother," said Louisa, after a hesitating pause, "has your life been an eventful one at all? I only know of you that you used not to be so cheerful as you are now; but since our mother's death—"

"She has been our mother ever since we knew what it could mean to need one," said Alice, fondly kissing her withered hand; "but, dearest grandmother, your face is a sealed book to us, too; you look very calm, you are very cheerful always—and yet who knows—"

Alice stopped thoughtfully, and then looking at Madam Stanwood, she saw that her eyes were tearful, and that with a strong effort she was endeavoring to preserve her composure. Placing her hand lightly on Alice's mouth, to prevent her speaking, she said, with a smile,

"The day promises so fairly, my daughters, if you like, we will drive to see an old acquaintance, and on the way I will tell you some of those passages in my life, which I know you want to hear of, but from the relation of which I have always shrunk. Time has lessened the vividness of much I have suffered; but what we feel early in life, we feel late

with a clearness it is difficult to account for. But you ought to know something of the history of your grandmother, and although I do not intend to give you a full memoir to day, and perhaps never, I will talk with you somewhat of old days and feelings. In an hour we will go, and until then I shall be engaged in my own room."

Alice and Louisa looked wistfully at each other, as their aged relative withdrew, but uttered not a word. Often and often they had wished, and hoped, and guessed, till they were weary of guessing what grandmamma's life had been—for they were a little curious, though not reflective; and many a time a chance word or two had puzzled their young heads not a little; but hardly had they dared to hope that they ever should know, at all events, not before they were twenty-five—quite old women—any thing about it; and now that they were to know, *really*, it was quite too important a subject to trifle upon. So Louisa, with her mouth very much drawn down at the corners, and her eyebrows proportionably arched, withdrew to her room, as much like Madam Stanwood as possible, while Alice relapsed into her grandmother's easy-chair. Reflection in an easy-chair is apt to glide into reverie, and thence the transition to sleep is not uncommon; and Alice was waked out of marvelous dreams, by the announcement that the carriage waited for her.

The day was fine and clear, though a little cold, and as the carriage-wheels rolled almost noiselessly over the smooth, hard road, it seemed the very afternoon of all the world for story-telling. Yet Madam Stanwood looked silently out on the landscape before them, and the young girls did not venture to speak. At last they stopped at a house where they were a good deal acquainted.

The Williamses were all at home; and a right gay set of young people they were: then there were their father and mother, and Mrs. Williams' brother, old Colonel Morgan, who was always ready for a frolic, and the two Miss Dundasses, from Richmond. They had a very gay call. The two Miss Stanwoods flirted desperately with the old colonel, and the two Miss Dundasses beat him about the room with bouquets of bright flowers; and there was such laughing, till the tears ran, with old Mr. Williams, and such gentle and sympathizing laughter among the old ladies, and such heartfelt fun among all, that it was with some effort the Stanwoods at last left the resounding parlor for the silent carriage.

Silent it became as soon as the doors were closed, and the soft, crackling sound of the wheels brought the old associations of painful thought and anxious expectation.

At last Madam Stanwood spoke: but the words seemed rather the repetition of a record than the expression of thought.

"Saturday, the 20th of May, 1780."

The girls listened eagerly, but no further sound

escaped her. The faint color came and went on her faded cheek, her eyes closed, and the spirit within seemed unable to utter its mournful remembrances.

"I thought I could tell you," she said at last, "but it will not come to my tongue—and perhaps it is best so—for why should your young hearts be baptized with sorrow before their time? And besides, all, every thing within and without is so different now. I scarcely recognize myself as I look back to that day. *The dark day.* You have heard of it, and the reason of it—but in those times we were not given to philosophizing. Yes, all is so changed. The skies I played under are no longer the same. They bent over a young, hopeful heart then, so blue, so clear—now they still bend over me, but they promise rest to the weary soul, and they speak soothingly of a better land.

"The brook behind my father's house, in which my bare feet daily waded, turns the wheel of a factory; the trees that shaded our log cabin are metamorphosed into three-story houses; the country has turned into a town—and not more has the form changed than the spirit. The minds of men, trained and inured to suffering, patient, sturdy, vigorous, watchful—those were men, indeed!"

Madam Stanwood's face, usually so benignly thoughtful, lighted up as she spoke, and she looked at the eager faces of her granddaughters with a smile. The most painful part, the beginning, had been surmounted, and she went on, less however to them than to herself.

"The twentieth of May! yes, on that day, I had reached my fifteenth birthday—on that day I met my lover for the last time. He had been drafted for a soldier. Every heart, men's, women's, and children's, too, beat but to one tune, and that was their country's freedom. We never dreamed then of detaining friend, husband, father or lover, when that country called. You know the country had been bleeding at every pore then for years. My father was a stern old man, who had been in the 'old French war.' My mother had been reared in a fort, and had daily loaded and handed the musket to her husband as he shouldered his axe or his scythe for his daily labor. Her sister had been carried into captivity by the Indians, and lived there among them for years before she escaped to her home. Arms, fighting, wounds, were household words with us. Judge if we were likely to think a moment of detaining Edward, though the day was fixed for our marriage. We were to have been married in June, and now it was May.

"How long it is since that day! how much has come and gone since then! and I live to tell it! It was but a few years after that the world shook with the French Revolution—and a few years more—that man of a bloody age, the expression of all that is evil and great in human nature, rose and shocked his race, comet-like, with his fierce glare, and then set forever. Our own calm Washington sleeps in

his heart-honored grave, and the sighs of a grateful people whisper in the cedars above it—but then, he was living, acting, and inspiring all about him with the indomitable courage and heroic patience that animated himself. The terrors and events that stirred our hearts to agony were nigh us, even at our doors, and strong as we might be in patriotic feeling, almost every family could count its victims. I was young in years, but we grew old early then, and my mother had held her first child in her arms at fifteen years old.

"It was early in the morning—at early dawn—when I parted from him. He held me to his bosom that was covered with the simple uniform—so associated in my mind with all that was best and noblest on earth—and my bosom beat with pride as well as grief. I also could sacrifice something to my country.

"Well—that day—it wore on drearily, so drearily as you can never know; and in the afternoon some neighbors came in to talk of the army, and the destination of the regiment which had just left us. It was long after dinner—nearly two o'clock. So depressed and wretched did I feel, that when I lifted my head from my arms, where I was leaning, and gazed out on the sky, I was more soothed than startled at its strange appearance. The air seemed absolutely heavy with a darkness that came on like an army. But my thoughts had been of darkness and blood, and a sadness I could not shake off. Presently they all saw and felt it too. They sprang to the door, but it was not a storm, it was not cloudy, but just dark—the cattle came lowing into the yard, the birds flew to their nests, the fowls were already on their roosts. I cannot describe to you the consternation of our household. Superstitious persons are not wanting in any age, and you may guess that many read in the supernatural gloom a foreboding of disaster to our arms. That the day of judgment was approaching was a more common feeling, and a good many went to the minister's house in their terror, that they might be listening to prayer. I do not remember that I thought about it much, but it was a relief to see the sky light up as it did after two or three hours, and see nature going on her accustomed routine.

"We had no mails then, you know, my dears, and often months went on, and on, and brought no tidings to us, but what we learned from general rumor, or some chance straggler from the army. Then would come a letter from Edward, filled with all his former love, but giving no hope of his immediate return to us. Then came the project of besieging New York, and then volunteers would not do, nor new soldiers. The country demanded men who knew and could bear the fatigues of war. Oh! my children! you read and hear of the glory of war, and of the soldier who sweetly breathes his last for his country: true, the battle-field is terrible to think of, but there the groans are those of the dying, and humanity, shocked at her own barbarity, stanches

the wounds, and tearfully holds the head that a few hours before she was frantic to lay in a bloody grave. But for the living death that many of our soldiers suffered before the war was over, there has been no such sympathy. The privation of clothing, of the commonest sort, the unshod feet, wearily and bleedingly marching over the snow, the shivering form, half covered by the tattered uniform, crouching over the fire in the wretched huts of the north, were scarcely less destructive than the withering heat, and wasting famine of the southern troops. Fortunately Edward did not go south until the winter, so that though he wrote of battle, he did not of sickness, and I hoped still.

"When I next heard from him he was stationed at New London. You know that terrible story, my daughters. You know that Arnold, the wretch, whom to name is to execrate forever in American bosoms, 'Arnold the traitor,' was sent to besiege it. He had four times the number of men that were in the fort. He attacked it on three sides at once, and though our men fought like lions, it must have been in vain. They fought in full view of their homes, of all that was dear to them in the world. Judge if they did not fight. Judge if they did not pour out their blood like water, while there was any hope. But at last they gave way—they laid down their arms. And then—they were basely murdered as they stood! Such a massacre was not known elsewhere, thank Heaven! during our whole struggle. It is enough to make one shrink from all that bears the name of man."

Here Madam Stanwood paused. She had sketched rather than related so far, and the fair girls listened with a pained and eager interest. Most of what she had alluded to was new to them, and as they looked on one who had personally known and suffered in what had to them been only a dry "history," she seemed transformed in their eyes. Oh! the "unwritten history" of that placid face! The written one of that heart, whose every fibre had been woven in one long web of anxiety and sorrow, and dyed in the blood of the loved and lost one! For

now they saw that Edward must have been one of those who fell in that massacre. Their eager and tearful faces expressed the sympathy they did not else utter, and their aged relative understood it. She went on quietly.

"All is not yet told, my daughters. I heard that Edward had fallen, and years passed away, and still I heard nothing from him more. Then I married Mr. Stanwood—and then—and then Edward returned."

"Returned!" exclaimed both the girls in a breath.

"Yes, he returned—The massacre was not complete. Somebody became satisfied with blood, and proposed a respite, and about forty were left living, and taken prisoners to New York. Edward lived through a long, dreadful fever, alone, without aid or attendance of any sort. Then he was sent with a hundred others to a prison-ship. God forbid your dear hearts should be saddened with all he underwent there. We heard it all. He returned to his family at last, with broken health, broken fortune—"

"And a broken heart! ah, grandmother!"

"No, his heart was not broken. What he felt I never knew, for he learned my marriage before he came back, and we never met for years. My children, my story will have been told you quite in vain, if it does not show you that hearts must live and act, and fulfill present duties, with what fortitude they may, and *not* break—nor 'brokenly live on.' God gave me the strength for which I prayed, to perform my duty to my husband and children, and to set aside from my heart an image which no longer fitted such a temple. I have long ago ceased to look at him with any eyes but those of friendly interest, though the recall of so much that is connected with grief is of course painful, and you see yourselves that he is both gay and social, and by no means inclined to play the despairing lover."

"We see!" they again spoke in a breath.

"Yes, you have seen him this afternoon. Edward—*Colonel Edward Morgan*. And here we are at home, my loves, an hour past dinner-time."

FAIR WIND.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

O who can tell, that never sailed
Among the glassy seas,
How fresh and welcome breaks the morn
That ushers in a breeze!
Fair wind! Fair wind! aloof, aloft,
All hands delight to cry—
As leaping through the parted waves
The good ship makes reply.

While fore and aft, all stanch and tight,
She spreads her canvas wide,
The captain walks his throne, the deck,
With more than monarch's pride.

For well he knows the sea-bird's wings,
So swift and sure to-day,
Will waft him many a league to-night
In triumph on his way.

Then welcome to the rushing blast
That stirs the waters now—
The white plumed heralds of the deep
Make music round her prow!
Good sea-room in the roaring gale—
Let stormy trumpets blow—
But chain ten thousand fathoms down
The sluggish calm below!

KITTY COLEMAN.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

AN arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Coleman, with her deep, bewildering eyes, that said all sorts of strange things to your heart, and yet looked as innocent all the time as though conducting themselves with the utmost propriety, and her warm, ripe lips, making you think at once of "the rose's bed that a bee would choose to dream in." And so wild and unmanagable was she—oh, it was shocking to *proper* people to look at her! And then to hear her, too! why, she actually laughed aloud, Kitty Coleman did! I say Kitty, because everybody called her Kitty but her Aunt Martha; she was an orderly gentlewoman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nick-naming, as she did of other crimes, so she always said Miss Catharine. She thought, too, that Miss Catharine's hair, those long, golden locks, like rays of floating sunshine, wandering about her shoulders, should be gathered up into a comb, and the little lady was once really so obliging as to make trial of the scheme, but at the first bound she made after Rover, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, descending in a glittering shower, and the little silver comb nestled down in the deep grass, resigning its office of jailor forever. Oh, Kitty was a sad romp! It is a hard thing to say of one we all loved so well; but Aunt Martha said it, and shook her head the while and sighed; and the squire, Aunt Martha's brother, said it, and held out his arms for his pet to spring into; and serious old ladies said it, and said, too,—what a pity it was that young people now-a-days had no more regard for propriety. Even Enoch Snow, the great phrenologist, buried his fingers in those dainty locks that none but a phrenologist had a right to touch, and waiting only for a succession of peals of vocal music, which interrupted his scientific researches, to subside, declared that her organ of mirthfulness was very, very strikingly developed. This, then, placed the matter beyond all controversy; and it was henceforth expected that Kitty would do what nobody else could do, and say what nobody else had a right to say; and the sin of all, luckily for her, was to be laid upon a strange idiosyncrasy, a peculiar mental, or rather cerebral conformation, over which she had no control; and so Kitty was forgiven, forgiven by all but —. We had a little story to tell.

I have heard that Cupid is blind; but of that I do not believe a word—indeed, I have "confirmation strong," that the malicious little knave has the gift of clairvoyance, aiming at hearts wrapped in the triple foldings of selfishness, conceit, and gold. Ay, didn't he perch himself, now in the eye, and

now on the lip of Kitty Coleman, and with a marvelously steady aim, imitating a personage a trifle more dreaded, "Cut down all, both great and small!" Blind! no, no—he saw a trifle too well when he counted out his arrows; and the laughing rogue was ready to burst with merriment, as he peeped into his empty quiver, and then looked abroad upon the havoc he had made. But people said that there was one who had escaped him, a winsome gallant, for whom all but Kitty Coleman had a bright glance, and a gentle word. As for Kitty, she cared not a rush for Harry Gay, and sought to annoy him all in her power; and the gentleman in his turn stalked past her with all the dignity of a great man's ghost. Bitter, bitter enemies were Harry Gay and Kitty Coleman. One evening, just because the pretty belle was present, Harry took it into his head to be as stupid as a block or a scholar, for, notwithstanding his promising name, our young Lucifer could be stupid. Kitty Coleman was very angry, as was proper—for what right had any one to be stupid in her presence? The like never was heard of before. Kitty, in her indignation, said he did not know how to be civil; and then she sighed, doubtless at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular; and then she laughed so long and musically, that the lawyer, the school-master, the four clerks, the merchant, and Lithper Lithpet, the dandy, all joined in the chorus, though, for the life of them, they could not have told what the lady laughed at. Harry Gay drew up his head with as much dignity as though he had known the mirth was at his expense, cast contemptuous glances toward the group of nod-waiters, and then, to show his own superior taste, attached himself to the ugliest woman in the room. It was very strange that Kitty Coleman should have disregarded entirely the opinion of such a distinguished gentleman, but she only laughed the louder when she saw that he was annoyed by it; indeed, his serious face seemed to infuse the very spirit, ay, the concentrated, double-distilled essence of mirth into her; and a more frolicsome creature never existed than she was, till the irritated scholar, unable to endure it any longer, disappeared in the quietest manner possible. Then all of a sudden the self-willed belle declared that she hated parties, she never would go to another; and making her adieus in the most approved do-n't-care style, insisted on being taken home at once.

Harry Gay was not a native of our village; he came from one of the eastern cities to spend a summer there; and Aunt Martha said he was too

well-bred to have any patience with the hoydenish manners of her romping niece. But Kitty insisted that her manners were not hoydenish; and if her heart overflowed, it was not her fault, she could not shut up all the glad feelings within her, they would leap back to the call of their kindred, gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful, beautiful things of creation, as joyous in their mute eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was always very angry that Aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Gay; she would not be dictated to by him, even though his opinions received the sanction of her infallible aunt. But the lady made a trifling mistake on the subject matter of his interference. He did not slander her, and always waived the theme of her follies when her Aunt Martha introduced it; indeed, he never was heard to speak of the belle but once—once he swore she had no soul!—(the shameless Mohammedan!) a remark which was only five minutes in reaching its object. But Kitty Coleman, though shockingly indignant, was not cast down by it. She called Harry Gay more names than he, scholar as he was, could have thought of in a month, and wound up with a remark no less formidable than the one which had excited her ire. And Kitty was right. A pretty judge of soul he, to be sure—a man that never laughed! how on earth can people who go through the world cold and still, like the clods they tread upon, pretend to know any thing about soul?

Harry Gay used to go to Squire Coleman's very often, and sit all the evening and talk with the squire and Aunt Martha, while his great, black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved; but Kitty would not look at him, not she. What right had a stranger, and a visitor, too, to make such a very great parade of his disapprobation? If she did not please him, why she pleased others; and that was enough, she would not turn over her finger to gain his good will. So Harry and Kitty never talked together; and when he went away, (he never went till the conversation fairly died out, and the lamps looked as if about to join it,) he bowed to the old people gracefully and easily, but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend at all. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and one evening, after the squire and spinster had left her alone, she sat down and in very spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visiter a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. He had gone out but a moment before, and there was no use in ringing, so he stepped at once into the parlor. Poor Kitty sprang

to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to lanch themselves on the roundest and rosiest cheek in the world, but she might have done better than blind herself, for her foot touched Aunt Martha's fauteuil, and, in consequence, her forehead touched the neck of Rover. It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious indulgence of tears at any time, and it is a trifle more awkward still to fall down, and then be raised by the last person in the world you would receive a favor from. Kitty felt the awkwardness of her situation too much to speak; and, of course, Harry, enemy as he was, could not release her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed even the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from reflection. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbor; and Harry looked down, too, but his eye rested on Kitty Coleman's face. If soul and heart are one and the same thing, as some metaphysicians tell us, Harry must now have discovered the mistake he once made, for there was a strange commotion beneath the boddice of Kitty Coleman; it rose and fell, as nothing but a bounding, throbbing, frightened heart, in the wildest tumult of excited feeling, could make it. And then (poor Kitty must have been hurt, and needed support) an arm stole softly around her waist, dark locks mingled with her sunny ones as a warm breath swept over her cheek—and Kitty Coleman hid her face, not in her hands.

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it until the squire put it in his hand the next morning; for Harry visited the squire very early the next morning, and had a private interview; and the good old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "with all my heart;" and Aunt Martha looked as glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman, she did not show her face, not she—for she knew they were talking about her, the sober old people and the meddling Harry Gay. But when the arrant mischief-maker had accomplished his object, and was bounding from the door, there came a great rustling among the rose-bushes, insomuch that a shower of bright blossoms descended from them, and Harry turned a face, brimming over with joy, to the fragrant thicket, and shook down another fragile shower, in seeking out the cause of the disturbance. Now, as ill-luck would have it, Kitty Coleman had hidden away from her enemy in this very thicket; and there she was discovered, all confusion, trembling and panting, and—. I am afraid poor Kitty never quite recovered from the effects of her fall—for the arm of Harry Gay seemed very necessary to her forever after.

THE SILVER SPOONS.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEY WEST AND ARACO."

"HERE we go, up, up, up—and here we go, down, down, downy," is a quotation not more applicable to the movements of children in a swing, than to the same children in after life, when they are tossed about by the rude hands of unsteady fortune. In all countries, and in all times, it has been so to some extent, but never, and no where, in the degree in which it may be observed in the land and age in which we live.

James Elliot, it is very pleasant for me to state, was an exception to this general rule: he was a rich man, his father before him was rich, and his grandfather, who founded the family in this country, was richer still.

My friend Mr. Elliot lived in a fine old house that had been standing for two generations; and he lived in a style worthy of a man who owned a river plantation, and who knew the baptismal name of his grandfather. You Philadelphians and Knickerbockers cannot be expected to understand what I mean, or rather the emphasis of my language, when I say *river plantation*; and therefore I take the trouble to explain that a river plantation is as different a thing from a sand-hill plantation, or even a creek plantation, as property in Water street or Wall street is from a lot up town. There is many a man among us who is undisputed master of hundreds of acres, who can scarcely pay his taxes: whilst his neighbor, who owns only half as much, but of a different sort, goes to the springs every summer, and sends his children into the north to school. You have seen the "Songs of the South," I suppose, and I doubt not you liked them: but let me, as a friend, warn you against forming your opinions of us and ours from them. They were written by a poet, and if you have any idea of speculating in southern property do not trust Mr. Simms.

The land of the pine, the cedar, the vine!
O! may this blessed land ever be mine!

Now for a summer residence this is all very well; health oozes from the resinous bark of the pine, the coolest breezes are playing amidst its leaves, and the most limpid water bubbles from beneath its roots: but the fine equipages which dash through your cities, and the well-dressed ladies who occupy them, would not shine long if they trusted to nothing better than such "land" to support their bravery. O! no, you must ask for river bottoms, or rich uplands, and then I will go your security for the cotton they will grow.

Jane Elliot sings this song remarkably well. I was with her last summer at Saratoga, and one would think, to hear her, that she was dying to get back, from the pathos with which she would pray—to the guitar—

"Hide not from mine eye the blue of its sky,"

whilst at the same time I was perfectly aware that she was night and day teasing her father to spend the whole summer in the north, and then go to Paris in the fall.

The beaux knew nothing of this however; and one whispered to another, "I say, Bob, what a sweet little patriot she is. Would not she make a capital wife, so domestic."

"I have a great mind," said Bob, as they walked to the other end of the saloon, "to try and make an investment in that same 'land of the pine'; do you know any thing about the old man? Is he rich?"

"Rich!" ejaculated the dandy, with that upward and downward inflection of the voice which indicates a good deal of surprise, and some indignation, "a great deal too rich to own such a man as you for his son-in-law. No, no, my fine fellow, that's my game. You could not spend half her income, whereas, I flatter myself, I can do that easily, and run the estate in debt by the end of the year."

Edward Neville was quite in earnest in what he said about his intentions, and I do not think that any of his friends would differ with him as to his capacity for getting into difficulties. He had inherited a small property, enough to educate him, bear his expenses in a few years' travel, and lanch him, with a good library, upon the wide ocean of the law: but he inherited none of the perseverance and plodding industry that had elevated his father to the bench, and made him regarded as the best read lawyer of his day; and after struggling awhile with his virtuous impulses, he carefully locked the door of his office, writing upon the outside, "gone to court," and commenced the ignoble trade of a fortune-hunter. This was his first season, and Jane Elliot was the first divinity he had encountered, whose shrine was golden enough to bring him to his knees.

So far, however, he had made no impression. In fact, I hardly think he did himself justice. The part was new to him; and the girl herself seemed worthy of so much purer a feeling, that he was constantly struggling with himself. "By heavens, I do love her for herself alone," he would mutter to himself. "I could die for her, fight for her, do any

thing under heaven for her, except *work*." And then a sense of his meanness would overcome him with shame, and he would allow any one else to take his place in the conversation, whilst he would wander off by himself to renew his struggles.

My sweet young fortune-hunter, who art reading this page, think what a poor devil thou art making of thyself. How much more honorable and noble would it be to labor for thine own support as a street-sweeper even. How contemptible to coin the heart's best affections, to degrade the holy state of matrimony to a matter of bargain and sale, to sell thyself of thine own will, as an eastern slave is by her masters. O! go to work, and be a man!

But for this, I should have liked Neville well enough; not however as a suitor to Jane Elliot. I had other views in relation to that matter. Tom Barton is a friend of mine, and *though* the son of a silversmith, or rather, shall I say, *because* the son of a silversmith, he is one of the worthiest fellows I ever knew. I went to school with him, and so in fact did Jane Elliot. We were in Latin and Algebra, and all that, when she was only beginning to read: but our old master had a fashion of making the whole school form a ring in the afternoon, and young and old were compelled to spell a page of "Dictionary."

What a speller Jane was! The little thing was sometimes far ahead of some of the largest scholars, and it was a *caution* to hear how her little tongue would rattle off the letters of any word in the column, from "chatter" to "chevaux de frise." Tom used to be always just next below her, never getting above her, and never suffering anybody to get above him.

It was very curious how they stuck together. Tom always missed when she did: I have known him in fact, to spell "caper" with two "p's," though a better speller than he was I never met. It was a long time before I found out the secret; but one day as we were all going to our seats, I overheard Tom saying, rather reproachfully, "Jane, what *did* you do that for?" "Why, Tom, you did not speak loud enough." Aha! said I to myself, I understand it now. I thought there must be some prompting going on, or that little girl would never have stood so high in the school.

I was very old-fashioned as a boy; they used in fact to call me the old bachelor; and certainly I had one of the habits of the tribe—a greater pleasure in watching the developments of the hearts of other people, than in attending to the beating of my own. Any one, however, might have taken a delight in observing the present case. Jane I shall not describe, because she has always been a pet of mine, and I should be certain to overdo it if I made the attempt: but Tom, I shall let you know was a fine looking boy, with fair hair, an open countenance, and a muscular and well knit frame; and he has grown up to be decidedly the best looking lawyer that practices in our circuit.

All our village had watched the progress of this

affair with interest, and we had all settled down into a calm certainty that it was to be, and even the envious were prepared to wish them joy. The Elliots had always been popular; and the Bartons, by correct deportment, hard work for themselves, civility to their neighbors, and kindness to the poor, had gained the good will of all. There was malice among us, to be sure, and there would have been the usual ebullition of it had the affair come off suddenly; but it was too gradual: Tom and Jane had been lovers from childhood; it was an understood matter, and each man began to feel that he had a particular vocation to help to bring it about.

Mr. Elliot decidedly gave into the general way of thinking; but no ears had ever heard his wife say a word on the subject. She was of Huguenot descent, and rather too fond of mentioning that circumstance; but still no one disliked her on that account, every one has a perfect right to think of his grandfather if he likes, and even to speak of him whenever he can find a listener who is willing to endure it. On the whole, I confess I took pleasure in hearing her talk. How she used to bridle up! how firm her voice grew! and how patronizing her manner! I could listen to her for hours—especially when Jane was sitting by me.

But that is all over now. I hate the Huguenots, the Edict of Nantes, the Revocation, and every thing else; and I wish to Heaven old Adam's blood in flowing down to the Elliots had come through some other veins than those of that same fierce French faction.

What do you think? About four years ago, when Tom and I came from college, both having graduated with honor, he decided that it was time for him to make open and resolute approaches toward the great end upon which his hopes were fixed. Consequently, all the time he could spare from the study of law, and his excellent family, he used to spend with Jane; and so far as I could judge, from occasionally playing the part of "Monsieur de trop," in a ride, or walk, or at the piano, she was entirely satisfied to have it so.

But one night, after Tom had been making himself particularly agreeable, as he thought, to the old lady, and had listened to the tale of the Huguenots for the fortieth time, with exemplary patience, though his brain was boiling, and he was wishing to the very bottom of his heart that all her ancestors *had* passed "that bourne from which no traveler returns!" that very night, after he had taken his leave, Mrs. Elliot called her daughter to her, and said in a calm and serious voice, "My dear, I must request that you will not be quite so familiar with Mr. Barton. I begin to fear that you are liking him too well."

"Why, mother, we all like Tom."

"I know that; and I'm very well satisfied to have him here as often as the other young gentlemen of the town. His mother is a very proper person, and so is his father, but there has never been any

thing further than a street acquaintance between us, and I do not mean that there shall."

"But, mother, why so? they are very good people surely."

Mrs. Elliot did not answer directly, but walked to the centre-table, upon which some refreshments were still standing, and taking up one of the spoons from a waiter, she placed it in her daughter's hand, and with an air of quiet satisfaction, directed her to read aloud what she saw on the handle.

"I see nothing very remarkable, my dear mother," said the smiling Jane. "Here is the old family crest, and your initials and my father's blended, and quite an ambitious wreath of flowers running round the whole."

"I will thank you, my daughter, to speak more respectfully, when you do speak of such matters; but that is not what I mean, read the stamp on the other side."

"A. Barton, and some hieroglyphics which I cannot make out, is all that I see."

"Do you know who A. Barton is, my dear?"

"Of course; it is old Mr. Barton, Tom's father. Why, mother, I have read this a hundred times before. It is printed on my pap spoon, and on all the new-fashioned silver we have in the house. But what of that?"

"Simply this, Miss Jane Elliot, I shall never give my consent for you to receive as a lover the son of a man who makes our spoons, and cleans our watches, and who, in short, is only a mechanic. Good night."

Jane was too much surprised and grieved to say any thing, and she went to her room, her heart cruelly divided between the duty she owed to her mother, and the love that she had so long cherished for her betrothed.

I ought not to have written that last word. I am not a good novelist, or I would have been brought to my confessions at a slower rate. However, it is a fact. Theirs was the rare case, in which neither the language, nor the feelings of childhood had ever changed. They had vowed themselves to each other at least a hundred times. More and more solemn the pledge had grown at every repetition; and when Tom came from college a few weeks before, it had been cemented with tears.

Ah! she was a noble girl, that Jane! Why did not fate give me a chance at her, or rather, why did not I, instead of flirting with all the pretty faces that I saw, why did not I love her, and cherish her, as Tom did from the first.

However, that is nothing to any body but myself. Jane rose next morning unrefreshed from her sleepless couch, and the first thing she did was to write the following note:

"DEAR TOM,—My mother is angry with me for the intimacy to which I have admitted you, and has directed me to break it off. So you must not come here so often. Nothing in my life has grieved me more than this, but I am sixteen only, and my

mother's will is mine. Wont you travel? I prefer not seeing you at all, than not to see you as of old. But be assured, wherever you go, and whatever may be your fortune, one heart will be with you, that of yours ever,

JANE ELLIOT."

Now was not she a dear girl. She wept when she wrote it, and she wept when she sent it, and she had not dried her tears when little Cæsar brought back this answer:

"DEAR JANE,—Your letter was like a thunderbolt to me, and I am hardly able to pen a reply. But I see the wisdom of the course you suggest, and shall make my arrangements at once to go to the law school at Cambridge. I know my own heart so well that I can have no doubts concerning yours; and if labor, and toil, and success can win your mother's approbation, it shall be mine. But in any case I am yours till death.

THOMAS BARTON."

Accordingly, Tom went off to Cambridge, and devoted all his strength to the herculean task of piling up his legal knowledge "higher than one story"—Everett has said so many witty things in his day, that he need not mind lending one occasionally—whilst I, with envy in my heart, was still playing the part of a faithful friend, and keeping Jane advised of all his movements, and of all his success.

But neither his success in his studies, nor the reputation which one year's practice at the bar had given him, softened the prejudices of the Huguenot lady; and it was as much with a view of keeping them apart as any thing else, that she traveled with her daughter every summer.

Edward Neville was precisely to the taste of the old lady. She favored him in every way—gave him a seat in her carriage to Lake George, invited him to her private parlor, told him at what hour in the morning she drank the water—in short, turned me completely adrift, and adopted him as her constant attendant.

I feared the result, and wrote to Tom about it. In reply he thanked me for the interest I had manifested, but assured me that he had no fears, that he had the most perfect trust in Jane, that he was laboring with assiduity to improve the little fortune he had inherited, for he was sorry to add that there was every probability, that the Elliot's would be in need of the assistance of their friends, and that very soon.

This intelligence very much surprised me. I knew that the old gentleman had endorsed most imprudently for a friend who was speculating in western lands, but I had heard only the day before the most glowing accounts of the value of those lands.

However, the season ended; and when leaving the springs, Mr. Elliot, at his wife's earnest solicitation, invited Neville to pay him a visit during the winter. He accepted it gladly, went to New York, sold his books, rented his office, and told his friends

that he had given up law, and was thinking of *making an investment in the South*.

But the denouement of this true history presses upon me, and I must hurry its narration.

About the merry Christmas time, our court-house door and village papers informed the people that the sheriff would sell "all that valuable, &c., &c.," enumerating every earthly thing that Mr. Elliot possessed.

It was a melancholy truth. His friend's debts came upon him with such suddenness that he was overwhelmed. He gave himself up for lost, refused every offer of assistance from Tom and myself, and every one else, and determined to let the law take its course. He confessed that all he wanted was time, but he declared he would not suffer any of his friends to endanger themselves for him.

Tom and I sat up nearly the whole night laying our plans; and it was determined that I should bid off every article, and that he would be prepared to pay for them.

On the day of sale one might have thought that there was to have been a funeral instead of a vendue. The bell seemed to toll in melancholy notes, and the red flag that the old negro was hobbling about the village with, one would have thought, by the countenances of those who looked upon it, was rather the forerunner of a pirate's visit, than of a sheriff's sale.

The northern stage had just driven up to the tavern door, and a handsome man was stepping from it as the flag was passing. He caught it from the negro's hand, and exclaimed, "Good God! driver, what Elliot is this who is to be sold to-day? Not Mr. James Elliot the rich planter!"

"Well, I reckon it is," was the cool reply, as he handed down hat-box and dressing-case, and a couple of large trunks.

The handsome stranger walked with a very unsteady step into the bar, and took up an old paper, which one might have supposed that he was reading, if he did not notice that he was holding it upside down. He appeared to be dreadfully agitated, but at length he started up and asked if the stage had gone.

The barkeeper told him that it had driven round to the stable to change horses, and would be back in an instant.

The stage soon came with a new driver and fresh horses, and into it the handsome man tumbled with bag and baggage as before. As he wheeled off, the old driver said to the barkeeper,

"That 'ere is a quare chap. He rode on the top with me a while to-day, and told me he was gwine to spend the winter here, and p'raps to live. Did he let you into his name and business?"

"No, but that infernal big trunk of his'n was marked in white paint, 'E. Neville.'"

Meantime the sale went on. The property realized more than enough to pay all that Mr. Elliot was bound for, and yet was struck off for one third its value.

I settled with the sheriff, and then went to Mr. Elliot, and offered to put the property again in his hands, and give him his own time to pay for it.

He accepted my offer with tears in his eyes, and although I felt mean for taking, even for a moment, the credit which belonged of right to Tom, yet I stood it like a man.

All would have gone on very well, but the wife of the man from whom Tom borrowed the money for the purchase was a gossip, and could not keep to herself any thing she knew; and very soon the true state of the case was made known to the Elliots.

For a while Tom was very anxious about the result, but he came to me one morning with this note in his hands:

"DEAR SIR,—I have behaved very foolishly. If you can add charity to generosity, come and see us, and you will find me very truly your friend,

EMILE NEUFCHATEL ELLIOT,"

It did not take Tom long to go. It did not take me long to explain to Parson Harris that his services would be wanted in the chancel one of those mornings. The service itself was short, though from my boyhood up, I never knew Mr. Harris to offend against a rubric. And it was a short ride from the church to the plantation. Mr. Harris said a short grace, and the dinner was delightfully long.

At the end of it, I noticed Mrs. Elliot playing with one of the silver spoons, and then suddenly dropping it when she perceived that I was observing her.

This motion drew general attention to her, but though embarrassed for a moment, she recovered herself, and said with a pleasant smile, "I must confess, my dear Jane, that I am entirely happy in retracting a speech which I made to you some years ago. You shall have all the new-fashioned silver in the house, and I am sure it will be doubly valuable in your eyes, because the name you have adopted is already stamped upon it."

Thus happily endeth the true history of the SILVER SPOONS.

THE RUSTIC DANCE.

BREAK forth in music: swell the sound,
Till wood and glen re-echo round.
Let lute and harp unite, to tell
The sweet discourse that in them dwell,
And cymbal join its lightest notes;

List! on the air how sweet it floats!
And rustic feet keep measure free,
While all around is harmony.
Then swell the sounds—prolong the spell,
Till each forgets his woe to tell!

ELSCHEN

RURAL LIFE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

I LEFT the crowded city,
In my sulky, one hot day,
Quite tired of noise, and dust, and crowds,
And glad to get away;
And thought I'd take a famous drive,
At least ten miles or more,
And have a glance at country life,
If I'd never had before.

Old Hector seemed as glad as I
To leave the rattling street,
And dashed along the pleasant road,
With footfall light and fleet.
Up steep hill-side, o'er level reach,
Far down in shady vale,
Where blossom never bent its head
To rudely passing gale;

Right onward, onward, swift and far
I kept my rapid way.
Till bright, and still, and beautiful,
Sweet nature round me lay:
Then checked my speed, and let the rein
Fall loosely from my hand;
And bared my forehead to the kiss
Of breezes cool and bland.

The dark green wood, the emerald field,
On which a silver stream
Like chord of molten silver lay
Beneath the sunny beam,
The blossoms gemming every spot
In colors rich and rare,
And breathing out their fragrant love
To bless the wooing air—

Beautiful! All was beautiful,
And calm and sweet and pure;
With naught from sense of loveliness
The spirit to allure.
"God made the country," low I spoke,
And meekly bowed my head;
"And man the town;" more loud and stern
These other words I said.

Then down a shady lane I turned,
And slowly moved along,
Where blossoms filled with odors sweet
The air, and birds with song.
Soon, from amid some broad old elms,
I saw a cottage rise,
And soon old Hector's pace I checked,
In sudden, mute surprise.

Unseen, I saw, O loveliness!
Was ever like displayed
In form so chaste and innocent,
As in that heavenly maid?
I sketched the scene: 't is sent with this;
Now say, in mein and face,
Did city maiden ever show
Such purity and grace.

I lingered long, then turned away,
And slowly homeward went,
That lovely maiden's image fair
With all my fancies blent.
For weeks my dreams were full of her,
And then I went again
To seek the cottage where she dwelt,
But sought for her in vain.

The old, plain cottage mid the elms,
Stood where it stood before,
The rustic lad was there, and sat
Asleep within the door;
The kid beside its stately dam
In the warm sunshine lay:
But the maiden and the child were gone!
I slowly turned away.

Since then, of rustic loveliness,
Till city belles have curled
Their lips of beauty, I have talked,
And challenged half the world
To show in silks, and lawns, and gems,
A maiden half so fair
As she whose bright young cheek was fanned
By purest summer air.

THE SEQUEL.

Last week, of fair young city belles
I met a brilliant throng,
Where jewels gleamed, and bright eyes flashed
'Mid laughter dance and song.
One in the crowd, for loveliness,
Was peerless 'mong the fair—
Gems glittered in her rich attire,
And glittered in her hair.

I saw her—started—looked again—
Yes, 't was my rustic maid.
How sweet her face! how bright her smile!
Even thus in gems arrayed.
But something from her lip, and eye,
And cheek, and brow was gone:—
The rustic maid, in native grace,
The city belle outshone.

A.

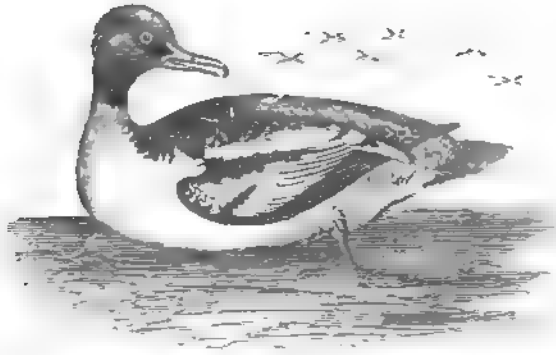
FLOWERS.

GOLDEN treasures; fairy flowers—
Spreading all earth's sunny bowers.
Bright and fleeting as youth's day:
Smiling sunny hours away.
Thou dost heighten beauty's glow;

Youth's companions, too, art thou.
Gladd'ning youth and beauty now,
Soon thou'rt decking death's pale brow.
Idol treasures! fairy flowers—
Brightly decking Flora's bowers!

S. E. T.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. VII.



GOOSANDER. (*Mergus Merganser*. LINNÆUS.)

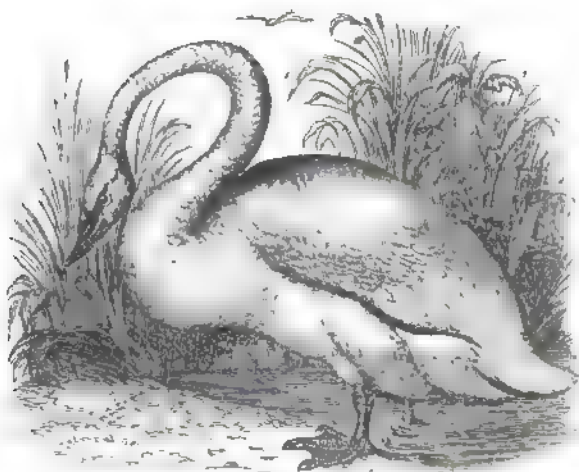
It may be considered doubtful whether the bird now before us can fairly be included in a list of the birds acknowledged as *game* by the American sportsman. Their food, consisting entirely of fish, causes their flesh to be, in our estimation unfit for food; yet there are not wanting some, who pretend to consider them capital meat, and others who pursue them as game, from a love of sport and a desire to acquaint themselves with its natural history. On this ground, therefore, we have admitted his name into our catalogue, and placed his portrait in our gallery.

He is a winter inhabitant of the States; is found on the seas, fresh water lakes and rivers, and bears many different appellations, such as the Water Pheasant, the Sheldrake, the Fisherman, and the Diver. The name Goosander is a popular misnomer, because no one of all the nine species of the genus *Mergus* has either the appearance or the habits of geese of any description. They have the bill rather longer than the middle size, and much more slender and hard in its texture than the bills of ducks, not being a dabbling or sentient bill like theirs, but prehensile and of a very peculiar form. The mandibles are straight for a greater part of their length, but the upper one is much hooked at the point, and very sharp, and the cutting edges of both mandibles are in all their length beset with short, but strong and sharp teeth inclining backward. The bill is thus fitted for taking a very firm hold of slippery prey, and its skill in capturing fish proves how effective is this simple apparatus. The Goosander, from having its legs far backward, is an awkward walker, while it does not dive so well as the proper diver, yet, by the arrangement of its bill, it is enabled to levy far more severe contributions upon fish-ponds than any birds which resort to such places, not even excepting the herons. Their wings are of moderate length, but clean and firmly made, and the plumage

of the body is also firm and compact, so that the power of flight is considerable, and when necessary it can be extended to long distances without much fatigue. As is the case with the ducks, there is an enlargement of the pulmonic end of the trachea, which probably answers the purpose of a magazine of air, and enables the birds to remain much longer under water than they could do if not thus provided. The general color of the bill is red; but a portion round the nostrils, the ridge of the upper mandible, and the nail on its tip are dusky. The inside of the gape is bright orange; the head and the crest, the last of which is most conspicuous in the male, together with the upper part of the neck, are dark green, passing into black on the chin and throat; the lower part of the neck, the outer scapulars, the breast, and all the under part of the body, are white, with a tinge of yellowish-red. The back and the scapulars next the back are black, fading into grayish toward the rump; and the tail, which consists of eighteen pointed feathers, is of a gray color. The principal quills and coverts are brownish-black, with the exception of the middle secondaries and the extremities of their coverts, and these form a white speculum or wing-spot. The head and neck of the female are rust color, the upper part is of a grayish tint, and the under part white, with a yellowish shade. In consequence of this she has been figured and described as the Dun Diver; and the young male, which resembles her in color, has been considered as the male of the same. The bill and feet are reddish ash color. The accurate observations of Wilson, Nuttall, and others, have proved beyond a doubt the true character of the Dun Divers, and the unfortunate Goosander, whom the English discoverers of the latter bird had deprived of any consort, has been again restored to his legitimate rights.

Among the other species which are described in the Ornithologies as belonging to the Mergansers, we may record the names of the Red-breasted Merganser and the Hooded Merganser, as species known to American sportsmen. The latter is peculiar to this continent, migrating during the

winter as far south as Mexico, and displaying its high, circular and beautifully colored crest in great numbers on the broad waters of the Mississippi, its elegant form and the strong contrast of the colors of its plumage rendering it always an object of attention and admiration.



THE WILD SWAN. (*Cygnus Fervus*. RAY)

The swans are among the most ornamental of all water-birds, on account of their great size, the gracefulness of their forms and motions, and the snowy whiteness of the plumage of the most familiar species. From the remotest antiquity they have attracted attention, and the time-honored fable of the tame swan acquiring a musical song when dying, instead of the husky voice which usually characterizes him, is still repeated, though wholly destitute of foundation. The notion probably arose from confounding the wild species with the tame one, for though the note of the wild swan, or Whistler, is certainly not musical, yet there is a mournful sonorousness about it, which gives it not a little of the expression of a death-song. It is a dull and solemn *kwoo-kwoo*, having what is called an inward sound, though audible at a considerable distance. From this note they have acquired a popular name, that of the Hooper. They pass the period of reproduction in high northern latitudes, and in the autumn migrate southwardly over both continents. In winter they are sometimes quite numerous in the waters of the Chesapeake, and flocks are seen passing through the interior along the valley of the Mississippi to the lands around the mouth of that river. The Hooper emits his note only when flying, or calling on his mate, and though loud and shrill it is by no means unpleasant, particularly when heard high in the air, and modulated by the winds. Its vocal organs are remarkably assisted by the structure of the trachea, which forms two circumvolutions within the chest, before termi-

nating in the respiratory organ. On their migratory flights they fly very high in the air, and close to each other. The height of their flight is probably intended as a security against their enemies, the falcons, who would prove more than a match for the swans, notwithstanding their great size and strength, if they were able to take "the sky" of them. The swan has little or no means of defence when it is on the wing, the stroke of the wing being what it chiefly depends on for its defence against an enemy, and this being but little available when the bird is flying. By taking the sky of the hostile birds, the swan, however, is enabled to perform its migratory flight in considerable safety, as the falcons are entirely harmless to any thing above them. The flight of the Hoopers when they are on their migrating journeys is much more rapid than from the size and weight of the birds one would be apt to suppose. As is the case with all birds of lofty flight, it does not appear to be so rapid as it really is. This is a point to which it is very essential to attend in all cases of birds, or indeed any thing else in motion. The portion of the retina which the visual impression of the observed object passes over is of course the standard which we have for the measure of its velocity. In consequence of this, its motion appears to be slower than it really is, in the same proportion that its distance is increased, so that a motion at five hundred yards requires to be ten times faster in order to have the same apparent speed as a motion at fifty yards distance. This renders it rather a difficult matter for an ordinary sportsman, how-

ever expert he may be in hitting partridges or other ground game when on the wing, to hit swans when they are passing over him in their migratory flight; and unless he takes aim before them, at a distance which experience only can determine, he is sure to miss. The wind, too, must be taken into calculation in order to insure a successful shot. The size and weight of the swans, with the abundance of their feathers, cause the wind to have a very great influence on the velocity of their flight. Hence they almost invariably go before the wind in their migrations, and wait, or even halt on their journey, if the wind be adverse. Before a stiff breeze they can make way at the rate of not less than one hundred miles in the hour, so that they are very soon out of the observer's horizon; but against a wind of the same strength they can make very little way, and

upon a strong cross wind they drift very far to leeward.

In all ages these birds have enjoyed a considerable degree of fictitious interest, and, therefore, beside the exaggeration of the musical power of their "sweet voices," there are various other improbable things alleged of them. For instance, it is said that when the frost begins to set in they assemble in multitudes and keep the water in a state of agitation to prevent it from freezing. The fact is, that all the agitation a flock of swans could produce in a lake would but make it freeze the more rapidly. It is probable, however, that they break the ice, when it is thin, and continue breaking it at the same place as fast as it freezes, as is the habit of very many animals in the winter season.

FORT MACKENZIE.

FORT MACKENZIE, which was first established in 1832, is 120 paces from the north bank of the Missouri, fifteen or twenty miles from the falls of that river, and about a hundred miles from the highest range of the Rocky Mountains. It was built by the American Fur Company, for the purpose of trading with the Black-Foot and other neighboring Indians. From the force and ferocity of the large tribes of Indians in the vicinity, frequent and serious difficulties occurred. One of these, which took place in 1833, is thus described in Maximilian, Prince of Wied's "Travels in the Interior of North America:"

"On the 28th of August, at break of day, we were awakened by musket-shot; and Doucette entered our room crying, '*sevez-vous il faut nous battre!*'" On which we arose in haste, dressed ourselves, and loaded our fowling-pieces with ball. When we entered the court-yard of the fort, all our people were in motion, and some were firing from the roofs. On ascending it, we saw the whole prairie covered with Indians, on foot and on horseback, who were firing at the fort; and on the hills were several detached bodies. About eighteen or twenty Black-Foot tents, pitched near the fort, the inmates of which had been singing and drinking the whole night, and fallen into a deep sleep toward morning, had been surprised by 600 Assiniboin and Crows. When the first information of the vicinity of the enemy was received from a Black-Foot, who had escaped, the *engages* immediately repaired to their posts on the roofs of the buildings, and the fort was seen to be surrounded on every side by the enemy, who had approached very near. They had cut up the tents of the Black-Foot with knives, discharged their guns and arrows at them, and killed and wounded many of the inmates, roused from their sleep by this unexpected attack. The men, about thirty in number, had partly fired their guns at the enemy, and then fled to the gates of the fort, where they were admitted.

They immediately hastened to the roof, and began a well supported fire upon the Assiniboin.

"When the Assiniboin saw that their fire was returned, they retreated about three hundred paces, and an irregular firing continued, during which several people from the neighborhood joined the ranks of the Black-Foot. While all this was passing, the court-yard of the fort exhibited very singular scenes. A number of wounded men, women, and children, were laid or placed against the walls; others, in their deplorable condition, were pulled about by their relations, amid tears and lamentations. The White Buffalo, who had received a wound at the back of his head, was carried about in this manner, amid singing, howling, and crying. They rattled the schischique in his ears, that the evil spirit might not overcome him, and gave him brandy to drink. He himself, though stupified and intoxicated, sung without intermission, and would not give himself up to the evil spirit. Otequa Stomik, an old man of our acquaintance, was wounded in the knee by a ball, which a woman cut out with a penknife, during which operation he did not betray the least symptom of pain. Natah Otarm, a handsome young man, was suffering dreadfully from severe wounds. Several Indians, especially young women, were likewise wounded. A spectator alone of this extraordinary scene can form any idea of the confusion and the noise, which was increased by the loud report of the musketry, the moving backward and forward of the people, carrying powder and ball, and the tumult occasioned by about twenty horses shut up in the fort."

Our illustration, a most spirited and vigorous representation of Indian life and character, gives a view of the attack made upon the sleeping Black-Foot early in the morning. It is eminently characteristic of Indian warfare, and affords an admirable specimen of the fierce encounters so frequent among the savage sons of that remote wilderness.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

A GLEE, FOR FOUR VOICES.

WORDS BY ELIZA COOK.—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY W. R. WRIGHT.

Allegro con Spirito.

The instrumental introduction consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are for the treble clef (soprano and alto parts), and the last two staves are for the bass clef (tenor and bass parts). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is in a lively, dance-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

First Tenor.

Staccato.

Chorus. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! This is the bur - den he gives,
 Alto. 1. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun;

The first vocal entry features a tenor part with a staccato melody and an alto part with a more rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! This is the bur - den he gives," and "1. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun;".

Second Tenor.

Bass.

2. p. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh, He sleeps till the morn - ing breaks;
 1. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun;

The second vocal entry continues the melody with a second tenor part and a bass part. The lyrics are: "2. p. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh, He sleeps till the morn - ing breaks;" and "1. Mer - ri - ly, oh! mer - ri - ly, oh! The nets are spread out to the sun;".

Cheer - i - ly, oh! Though the blast may blow, The Fish - er boy jol - li - ly lives, The

Mer - ri - ly, oh! The Fish - er boy sings, Right glad that his la - bor is done, Right

The third vocal entry features a tenor part with a staccato melody and an alto part with a more rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Cheer - i - ly, oh! Though the blast may blow, The Fish - er boy jol - li - ly lives, The" and "Mer - ri - ly, oh! The Fish - er boy sings, Right glad that his la - bor is done, Right".

Mer - ri - ly, oh! at the sea gulls scream, The Fisher boy quick - ly a - wakes. The

The final vocal entry continues the melody with a second tenor part and a bass part. The lyrics are: "Mer - ri - ly, oh! at the sea gulls scream, The Fisher boy quick - ly a - wakes. The".

Fish - er boy jol - li - ly lives. *Fine.*
 glad that his labour is done.
 Fish - er boy quickly a - wakes.

8

Hap - py and gay with his boat in the bay, The storm and the dan - ger for - got; The
 Down on the strand he is ply - ing his hand, His shout - ing is heard a - gain; The

weal - thy and great may re - pine at their state, And en - vy the Fish - er boy's lot. *D. C.*
 clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark, With the same light heart - ed strain. *D. C.*

8

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. By Joseph Cottle. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is quite an important contribution to the literary history of the nineteenth century. To be sure, it is confined to a small space, and a few individuals, but it is full of original and important matter as far as it goes. Cottle, the author, was a bookseller at Bristol, was the early friend of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, and carried his friendship so far as to publish their first unsalable books. Throughout the lives of Coleridge and Southey, he appears to have been their associate or correspondent. He now publishes the letters of both, and his recollections of their character, conduct, and conversation. No lover of Coleridge can read the book without deep pain. It presents him as given over to sloth and self-indulgence, as careless of his word, as indifferent to the happiness and comfort of his wife and children, as a deceitful and unsafe friend, as a kind of sublime charlatan and vagabond. The revelations regarding his use of opium are astounding. About the year 1814 he consumed a pint of laudanum a day. He spent upwards of £2 10s. a week for opium, at the very time his family were suffering, and he himself was living on the charity of a friend. He borrowed money freely of his friends, ostensibly for the necessities of life, but really to obtain the means of gratifying his debasing habit. He lost all control over himself. The champion of free will was himself the prey of a passion which swayed his volitions. The philosopher who was to reconcile philosophy with Christianity, was daily in the habit of violating both. The poet who celebrated in such exquisite verse the affections, abandoned his own family. Since Rousseau, there has not been his like among men of letters. In a letter to Josiah Wade, in 1814, a letter which he desires to have published after his death, he acknowledges all that his worst enemies could impute to him. "In the one crime of opium," he says, "what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children!* self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!" In the same letter he remarks—"Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who, for many years, has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that produces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven, from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have." The apology for Coleridge's use of opium has been found in his own assertion, that he acquired the habit originally in an attempt to quiet physical pain. Southey denies this, and, indeed, imputes duplicity to Coleridge in all the apologies he makes for his vices of self-indulgence.

Southey, it seems, from the first, never placed any dependence upon Coleridge. Writing to Cottle, in 1836, he says—"I know that Coleridge, at different times of his life, never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and by what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshippers by whom he was always surrounded. . . . I continued all possible offices of

kindness to his children long after I regarded his own conduct with that *utter disapprobation* which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation." When Coleridge placed himself under the care of his friend, Morgan, to be cured of his opium insanity, and while he was writing letters to the friends who lent him money, that he had reduced his allowance to twenty drops of laudanum a day, he was secretly taking his enormous doses, obtained by deceiving his benefactor, and by playing the meanest tricks upon his hired attendant. Coleridge's whole life appears to have been that of a vagabond. He subsisted on the charity of friends whom he continually deceived or outraged. At least so he appears in the representations of Southey and Cottle, and partly in his own confessions. Many of Cottle's remarks are sufficiently good for nothing; and he occasionally rants and whines distressingly, but we see no reason to doubt his statements of fact. We hope that if any thing can be said in his favor, his relations will promptly do it. In the present book the author is sunk to the level of the Savages and Dermody's of literary history.

If Coleridge, in this book, is deprived of almost every thing but his genius, and is even represented as having that a good deal dashed with charlatanism, Southey appears in his most amiable light. The austerity and spiritual pride of the man are not so prominent as the finer qualities of his heart. His letters are admirable. The earlier ones are especially spirited and graphic. He sketches the external appearance of his acquaintances to the life. "I saw," he says, "Dr. Gregory to-day; a very brown-looking man, of most piquant and full-moon cheeks. There is much tallow in him." Of Dr. Hunter he draws a very animated portrait. "He has a very red, drinking face, little, good-humored eyes, with the skin drawn up under them, like cunning and short-sightedness united. I saw Dr. Hunter again yesterday. I neither like him, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his daughter, nor any thing that is his." Gilbert Wakefield is despatched in a few words. "He has a most critic-like voice, as if he had snarled himself hoarse. You see I like the women better than the men. Indeed, they are better animals in general, perhaps because more is left to nature in their education. Nature is very good, but God knows there is very little of it left." The whole of Southey's youthful letters are marked by sense, enthusiasm and humor. The collection extends almost to his death. In 1826, while he was editing an edition of John Bunyan, he writes to Cottle, noticing a rumor that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was a mere translation from the Dutch. "The charge of plagiarism," he says, "is utterly false. *When you and I meet in the next world, we will go and see John Bunyan*, and tell him how I have tinkered the fellow, for tinker him I will, who has endeavored to pick a hole in his reputation." This is a most perfect specimen of Southey's peculiar humor. In another letter Cottle tells him that Mackintosh has said his style was founded on Horace Walpole's. Southey replies, my style "is founded on nobody's. *I say what I have to say as plainly as I can, without thinking of the style, and this is the whole secret.* . . . In fact, I write, as you may always have remarked, such as I always converse, without effort, and without aiming at display." This confession from the most fascinating of prose writers, conveys an important truth with authority.

We have said that this book derives all its value from the letters or recollections of the author's eminent friends. As such it will be extensively read. Cottle's portion is done badly, especially in the arrangement of the matter. No person curious in literary history will fail to obtain the book, in spite of the compiler's deficiencies.

The Public Men of the Revolution, Including Events from the Peace of 1783 to the Peace of 1815. In a Series of Letters. By the late Hon. Wm. Sullivan, LL. D. Edited by his Son, John T. S. Sullivan. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This book was originally published thirteen years ago. The present is a new edition, with additional notes and references, and a short biography of the late author. The work relates to the political history of the United States, and especially to the questions at issue between the Federalists and Democrats. The author was a Federalist, and the book throughout is devoted to the vindication of the character and conduct of the leading members of his party, and the policy they advocated. The style of the composition is without bitterness, and lacks even the energy we might expect in a political discussion. It is calm, clear, somewhat diffuse, apologetic in its tone, and strikes hard hits in the blandest possible manner. The leading men and measures of the country, from 1783 to 1815, a period when party spirit raged and foamed almost to madness, are taken up in their natural order, and discussed with considerable candor. One peculiarity in the volume will impress every reader. The writer appeared to have felt that he was coming before the bar of public opinion as the advocate of persons under its ban. Instead of assuming a high tone, and dealing sturdy blows to the right and left,—instead of grappling firmly with a question, and exhibiting it at once in all its bearing—he adopts a sly, insinuating, apologizing, round about manner, which deprives his style of vitality, and conveys the impression of a timid thinker. We do not believe that Mr. Sullivan would have adopted this style unless he had supposed that in the popular mind Federalism was identified with projects to dissolve the union, and sell the country to old England. In this we think he altogether under-estimated the intelligence of the people. Many of the men whose character he defends so timidly, need no defender at all; men who, if their merits are to be presented, deserve a hearty and eloquent recognition, unconnected with answers to dead and stale calumnies.

In this volume Mr. Jefferson is treated, not as he will be treated by the historian, but in the spirit of an opposing partisan. No fair and full representation of the man is given, no clear insight is shown of the fitness of the man for the times. Mr. Sullivan does not go very deep into the philosophy of Democracy, nor appreciate its nature. It could not be expected. With all his intelligence and virtue he lived in the times of which he writes, took sides with one of the parties, and judged Democracy by the light of Federalism, not by its own light. No man can fairly analyze what he hates or despises. With this abatement, Mr. Sullivan is eminently candid and judicial in his estimate of the leading Democrats. It would be impossible to point out a single passage of intentional misrepresentation in his book. But of unconscious misrepresentation there is necessarily much, and a person who desired to obtain a perfectly accurate view of political men and measures, could not get it by reading these letters. It must be conceded that it is disgraced by none of that falsehood, bigotry, and blackguardism, which characterize almost every former work on the subject, and which appears now to survive the controversies from which they originally sprung. Mr. Sullivan

was one of those perfectly honest politicians who would not stoop to an untruth, and who possessed the virtue of moderation. He writes like a man who believes every thing he says—a rare endowment in a political author.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of this book is its anecdotes of numerous men whose private character is but little known to this generation, and of numerous events of which history has taken little note. To the future historian of our country the work, on this account, will be very valuable.

Budget of Letters, or Things which I Saw Abroad. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Under this somewhat quaint title we have quite an original book of travels. It consists of a collection of private letters, written by an intelligent lady of Providence to her friends at home, and printed exactly as they first came from her pen. They are accordingly honest transcripts of real impressions of objects thrown off in a clear, careless style, and strongly infused with individual peculiarities. Even her "O dears!" and "goodness me's!" and "I verily believe!" are retained. Such a book has, of course, a great deal of raciness. Those objects and scenes which professional tourists linger most lovingly over, and in the celebration of which they indulge in so much premeditated rapture, our authoress fearlessly describes according to her own perceptions. Many of her opinions are, doubtless, crude, and much of her criticism of little worth. In logic she is fond of giving the lady's reason. There are many things on which she passes judgment, of which she knows little or nothing. Some objects she saw with her eye and not with her mind. But, taking the book as it is, in all its freshness and individual truth, and we can hardly bring to mind a late publication of a similar nature, which excels it in interest, or one more likely to be pleasing to the tourist. There are a hundred little incidents, scenes, and annoyances, which most travelers forget as soon as experienced, which are made quite interesting in this book, and constitute its original feature. We hope this will not be the last work of the authoress.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This is a fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition. It is composed of a series of articles on a wide variety of subjects, including history, biography, sketches of travel, science, poetry, &c., &c. It is published in weekly numbers. No publishers in Europe equal the Messrs. Chambers in tact to discern the popular taste, and enterprise to meet it. The present work has had a large circulation abroad, and is well calculated to be popular here. Each number is complete in itself.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. What it is, with all the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Propensities, and Several Cures of it. By Democritus Junior. With Translations of the Classical Extracts by Democritus Minor.

There is scarce any volume to which the scholar turns with such constant and ever recurring delight as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. It is a store-house of rich and rare learning, and abounds, beyond any parallel, in apt and original quotation; but this is, at last, its least merit, for the author's own vein of thought, though quaint, is vigorous and manly, and is enlivened by arch and graceful digressions, full of classic wit and sturdy English humor. Dr. Johnson justly characterized the work as "a valuable book—perhaps overloaded with quotations—but there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind." The doctor said that it was

the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. The copy before us is published in Philadelphia, by J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, and in New York by Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. The volume is well printed, in large and distinct type and upon good paper. We are rejoiced to see so excellent a reprint of our old favorite.

Memoir of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters. Edited by Two of Her Daughters. 1 vol. Philadelphia. No 193 Chestnut Street.

The career of this distinguished and untiring philanthropist has excited deep interest and admiration on both sides the Atlantic; and her memoirs cannot be read without an increased respect for a character at once so exalted and meek, so brave and gentle. The account given by Mrs. Fry of the early religious struggles which resulted in the devotion of her life to God and her fellow creatures, will be found full of thrilling interest to those who have themselves known the night of doubt, and the joy that cometh with the morning of assured reconciliation with Heaven. The details of her prison labors are also rich in instruction. We commend the work to the attention of those who believe, with us, that there is no study more noble than the life of the just.

Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger, or an Excursion through Ireland in 1844 and 1845, for the Purpose of Personally Investigating the Condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson.

The authoress of this volume, a lady of Irish descent, seems to have been so deeply impressed with the sufferings of the unfortunate children of the Emerald Isle, that she determined to visit and minister to them in person. She appears to have effected this purpose with very inadequate means, often afoot, and under privations which most of the sterner sex would have shrunk from. Her opportunities for learning the true condition of the lower classes were ample, and seem to have been improved with intelligence and judgment. Her descriptions are life-like and animated; and the book is to those for whom the subject has interest a pleasant and instructive one.

The Celebrated Treatise of Joach. Fortius Ringelbergius de Ratione Studii: Translated from the Edition of Van Erpe. By G. P. Earp. With Preface and Appendix, by W. H. Odenheimer, A. M., Rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This treatise is a most valuable one, and the translation strikes us as deserving praise. The Rev. Mr. Odenheimer has greatly added to the excellence of the book by his preface and appendix.

Essay on the Fairy Queen. By J. S. Hart, Professor of the Philadelphia High School.

Every reader knows that Spenser's "Fairy Queen," although marked by striking and exquisite passages, is not calculated to be a popular work, in consequence of the faults of the narrative. Professor Hart has, in the essay before us, with the mind of a poet and the skill of an artist, removed the objection alluded to, and presented the narrative in an attractive style, introducing into his remarks many of the most beautiful passages. The obvious result of his labors will be to bring the remarkable and brilliant parts of this poem familiarly before the public, and make many persons acquainted with Spenser who would never

have undertaken the task of laboring, like miners, through a mass of rubbish to arrive at the pure ore. The publishers are Wiley & Putnam, of New York, and they have issued it to the world in a manner worthy of the excellence of the work itself.

The Boy's Treasury of Sports, Pastimes and Recreations.

A most delightful book for the instruction and amusement of the young, has just been issued under the above title, by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard of this city, from the London edition. It is indeed a treasury of knowledge for juveniles, comprehending chapters on various kinds of sports of the field, green and play-ground, on archery, angling, the care and keeping of animals and birds, authentic chemical experiments, &c., &c. There are nearly four hundred engravings interspersed throughout the volume, explanatory of the different subjects treated upon, and well calculated to illustrate the text. On the whole, we regard the "Treasury" as eminently calculated to be both useful and popular, and think the publishers entitled to praise for presenting to our youth so rational a means of amusement and instruction.

The Legend of Laitimer, a Zurich Tale, with other Poems. By William Nind, M. A. London: F. & J. Rivington.

We have before us a copy of this pretty little volume, prepared in handsome style by the publishers. The main poem has for its subject the celebrated Laitimer, who, with his co-laborer Ridley, suffered martyrdom during the reign of "bloody Queen Mary," and is marked with considerable merit. Some of the minor pieces are also worthy of praise, of which we would particularly instance a poem entitled "The Secret of the Universe."

Pictorial Life of La Fayette.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston, of this city, have recently published a Pictorial Life of Gen. La Fayette, embracing anecdotes illustrative of his character. The eminent services rendered by this distinguished Frenchman in our struggle for national independence, and the chivalrous attributes of his character, render every thing connected with him interesting in the eyes of the American people. We are, therefore, glad that the enterprising publishers of the volume before us have caused it to be prepared, so that our youth may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the merits of the gallant marquis, and learn from his example, a lesson of devotion to the cause of popular liberty.

Pictorial Life of Gen. Marion.

Tradition has transmitted, and the pages of history recorded too many instances of the daring hardihood, patient endurance, and indefatigable perseverance of this celebrated partisan warrior, not to have rendered his name familiar as a household word throughout the whole length and breadth of our land. A volume, just issued from the press of Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston, gives an epitomized but highly interesting memoir of his life and deeds, and describes, in a graphic and spirited manner, a number of the scenes of strife in which Gen. M. was engaged. The preface to the volume, after alluding to the inscription on the tomb of Marion, at Belle Isle, St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina, states that "this volume is presented as an humble echo to the labors of those who would keep the memory of such men green among the people;" and as the design is a laudable one, so must we regard the publication now under notice as admirably calculated to effect the object intended.



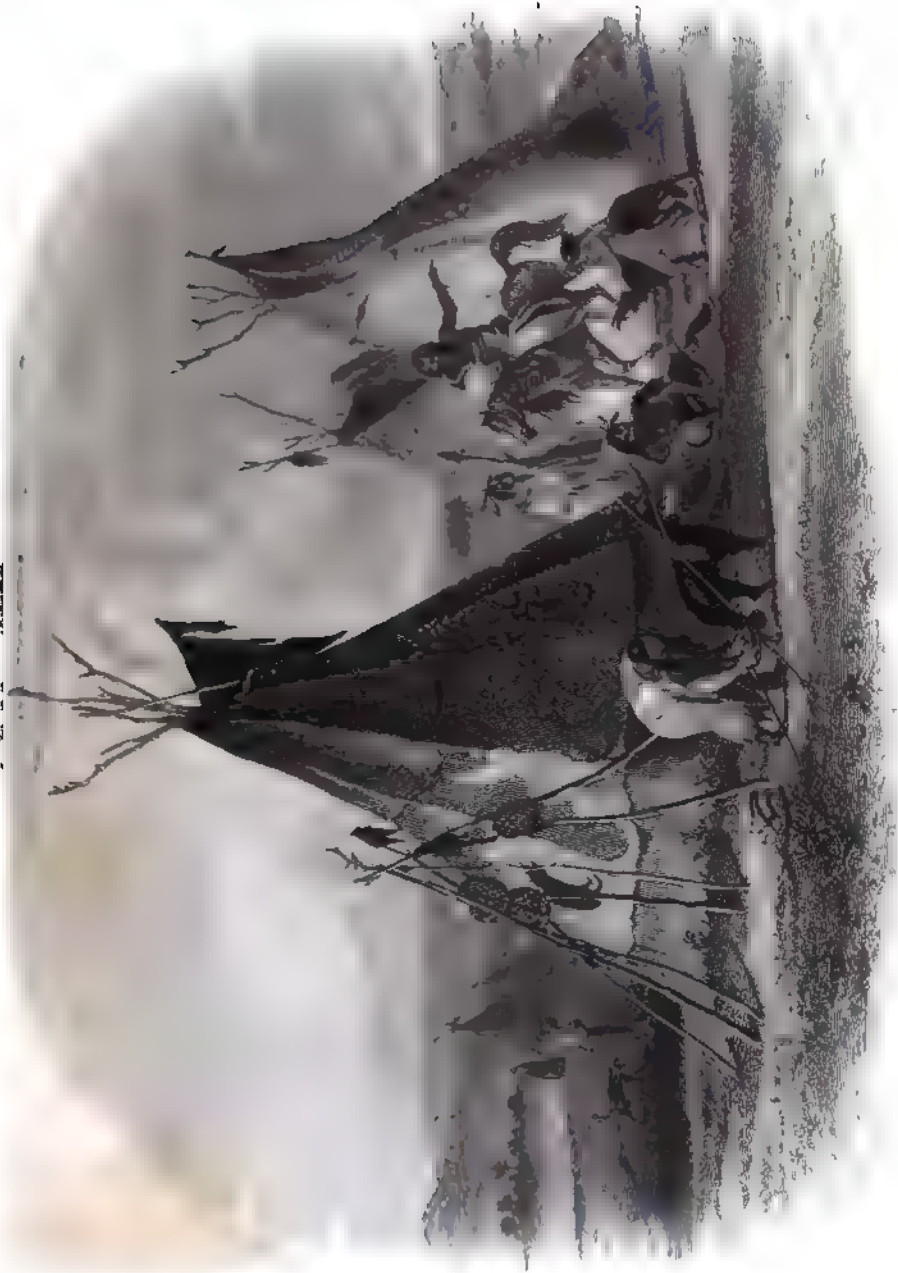
THE PROVERBS.

Engraved expressly for the Ladies Magazine.



Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine









Boufford, D. Martin to

Chapreux de M^e Genet, M^e St Augustin & - Clément de Jouve de M^e Trévier & M^e de
L'entier de Colard, Comtesse de Comptons de Caffard, Baron de Comptons de Caffard, M^e de
Comptons de Caffard, Comtesse de Comptons de Caffard, Baron de Comptons de Caffard, M^e de

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

LOVE'S LAST SUPPER. OR THE TRUE STORY OF A TROUBADOUR. A PROVENÇAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

In the first conception of the institution of chivalry it was doubtless a device of great purity, and contemplated none but highly proper and becoming purposes. Those very features which, in our more sophisticated era, seem to have been the most absurd, or at least fantastic, were, perhaps among its best securities. The sentiment of love, apart from its passion, is what a very earnest people, in a very selfish period, cannot so well understand; but it was this very separation of interests, which we now hold to be inseparable, that constituted the peculiarity of chivalry—the fanciful in its characteristics rendering sentiment independent of passion, and refining the crude desire by the exercise and influence of tastes, which do not usually accompany it. Among the Provençal knights and troubadours, in the palmy days of their progress, love was really the most innocent and the most elevated of sentiments. It seems to have been nursed without guile, and was professed, even when seemingly in conflict with the rights of others, without the slightest notion of wrong doing or offence. It did not vex the temper, or impair the marital securities of the husband, that the beauties of his dame were sung with enthusiasm by the youthful poet; on the contrary, he who gloried in the possession of a jewel, was scarcely satisfied with fortune unless she brought to a just knowledge of its splendors, the bard who alone could convey to the world a similar sense of the value of his treasure. The narrative which we have gathered from the ancient chronicles of Provence, and which we take occasion to say is drawn from the most veracious sources of history, will illustrate the correctness of these particulars.

One of the most remarkable instances of the sen-

timent of love, warmed into passion, yet without evil in its objects, is to be found in the true and touching history of Guillaume de Cabestaign, a noble youth of Roussillon. Though noble of birth, Guillaume was without fortune, and it was not thought improper or humiliating in those days that he should serve, as a page, the knight whose ancestors were known to his own as associates. It was in this capacity that he became the retainer of Raymond, Lord of Roussillon. Raymond, though a haughty baron, was one who possessed certain generous tastes and sentiments, and who showed himself capable of appreciating the talents and great merits of Guillaume de Cabestaign. His endowments, indeed were of a character to find ready favor with all parties. The youth was not only graceful of carriage, and particularly handsome of face and person, but he possessed graces of mind and manner which especially commended him to knightly sympathy and admiration. He belonged to that class of *improvisatori* to whom the people of Provence gave the name of troubadour, and was quite as ready to sing the praises of his mistress, as he was to mount horse, and charge with sword and lance in her defence and honor. His muse, taking her moral aspect from his own, was pure and modest in her behavior—indulging in no song or sentiment which would not fall becomingly on the most virgin ear. His verses were distinguished equally by their delicacy and fancy, and united to a spirit of the most generous and exulting life a taste of the utmost simplicity and purity. Not less gentle than buoyant, he was at once timid in approach, and joy-giving in society; and while he compelled the respect of men by his frank and fearless manhood, he won the hearts of the other sex by those

gentle graces which, always prompt and ready, are never obtrusive, and which leave us only to the just appreciation of their value, when they are withdrawn from our knowledge and enjoyment.

It happened, unfortunately for our troubadour, that he won too many hearts. Raised by the Lord of Roussillon to the rank of gentleman usher to the Lady Marguerite, his young and beautiful wife, the graces and accomplishments of Guillaume de Cabestaign, soon became quite as apparent and agreeable to her as to the meanest of the damsels in her train. She was never so well satisfied as in his society; and her young and ardent soul, repelled rather than solicited by the stern nature of Raymond, her lord, was better prepared and pleased to sympathize with the more beguiling and accessible spirit of the page. The tenderest impressions of love, without her own knowledge, soon seized upon her heart; and she had learned to sigh as she gazed upon the person that she favored, long before she entertained the slightest consciousness that he was at all precious to her eyes. He himself, dutiful as devoted, for a long season beheld none of these proofs of favor on the part of his noble mistress. She called him her servant, it is true, and he as such, sung daily in her praises the equal language of the lover and the knight. These were words, however, of specific and conventional meaning, to which her husband listened with indifferent ear. In those days every noble lady entertained a lover, who was called her servant. It was a prerogative of nobility that such should be the case. It spoke for the courtliness and aristocracy of the party; and to be without a lover, though in the possession of a husband, was to be an object of scornful sympathy in the eyes of the sex. Fashion, in other words, had taken the name of chivalry; and it was one of her regulations that the noble lady should possess a lover, who should of necessity be other than her lord. In this capacity, Raymond of Roussillon, found nothing of which to complain in the devotion of Guillaume de Cabestaign to Marguerite, his wife. But the courtiers who gathered in her train were not so indulgent, or were of keener sight. They soon felt the preference which she gave, over all others, to our troubadour. They felt, and they resented it the more readily, as they were not insensible to his personal superiority. Guillaume himself, was exceeding slow in arriving at a similar consciousness. Touched with a fonder sentiment for his mistress than was compatible with his security, his modesty had never suffered him to suppose that he had been so fortunate as to inspire her with a feeling such as he now knew within himself. It was at a moment when he least looked for it, that he made the perilous discovery. It was in the course of a discussion upon the various signs of love—such a discussion as occupied the idle hours, and the wandering fancies of chivalry—that she said to him, somewhat abruptly,

"Surely thou, Guillaume, thou, who canst sing of

love so tenderly, and with so much sweetness, thou, of all persons, should be the one to distinguish between a feigned passion and a real one. Methinks the eye of him who loves truly, could most certainly discover from the eye of the beloved one, whether the real flame were yet burning in her heart."

And even as she spoke, the glance of her dark and lustrous eye settled upon his own with such a dewy and quivering fire, that his soul at once became enlightened with her secret. The troubadour was necessarily an *improvisator*. Guillaume de Cabestaign was admitted to be one of the most spontaneous in his utterance of all his order. His lyre took for him the voice which he could not well have used at that overpowering moment. He sung wildly and triumphantly, inspired by his new and rapturous consciousness, even while her eyes were yet fixed upon him, full still of the involuntary declaration which made the inspiration of his song. These verses, which embodied the first impulsive sentiment which he had ever dared to breathe from his heart of the passion which had long been lurking within it, have been preserved for us by the damsels of Provence. We translate them, necessarily to the great detriment of their melody, from the sweet South, where they had birth, to our harsher Runic region. The song of Guillaume was an apostrophe.

Touch the weeping string!

Those whose beauty fires me;
Oh! how vainly would I sing
The passion that inspires me.
This, dear heart, believe,
Were the love I've given,
Half as warm for Heaven as thee,
I were worthy heaven!

Ah! should I lament,
That, in evil hour,
Too much loving to repent,
I confess thy power.
Too much blessed to fly,
Yet, with shame confessing,
That I dread to meet the eye,
Where my heart finds blessing.

Such a poem is beyond analysis. It was simply a gush of enthusiasm—the lyrical overflow of sentiment and passion, such as a song should be always. The reader will easily understand that the delicacy of the tune, the epigrammatic intenseness of the expression, is totally lost in the difficulty of subjugating our more stubborn language to the uses of the poet. A faint and inferior idea of what was said sung at this moment of wild and almost spasmodical utterance, is all that we design to convey.

The spot in which this scene took place was amid the depth of umbrageous trees, in the beautiful garden of Chateau Roussillon. A soft and persuasive silence hung suspended in the atmosphere. Not a leaf stirred, not a bird chirruped in the foliage; and however passionate was the sentiment expressed by the troubadour, it scarcely rose beyond a whisper—harmonizing in the subdued utterance,

and the sweet delicacy of its sentiment with the exquisite repose and languor of the scene. Carried beyond herself by the emotions of the moment, the feeling of Marguerite became so far irresistible that she stooped ere the song of the troubadour had subsided from the ear, and pressed her lips upon the forehead of her kneeling lover. He seized her hand at this moment and carried it to his own lips, in an equally involuntary impulse. This act awakened the noble lady to a just consciousness of her weakness. She at once recoiled from his grasp.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, "what have I done?"

"Ah, lady!" was the answer of the troubadour, "it is thy goodness which has at length discovered how my heart is devoted to thee. It is thy truth, and thy nobleness, dear lady, which I love and worship."

"By these shalt thou know me ever, Guillaume of Cabestaign," was the response; "and yet I warn thee," she continued, "I warn and I entreat thee, dear servant, that thou approach me not so near again. Thou hast shown to me, and surprised from me, a most precious but an unhappy secret. Thou hast, too, deeply found thy way into my heart. Alas! wherefore! wherefore?" and the eyes of the amiable and virtuous woman were suffused with tears, as her innocent soul trembled under the reproaches of her jealous conscience. She continued,

"I cannot help but love thee, Guillaume of Cabestaign, but it shall never be said that the love of the Lady Marguerite of Roussillon was other than became the wife of her lord. Thou, too, shall know me by love only, Guillaume; but it shall be such a love as shall work neither of us trespass. Yet do not thou cease to love me as before, for, of a truth, dear servant, the affections of thy heart are needful to the life of mine."

The voice of the troubadour was only in his lyre. At all his events, his reply has been only preserved to us in song. It was in the fullness of his joy that he again poured forth his melody.

Where spreads the pleasant garden,
Where blow the precious flowers,
My happy lot hath found me
The bud of all the bowers.
Heaven framed it with a likeness,
Its very self in sweetness,
Where virtue crowns the beauty,
And love bestows completeness.
Still humble in possessions,
That humble all that prove her,
I joy in the affections,
That suffer me to love her;
And in my joy I sorrow,
And in my tears I sing her,
The love that others hide away,
She suffers me to bring her.
This right is due my homage,
For while they speak her beauty,
'Tis I alone that feel it well,
And love with perfect duty.

It does not appear that love trespassed in this instance beyond the sweet but narrow boundaries of sentiment. The lovers met daily, as usual, secretly as well as publicly, and their professions of attachment were frankly made in the hearing of the world; but the vows thus spoken were not articulated any longer in that formal, conventional phraseology and manner, which, in fact, only mocked the passion which it affectedly professed. It was soon discovered that the songs of Guillaume de Cabestaign were no longer the frigid effusions of mere gallantry, the common, stilt style of artifice and commonplace. There was life, and blood, and a rare enthusiasm in his lyrics. His song was no longer a thing of air, floating, as it had done, on the winglets of a simple fancy, but a living and a burning soul, borne upward and forward, by the gales of an intense and earnest passion. It was seen, that when the poet and his noble mistress spoke together, the tones of their voices mutually trembled as if with a strange and eager sympathy. When they met, it was noted that their eyes seemed to dart at once into each other, with the intensity of two wedded fires, which high walls would vainly separate, and which, however sundered, show clearly that they will overleap their bounds, and unite themselves in one at last. Theirs was evidently no simulated passion. It was too certainly real, as well in other eyes as their own. The world, though ignorant of the mutual purity of their hearts, were yet quick enough to discern what were their real sentiments. They saw the affections of which they soon learned, naturally enough, to conjecture the worst only. The rage of rivals, the jealousy of inferiors, the spite of the envious, the malice of the wantonly scandalous, readily found cause of evil where in reality offence was none. To conceive the crime, was to convey the cruel suspicion, as a certainty, to the mind of him whom the supposed offence most affected. Busy tongues soon assailed the ears of the Lord of Roussillon, in relation to his wife. They whispered him to watch the lovers—to remark the eager intimacy of their eyes—the tremulous sweetness of their voices, and their subdued tones whenever they met—the frequency of their meetings—the reluctance with which they separated; and they dwelt with emphasis upon the pointed and passionate declarations, the intensity and ardor of the sentiments which now filled the songs of the troubadour—so very different from what they had ever been before. In truth, the new passion of Guillaume had wrought wondrously in favor of his music. He who had been only a clever and dextrous imitator of the artificial strains of other poets, had broken down all the fetters of convention, and now poured forth the most natural and original poetry of his own, greatly to the increase of his reputation as a troubadour.

Raymond de Roussillon hearkened to these suggestions in silence, and with a gloomy heart. He loved his wife truly, as far as it was possible for him

to love. He was a stern, harsh man, fond of the chase, of the toils of chivalry rather than its sports; was cold in his own emotions, and with an intense self-esteem, that grew impatient under every sort of rivalry. It was not difficult to impress him with evil thoughts, even where he had bestowed his confidence; and to kindle his mind with the most terrible suspicions of the unconsciously offending parties. Once aroused, the dark, stern man, resolved to avenge his supposed wrong; and hearing one day that Guillaume had gone out hawking, and alone, he hastily put on his armor, concealing it under his courtly and silken vestments, took his weapon, and rode forth in the direction which the troubadour had taken. He overtook the latter after a while, upon the edge of a little river that wound slowly through a wood. Guillaume de Cabestaign approached his lord without any misgiving; but as he drew near, a certain indefinable something in the face of Raymond, inspired a feeling of anxiety in his mind, and, possibly, the secret consciousness in his own bosom, added to his uneasiness. He remembered that it was not often that great lords thus wandered forth unattended; and the path which Raymond pursued was one that Guillaume had taken because of its obscurity, and with the desire to find a solitude in which he might brood securely over his own secret fancies and affections. His doubts thus awakened, our troubadour prepared to guard his speech. He boldly approached his superior, however, and was the first to break silence.

"You here, my lord, and alone! How does this chance?"

"Nay, Guillaume," answered the other, mildly, "I heard that you were here, and hawking, and resolved to share your amusement. What has been your sport?"

"Nothing, my lord. I have scarcely seen a single bird; and you remember the proverb—'Who finds nothing, takes not much.'"

The artlessness and simplicity of the troubadour's speech and manner, for the first time, inspired some doubts in the mind of Raymond, whether he could be so guilty as his enemies had reported him. His purpose, when he came forth that morning, had been to ride the supposed offender down, whenever he encountered him, and to thrust his boar-spear through his body. Such was the summary justice of the feudal baron. Milder thoughts had suddenly possessed him. If Raymond of Roussillon was a stern man, jealous of his honor, and prompt in his resentment, he at least desired to be a just man; and a lurking doubt of the motives of those by whom the troubadour had been slandered, now determined him to proceed more deliberately in the work of justice. He remembered the former confidence which he had felt in the fidelity of the page, and he was not insensible to the charm of his society. Every sentence which had been spoken since their meeting, had tended to make him hesitate before he hurried to judgment in a matter where it was

scarcely possible to repair the wrong which a rash and hasty vengeance might commit. By this time, they had entered the wood together, and were now concealed from all human eyes. The Lord of Roussillon alighted from his horse, and motioned his companion to seat himself beside him in the shade. When both were seated, and, after a brief pause, Raymond addressed the troubadour in the following language:

"Guillaume de Cabestaign," said he, "be sure I came not hither this day to talk to you of birds and hawking, but of something more serious. Now, look upon me, and as a true and loyal servant, see that thou answer honestly to all that I shall ask of thee."

The troubadour was naturally impressed by the stern simplicity and solemnity of this exordium. He was not unaware that, as the knight had alighted from his steed, he had done so heavily, and under the impediment of concealed armor. His doubts and anxieties were necessarily increased by this discovery, but so also was his firmness. He felt that much depended upon his coolness and address, and he steeled himself, with all his soul, to the trial which was before him. The recollection of Marguerite, and of her fate and reputation depending upon his own, was the source of no small portion of his present resolution. His reflections were instantaneous; there was no unreasonable delay in his answer, which was at once manly and circumspect.

"I know not what you aim at or intend, my lord, but, by heaven! I swear to you that, if it be proper for me to answer you in that you seek, I will keep nothing from your knowledge that you desire to know?"

"Nay, Guillaume," replied the knight, "I will have no conditions. You shall reply honestly, and without reserve, to all the questions I shall put to you."

"Let me hear them, my lord—command me, as you have the right," was the reply of the troubadour, "and I will answer you, with my conscience, as far as I can."

"I would then know from you," responded Raymond, very solemnly, "on your faith, and by your God, whether the verses that you make are inspired by a real passion?"

A warm flush passed over the cheeks of the troubadour; the pride of the artist was offended by the inquiry. That it should be questioned whether he really felt what he so passionately declared, was a disparaging judgment upon the merits of his song.

"Ah! my lord," was the reply, expressed with some degree of mortification, "how could I sing as I do, unless I really felt all the passion which I declare. In good sooth, then, I tell you, love has the entire possession of my soul."

"And, verily, I believe thee, Guillaume," was the subdued answer of the baron; "I believe thee, my friend, for unless a real passion was at his heart, no

troubadour could ever sing as thou. But, something more of thee, Guillaume de Cabestaign. Prithce, now, declare to me the name of the lady whom thy verses celebrate."

Then it was that the cheek of our troubadour grew pale, and his heart sunk within him; but the piercing eye of the baron was upon him. He had no moment for hesitation. To falter now, he was well assured, was to forfeit love, life, and every thing that was proud and precious in his sight. In the moment of exigency the troubadour found his answer. It was evasive, but adroitly conceived and expressed.

"Nay, my lord, will it please you to consider? I appeal to your own heart and honour—can any one, without perfidy, declare such a secret? Reveal a thing that involves the rights and the reputation of another, and that other a lady of good fame and quality? Well must you remember what is said on this subject by the very master of our art, no less a person than the excellent Bernard de Ventadour. He should know—what says he?"

The baron remained silent, while Guillaume repeated the following verses of the popular troubadour, whose authority he appealed to:

"The spy your secret still would claim,
And asks to know your lady's name;
But tell it not for very shame!

"The loyal lover sees the snare,
And neither to the waves nor air,
Betrays the secret of his fair.

"The duty that to love we owe,
Is, while to her we all may show,
On others nothing to bestow."

Though seemingly well adapted to his objects, the quotation of our troubadour was unfortunate. There were yet other verses to this instructive ditty, and the Baron of Roussillon, who had listened very patiently as his companion recited the preceding, soon proved himself to have a memory for good songs, though he never pretended to make them himself. When Guillaume had fairly finished, he took up the strain after a brief introduction.

"That is all very right and very proper, Guillaume, and I gainsay not a syllable that Master Bernard hath written; nay, methinks my proper answer to thee lieth in another of his verses, which thou shouldst not have forgotten while reminding me of its companions. I shall refresh thy memory with the next that follows." And without waiting for any answer, the baron proceeded to repeat another stanza of the old poem, in very creditable style and manner for an amateur. This remark Guillaume de Cabestaign could not forbear making to himself, though he was conscious at the same time that the utterance of the baron was in singularly slow and subdued accents—accents that scarcely rose above a whisper, and which were timed as if every syllable were weighed and spelled, ere it was confided to expression. The verse was as follows:

"We yield her name to those alone,
Who, when the sacred truth is shown,
May help to make the maid our own."

"Now, methinks," continued the baron, "helieth the wisdom of my quest. Who better than myself can help to secure thee thy desires, to promote thy passion, and gain for thee the favor of the fair? Tell me, then, I command thee, Guillaume, and I promise to help thee with my best efforts and advice."

Here was a dilemma. The troubadour was foiled with his own weapons. The quotation from his own authority was conclusive against him. The argument of Raymond was irresistible. Of his ability to serve the young lover there could be no question; and as little could the latter doubt the readiness of that friendship—assuming his pursuit to be a proper one—to which he had been so long indebted for favor and protection. He could excuse himself by no further evasion; and having admitted that he really and deeply loved, and that his verses declared a real and living passion, it became absolutely necessary that our troubadour, unless he would confirm the evident suspicions of his lord, should promptly find for her a name. He did so. The emergency seemed to justify a falsehood; and, with firm accents, Guillaume did not scruple to declare himself devoted, heart and soul, to the beautiful Lady Agnes de Tarrascon, the sister of Marguerite, his real mistress. At the pressing solicitation of Raymond, and in order to render applicable to this case certain of his verses, he admitted himself to have received from this lady certain favoring smiles, upon which his hopes of future happiness were founded. Our troubadour was persuaded to select the name of this lady, over all others, for two reasons. He believed that she suspected, or somewhat knew of the mutual flame which existed between himself and her sister; and he had long been conscious of that benevolence of temper which the former possessed, and which he fondly thought would prompt her in some degree to sympathize with him in his necessity, and lend herself somewhat to his own and the extrication of Marguerite. After making his confession, he concluded by imploring Raymond to approach his object cautiously, and by no means to peril his fortunes in the esteem of the lady he professed to love.

But the difficulties of Guillaume de Cabestaign were only begun. It was not the policy of Raymond to be satisfied with his simple asseverations. The suspicions which had been awakened in his mind by the malignant suggestions of his courtiers, were too deeply and skillfully infixcd there, to suffer him to be soothed by the mere statement of the supposed offender. He required something of a confirmatory character from the lips of Lady Agnes herself. Pleased, nevertheless, at what he had heard, and at the readiness and seeming frankness with which the troubadour had finally yielded his secret to his keeping, he eagerly assured the latter of his assist-

ance in the prosecution of his quest; and he, who a moment before had coolly contemplated a deliberate murder, to revenge a supposed wrong to his own honor, did not now scruple to profess his willingness to aid his companion in compassing the dishonor of another. It did not matter much to our sullen baron that the victim was the sister of his own wife. The human nature of Lord Raymond of Roussillon, his own dignity uninjured, had but little sympathy with his neighbor's rights and sensibilities. He promptly proposed, at that very moment, to proceed on his charitable mission. The castle of Tarrascon was in sight; and, pointing to its turrets, that rose loftily above the distant hills, the imperious finger of Raymond gave the direction to our troubadour, which he shuddered to pursue, but did not dare to decline. He now began to feel all the dangers and embarrassments which he was about to encounter, and to tremble at the disgrace and ruin which seemed to rise, threatening and dead before him. Never was woman more virtuous than the Lady Agnes. Gentle and beautiful, like her sister Marguerite, her reputation had been more fortunate in escaping wholly the assaults of the malignant. She had always shown an affectionate indulgence for our troubadour, and a delighted interest in his various accomplishments; and he now remembered all her goodness and kindness only to curse himself, in his heart, for the treachery of which he had just been guilty. His remorse at what he had said to Raymond, was not the less deep and distressing from the conviction that he felt, that there had been no other way left him of escape from his dilemma.

We are bound to believe that the eagerness which Raymond of Roussillon now exhibited was not so much because of a desire to bring about the dishonor of another, as to be perfectly satisfied that he himself was free from injury. At the Castle of Tarrascon, the Lady Agnes was found alone. She gave the kindest reception to her guests; and, anxious to behold things through the medium of his wishes rather than his doubts and fears, Raymond fancied that there was a peculiar sort of tenderness in the tone and spirit of the compliments which she addressed to the dejected troubadour. That he was disquieted and dejected she was soon able to discover. His uneasiness made itself apparent before they had been long together; and the keen intelligence of the feminine mind was accordingly very soon prepared to comprehend the occasion of his disquiet, when drawn aside by Raymond at the earliest opportunity, she found herself cross-examined by the impatient baron on the nature and object of her own affections. A glance of the eye at Guillaume de Cabestaign, as she listened to the inquiries of the suspicious Raymond, revealed to the quick-witted woman the extent of his apprehensions, and possibly the danger of her sister. Her ready instinct and equally prompt benevolence of heart, at once decided all the answers of the lady.

"Why question me of lovers," she replied to Raymond, with a pretty querulousness of tone and manner, "certainly, I have lovers enow, as many as I choose to have. Would you that I should live unlike other women of birth and quality, without my servant to sing my praises, and declare his readiness to die in my behalf?"

"Ay, ay, my lady," answered the knight, "lovers, I well know, you possess; for of these, I trow, that no lady of rank and beauty such as yours, can or possibly should be without; but is there not one lover over all whom you not only esteem for his grace and service, but for whom you feel the tenderest interest, whom, in fact, you prefer to the full surrender of your whole heart, and were this possible or proper, of your whole person?"

For a moment the gentle lady hesitated in her answer. The question was one of a kind to startle a delicate and faithful spirit; but, as her eyes wandered off to the place where the troubadour stood trembling—as she detected the pleading terror that was apparent in his face—her benevolence got the better of her scruples, and she frankly admitted that there really was one person in the world for whom her sentiments were even thus lively, and her sympathies thus broad and active.

"And now, I beseech you, Lady Agnes," urged the anxious baron, "that you deal with me like a brother who will joy to serve you, and declare to me the name of the person whom you so much favor?"

"Now, out upon it, my Lord of Roussillon," was the quick and somewhat indignant reply of the lady, "that you should presume thus greatly upon the kindred that lies between us. Women are not to be constrained to make such confession as this. It is their prerogative to be silent when the safety of their affections may suffer from their speech. To urge them to confess, in such cases, is only to compel them to speak unnecessary falsehoods. And know I not you husbands all—you have but a feeling in common; and if I reveal myself to you, it were as well that I should go at once and make full confession to my own lord."

"Nay, dearest Lady Agnes, have no such doubt of my loyalty. I will assure you that what you tell me never finds its way to the ear of your lord. I pray thee do not fear to make this confession to me; nay, but thou must, Agnes," exclaimed the rude baron, his voice rising more earnestly, and his manner becoming passionate and stern, while he grasped her wrist firmly in his convulsive fingers, and drawing her toward him, added, in the subdued but intense tones of half-suppressed passion, "I tell thee, lady, it behooves me much to know this secret."

The lady did not immediately yield, though the manner of Raymond, from this moment, determined her that she would do so. She now conjectured all the circumstances of the case, and felt the necessity of saving the troubadour for the sake of her

sister. But she played with the excited baron awhile longer, and when his passion grew so impatient as to be almost beyond his control, she admitted, as a most precious secret, confided to his keeping only that he might serve her in its gratification, that she had a burning passion for Guillaume de Cabestaing, of which he himself was probably not conscious. The invention of the lady was as prompt and accurate as if the troubadour had whispered at her elbow. Raymond was now satisfied. He was relieved of his suspicions, turned away from the Lady of Tarrascon, to embrace her supposed lover, and readily accepted an invitation from the former, for himself and companion, to remain that night to supper. At that moment the great gates of the castle was thrown open, and the Lord of Tarrascon made his appearance. He confirmed the invitation extended by his wife; and, as usual, gave a most cordial reception to his guests. As soon as an opportunity offered, and before the hour of supper arrived, the Lady Agnes contrived to withdraw her lord to her own apartments, and there frankly revealed to him all that had taken place. He cordially gave his sanction to all that she had done. Guillaume de Cabestaing was much more of a favorite than his jealous master; and the sympathies of the noble and the virtuous, in those days, were always accorded to those who professed a love so innocent as, it was justly believed by this noble couple, was that of the Lady Marguerite and the troubadour. The harsh suspicions of Raymond were supposed to characterize only a coarse and brutal nature, which, in the assertion of its unquestionable rights, would abridge all those freedoms which courtliness and chivalry had established for the pleasurable intercourse of other parties. A perfect understanding thus established between the wife and husband, in behalf of the troubadour, and in misleading the baron, these several persons sat down to supper in the rarest good humor and harmony. Guillaume de Cabestaing recovered all his confidence, and with it his inspiration. He made several improvisations during the evening, which delighted the company—all in favor of the Lady Agnes, and glimping faintly at his attachment for her. These, unhappily, have not been preserved to us. They are said to have been so made as to correspond to the exigency of his recent situation; the excellent Baron Raymond all the while supposing that he alone possessed the key to their meaning. The Lady Agnes, meanwhile, under the approving eye of her husband, was at special pains to show such an interest in the troubadour, and such a preference for his comfort, over that of all persons present, as contributed to confirm all the assurances she had given to her brother-in-law in regard to her affections. The latter saw this with perfect satisfaction; and leaving Guillaume to pass the night where he was so happily entertained, he hurried home to Roussillon, eager to reveal to his own wife, the intrigue between her lover and

her sister. It is quite possible that, if his suspicions of the troubadour were quieted, he still entertained some with regard to Marguerite. It is not improbable that a conviction that he was giving pain at every syllable he uttered entered into his calculations, and prompted what he said. He might be persuaded of the innocence of the parties, yet doubtful of their affections; and though assured now that he was mistaken in respect to the tendency of those of Guillaume, his suspicions were still lively in regard to those of his wife. His present revelations might be intended to probe her to the quick, and to gather from her emotions, at his recital, in how much she was interested in the sympathies of the troubadour.

How far he succeeded in diving into her secret, has not been confided to the chronicle. It is very certain, however, that he succeeded in making Marguerite very unhappy. She now entertained no doubt, after her husband's recital, of the treachery of her sister, and the infidelity of her lover; and though she herself had permitted him no privilege, inconsistent with the claims of her lord, she was yet indignant that he should have proved unfaithful to a heart which he so well knew to be thoroughly his own. The pure soul itself, entirely devoted to the beloved object, thus always revolts at a consciousness of its fall from its purity and its pledges; and though itself denied—doomed only to a secret worship, to which no altar may be raised, and to which there is no offering but the sacrifice of constant privation—yet it greatly prefers to entertain this sacred sense of isolation, to any enjoyment of mere mortal happiness. To feel that our affections are thus isolated in vain; that we have yielded them to one who is indifferent to the trust, and lives still for his earthly passions, is to suffer from a more than mortal deprivation. Marguerite of Roussillon passed the night in extreme agony of mind, the misery of which was greatly aggravated by the necessity, in her husband's presence, of suppressing every feeling of uneasiness. But her feelings could not always be suppressed; and when, the next day, on the return of the troubadour from Tarrascon, she encountered him in those garden walks which had been made sacred to their passion by its first mutual revelation, the pang grew to utterance, which her sense of dignity and propriety in vain endeavored to subdue. Her eyes brightened indignantly through her tears; and she whose virtue had withheld every gift of passion from the being whom she yet professed to love, at once, but still most tenderly, reproached him with his infidelity.

"Alas! Guillaume," she continued, after telling him all that she had heard, "alas! that my soul should have so singled thee out from all the rest, because of its purity, and should find thee thus, like all the rest, incapable of a sweet and holy love such as thou didst promise. I had rather died, Guillaume, a thousand deaths, than that thou shouldst have fallen from thy faith to me."

"But I have not fallen—I have not faltered in my faith, Marguerite! I am still true to thee—to thee only, though I sigh for thee vainly, and know that thou livest only for another. Hear me, Marguerite, while I tell thee what has truly happened. Thou hast heard something, truly, but not all the truth."

And he proceeded with the narrative to which we have already listened. He had only to show her what had passed between her lord and himself, to show how great had been his emergency. The subsequent events at Tarraseon, only convinced her of the quick intelligence, and sweet benevolence of purpose by which her sister had been governed. Her charitable sympathies had seen and favored the artifice in which lay the safety equally of her lover and herself. The revulsion of her feelings from grief to exultation, spoke in a gust of tears, which relieved the distresses of her soul. The single kiss upon his forehead, with which she rewarded the devotion of the troubadour, inspired his fancy. He made the event the subject of a sonnet, which has fortunately been preserved to us.

MARGUERITE.

That there should be a question whom I love,
As if the world had more than one so fair!
*Would'st know her name, behold the letters rare,
God-written, on the wing of every dove!*
Ask if a blindness darkens my fond eyes,
That I should doubt me whither I should turn;
Ask if my soul, in cold abeyance lies,
That I should fail at sight of her to burn.
That I should wander to another's sway,
Would speak a blindness worse than that of sight,
Since here, though nothing I may ask of right,
Blessings most precious woo my heart to stay.
High my ambition, since at heaven it aims,
Yet humble, *since a daisy's all it claims.*

The lines first italicized embody the name of the lady, by a periphrasis known to the Provençal dialect, and the name of the daisy, as used in the closing line, is Marguerite's. The poem is an unequivocal declaration of attachment, obviously meant to do away with all adverse declarations. To those acquainted with the previous history, it unfolds another history quite as significant; and to those who knew nothing of the purity of the parties, and who made no allowance for the exaggerated manner in which a troubadour would be apt to declare the privileges he had enjoyed, it would convey the idea of a triumph inconsistent with the innocence of the lovers, and destructive of the rights of the injured husband. Thus, full of meaning, it is difficult to conceive by what imprudence of the parties, this fatal sonnet found its way to the hands of Raymond of Roussillon. It is charged by the biographers, in the absence of other proofs, that the vanity of Marguerite, in her moments of exultation—greater than her passion—proud of the homage which she inspired, and confident in the innocence which the world had too slanderously already begun to question—could not forbear the temptation of showing so beautiful a testimony of the power of

her charms. But the suggestion lacks in plausibility. It is more easy to conceive that the fond heart of the woman would not suffer her to destroy so exquisite a tribute, and that the jealousy of her lord, provoked by the arts of envious rivals, conducted him to the place of safe-keeping where her treasure was concealed. At all events, it fell into his hands, and revived all his suspicions. In fact, it gave the lie to the artful story by which he had been lulled into confidence, and was thus, in a manner, conclusive of the utter guilt of the lovers. His pride was outraged as well as his honor. He had been gulled by all upon whom he had relied—his wife, his page, and his sister. He no longer doubted Marguerite's infidelity and his own disgrace; and breathing nothing but vengeance, he yet succeeded in concealing from all persons the convictions which he felt, of the guilt which dishonored him, and the terrible vengeance which he meditated for its punishment. He was a cold and savage man, who could suppress, in most cases, the pangs which he felt, and could deliberately restrain the passions which yet occupied triumphant places in his heart and purpose. It was not long before he found the occasion which he desired. The movements of the troubadour were closely watched, and one day when he had wandered forth from the castle, seeking solitude, as was his frequent habit, Raymond contrived to steal away from observation, and to follow him out into the forest. He was successful in his quest. He found Guillaume resting at the foot of a shady tree, in a secluded glen, with his tablets before him. The outlines of a tender ballad, tender but spiritual, as was the character of all his melodies, were already inscribed upon the paper. The poet was meditating, as usual, the charms of that dangerous mistress, whose beauty was destined to become his bane. Raymond threw himself upon the ground beside him.

"Ah! well," said he, as he joined the troubadour, "this love of the Lady Agnes is still a distressing matter in thy thoughts."

"In truth, my lord, I think of her with the greatest love and tenderness," was the reply of Guillaume.

"Verily, thou dost well," returned the baron; "she deserves requital at thy hands. Thou owest her good service. And yet, for one who so greatly affects a lady, and who hath found so much favor in her sight, methinks thou seek'st her but seldom. Why is this, Sir Troubadour?"

Without waiting for the answer, Raymond added, "But let me see what thou hast just written in her praise. It is by his verses that we understand the devotion of the troubadour."

Leaning over the post as he spoke, as if his purpose had been to possess himself of his tablets, he suddenly threw the whole weight of his person upon him, and, in the very same moment, by a quick movement of the hand, he drove the *couteau de chasse*, with which he was armed, and which he had

hitherto concealed behind him, with a swift, unerring stroke deep down into the bosom of the victim. Never was blow better aimed, or with more energy delivered. The moment of danger was that of death. The unfortunate troubadour was conscious of the weapon only when he felt the steel. It was with a playful smile that Raymond struck, and so innocent was the expression of his face, even while his arm was extended and the weight of his body was pressing upon Guillaume, that the only solicitude of the latter had been to conceal his tablets. One convulsive cry, one hideous contortion, and Guillaume de Cabestaign was no more. The name of Marguerite was the only word which escaped him with his dying shriek. The murderer placed his hand upon the heart of the victim. It had already ceased to beat.

"Thou wilt mock me no more!" he muttered fiercely, as he half rose from the body now stiffening fast. But his fierce vengeance was by no means completed. As if a new suggestion had seized upon his mind, while his hand rested upon the heart of the troubadour, he suddenly started and tore away the garments from the unconscious bosom. Once more he struck it deeply with the keen and heavy blade. In a few moments he had laid it open. Then he plunged his naked hand into the gaping wound, and tore out the still quivering heart. This he wrapped up with care, and concealed in his garments. With another stroke he smote the head from the body, and this he also concealed, in fragments torn from the person of his victim. With these proofs of his terrible revenge, he made his way, under cover of the dusk, in secret to the castle. What remains to be told is still more dreadful—beyond belief, indeed, were it not that the sources of our history are wholly above discredit or denial. The cruel baron, ordering his cook into his presence, then gave the heart of the troubadour into his keeping, with instructions to dress it richly, and after a manner of dressing certain favorite portions of venison, of which Marguerite was known to be particularly fond. The dish was a subject of special solicitude with her husband. He himself superintended the preparation, and furnished the spices. That night, he being her only companion at the feast, it was served up to his wife, at the usual time of supper. He had assiduously subdued every vestige of anger, unkindness or suspicion from his countenance. Marguerite was suffered to hear and see nothing which might provoke her apprehensions or arrest her appetite. She was more than usually serene and cheerful, as, that day and evening, her lord was more than commonly indulgent. He, too, could play a part when it suited him to do so; and, like most men of stern will and great experience, could adapt his moods and manners to that livelier cast, and more pliant temper, which better persuaded the feminine heart into confidence and pleasure. He smiled upon her now with the most benevolent sweetness; but while he earnestly encouraged her

to partake of the delicacy specially put before her, he himself might be seen to eat of any other dish. The wretched woman, totally unsuspecting of guile or evil, undreaming of disaster, and really conscious of but little self-reproach, ate freely of the precious meat which had been placed before her. The eyes of Raymond greedily followed every morsel which she carried to her lips. She evidently enjoyed the dish which had been spiced for her benefit, and as she continued to draw upon it, he could no longer forbear to unfold the exultation which he felt at the entire satisfaction of his vengeance.

"You seem very much to like your meats to-night, Marguerite. Do you find them good?"

"Verily," she answered, "this venison is really delicious."

"Eat then," he continued, "I have had it dressed purposely for you. You ought to like it. It is a dish of which you have always shown yourself very fond."

"Nay, my lord, but you surely err. I cannot think that I have ever eaten before of any thing so very delicious as this."

"Nay, nay, Marguerite, it is you that err. I know that the meat of which you now partake, is one which you have always found the sweetest."

There was something now in the voice of the speaker that made Marguerite look up. Her eyes immediately met his own, and the wolfish exultation which they betrayed confounded her and made her shudder. She felt at once terrified with a nameless fear. There was a sudden sickness and sinking of her heart. She felt that there was a terrible meaning, a dreadful mystery in his looks and words, the solution of which she shrunk from with a vague but absorbing terror. She was too well acquainted with the sinister expression of that glance. She rallied herself to speak.

"What is it that you mean, my lord? Something dreadful! What have you done? This food—"

"Ay, this food! I can very well understand that you should find it delicious. It is such as you have always loved a little too much. It is but natural that you should relish, now that it is dead, that which you so passionately enjoyed while living. Marguerite, the meat of that dish which you have eaten was once the heart of Guillaume de Cabestaign!"

The lips of the wretched woman parted spasmodically. Her jaws seemed to stretch asunder. Her eyes dilated in a horror akin to madness. Her arms were stretched out and forward. She half rose from the table, which she at length seized upon for her support.

"No!" she exclaimed, hoarsely, at length. "No! no! It is not true. It is not possible. I will not—I dare not believe it."

"You shall have a witness, Marguerite! You shall hear it from one whom, heretofore, you have believed always, and who will find it impossible

now to lie. Behold! This is the head of him whose heart you have eaten?"

With these dreadful words, the cruel baron raised the ghastly head of the troubadour, which he had hitherto concealed beneath the table, and which he now placed upon it. At this horrible spectacle the wretched woman sunk down in a swoon, from which, however, she awakened but too quickly. The wan and bloody aspect of her lover, the eyes glazed in death, but full still of the tenderest expression, met her gaze as it opened upon the light. The savage lord who had achieved the horrid butchery stood erect, and pointing at the spectacle of terror. His scornful and demoniac glance—the horrid cruelty of which he continued to boast—her conscious innocence and that of her lover—her complete and deep despair—all conspired to arm her soul with a courage which she had never felt till now. In the ruin of her heart she had grown reckless of her life. Her eye confronted the murderer."

"Be it so!" she exclaimed. "As I have eaten of meat so precious, it fits not that inferior food should ever again pass these lips! This is the last supper which I shall taste on earth!"

"What! dare you thus shamelessly avow to me your passion?"

"Ay! as God who beholds us knows, never did woman more passionately and truly love mortal man, than did Marguerite of Roussillon the pure and noble Guillaume de Cabestaign. It is true! I fear not to say it now! Now, indeed, I am his only and forever!"

Transported with fury at what he heard, Raymond drew his dagger, and rushed to where she stood. But she did not await his weapon. Anticipating his wrath, she darted headlong through a door which opened upon a balcony, over the balustrade of which, with a second effort, she flung herself into the court below. All this was the work of but one impulse and of a single instant. Raymond reached the balcony as the delicate frame of the beautiful woman was crushed upon the flag-stones of the court. Life had utterly departed when they raised her from the ground!

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This terrible catastrophe struck society every where with consternation. At a season, when not

only chivalry, but the church, gave its most absolute sanction to the existence and encouragement of that strange conventional love which we have sought to describe, the crime of Raymond provoked an universal horror. Love, artificial and sentimental rather than passionate, was the soul equally of military achievement and of aristocratic society. It was then of vast importance, as an element of power, in the use of religious enthusiasm. The shock given to those who cherished this sentiment, by this dreadful history, was felt to all the extremities of the social circle. The friends and kindred of the lovers—the princes and princesses of the land—noble lords, knights and ladies, all combined, as by a common impulse, to denounce and to destroy the bloody-minded criminal. Alphonso, King of Arragon, devoted himself to the work of justice. Raymond was seized and cast into a dungeon. His castle was razed to the ground, under a public decree, which scarcely anticipated the eager rage of hundreds who rushed to the work of demolition. The criminal himself was suffered to live; but he lived either in prison or in exile, with loss of caste and society, and amidst universal detestation!

Very different was the fate of the lovers, whom man could no more harm or separate. They were honored, under the sanction of Alphonso, with a gorgeous funeral procession. They were laid together, in the same tomb, before the church of Perpignan, and their names and cruel history were duly engraven upon the stone raised to their memory. According the Provençal historians, it was afterward a custom with the knights of Roussillon, of Cerdagne, and of Narbonne, every year to join with the noble dames and ladies of the same places, in a solemn service, in memory of Marguerite of Roussillon, and William of Cabestaign. At the same time came lovers of both sexes, on a pilgrimage to their tomb, where they prayed for the repose of their souls. The anniversary of this service was instituted by Alphonso. We may add that romance has more than once seized upon this tragic history, out of which to weave her fictions. Boccaccio has found in it the material for one of the stories of the Decameron, in which, however, while perverting history, he has done but little to merit the gratulation of Art. He has failed equally to do justice to himself, and to his melancholy subject.

SONNET.—TO MARY M. R. W.

BOTH when the morning and the evening dews
Moisten the earth, I pray thee, lady, seek
Some lofty hill, whence many a swelling peak
May be descried far in the distance. Views
Like these shall tune thy spirit, and infuse
Thoughts worthy of immortal life: thy cheek
Shall glow with rosier healthfulness; thy meek

And dove-like eyes shall drink in tints and hues
Like those of heaven; and when the magic play
Of colors, shifting o'er the mountain-side,
Has mingled with thy fancy; when the ray
Of rising or of setting sun has dyed
Thy inmost soul with splendor—come away—
For then thou shalt be almost deified. T. H. V. B.

THE LAST TILT.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

At twilight, through the shadow, fled
An ancient, war-worn knight,
Arrayed in steel, from head to heel,
And on a steed of white;
And, in the knight's despite,
The horse pursued his flight:
For the old man's cheek was pale,
And his hands strove at the rein,
With the clutch of frenzied pain;
And his courser's streaming mane
Swept, disheveled, on the gale.

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"SEVEN!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier.

The old knight heard the mystic clock;
And the sound, like a funeral bell,
Rang in his ears till their caverns were full
Of the knoll of the desolate knell.
And the steed, as aroused by a spell,
Sprang away with a withering yell,
While the old man strove again,
But each time, with feebler force,
To arrest the spectral horse
In its mad, remorseless course,
But, alas! he strove in vain.

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"EIGHT!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier.

The steed was white, and gaunt, and grim,
With lidless, leaden eyes
That burned with the lurid, livid glare
Of the stars of Stygian skies;
And the wind, behind, with sighs,
Mimicked his maniac cries,
While through the ebony gloom, alone,
Wan-visaged Saturn gazed
On the warrior—unamazed—
On the steed whose eye-balls blazed
With a lustre like his own.

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"NINE!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier.

Athwart a swart and shadowy moor
The struggling knight was borne,
And far away, before him, gleamed
A light like the gray of morn;
While the old man, weak, forlorn,
And wan, and travel-worn,
Gazed, mad with deathly fear:
For he dreamed it was the day,
Though the dawn was far away,
And he trembled with dismay
In the desert—dark and drear.

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"TEN!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier.

In casque and cuirass, white as snow,
Came, merrily, over the wold,
A maiden knight, with lance and shield,
And a form of manly mould,
And a beard of woven gold;
When—suddenly!—behold!
With a loud defiant cry,
And a tone of stern command,
The ancient knight, with lance in hand,
Rushed, thundering, over the frozen land,
And bade him "Stand! or die!"

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"ELEVEN!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Hour on its desolate bier.

With his ashen lance in rest,
Careered the youthful knight,
With a haughty heart, and an eagle eye,
And a visage burning bright—
For he loved the tilted fight—
And, under Saturn's light,
With a shock that shook the world,
The rude old warrior fell—and lay
A corpee—along the frozen clay!
As with a crash the gates of day
Their brazen valves unfurled.

"Dong—dong!" And the sound of a bell
Went waiting away over meadow and mere—
"TWELVE!"

Counted aloud by the sentinel clock
On the turret of Time; and the regular beat
Of his echoing feet

Fell—like lead—on the ear—
As he left the dead Year on his desolate bier.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 252.)

PART XIV.

She's in a scene of nature's war,
The winds and waters are at strife;
And both with her contending for
The brittle thread of human life.—MISS GOULD.

Spike was sleeping hard in his berth, quite early on the following morning, before the return of light, indeed, when he suddenly started up, rubbed his eyes, and sprang upon deck like a man alarmed. He had heard, or fancied he had heard, a cry. A voice once well known and listened to, seemed to call him in the very portals of his ear. At first he had listened to its words in wonder, entranced like the bird by the snake, the tones recalling scenes and persons that had once possessed a strong control over his rude feelings. Presently the voice became harsher in its utterance, and it said,

"Stephen Spike, awake! The hour is getting late, and you have enemies nearer to you than you imagine. Awake, Stephen, awake!"

When the captain was on his feet, and had plunged his head into a basin of water that stood ready for him in the state-room, he could not have told, for his life, whether he had been dreaming or waking, whether what he had heard was the result of a feverish imagination, or of the laws of nature. The call haunted him all that morning, or until events of importance so pressed upon him as to draw his undivided attention to them alone.

It was not yet day. The men were still in heavy sleep, lying about the decks, for they avoided the small and crowded fore-castle in that warm climate, and the night was apparently at its deepest hour. Spike walked forward to look for the man charged with the anchor-watch. It proved to be Jack Tier, who was standing near the galley, his arms folded as usual, apparently watching the few signs of approaching day that were beginning to be apparent in the western sky. The captain was in none of the best humors with the steward's assistant; but Jack had unaccountably got an ascendancy over his commander, which it was certainly very unusual for any subordinate in the Swash to obtain. Spike had deferred more to Mulford than to any mate he

had ever before employed; but this was the deference due to superior information, manners, and origin. It was common-place, if not vulgar; whereas, the ascendancy obtained by little Jack Tier was, even to its subject, entirely inexplicable. He was unwilling to admit it to himself in the most secret manner, though he had begun to feel it on all occasions which brought them in contact, and to submit to it as a thing not to be averted.

"Jack Tier," demanded the captain, now that he found himself once more alone with the other, desirous of obtaining his opinion on a point that harassed him, though he knew not why; "Jack Tier, answer me one thing. Do you believe that we saw the form of a dead or of a living man at the foot of the light-house?"

"The dead are never seen leaning against walls in that manner, Stephen Spike," answered Jack, coolly, not even taking the trouble to uncoil his arms. "What you saw was a living man; and you would do well to be on your guard against him. Harry Mulford is not your friend—and there is reason for it."

"Harry Mulford, and living! How can that be, Jack? You know the port in which he chose to run."

"I know the rock on which you chose to abandon him, Capt. Spike."

"If so, how could he be living and at the Dry Tortugas? The thing is impossible!"

"The thing is so. You saw Harry Mulford, living and well, and ready to hunt you to the gallows. Beware of him, then; and beware of his handsome wife!"

"Wife! the fellow has no wife—he has always professed to be a single man!"

"The man is married—and I bid you beware of his handsome wife. She, too, will be a witness against you."

"This will be news, then, for Rose Budd. I shall delight in telling it to her, at least."

"It will be no news to Rose Budd. She was present at the wedding, and will not be taken by surprise. Rose loves Harry too well to let him marry, and she not present at the wedding."

"Jack, you talk strangely! What is the meaning of all this? I am captain of this craft, and will not be trifled with—tell me at once your meaning, fellow."

"My meaning is simple enough, and easily told. Rose Budd is the wife of Harry Mulford."

"You're dreaming, fellow, or are wishing to trifle with me!"

"It may be a dream, but it is one that will turn out to be true. If they have found the Poughkeepsie sloop-of-war, as I make no doubt they have by this time, Mulford and Rose are man and wife."

"Fool! you know not what you say! Rose is at this moment in her berth, sick at heart on account of the young gentleman who preferred to live on the Florida Reef rather than to sail in the Molly!"

"Rose is not in her berth, sick or well; neither is she on board this brig at all. She went off in the light-house boat to deliver her lover from the naked rock—and well did she succeed in so doing. God was of her side, Stephen Spike; and a body seldom fails with such a friend to support one."

Spike was astounded at these words, and not less so at the cool and confident manner with which they were pronounced. Jack spoke in a certain dogmatical, oracular manner, it is true, one that might have lessened his authority with a person over whom he had less influence; but this in no degree diminished its effect on Spike. On the contrary, it even disposed the captain to yield an implicit faith to what he heard, and all so much the more because the facts he was told appeared of themselves to be nearly impossible. It was half a minute before he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to continue the discourse.

"The light-house boat!" Spike then slowly repeated. "Why, fellow, you told me the light-house boat went adrift from your own hands!"

"So it did," answered Jack, coolly, "since I cast off the painter—and what is more, went in it."

"You! This is impossible. You are telling me a fabricated lie. If you had gone away in that boat, how could you now be here. No, no—it is a miserable lie, and Rose is below!"

"Go and look into her state-room, and satisfy yourself with your own eyes."

Spike did as was suggested. He went below, took a lamp that was always suspended, lighted, in the main cabin, and, without ceremony, proceeded to Rose's state-room, where he soon found that the bird had really flown. A direful execration followed this discovery, one so loud as to awaken Mrs. Budd and Biddy. Determined not to do things by halves, he broke open the door of the widow's state-room, and ascertained that the person he sought was not there. A fierce explosion of oaths and denunciations followed, which produced an answer in the customary screams. In the midst of this violent scene, however, questions were put, and answers obtained, that not only served to let the captain know that Jack had told him nothing but truth, but to put an

end to every thing like amicable relations between himself and the relict of his old commander. Until this explosion, appearances had been observed between them; but, from that moment, there must necessarily be an end of all professions of even civility. Spike was never particularly refined in his intercourse with females, but he now threw aside even its pretension. His rage was so great that he totally forgot his manhood, and lavished on both Mrs. Budd and Biddy epithets that were altogether inexcusable, and many of which it will not do to repeat. Weak and silly as was the widow, she was not without spirit; and on this occasion she was indisposed to submit to all this unmerited abuse in silence. Biddy, as usual, took her cue from her mistress, and between the two, their part of the wordy conflict was kept up with a very respectable degree of animation.

"I know you—I know you, now!" screamed the widow, at the top of her voice; "and you can no longer deceive me, unworthy son of Neptune as you are! You are unfit to be a lubber, and would be log-booked for an or'nary by every gentleman on board ship. You, a full-jiggered seaman! No, you are not even half-jiggered, air; and I tell you so to your face."

"Yes, and it is n't *half* that might be tould the likes of yees!" put in Biddy, as her mistress stopped to breathe. "And it's Miss Rose you'd have for a wife, when Biddy Noon would be too good for ye! We knows ye, and all about ye, and can give yer history as complete from the day ye was born down to the present moment, and not find a good word to say in yer favor in all that time—and a precious time it is, too, for a gentleman that would marry pretthy, *young* Miss Rose! Och! I scorn to look at ye, yer so ugly!"

"And trying to persuade me you were a friend of my poor, dear Mr. Budd, whose shoe you are unworthy to touch, and who had the heart and soul for the noble profession you disgrace," cut in the widow, the moment Biddy gave her a chance, by pausing to make a wry face as she pronounced the word "ugly." "I now believe you capasided them poor Mexicans, in order to get their money; and the moment we cast anchor in a road-side, I'll go ashore, and complain of you for murder, I will."

"Do, missus, dear, and I'll be your bail, will I, and swear to all that happened, and more too. Och! yer a wretch, to wish to be the husband of Miss Rose, and she so young and pretthy, and you so ould and ugly!"

"Come away—come away, Stephen Spike, and do not stand wrangling with women, when you and your brig, and all that belongs to you are in danger," called out Jack Tier from the companion-way. "Day is come; and what is much worse for you, your most dangerous enemy is coming with it."

Spike was almost livid with rage, and ready to burst out in awful maledictions; but at this summons he sprang to the ladder, and was on deck in

a moment. At first, he felt a strong disposition to wreak his vengeance on Tier, but, fortunately for the latter, as the captain's foot touched the quarter-deck, his eye fell on the Poughkeepsie, then within half a league of the Swash, standing in toward the reef, though fully half a mile to leeward. This spectre drove all other subjects from his mind, leaving the captain of the Swash in the only character in which he could be said to be respectable, or that of a seaman. Almost instinctively he called all hands, then he gave one brief minute to a survey of his situation.

It was, indeed, time for the Swash to be moving. There she lay, with three anchors down, including that of the schooner, all she had, in fact, with the exception of her best bower, and one kedge, with the purchases aloft, in readiness for hooking on to the wreck, and all the extra securities up that had been given to the masts. As for the sloop-of-war, she was under the very same canvas as that with which she had come out from the Dry Tortugas, or her three top-sails, spanker, and jib; but most of her other sails were loose, even to her royals and flying-jibs, though closely gathered into their spars by means of the running gear. In a word, every sailor would know, at a glance, that the ship was merely waiting for the proper moment to spread her wings, when she would be flying through the water at the top of her speed. The weather looked dirty, and the wind was gradually increasing, threatening to blow heavily as the day advanced.

"Unshackle, unshackle!" shouted Spike to the boatswain, who was the first man that appeared on deck. "The bloody sloop-of-war is upon us, and there is not a moment to lose. We must get the brig clear of the ground in the shortest way we can, and abandon every thing. Unshackle, and cast off for'ard and aft, men."

A few minutes of almost desperate exertion succeeded. No men work like sailors, when the last are in a hurry, their efforts being directed to counteracting squalls, and avoiding emergencies of the most pressing character. Thus was it now with the crew of the Swash. The clanking of chains lasted but a minute, when the parts attached to the anchors were thrust through the hawse-holes, or were dropped into the water from other parts of the brig. This at once released the vessel, though a great deal remained to be done to clear her for working, and to put her in her best trim.

"Away with this out-hauler!" again shouted Spike, casting loose the main-brails as he did so; "loose the jibs!"

All went on at once, and the Swash moved away from the grave of the poor carpenter with the ease and facility of motion that marked all her evolutions. Then the top-sail was let fall, and presently all the upper square-sails were sheeted home, and hoisted, and the fore-tack was hauled aboard. The Molly was soon alive, and jumping into the seas that met her with more power than was common, as she

drew out from under the shelter of the reef into rough water. From the time when Spike gave his first order, to that when all his canvas was spread, was just seven minutes.

The Poughkeepsie, with her vastly superior crew, was not idle the while. Although the watch below was not disturbed, she tacked beautifully, and stood off the reef, in a line parallel to the course of the brig, and distant from her about half a mile. Then sail was made, her tacks having been boarded in stays. Spike knew the play of his craft was short legs, for she was so nimble in her movements that he believed she could go about in half the time that would be required for a vessel of the Poughkeepsie's length. "Ready about," was his cry, therefore, when less than a mile distant from the reef—"ready about, and let her go round." Round the Molly did go, like a top, being full on the other tack in just fifty-six seconds. The movement of the corvette was more stately, and somewhat more deliberate. Still, she stayed beautifully, and both Spike and the boatswain shook their heads, as they saw her coming into the wind with her sails all lifting and the sheets flowing.

"That fellow will fore-reach a cable's length before he gets about!" exclaimed Spike. "He will prove too much for us at this sport! Keep her away, my man—keep the brig away for the passage. We must run through the reef, instead of trusting ourselves to our heels in open water."

The brig was kept away accordingly, and sheets were eased off, and braces just touched, to meet the new line of sailing. As the wind stood, it was possible to lay through the passage on an easy bowline, though the breeze, which was getting to be fresher than Spike wished it to be, promised to haul more to the southward of east, as the day advanced. Nevertheless, this was the Swash's best point of sailing, and all on board of her had strong hopes of her being too much for her pursuer, could she maintain it. Until this feeling began to diffuse itself in the brig, not a countenance was to be seen on her decks that did not betray intense anxiety; but now something like grim smiles passed among the crew, as their craft seemed rather to fly than force her way through the water, toward the entrance of the passage so often adverted to in this narrative.

On the other hand, the Poughkeepsie was admirably sailed and handled. Everybody was now on deck, and the first lieutenant had taken the trumpet. Capt. Mull was a man of method, and a thorough man-of-war's man. Whatever he did was done according to rule, and with great system. Just as the Swash was about to enter the passage, the drum of the Poughkeepsie beat to quarters. No sooner were the men mustered, in the leeward, or star-board batteries, than orders were sent to cast loose the guns, and to get them ready for service. Owing to the more leeward position of his vessel, and to the fact that she always head-reached so much in stays, Capt. Mull knew that she would not lose

much by luffing into the wind, or by making half boards, while he might gain every thing by one well directed shot.

The strife commenced by the sloop-of-war firing her weather bow-gun, single-shotted, at the Swash. No damage was done, though the fore-yard of the brig had a very narrow escape. This experiment was repeated three times, without even a rope-yarn being carried away, though the gun was pointed by Wallace himself, and well pointed, too. But it is possible for a shot to come very near its object and still to do no injury. Such was the fact on this occasion, though the "ship's gentleman" was a good deal mortified by the result. Men look so much at success as the test of merit, that few pause to inquire into the reasons of failures, though it frequently happens that adventurers prosper by means of their very blunders. Capt. Mull now determined on a halfboard, for his ship was more to leeward than he desired. Directions were given to the officers in the batteries to be deliberate, and the helm was put down. As the ship shot into the wind, each gun was fired, as it could be brought to bear, until the last of them all was discharged. Then the course of the vessel was changed, the helm being righted before the ship had lost her way, and the sloop-of-war fell off again to her course.

All this was done in such a short period of time as scarcely to cause the Poughkeepsie to lose any thing, while it did the Swash the most serious injury. The guns had been directed at the brig's spars and sails, Capt. Mull desiring no more than to capture his chase, and the destruction they produced aloft was such as to induce Spike and his men, at first, to imagine that the whole hamper above their heads was about to come clattering down on deck. One shot carried away all the weather fore-topmast rigging of the brig, and would no doubt have brought about the loss of the mast, if another, that almost instantly succeeded it, had not cut the spar itself in two, bringing down, as a matter of course, every thing above it. Nearly half of the main-mast was gouged out of that spar, and the gaff was taken fairly out of its jaws. The fore-yard was cut in the slings, and various important ropes, were carried away in different parts of the vessel,

Flight, under such circumstances, was impossible, unless some extraordinary external assistance was to be obtained. This Spike saw at once, and he had recourse to the only expedient that remained; which might possibly yet save him. The guns were still belching forth their smoke and flames, when he shouted out the order to put the helm hard up. The width of the passage in which the vessels were was not so great but that he might hope to pass across it, and to enter a channel among the rocks, which was favorably placed for such a purpose, ere the sloop-of-war could overtake him. Whither that channel led, what water it possessed, or whether it were not a shallow *cul de sac*, were

all facts of which Spike was ignorant. The circumstances, however, would not admit of an alternative.

Happily for the execution of Spike's present design, nothing from aloft had fallen into the water, to impede the brig's way. Forward, in particular, she seemed all wreck; her fore-yard having come down altogether, so as to encumber the fore-castle, while her top-mast, with its dependent spars and gear, was suspended but a short distance above. Still, nothing had gone over the side, so as actually to touch the water, and the craft obeyed her helm as usual. Away she went, then, for the lateral opening in the reef just mentioned, driven ahead by the pressure of a strong breeze on her sails, which still offered large surfaces to the wind, at a rapid rate. Instead of keeping away to follow, the Poughkeepsie maintained her luff, and just as the Swash entered the unknown passage, into which she was blindly plunging, the sloop-of-war was about a quarter of a mile to windward, and standing directly across her stern. Nothing would have been easier, now, than for Capt. Mull to destroy his chase; but humanity prevented his firing. He knew that her career must be short, and he fully expected to see her anchor; when it would be easy for him to take possession with his boats. With this expectation, indeed, he shortened sail, furling top-gallant-sails, and hauling up his courses. By this time, the wind had so much freshened, as to induce him to think of putting in a reef, and the step now taken had a double object in view.

To the surprise of all on board the man-of-war, the brig continued on, until she was fully a mile distant, finding her way deeper and deeper among the mazes of the reef without meeting with any impediment! This fact induced Capt. Mull to order his Paixhan's to throw their shells beyond her, by way of a hint to anchor. While the guns were getting ready, Spike stood on boldly, knowing it was neck or nothing, and beginning to feel a faint revival of hope, as he found himself getting further and further from his pursuers, and the rocks not fetching him up. Even the men, who had begun to murmur at what seemed to them to be risking too much, partook, in a slight degree, of the same feeling, and began to execute the order they had received to try to get the launch into the water, with some appearance of an intention to succeed. Previously, the work could scarcely be said to go on at all; but two or three of the older seamen now bestirred themselves, and suggestions were made and attended to, that promised results. But it was no easy thing to get the launch out of a half-rigged brig, that had lost her fore-yard, and which carried nothing square abaft. A derrick was used in common, to lift the stern of the boat, but a derrick would now be useless aft, without an assistant forward. While these things were in discussion, under the superintendence of the boatswain, and Spike was standing between the knight-heads, coaming the craft, the sloop-of-war let fly the first of her hollow

shot. Down came the hurtling mass upon the Swash, keeping every head elevated and all eyes looking for the dark object, as it went booming through the air above their heads. The shot passed fully a mile to leeward, where it exploded. This great range had been given to the first shot, with a view to admonish the captain how long he must continue under the guns of the ship, and as advice to come to. The second gun followed immediately. Its shot was seen to ricochet, directly in a line with the brig, making leaps of about half a mile in length. It struck the water about fifty yards astern of the vessel, bounded directly over her decks, passing through the main-sail and some of the fallen hamper forward, and exploded about a hundred yards ahead. As usually happens with such projectiles, most of the fragments were either scattered laterally, or went on, impelled by the original momentum.

The effect of this last gun on the crew of the Swash was instantaneous and deep. The faint gleamings of hope vanished at once, and a lively consciousness of the desperate nature of their condition succeeded in every mind. The launch was forgotten, and, after conferring together for a moment, the men went in a body, with the boatswain at their head, to the fore-castle, and offered a remonstrance to their commander, on the subject of holding out any longer, under circumstances so very hazardous, and which menaced their lives in so many different ways. Spike listened to them with eyes that fairly glared with fury. He ordered them back to their duty in a voice of thunder, tapping the breast of his jacket, where he was known to carry revolvers, with a significance that could convey but one meaning.

It is wonderful the ascendancy that men sometimes obtain over their fellows, by means of character, the habits of command, and obedience, and intimidation. Spike was a stern disciplinarian, relying on that and ample pay for the unlimited control he often found it necessary to exercise over his crew. On the present occasion, his people were profoundly alarmed, but habitual deference and submission to their leader counteracted the feeling, and held them in suspense. They were fully aware of the nature of the position they occupied in a legal sense, and were deeply reluctant to increase the appearances of crime; but most of them had been extricated from so many grave difficulties in former instances, by the coolness, nerve and readiness of the captain, that a latent ray of hope was perhaps dimly shining in the rude breast of every old seadog among them. As a consequence of these several causes, they abandoned their remonstrance, for the moment at least, and made a show of returning to their duty; though it was in a sullen and moody manner.

It was easier, however, to make a show of hoisting out the launch, than to effect the object. This was soon made apparent on trial, and Spike himself

gave the matter up. He ordered the yawl to be lowered, got alongside, and to be prepared for the reception of the crew, by putting into it a small provision of food and water. All this time the brig was rushing madly to leeward, among rocks and breakers, without any other guide than that which the visible dangers afforded. Spike knew no more where he was going than the meanest man in his vessel. His sole aim was to get away from his pursuers, and to save his neck from the rope. He magnified the danger of punishment that he really ran, for he best knew the extent and nature of his crimes, of which the few that have been laid before the reader, while they might have been amongst the most prominent, as viewed through the statutes and international law, were far from the gravest he had committed in the eyes of morals.

About this time the Señor Montefalderon went forward to confer with Spike. The calmness of this gentleman's demeanor, the simplicity and coolness of his movements, denoted a conscience that saw no particular ground for alarm. He wished to escape captivity, that he might continue to serve his country, but no other apprehension troubled him.

"Do you intend to trust yourself in the yawl, Don Esteban?" demanded the Mexican quietly. "If so, is she not too small to contain so many as we shall make altogether?"

Spike's answer was given in a low voice; and it evidently came from a very husky throat.

"Speak lower, Don Wan," he said. "The boat would be greatly overloaded with all hands in it, especially among the breakers, and blowing as it does; but we may leave some of the party behind."

"The brig *must* go on the rocks, sooner or later, Don Esteban; when she does, she will go to pieces in an hour.

"I expect to hear her strike every minute, señor; the moment she does we must be off. I have had my eye on that ship for some time, expecting to see her lower her cutters and gigs to board us. You will not be out of the way, Don Wan; but there is no need of being talkative on the subject of our escape."

Spike now turned his back on the Mexican, looking anxiously ahead, with the desire to get as far into the reef as possible with his brig, which he conned with great skill and coolness. The Señor Montefalderon left him. With the chivalry and consideration of a man and a gentleman, he went in quest of Mrs. Budd and Biddy. A hint sufficed for them, and gathering together a few necessaries they were in the yawl in the next three minutes. This movement was unseen by Spike, or he might have prevented it. His eyes were now riveted on the channel ahead. It had been fully his original intention to make off in the boat, the instant the brig struck, abandoning not only Don Juan, with Mrs. Budd and Biddy to their fates, but most of the

crew. A private order had been given to the boatswain, and three of the ablest bodied among the seamen, each and all of whom kept the secret with religious fidelity, as it was believed their own personal safety might be connected with the success of this plan.

Nothing is so contagious as alarm. It requires not only great natural steadiness of nerve, but much acquired firmness to remain unmoved when sudden terror has seized on the minds of those around us. Habitual respect had prevented the crew from interfering with the movements of the Mexican, who not only descended into the boat with his female companions uninterrupted, but also took with him the little bag of doubloons which fell to his share from the first raising of the schooner. Josh and Jack Tier assisted in getting Mrs. Budd and Biddy over the side, and both took their own places in the yawl, as soon as this pious duty was discharged. This served as a hint to others near at hand; and man after man left his work to steal into the yawl, until every living being had disappeared from the deck of the Swash, Spike himself excepted. The man at the wheel had been the last to desert his post, nor would he have done so then, but for a signal from the boatswain, with whom he was a favorite.

It is certain there was a secret desire among the people of the Swash, who were now crowded into a boat not large enough to contain more than half their number with safety, to push off from the brig's side, and abandon her commander and owner to his fate. All had passed so soon, however, and events succeeded each other with so much rapidity, that little time was given for consultation. Habit kept them in their places, though the appearances around them were strong motives for taking care of themselves.

Notwithstanding the time necessary to relate the foregoing events, a quarter of an hour had not elapsed, from the moment when the Swash entered this unknown channel among the rocks, ere she struck. No sooner was her helm deserted than she broached-to, and Spike was in the act of denouncing the steerage, ignorant of its cause, when the brig was thrown, broadside-to, on a sharp, angular bed of rocks. It was fortunate for the boat, and all in it, that it was brought to leeward by the broaching-to of the vessel, and that the water was still sufficiently deep around them to prevent the waves from breaking. Breakers there were, however, in thousands, on every side; and the seamen understood that their situation was almost desperately perilous, without shipwreck coming to increase the danger.

The storm itself was scarcely more noisy and boisterous than was Spike, when he ascertained the manner in which his people had behaved. At first, he believed it was their plan to abandon him to his fate; but, on rushing to the lee-gangway, Don Juan Montefalderon assured him that no such inten-

tion existed, and that he would not allow the boat to be cast off until the captain was received on board. This brief respite gave Spike a moment to care for his portion of the doubloons; and he rushed to his state-room to secure them, together with his quadrant.

The grinding of the brig's bottom on the coral, announced a speedy breaking up of the craft, while her commander was thus employed. So violent were some of the shocks with which she came down on the hard bed in which she was now cradled, that Spike expected to see her burst asunder, while he was yet on her decks. The cracking of timbers told him that all was over with the Swash, nor had he got back as far as the gangway with his prize, before he saw plainly that the vessel had broken her back, as it is termed, and that her plank-sheer was opening in a way that threatened to permit a separation of the craft into two sections, one forward and the other aft. Notwithstanding all these portentous proofs that the minutes of the Molly were numbered, and the danger that existed of his being abandoned by his crew, Spike paused a moment, ere he went over the vessel's side, to take a hasty survey of the reef. His object was to get a general idea of the position of the breakers, with a view to avoid them. As much of the interest of that which is to succeed is connected with these particular dangers, it may be well to explain their character, along with a few other points of a similar bearing.

The brig had gone ashore fully two miles within the passage she had entered, and which, indeed, terminated at the very spot where she had struck. The Poughkeepsie was standing off and on, in the main channel, with her boats in the water, evidently preparing to carry the brig in that mode. As for the breakers, they whitened the surface of the ocean in all directions around the wreck, far as the eye could reach, but in two. The passage in which the Poughkeepsie was standing to and fro was clear of them, of course; and about a mile and a half to the northward, Spike saw that he should be in open water, or altogether on the northern side of the reef, could he only get there. The gravest dangers would exist in the passage, which led among breakers on all sides, and very possibly among rocks so near the surface as to absolutely obstruct the way. In one sense, however, the breakers were useful. By avoiding them as much as possible, and by keeping in the unbroken water, the boat would be running in the channels of the reef, and consequently would be the safer. The result of the survey, short as it was, and it did not last a minute, was to give Spike something like a plan; and when he went over the side, and got into the boat, it was with a determination to work his way out of the reef to its northern edge, as soon as possible, and then to skirt it as near as he could, in his flight toward the Dry Tortugas.

[To be continued.]

B L I N D !

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

PART I.

The hand of the operator wavered—the instrument glanced aside—in a moment she was blind for life. MS.

BLIND, said you? Blind for life!
'T is but a jest—no, no, it cannot be
That I no more the blessed light may see!
Oh, what a fearful strife
Of horrid thought is raging in my mind.
I did not hear aright—"forever blind!"

Mother, you would not speak
Aught but the truth to me, your stricken child;
Tell me I do but dream; my brain is wild,
And yet my heart is weak.
Oh, mother, fold me in a close embrace,
Bend down to me that dear, that gentle face.

I cannot hear your voice!
Speak louder, mother. Speak to me, and say
This frightful dream will quickly pass away.
Have I no hope, no choice?
Oh, Heaven, with light, has sound, too, from me fled!
Call, about aloud, as if to wake the dead.

Thank God! I hear you now.
I hear the beating of your troubled heart,
With every wo of mine it has a part;
Upon my upturned brow
The hot tears fall, from those dear eyes, for me.
Once more, oh is it true I may not see?

This silence chills my blood.
Had you one word of comfort, all my fears
Were quickly banished—faster still the tears,
A bitter, burning flood,
Fall on my face, and now one trembling word
Confirms the dreadful truth my ears have heard.

Why weep you? I am calm.
My wan lip quivers not, my heart is still.
My swollen temples—see, they do not thrill!
That word was as a charm.
Tell me the worst, all, all I now can bear.
I have a fearful strength—that of despair.

What is it to be blind?
To be shut out forever, from the skies—
To see no more the "light of loving eyes"—
And, as years pass, to find
My lot unvaried by one passing gleam
Of the bright woodland, or the flashing stream!

To feel the breath of Spring,
Yet not to view one of the tiny flowers
That come from out the earth with her soft showers;
To hear the bright birds sing,
And feel, while listening to their joyous strain,
My heart can ne'er know happiness again!

Then in the solemn night
To lie alone, while all anear me sleep,
And fancy fearful forms about me creep.
Starting in wild afright,
To know, if true, I could not have the power
To ward off danger in that lonely hour.

And as my breath came thick
To feel the hideous darkness round me press,
Adding new terror to my loneliness;
While every pulse leapt quick
To clutch and grasp at the black, stifling air,
Then sink in stupor from my wild despair.

It comes upon me now!
I cannot breathe, my heart grows sick and chill,
Oh, mother, are your arms about me still—
Still o'er me do you bow?
And yet I care not, better all alone,
No one to heed my weakness should I moan.

Again! I will not live.
Death is no worse than this eternal night—
Those resting in the grave heed not the light!
Small comfort can ye give.
Yes, Death is welcome as my only friend
In the calm grave my sorrows will have end.

Talk not to me of hope!
Have you not told me it is all in vain—
That while I live I may not see again?
That earth, and the broad scope
Of the blue heaven—that all things glad and free
Henceforth are hidden—tell of hope to me?

It is not hard to lie
Calmly, and silently in that long sleep;
No fear can wake me from that slumber deep.
So, mother—let me die;
I shall be happier in the gentle rest
Than living with this grief to fill my breast.

PART II.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. SHAKES.

Thank God, that yet I live.
In tender mercy, heeding not the prayer
I boldly uttered, in my first despair,
He would not rashly give
The punishment an erring spirit braved.
From sudden death, in kindness, I was saved.

It was a fearful thought
That this fair earth had not one pleasure left.
I was at once of sight and hope bereft.
My soul was not yet taught
To bow submissive to the sudden stroke;
Its crushing weight my heart had well nigh broke.

Words are not that can tell
The horrid thoughts that burned upon my brain—
That came and went with madness still the same—
A black and icy spell
That froze my life blood, stopped my fluttering breath,
Was laid upon me—even "life in death."

Long weary months crept by,
And I refused all comfort, turned aside
Wishing that in my weakness I had died.
I uttered no reply,
But without ceasing wept, and moaned, and prayed
The hand of death no longer might be stayed.

I shunned the gaze of all.
I knew that pity dwelt in every look.
Pity e'en then my proud breast could not brook,
Though darkness as a pall
Circled me round, each mournful eye I felt
That for a moment on my features dwelt.

You, dearest mother, know
I shrank in sullenness from your caress.
Even your kisses added to distress,
For burning tears would flow
As you bent o'er me, whispering "be calm,
He who hath wounded holds for thee a balm."

He did not seem a friend.
I deemed in wrath the sudden blow was sent
From a strong arm that never might relent.
That pain alone would end
With life, for, mother, then it seemed to me
That long, and dreamless, would death's slumber be.

That blessed illness came.
My weakened pulse now bounded wild and strong,
While soon a raging fever burned along
My worn, exhausted frame.
And for the time all knowledge passed away.
It mattered not that hidden was the day.

The odor of sweet flowers
Came stealing through the casement when I woke;
When the wild fever spell at last was broke.
And yet for many hours
I laid in dreamy stillness, till your tone
Called back the life that seemed forever flown.

You, mother, knelt in prayer.
While one dear hand was resting on my head,
With sobbing voice, how fervently you plead
For a strong heart, to bear
The parting which you feared—"Or, if she live,
Comfort, oh, Father! to the stricken give.

"Take from her wandering mind
The heavy load which it so long hath borne,
Which even unto death her frame hath worn.

Let her in mercy find
*That though the Earth she may no longer see,
Her spirit still can look to Heaven and Thee."*

A low sob from me stole.
A moment more—your arms about me wound—
My head upon your breast a pillow found.
And through my weary soul
A holy calm came stealing from on high.
Your prayer was answered—I was not to die.

Then when the bell's faint chime
Came floating gently on the burdened air,
My heart went up to God in fervent prayer.
And, mother, from that time
My wild thoughts left me—hope returned once more—
I felt that happiness was yet in store.

Daily new strength was given.
For the first time, since darkness on me fell,
I passed with more of joy than words can tell
Under the free blue Heaven.
I bathed my brow in the cool gushing spring—
How much of life those bright drops seemed to bring.

I crushed the dewy leaves
Of the pale violets, and drank their breath—
Though I had heard that at each floweret's death
A sister blossom grieves.
I did not care to see their glorious hues,
Fearing the richer *perfumes* I might lose.

Then in the dim old wood
I laid me down beneath a bending tree,
And dreamed, dear mother, waking dreams of thee.
I thought how just and good
The power that had so gently sealed mine eyes,
Yet bade new pleasures and new hopes arise.

For now in truth I find
My FATHER all his promises hath kept;
He comforts those who here in sadness wept.
"Eyes to the blind!"
Thou art, oh, God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.

MY LOVED—MY OWN.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROEMER.

NOR the hush of the shadowy night,
Nor the glare of the busy day,
Nor the many cares of the world, from thee
Ever lure my thoughts away.
In dreams thou art by my side,
With thy babe, a rose unblown,
And thy voice for me breathes melody,
My loved—my own!

The page of the laureled bard
Thrills me not, since thou art gone;
And from earth below, and the sky above
Is an olden charm withdrawn.
Come back with thy beaming smile,
For my heart is mournful grown—
Fast the wild bird flies, when her sad mate cries,
My loved—my own!

I have prayed for a spell whereby
I might question the wind of thee,
And learn if thy cheek is flushed with health,
Or wan, while afar from me:
And I start when the casement jars,
And I hear a hollow moan,
But the churlish gale will tell no tale,
My loved—my own!

Not sooner the noon-parched flower
Would revive in summer rain,
Than a glimpse of thee and thy laughing boy
Would my sick heart heal again.
We have been, since wed, like leaves
By the breath of Autumn blown;
But home's green bowers may yet be ours,
My loved—my own!

THE DARKENED HEARTH.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

ESCAPED from the heat and noise of the city, I went, a few years ago, some fifty miles into the country, to spend a short time with a friend, who lived in a pleasant village, the quiet air of which had never been disturbed by rushing steamboat or rumbling car. There was to me a Sabbath stillness about the place that made the brief time I sojourned in Heathdale a period of rest to my spirit.

The scenery around the village was rather picturesque than bold. There were high hills, but no mountains; deep valleys, but no abrupt precipices. Far away along the distant horizon lay heavy blue masses, like clouds; but, though their shapes looked fantastic, they never changed.

My friend was a physician, and his practice lay for miles around the village of Heathdale. In order to have the pleasure of his society, as well as to enjoy the beautiful scenery, I usually went with him in all his country visits.

One morning he said to me, "I shall have rather a longer ride than usual to-day; but as it will be through some of the finest scenery we have, you must be my companion.

I did not hesitate. Recreation of mind and body was my object in visiting the country, and in no better way could I find both. So, when the doctor's light carriage drove up, I was ready to step into it.

In talking of the past, the present, and the future, as well as in remarking upon the various objects of interest around us, we spent an hour, by which time we were riding along an old, grass-covered road, winding in many a graceful sweep, and lined by tall poplars that had seen their palmiest days.

"Wealth and taste have left their marks here," I said, as a fine old mansion, situated upon a gentle eminence, came in sight.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "both have been here."

"But are hardly present now, I should think."

"No. They disappeared long since. Ten years ago a lovelier spot than this could hardly have been found; nor one in which were happier hearts. But now the hearth is desolate. 'The bright fire quenched and gone.' I never like to come here. Of the many who lived and loved in this sweet spot one only remains shivering by the darkened fireside."

The doctor appeared to be disturbed. He was silent for some moments, during which time my eyes were marking all that was peculiar about the place. The house that we were approaching was a large, square-built, two-story edifice, with a portico, and handsome Corinthian columns in front. It stood, as just said, upon an eminence, one slope of which

was in a beautiful green lawn, and the others terraced for gardens and shrubbery. Of the gardens, only the plan remained; and rank weeds grew where once had blossomed the sweetest flowers. The untrimmed shrubbery as strongly attested, by its wildness, tangled and irregular growth, the want of care and culture. Everywhere that my eye turned, I could see that the hand of taste had been—but not of late. The summer-house was in ruins; the fish-pond grown over with weeds; the statues that stood here and there, broken.

"To whom did this, or does this place belong?" I asked, rousing by my question the doctor from the musing mood into which he had fallen.

"To an English gentleman of fortune, taste, and intelligence, named Belmont," he replied. "When a young man, he came to the United States for the purpose of seeing the country, with ample means and freedom from business. He lingered wherever he went as long as pleased his fancy. Something drew him to this part of our state, where he spent two or three months. In his rambles about he fell upon this spot, which had been cleared by a farmer, whose log-cabin stood upon the very site of that fine old mansion. Struck with its natural beauty, Belmont made the man a liberal offer for his farm, which was accepted. A year afterward he returned and commenced and completed as rapidly as possible, all the main improvements you now see. But, as we are at the door, I must defer this narrative until I have seen my patient."

The doctor then left me in the carriage while he went into the house. He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned he looked graver than when he went in.

"It always gives me the heart-ache to visit here," he said, as we rode away. "My medicine can do no good."

"Your patient has a disease of the mind?"

"Yes, an incurable one," he replied. "Her's is a heart-sickness beyond my skill to heal. She needs a spiritual rather than a bodily physician. But to resume where I left off. Mr. Belmont was occupied about two years in building that handsome house, and in improving these grounds. A part of his time was spent in superintending these improvements in person; but the greater portion of it was passed in England. When all was completed, the house was elegantly furnished, and Mr. Belmont, with a lovely bride, retired from the world, to live here in beautiful seclusion. People wondered why a young couple, who had evidently mingled in the gayest circles, and been used to elegant and refined society,

should hide themselves, as it were, in the vicinity of a small village in Pennsylvania, thousands of miles away from their old homes and country. For a while there was a great deal of gossip on the subject, and dozens of little stories afloat as to what this, that, or the other servant at the 'white house' had said about the young wife of Belmont. It was alleged that she was often seen weeping, and that she was not at all happy. This, however, was not generally believed; for Mrs. Belmont was seen every Sabbath at the village church, and looked so cheerful, and leaned so lovingly toward her husband, that all idea of her being unhappy was banished from the mind. Still, people continued to wonder why a young and wealthy Englishman, of noble blood, for aught they knew, should prefer the deep seclusion of an almost forest-life in America. Subsequent events threw light on this subject, and enables me to give you the history of this young couple.

"Belmont belonged to a wealthy English aristocratic family, and was the legal heir, on the death of his father, to a large estate. As is too generally the case where the law of primogeniture exists, Belmont, as the eldest son, was not left to consult his affections in a matter of so much importance as marriage. A bride was chosen for him, long before he was old enough to think of or care for a bride. But when the boy became the man, he felt little inclined to enter into so close a union as that of marriage with one for whom not a single affection stirred.

"Not long after the young man entered society, he met Catherine H——, the only daughter of Lord H——, a lovely young creature, who soon captivated all his feelings. Catherine, it happened, had, like him, been early betrothed by her parents. Her hand was not therefore free. He might admire, but not love her. Unlike Belmont, she was not indifferent toward her betrothed. As they grew up together from childhood, their young affections intertwined, until the friendship of youth became love at mature age.

"A year spent on the Continent, and particularly in the gayest circles of Paris, tended in no wise to elevate the moral sentiments of Belmont; nor did absence from home weaken the attachment he felt for Catherine H——, whose society he sought on his return at every favorable opportunity. Between the ardor of a lover who seeks to win a heart, and the quiet, gentle, unobtrusive attentions of one who believes that he has already made a love-conquest, there is and must be a marked difference. This was just the difference between the manner of Belmont and the lover of Catherine. The lady, not indifferent to admiration, found, ere long, the image of the former resting upon her heart, and hiding that of the latter. Belmont was quick to perceive this; but the lover of Catherine, who was not of a jealous temperament, remained altogether unconscious that any change had taken place in the feelings of his bride elect.

"From his false and delusive dream, something, not necessary to mention, awoke Belmont; and in the effort to break through the meshes of love in which he was entangled, he left England, and spent nearly twelve months in the United States. While here, the beautiful site upon which he afterward built himself an elegant residence, struck his fancy, and, in a moment of enthusiastic admiration, and with, perhaps, a half-formed resolution to attempt what was afterward done, he purchased it, and then went back to England. When he again met Catherine H——, he was struck with the change a year had wrought in her appearance; and he was also struck with the marked expression of pleasure with which she received him. The half-quenched fire which he had been endeavoring to extinguish in his bosom, again burst into a flame, and burned more brightly than ever. In a moment of passion, he avowed his love, and the maiden sunk in silent joy upon his bosom.

"Meantime, the betrothed of Belmont, as well as her friends, were fretted and angry with the coldness and indifference which he manifested toward her. A near relative, a young man of a fiery temper, undertook to ask explanations, and considering himself insulted by the answer he obtained, sent Belmont a challenge to fight. This was accepted; and at the hostile meeting which followed, the young man received a severe wound that came near costing him his life. Belmont took advantage of this circumstance to break off all intercourse with the lady, and to arm himself, ready to give any of her friends who chose to espouse her cause, whatever satisfaction they might desire. All this caused a good deal of excitement in the circles immediately affected by it, and a good many threats were made by the lady's friends; but they amounted to nothing.

"Erskine, the lover of Catherine H——, at length saw cause for suspicion that all was not right. He had repeatedly urged her to consent to an early performance of the marriage rite; but she had as often evaded any direct response to his wishes. At length there was no disguising the fact that she was becoming colder toward him every time they met. He complained of this; but his complaint elicited no warm denial of what he alleged. Erskine, who was deeply attached to the lady, now became alarmed. It was too plain that she had grown indifferent. Why, he was for some time at a loss to understand. But at length his suspicions took the right direction. Just as he was about demanding from Belmont an explanation of his conduct toward Catherine, the father of the latter died; and before he could with any appearance of decency refer to the matter after this afflictive occurrence, Belmont left England, it was said, for America. His errand to this country you know. As soon as he had completed the improvements he had projected, he returned home to consummate the purpose that had been uppermost in his mind for nearly two years.

He married Catharine H—— secretly, and left for the United States before the fact had transpired, bringing with him his lovely and loving young bride.

"I do not wonder that the servants sometimes saw Mrs. Belmont weeping. Smiles could not always rest upon her sweet face. And yet she was happy—that is, happy as she could be under the circumstances, for she loved devotedly her husband, and he in turn almost idolized her.

"Erskine, when the truth became known, was deeply afflicted at the infidelity of his 'betrothed,' and for a time suffered the severest pangs. The reaction upon this was angry indignation, and a final vow of retribution. The ardent lover was changed to a cruel hater and seeker for revenge.

"*'I'll bide my time,'* he said, bitterly. *'When they think I have forgotten all, my hand will find them out, and my shadow will fall upon them. When their fire burns brightest, I will extinguish it.'*

"Year after year he nursed this bitter purpose in his heart. He had found no difficulty in learning where the young bride had retired with her husband, and from thence he managed to obtain frequent intelligence. All that he heard but made the fire of hate burn fiercer in his bosom. Catherine was represented as being happy amid her blooming children; and the lovely spot where she dwelt was described as a little paradise.

"Fifteen years were permitted to go by, and then Erskine sought to effect his fiendish purpose. An instrument by which this was to be done, came into his hands, as he felt, most opportunely, in a young man of fine exterior, elegant manners, intelligence, and varied accomplishments, but without honor or feeling. He was a perfect man of the world, and at heart an unprincipled villain. The name of this person was Edgerton. By loans of money and other favors, Erskine attached this man to him. The tie was, of course, that of self-interest. To him he unfolded what was in his mind. He told him of the wrong he had sustained, and the burning thirst for revenge that ever since had filled his heart. Then he described, in glowing language, the beautiful spot where Catherine dwelt, and the happiness that filled her bosom.

"*'Will you steal, as did the serpent of old, into this lovely paradise?'* he asked. *'I have been your friend, but if you will serve me now, you may command me in every thing. The wife of Belmont you will find to be a lovely creature; and if you can win her from him, as he won her from me, you will gain possession of a magnificent woman. She is a prize, Edgerton—just the prize for a man like you. Gain it, and I will furnish you with all the means of flight and security.'*

"An adventure like this just suited the debased, impure, heartless Edgerton; and he entered upon it with an ardor of feeling, and coolness of purpose, that too surely foreshadowed success.

"For sixteen years scarcely a cloud had rested upon the hearts of the happy family of Belmont.

He had three daughters, between each of whom there was but little over a year's difference in age. The oldest was a tall, exquisitely beautiful girl of fifteen, and her sisters gave the same promise of opening loveliness. Just at this time, and while Mr. Belmont was in search of a musical instructor for his children, Edgerton managed to fall in his way, and by the most perfect address and assumption of a false exterior, to win his good opinion. He showed credentials of ability from well-known personages in New York and Philadelphia; and also testimonials of character from eminent clergymen, and others. These represented him as highly educated, belonging to a good family, and distinguished for high moral excellence. They were, of course, spurious.

"When Edgerton was introduced to the family of Mr. Belmont, Mrs. Belmont shrunk from him with instinctive aversion. This was her first impression; but it slightly wore off during the interview; and she was rather inclined, after he had gone away, to think that she had permitted herself to feel prejudiced against him without a cause.

"After due deliberation, Edgerton was engaged as instructor of the young ladies in music and the modern languages—in all of which they had made some proficiency; and also to superintend their studies in other branches. To do all this Edgerton was fully qualified. He entered upon his duties with patience and assiduity. In all his intercourse with the family he was modest and unassuming, yet managed, in every conversation that passed between himself and either Mr. or Mrs. Belmont, to show that he possessed a discriminating, well-furnished mind. He had traveled throughout Europe and Asia Minor, and been an accurate observer. This made him an interesting and intelligent companion to both Belmont and his wife, who had been over the same ground. In short, Edgerton soon became the highly valued friend of the parents, as well as the instructor of their children.

"For two years Edgerton remained in the family of Mr. Belmont, during which time nothing occurred to awaken a suspicion, or to shake his confidence in the young man. About this time business required him to go to New York. He was absent over two weeks. Separation from his family was painful to him, and therefore he hurried home as quickly as possible. He had never, since his marriage, been so long absent from his wife, and he grew impatient to be with her again, and to hear her voice, which, in memory, was sweeter than it had ever seemed. He wrote her, during his absence, many times, each letter warmer in its expressions of tenderness than the one that preceded it. In the last letter, written three or four days before he reached home, he said,

"*'I do not think I shall ever venture to go away from home again without taking you with me. The separation has filled my heart with an indescribable sadness. I think of you all the while; I*

see you all the while; there is not a moment that I do not hear the sound of your voice. But I cannot press my lips to yours, glowing with love; I cannot take you in my arms—you are not really present. Dear Catherine! I shall soon be with you. Ah! how the idea will force itself upon me that the day must come when there will be a longer separation than this. But I will drive the cruel thought from my mind.'

"As Belmont approached his home, his impatient spirit chafed at what to him seemed the slow pace of the stage-horses, by which he was conveyed the last twenty miles. At last time and distance intervened between him and his earthly paradise no longer. As he sprang from the horse that had borne him with swift feet from the village, he felt a slight chill of disappointment at not seeing his wife at the door, with open arms, to meet him. In the hall he was met by his youngest daughter, in whose face there lighted up a smile, but it was not the free, glad, heart-smile that ought to have been there.

"Where is your mother?' he eagerly asked.

"I do not know. She went away somewhere day before yesterday, before we were up in the morning.'

"Who did she go with?

"I don't know. But Mr. Edgerton went away at the same time. We think she went with him.'

Belmont caught hold of the door, and leaned hard against it.

"Where are your sisters?' he asked.

"Catherine has been sick ever since. I can't tell what is the matter with her; but she cries all the time. Mary is in her room with her.'

"Does nobody in the house know where your mother is gone?

"No, sir. She went away before any body was up. But there is a letter for you in your room.'

Belmont tried to run up stairs, but his knees trembled so, and were so weak, that it was with difficulty that he could support himself. When he reached his room, he grasped the letter to which his daughter had referred, and sunk into a chair. It was sometime before, with his quivering hands, he could break the seal, and then many minutes passed before he could read a line. The blasting contents were as follows:

"MY HUSBAND,—How can I break to you the dreadful truth that must be told. Long and devotedly as I have loved you, and still love you, I am impelled to leave you, under the influence of a stronger, more fiery, and intenser passion. I am mad with the bewildering excitement in which I am whirling, as in the charmed circle of a fascinating serpent. I do not love you less, but I love another more. Forgive me, if you can forgive, and in mercy both to you and to your unhappy wife, forget me. You know not how I have been tempted and tried; you know not how, by the most imperceptible approaches, the citadel of my heart has been taken. God forgive him who has wronged you, and her who

permitted herself to be made an instrument in that wrong. You will be far happier than she can ever be. As for my child—'

Here the paper was blotted and soiled, as if by a gush of tears. It contained no word more.

"An hour afterward, when Mary Belmont and her younger sister stole softly into their father's chamber, they found him sitting motionless in a chair, with the letter he had read crumpled in his hand. His eyes were closed; and he did not open them as they drew near. They spoke to him in timid voices, but he did not look up, nor appear to hear them.

"Father! dear father!' they said, coming up close to his side.

Slowly he drew an arm around each, and pressed them tightly to his bosom—but he did not utter a word.

"Papa, where has mother gone?' asked Mary, in a quivering voice.

"I do not know,' was the low, mournful reply.

"Will she never come back?

"No—never!

The children burst into tears, and wept for a long time bitterly. The agitation of Belmont's mind now became agonizing. It was his first wish to conceal what he felt as much as possible from his children; he therefore asked to be left alone. Mary and her sister retired from the room, but with slow and lingering steps. When left to himself, the father sunk down again, like one paralyzed, not to think but to feel. An hour afterward, Ella, his youngest daughter, came quietly in, and said,

"Papa, I wish you would see Catherine. She does nothing but cry all the while.'

Feeling the necessity, at least for his children's sake, of rousing himself under this terrible affliction, for which there was no healing balm, Mr. Belmont arose, and taking the hand of Ella, went with her to the chamber of his eldest child, now a tall, beautiful young girl, in her eighteenth year. Her face was turned toward the door when he entered. At a single glance he saw that it was exceedingly pale, had a strange expression, and was full of anguish. In a moment after it was buried beneath the bed-clothes, while the whole body of Catherine shivered as if in an ague fit. Sobs and deep moans of anguish followed. To all that the father could say, not a word of reply was given. Suddenly there flashed through his mind a dreadful suspicion, that caused him to clasp his forehead tightly with his hands, and stagger a few paces backward. Soon after he left the chamber, and retired to his own room to make an effort to think. But it was a vain effort—all the elements of his mind were in wild confusion. At one moment he would start up with a fierce imprecation on his lips, resolved to pursue the fugitives; but before reaching the door of his room, a thought of the utter hopelessness of his condition would cause him to droop, nerveless, into a chair, or sink with a groan upon the bed.

"For nearly the whole of the night that followed, Belmont paced, with slow and measured tread, the floor of his chamber. Toward morning, his mind became calmer and clearer. He was like a man suddenly pressed to the earth by a burden that seemed impossible to be borne, who had re-collected his strength, and risen with the burden upon his shoulders, feeling that though almost crushing in its weight, he could yet bear up under it. The first clear determination of his mind was to ascertain, if possible, the cause of Catherine's strange distress. He had a heart-shaking dread of something that he dared not even confess to himself. He felt that the specious villain who could draw his wife from virtue, would not be one to hesitate on the question of sacrificing his child, if by any means he could get her into his power.

"Late in the morning he left his bed, and had nearly completed dressing himself, when some one knocked at his door. On opening it, he found Ella, with the tears raining over her cheeks.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, 'Come, quick! and see Catherine. I don't know what's the matter with her, but she says she is dying.'

"A cold shiver passed through every nerve of the unhappy man. He sprung away at the last word of Ella, and was quickly at the bed-side of his daughter. A great change had taken place since he saw her on the day before. Her face, that was pale then, was now of an ashy whiteness, but her eyes and lips had a calm expression.

"Papa," she said, in a voice that thrilled through the heart of the unhappy man, it was so inexpressibly mournful, 'I do not think I can live long. I have a strange feeling here,' and she laid her hand upon her heart. If I have done wrong in any thing; if I have been betrayed into evil, I pray you forgive the innocence that suspected no wrong, and the weakness that could not endure in temptation.'

"Catherine, my dear child! why do you speak thus? What is it that you mean?" asked her father. 'Has that villain dared—'

"Mr. Belmont checked himself, for he saw that his daughter had become greatly disturbed. She raised up partly from her pillow, while a rapid play of the muscles agitated her whole face. Before, however, she was able to articulate a word, she sunk back paler than ever. Two or three deep groans struggled up from her heart, and then all was still—still as death. Mr. Belmont looked for some time at the young, white face of his first-born and dearly beloved child, upon which the great destroyer had so suddenly set his seal, and then, answering groan for groan, turned from the withered blossom that lay before him, and again sought the silence and solitude of his own room.

"Two months subsequently to this, Erskine received a letter from Edgerton. It was in these words:

"MY DEAR SIR,—The work is done—and well done! I have succeeded fully in my plans. Your

old flame has been with me in New York for a month. But she takes the matter rather too hard, and weeps eternally. I can't stand this; and if she does not improve very shortly, shall abandon her. If it had not been for my wish to follow your instructions to the letter, I should have taken the eldest daughter instead of the mother, who is much more to my fancy. I have not yet heard any thing from Belmont, though I look every day for him to pounce down upon me; but I am not afraid of him. I suppose this affair will drive him half mad, for he was exceedingly fond of his wife. This I mention for your particular gratification. You may expect to see me in England by the next arrival. Whether I shall bring my lady-love along or not, I cannot say. It is, however, doubtful. Addio.

EDGERTON.'

"The death of his oldest daughter, under circumstances of so much doubt and distress, added to the desertion of a beloved wife, wrought a great and melancholy change in Mr. Belmont. I only saw him a few times afterwards, and then it was at his own house, where I was called to visit as a physician. A few months had made the impression of years. His face was thin, and marked with strong lines; his countenance dull and depressed; his eyes drooping and sad. He moved about slowly, and spoke in a low, quiet, pensive voice.

"One cold night in November, some six or seven months after the afflictive events just described had occurred, Mr. Belmont, after laying awake for hours, trying in vain to sleep, arose from his bed, and going to the window, stood there for some time. The moon was shining brightly through the clear, frosty air, making every object distinctly visible. After standing at the window for some time, Belmont was about turning away, when his eye was arrested by a figure that came slowly along the main avenue through which we drove up to the house a little while ago. Sometimes it would stop for the space of a minute, and then move on again, until at length it stood in the clear moonlight, directly under his window. He then saw that it was a woman. Her head was bowed down at first, but soon she looked up, and the moonlight fell strongly upon her face. Belmont started with a low exclamation, and retreated from the window, and staggering back, sunk with a groan upon the bed, where he lay for nearly five minutes. He then arose, dressed himself, and descended with a deliberate air. On opening the hall-door, he perceived that the woman had sunk down upon the steps. She did not move at his approach.

"Catherine!" he said, in as firm a voice as he could assume.

"But there was no motion—no reply.

"Catherine!" But she did not answer.'

"Stooping down, he placed his hand upon her, and then she looked up, and the moonbeams fell upon her face. Her lips were thin and tightly compressed; her pale cheeks deeply sunken; her eyes

tearless, but, oh! how full of mingled penitence, humility, and hopelessness. She uttered no word, but lay upon the cold marble, at the threshold of her husband's mansion, with her eyes fixed upon his face, that, if not stern and angry, betrayed no sign of affection.

"'Catherine,' he said at length, in a cold, steady voice, 'you have returned to the old home that your conduct has made desolate. I do not see that you have been any happier than those you left behind. I forgive you, as I hope God will. I believe you were once worthy of all the love I bore you, and for the sake of what you then were, I will not spurn you back from the threshold you now seek to pass.'

"He then took her arm, and raising her up, conducted her into the house, and up into her old chamber, where every thing remained as she had left it. The thoughts and feelings of other days came rushing upon his heart, but he sternly drove them back. It was too late. They could never again have place in his bosom. What she thought and felt is not known, and can hardly be imagined. In the old chamber Belmont left his fallen wife, with but a single word, and that a caution to remain where she was until he visited her in the morning.

"Belmont did not again retire that night. Until near day he was busily engaged in writing, and in evident preparation for a journey. About 5 o'clock the servants were aroused, and directed to prepare an early breakfast. The coachman was ordered to have the carriage at the door by 7 o'clock. Then Ella and Mary were awakened by their father, who desired them to dress immediately, and come to him in the library. When there, he informed them that it had become necessary for him to leave for England immediately, and that he wished them to accompany him. All necessary preparation could be made in New York, where he would remain two or three weeks. The girls were surprised, as may well be supposed, by this announcement; but their father was too much in earnest to leave them room to ask for a longer time to prepare for the journey than he had given them. Precisely at seven they entered the carriage and drove into Heathdale. On arriving there, Mr. Belmont said that he would have to return, and that while he was gone they must remain at the hotel. Mary wanted to go back with him for something that she had forgotten, but he said that he would rather have her remain where she was, in a tone that prevented her from saying any thing more.

"The object of Mr. Belmont in returning, was to have a parting interview with the mother of his children, for whom he could not but feel the deepest commiseration. But her own hands had placed the burden upon her heart, and it was not in his power to remove it. She had been false to her marriage vows, and false to those who had called her by the tender name of 'mother.' He could not again take her to his bosom, nor again bring her

back among her children. He found her a sad wreck, indeed, and could scarcely keep back the tears when he met her again, with the searching light of day making visible all the marks of grief, crime, and suffering.

"'Catherine,' he said, in a voice that trembled, spite of all his efforts to be composed, 'I meet you now for the last time. I shall return to England, never again, I hope, to visit this country. This is your home for life, if you wish to make it so. I have settled upon you an annuity; and these papers, which I leave here upon the table, will give you all necessary information in regard to the manner of drawing it. I will not upbraid you for what you have done, for I do not wish to add a single pang to the thousands you must suffer; I would rather mitigate than increase them.'

"'My children,' she said, in an eager voice, as he paused, 'where are they—am I not to see them?'

"'But two remain,' Belmont replied, 'and you cannot see them. You are dead to your children, and must remain so. Catherine is in heaven. She died, to all appearance, of a broken heart, a few days after you went away.'

"The whole frame of this wretched woman quivered.

"'Dead!' she ejaculated, in a deep, hoarse whisper; and then covering her face, wept for some moments violently.

"'But Mary and Ellen,' she at length said, looking up with streaming eyes. May I not see them? They are my children, Edward, and, erring and sinful as I have been, I still love them. Do not, then, in mercy, deny me this, the only boon I will ever ask at your hands. Oh! Edward, let me see my children once before I die.'

"Belmont was deeply moved, but his purpose did not falter.

"'You are dead to them, Catherine,' he replied, with assumed coldness, 'and must remain so.'

"Even on her knees the wretched woman prayed to see her children; but she prayed in vain. Hard as it was for Belmont to resist her agonized entreaties, he remained firm to his well-formed purpose.

"The moment of parting with her, and leaving her in loneliness and misery on the very spot where she had once been so happy, and with a thousand things around her to remind her of that happiness, was a most painful one. It was with difficulty that Belmont could restrain the desire he felt to take her in his arms, press her to his bosom, and forgive and forget all. But her sin had been too deep—she had fallen too low. He could not throw over the past the blessed mantle of forgiveness; and so he left her alone, to shiver by the cold ashes of a darkened hearth."

"Has her husband never returned?" I asked.

"Never! Five years have passed since he left, but no one has seen him in this region. There came a rumor a few years ago, that he had met

Edgerton, and made him account with his life for his crime. But I know not whether this be so."

A year afterward I received a letter from my excellent friend, the doctor, in which he mentioned

that death had given the unhappy Mrs. Belmont a kind release; "and, we may hope," he remarked, "that through much suffering she was purified and forgiven."

THE WAYSIDE DREAM.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE deep and lordly Danube
Goes winding far below;—
I see the white-walled hamlets
Amid his vineyards glow,
And southward, through the ether, shine
The Styrian hills of snow.

O'er many a league of landscape
Sleeps the warm haze of noon;
The wooing winds come freighted
With fragrant tales of June,
And down amid the corn and flowers
I hear the water's tune.

The meadow-lark is singing
As if it still were morn;
Sounds through the dark pine forest
The hunter's dreamy horn;
And the shy cuckoo's plaintive note
Mocks the maidens in the corn.

I watch the cloud armada
Go sailing up the sky,
Lulled by the murmuring mountain-grass,
Upon whose bed I lie,
And the faint sound of noonday chimes
That in the distance die!

A warm and drowsy sweetness
Is stealing o'er my brain;
I see no more the Danube
Sweep through his royal plain—
I hear no more the peasant-girls
Singing amid the grain!

Soft, silvery wings, a moment
Seem resting on my brow:
Again I hear the water,
But its voice is deeper now,
And the mocking-bird and oriole
Are singing on the bough!

The elm and linden branches
Droop close and dark o'erhead,
And the foaming forest brooklet

Leaps down its rocky bed;
Be still, my heart! the seas are passed—
The paths of home I tread!

The showers of creamy blossoms
Are on the linden spray,
And down the clover meadow
They heap the scented hay,
And glad winds toss the forest leaves
All the bright summer day.

Old playmates! bid me welcome
Amid your brother band!
Give me the old affection—
The glowing grasp of hand!
I worship no more the realms of old—
Here is my Fatherland!

Come hither, gentle maiden,
Who weep'st in tender joy!
The rapture of thy presence
O'ercomes the world's annoy,
And calms the wild and throbbing heart
Which warms the wandering boy.

In many a mountain fastness—
By many a river's foam,
And through the gorgeous cities,
'T was loneliness to roam,
For the sweetest music in my heart
Was the olden songs of home!

Ah! glen, and foaming brooklet,
And friends, have vanished now!
The balmy Styrian breezes
Are blowing on my brow,
And sounds again the cuckoo's call
From the forest's inmost bough.

Veiled is the heart's glad vision—
The wings of Fancy fold;
I rise and journey onward,
Through valleys green and old,
Where the far, white Alps reveal the morn
And keep the sunset's gold!

SONNET.

Saw of the new-born year! I hail thy light;
As bursting through the dark clouds that so long
Had veiled the glories of each morn and night,
Thou pourest over all thy radiance strong;
Bidding the chilling rains their fury cease,
And smiling on the drenched and languid earth,
That, all exulting in her glad release,

Puts on the beauty of a second birth,
And joys to greet thee. Type art thou, O Sun!
Amid the parting clouds thy bright path making,
Of that clear Star—the never setting One!
That through the pall of darksome ages breaking,
With healing beams, still moves, eternal on!
And lights the living soul when life's dim day is gone!

SOPHY'S FLIRTATION.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. N. M'DONALD.

"WELL, to my mind, a nicer young man doesn't live any where than Archie Harris. So pleasant spoken, so good tempered, so civil as he is. You 'may go farther and fare worse,' I can tell you, Sophy. It's all very well for girls to be dainty and particular about looks, when they are young and handsome themselves, and think they may catch anybody, but it's no joke for a girl to settle herself with a man who may be unkind to her by and bye. Archie Harris has that in him which will last in dark days as well as sunshine; something that won't wear out in old age, like your grandfather here, that I've lived with forty-five years come next Christmas, and found him just the same, winter and summer. So, as I said before, 'you may go farther and fare worse,' Sophy." And having delivered her sentiments, old Mrs. Middleton took a pinch of snuff, drew her chair a little nearer the fire with an emphatic "hem," and then resumed her knitting, while she glanced over her spectacles to observe what had been the effect of her speech upon her pretty granddaughter, who was seated on the opposite side of the little round table, engaged in sewing.

Sophy Middleton plied her needle with something of a petulant air, while her grandmother spoke, and answered with a slight tone of vexation—"Everybody can't think alike, that is certain. Archie Harris is well enough in his way, but he is n't the only man in the world, that is one comfort."

"And why don't you like him?" pursued the old lady, resolved not to give up the point. "Tell me of one in the whole place that is better, or kinder, or cleverer. I never saw such a one at any rate, and once upon a time, Sophy, you thought Archie a little better than most folks yourself, and have only changed your mind since Philip Greyson came home, I'm thinking."

"Philip Greyson, indeed!" exclaimed Sophy, with a toss of her head, while her cheeks crimsoned in spite of herself.

"Yes, Philip Greyson," said the old lady. "I suppose you think, Sophy, because I wear spectacles, I am half blind, and can't see as far as I used to do. But I have my eyes about me, and maybe spy a little farther for my glasses, and I fancy that Philip, with his spruce uniform and navy buttons, will make you forget poor Archie altogether."

"I am sure," said Sophy, whose thread at that moment had got into such a knot that her undivided

attention was necessary to disentangle it. "I'm sure Philip Greyson is nothing to me."

"I hope he never may be, indeed," said Mrs. Middleton emphatically. These young midshipmen are wild blades, my dear, and I should never know a minute's peace if you were to marry one. But Archie Harris, ah! Sophy, he is the husband for you; such a good son and brother—so quiet, and steady, and—"

"Stupid," said Sophy, supplying with a laugh the word for which her grandmother paused. "Why, last night at Mrs. Morgan's he scarcely said ten syllables, and say what you will, grandmother," she continued, roused by the recollection of her last evening's visit, "everybody likes a merry, talkative beau, who has seen something of the world, better than a fellow who sits by with a long face, and can do nothing to amuse one."

"And that fellow is n't Philip Greyson, I guess," said her grandfather, who, on the opposite side of the fire, was calmly knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Phil is one of those chaps that have no lack of words in any company, if I may judge from the way in which I have heard him chatter at his own father's table."

"Chatter! that he can, like a magpie, and with but little more sense, to my mind," said the old lady. "If Archie Harris speaks but seldom, his words are always to some purpose, and he does n't think it amiss to be civil to old people either. Philip has enough and enow to prate about to young folks, but if an elderly person comes by, he is at no pains to entertain him. Times have changed since my day, when young men and women were taught to reverence their betters. Ah! well," and Mrs. Middleton drew a long deep sigh, and shook her head significantly as she leaned over to mend the fire.

It was in the prettiest, neatest white house, in the main street of a pretty village, somewhere in the Empire State, that Sophy Middleton and her grandparents resided. Samuel Middleton, who from his silvery hair, and general knowledge of past events, together with the melancholy fact that he is totally blind, has long been dignified with the title of "the oldest inhabitant," which title, by the way, the old gentleman particularly glories in, being fond of relating anecdotes of the place, which happened when he was a boy, and adventures with persons long since dead, and though Brookville has not improved materially during the last twenty years—being off

the rail-road—yet the old man imagines in his blindness that great changes have taken place, because the Episcopalians have built a church, and Squire Edgewood a new house and barn, and descants largely upon the good old times, when Brookville was just settled, and “no folly or fashion had got into it.”

A youth of industry—for it was not until advancing years that darkness fell upon him—had secured for Samuel Middleton a moderate competency, and at the old homestead, with the kind partner of his joys and sorrows, and the orphan child of an only son, he had learned to bear with patience and fortitude the sore trial which it had pleased God to send him; thankful for the past, contented with the present, and fearless of the future.

Sophy, so early orphaned as scarcely to remember any other care than that of her grand-parents, was the life and light of the old man's home. Her cheerfulness beguiled very many of his wearisome hours, and her merry voice, and mirth-inspiring laughter, seemed to cheat him of half his sorrow. He knew her step upon the gravel walk when she came in from school, as readily as if his sightless eyes could have looked upon her face, and felt only too proud and happy when his friends said “that Sophy was growing up a comely girl, and would be a beauty one of these days.” As his beloved child grew older, this prophecy seemed likely to prove true. Sophy's blue eyes were full of vivacity, and her oval cheeks and sweet lips were colored with Nature's pure carnation. By degrees the scrawny figure of the school girl was moulded to the grace of early womanhood, and we introduce Sophy Middleton to our readers, at this particular moment, a blooming country maiden of nineteen summers, very much petted at home, sufficiently admired abroad, and therefore a little, very little bit *spoiled*.

But who is Archie Harris, that we find the old lady eulogizing so warmly? Why, Archie Harris and our Sophy went to the same school; sat on the same bench; learned out of the same book, and were friends from the time they were “no bigger than a midge's wing.” Being next door neighbors, this friendship had strengthened with their years rather than diminished. Sophy had found a sister in Mary Harris, and, in the natural course of things, a lover in Archie; and although no positive engagement existed between them, it seemed such a matter of course that they should love each other, and so desirable a connection on both sides, that everybody—that wise person found in all villages—said it would certainly be a match at some future day.

Philip Greyson, too, was a Brookville boy, and had been a schoolmate of Sophy's years ago. But Philip's ambition soared higher than a life of usefulness at home. He longed to see the world; to brave the ocean; to tread on foreign shores; and when, through the influence of friends at Washington, he procured a midshipman's warrant, and left Brookville to join his vessel at Norfolk, what cared he for

ought he was leaving, when the future stretched so brightly before him? His parents, teachers, school-fellows, he bade them good-bye without a moment's regret; and as to Sophy Middleton, if he thought of her at all, it was but as an unformed girl, rather more indifferent to him than his own sisters, and whom he might perhaps never see again. On his return, however, after a three years' cruise, Philip found, to his surprise, this same little Sophy grown a young lady, and a pretty one, too; and, charmed at the sight of so much beauty where he least expected it, renewed his acquaintance with delight, while Sophy, pleased and flattered by his attentions, and dazzled by the glitter of his gilt buttons, danced and flirted with the young midshipman to her heart's content, exciting the envy of sundry other damsels to whom nature had denied bright eyes and rosy lips, and vexing poor Archie, by her unwonted vanity, in the most uncomfortable degree.

Had Sophy related to her grandmother what passed between Archie and herself on the previous night, as they walked home from Mrs. Morgan's tea-party, the old lady would have been inexpressibly distressed, for Archie, in the warmth of his feelings, upbraided Sophy for her coquetry and coldness, which Sophy's high spirit would not brook. She bade him remember that no engagement had taken place, and therefore she was free to choose for herself, though everybody seemed to think—why she could not tell—that because they lived next door to each other, they were “as good as married.” Philip Greyson, she said, was an old friend as well as he, and she would not give up the pleasure of talking to him, if she liked, for *anybody*, and so at the garden-gate they parted, with a cold “good-night.” Archie to mourn over the fickleness of the girl he dearly loved, and Sophy to dream of—Philip Greyson.

Probably Mrs. Middleton suspected something of this, however, from her urgent appeal to her granddaughter in behalf of their neighbor's son, and might, perhaps, have gone on still further to expostulate, had not a knock at the outer door interrupted the conversation; and Sophy, who had risen to answer the summons, returned in a few minutes with a letter directed to her grandfather.

“A letter for you, grandfather,” she said, placing it in the old man's hand. “Mr. Norris sent it up from the post-office. It came by the late mail.”

“For me?” said Mr. Middleton, turning it over, and placing his finger upon the large, red seal. “I did not expect any letters just now. Read it, wife.”

Mrs. Middleton, who had been adjusting her spectacles, eagerly seized the mysterious letter, and carefully cutting it open, read the signature aloud. “Henry Willetson.”

“I don't know such a person,” said the old man, leaning forward to catch every word. “Go on, Hannah.”

The letter was a brief one; and the old lady glanced her eye over it before she began—but that

giance was sufficient to tell the whole story. There it was, written down in few but fearful characters; and suddenly throwing the paper upon the table, she exclaimed, "Merciful Father! we are ruined! All swept away! Oh! Samuel, Samuel, what shall we do in our old age? All gone, all gone!"

"Tell me what it is. Let me know the whole truth," said the old man, groping his way to the table, and stretching his hand over it to find the letter. "Tell me what has happened, Hannah—I can bear it."

"All gone, all gone!" murmured poor Mrs. Middleton, as if deprived of the power to say more.

"What is gone? Tell me, Hannah?" said the agitated old man. "Oh, this awful blindness! Sophy, where are you? Do you read it for me?"

Pale and trembling, Sophy obeyed. The letter was from the agent of a mercantile house in New York, in which Mr. Middleton had been persuaded to invest the bulk of his small property, announcing the entire failure of the concern, which would not, in all probability, at the winding up of its affairs, pay five cents on the dollar; and thus the fruits of patient industry, during the best years of Samuel Middleton's life, were swept away by the reckless speculation of others, and nothing remained to him, save the pretty cottage in which he lived, and the good name which no dishonest act had ever tarnished.

Had the old man been in the possession of his eye-sight, the blow had not, perhaps, fallen so heavily; but unable by personal exertion of any kind to repair the mischief, with no children to lean upon, his bark seemed stranded among the breakers, and Samuel Middleton bowed his head upon his hands, and sought for strength, in this hour of darkness, from the source whence alone he felt certain of obtaining it. There was silence for a few moments in the little apartment, disturbed only by the stifled sobs of poor Sophy, and the moans of Mrs. Middleton, as she rocked backward and forward in her arm-chair, till the old man spoke.

"We have received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil," he said. "Hannah, this is a sore trial—but it comes from God, and we must submit. If He sends poverty upon us in our old days, depend upon it, He will send strength to bear it. The trouble and the comfort always seem to go hand-in-hand. Let us be thankful it is no worse."

"It seems the worst that *could* have happened, Samuel," said the old woman, her voice choked with sorrow.

"The worst!—oh, no! Think if we had been parted by death, Hannah; or if Sophy had gone off with some wild, idle fellow, or many another thing that might befall us. Do n't cry, Sophy, darling, grandfather specially grieves on your account. But it's all for the best, dear child. I feel as sure of that as I do that I sit here this moment. Wife, do n't moan

so; it is n't Christian-like to despair. God's will be done."

"Ah! husband, if I had your faith; but it comes so sudden, I can't seem to bear it."

"Bring the Bible, Sophy," said her grandfather, and read to grandmother and me how Job bore the loss of all his possessions."

Sophy brought the Bible, and read with trembling voice, as Mr. Middleton directed. When she had finished, the old man knelt down, and reverently clasped his hands. He prayed for the patience of the patriarch of old; for faith to believe it was in love as well as wisdom they had been afflicted; for entire and cheerful submission to the Divine will; and strengthened by this near approach to the Great Chastener of his children, the little family lay down to rest that sorrowful night, tranquil at least, if not altogether resigned.

Before noon the next day, everybody in Brookville had been made acquainted with the misfortune of the Middletons; and neighbors came with kind offers, which the old man could not accept. He had settled what to do, he told them, and thought it was the best plan. The white cottage must be sold or rented, and, indeed, he had already dictated a letter, which Sophy had written, to a gentleman in New York, who was looking for a summer residence, and had once expressed himself pleased with the situation of Mr. Middleton's house, and the scenery about Brookville. The income accruing from this would enable him to hire an old broken-down tenement, about five miles off, where they would remove without delay, and with strict economy, and good use of a little garden-plot, become as contented, he hoped, if not as happy, as they once were.

To this arrangement, reasonable as it appeared, everybody objected, and suggested, of course, something else. One would take Sophy to live with him; another would help to pay the rent of a better place; and a third proposed some other grand expedient; but the old gentleman was firm.

"I thank you, my friends," he said, "but I would keep my independence if I can. Let me feel that I still eat my own bread, though it be coarser and harder than it once was, and pray for a contented heart, which seems to lighten almost any burden."

A purchaser for the neat homestead was easily found, in the gentleman to whom Sophy had written by her grandfather's dictation; and at the appointed time, Samuel Middleton and his family removed to their new abode, not, however, until kind hearts and willing hands had contributed to make the old place tolerably comfortable; to lay out and improve the garden, long run to waste, and even to plant a few rose-bushes and flowering shrubs about the door-way, that Sophy's eyes, if not her grandfather's, might find some pleasant memento of Brookville and its inhabitants, in these silent marks of their affection and respect.

When moving-day came, everybody came to help.

Squire Edgewood's men and fine team, and Mr. Harris, with his strong market cart, to transport the furniture, and when these were fairly off, arrived neighbor Maynard's light wagon, to carry Sophy and her grandmother down, with sundry small baskets and boxes, while the minister himself drove the old gentleman in his gig; and it was sad, though soothing, to catch the kind farewell words as they passed down the village street, when many a one pressed forward to shake hands, and to wish "good health, and God's blessing on their new home."

And over this new home, in answer, perhaps, to these good wishes, some benevolent brownie seemed already to preside; for when Mrs. Middleton unpacked her valuables, she found, stored away in cupboards, supposed, of course, to be entirely empty, such loaves of cake, and jars of butter, with preserves, pickles, eggs, et cætera, as to excite her astonishment in the highest degree; nor could any inquiries or surmises detect the mysterious donors; and the old lady, amid her sighs and bemoanings at their altered condition, could not but smile as she surveyed the kind remembrances; and Sophy, poor girl, would have smiled too, since she duly estimated the kind feelings which had induced them, but that she was too miserable for any thing to interest her now—so home-sick and lonely, that she cared for nothing, save the luxury of shedding tears, when she could steal away from her grandmother's side, and, unobserved, weep over the change which had so suddenly befallen them.

But all this time, amid these adverse circumstances, where were Sophy's admirers? Was she to find them only *summer* friends, who, like migratory birds, flew off in darker weather? Alas! it seemed too true. Once or twice after their removal Philip Greyson rode down to Mr. Middleton's, and then Sophy resumed her smiles, and was happy; but his visits were few and far between, and she learned that a pretty girl in the midst of plenty and prosperity was very different from a pretty girl fallen in fortune, and obliged to perform all sorts of menial offices for her grand-parents. But Archie Harris, the companion of her childhood, surely *he* might have come to offer consolation, where he knew it was so much required. Was it altogether right in *him* to stand back under such circumstances? Sophy felt it was unkind, "unbrotherly," as she mentally termed it, yet could scarcely blame him either, when she remembered their last conversation, the indifference she had evinced toward him, and the decided preference she had given to Philip; and while her heart smote her for this, she felt more inclined to forgive a coldness which she had herself so entirely provoked.

Our friend Archie, however, despite his seeming indifference, had not forgotten. He had been wounded to the quick by her preference for his rival; and the manner in which she appeared to rejoice that no previous troth-plight would prevent her accepting Philip, made him feel how little she

valued true affection, when compared with a dashing exterior, or a greater share of personal beauty. "Let her go! the vain, cold-hearted girl!" he mentally ejaculated, as they parted on that eventful night. "Let her try if he *can* love her half so well as I do—as *I have* done," he added more bitterly. "Fool that I was, to believe she ever cared for me. That conceited peacock! I wish—" and Archie, the best-tempered, kindest-hearted creature in the world, conceived from that moment such an unutterable dislike and contempt for all navy officers, and navy buttons, as to wish, in his awakened ire, that Philip Greyson was on the coast of Africa, or the deep waters of the Pacific.

But when misfortune came, Archie's resentment at once gave way. Sophy was in sorrow, and he longed to go and assure her that his love was brighter than any skies could darken. But had she not rejected his love? Then why should he urge it now? Philip was still at Brookville, and might follow up the advantage he had gained; and Archie would not for the world have interposed his own wishes. Pride, therefore, more than anger, kept him back from any other attention than common civility required; and he resolved by every means in his power to drive away the remembrance of the past, and wait as calmly as he might the issue of future events.

While such was the state of affairs with Archie, Sophy Middleton, in her new home, was learning many valuable lessons, which, perhaps, she had never gained but for these untoward circumstances. Lessons of patience and submission, of industry, activity, and economy; and though she did not recover her usual flow of spirits, still, as the months rolled on, and her employments increased, a tolerable degree of cheerfulness returned also. She found pleasure in her garden-beds and flower-borders; pleasure in leading her good old grandfather about through the house and ground, making him familiar with every thing, and instructing him how to find his way, unaided, to the arm-chair in the porch; pleasure, too, in devising plans with her grandmother for the better arrangement of their little household, that pleasure which ever comes with the faithful discharge of duty; and if Sophy could not forget, if she still remembered Archie's slighted love with bitter self-reproach, or Philip's short-lived admiration with mortification and disdain, she was still calm, and patient, and resigned; less gay, perhaps, but not less loveable or lovely.

The first year of their misfortunes had passed away, and during that time Archie and our heroine had met but seldom, when the calm current of the blind man's life was ruffled by the intelligence that Mr. Wilson had "sold out," and the white cottage at Brookville gone into other hands.

That the beloved home of his early years, and of his married life, should belong to another, had always seemed to Samuel Middleton but as an unpleasant dream, from which he vainly tried to rouse himself, and believe that it was, indeed, a reality. He could

not discern the changes around him, or miss the familiar objects which still lingered on his memory; and this news, communicated rather abruptly by his wife, on her return from a visit to Brookville, appeared to awaken all his past regrets, and remind him anew of other and happier days.

"Why did Wilson sell, I wonder?" he said. "Dear me, I'm very sorry for it. I'm afraid somebody may get there who will abuse the place."

"It will make no difference to us *now*, grandfather," said Sophy, quietly.

"I do n't know as to that," replied the old gentleman, rather testily. "I don't know as to that. Would n't it make you feel badly, Sophy, to walk past there, and see every thing going to rack and ruin? And if I can't see it, I can remember just how it all looked when we came away. If any one should cut down those two elm trees in front of the house, it would go nigh to break my heart, I think. Why, my father planted those elms with his own hands when I was a boy; and I do hope nobody will cut them down while I live."

"I hope not, indeed," said Sophy, in a soothing tone, "but I do n't suppose there is much danger of that, grandfather, they shade the house so pleasantly."

"Maybe not," said Mr. Middleton, fidgeting in his chair, as if the very idea had made him nervous, "but there is no telling how it will be. People are so crazy to make money now-a-days, that nothing is safe. Who did you say had bought it, wife?"

"I did n't hear his name," replied Mrs. Middleton; "but I was so busy with other matters, that maybe I did n't ask. However, we can hear all about it to-morrow, Samuel, for to-morrow is election-day, you know, and Mr. Harris says he must have your vote, and they'll send down their wagon for you and me in good season, so that we can take a dish of tea with them, if Sophy do n't mind being alone one afternoon."

Sophy expressed her entire willingness to remain at home, and, indeed, was rejoiced at the prospect of so doing; and at the appointed hour next day, when Mr. Harris's wagon came rattling down the lane, gladly assisted her grand-parents to prepare for their visit, and saw them drive away with, it must be confessed, a feeling of relief, somewhat difficult, perhaps, to analyze.

Instead, however, of settling about the various little tasks which, to beguile her loneliness, Mrs. Middleton had suggested, Sophy sat down by the window, and was soon lost in deep thought. What was the subject of her meditations, I think I *would* not tell, even if I could, because I do not choose to betray all the weaknesses of my sex; but I am sure her eyes were wet, and her face very sorrowful, when who should come trotting to the door but Archie Harris himself, the very last person in the world one might have expected on election-day, when everybody, young or old, was, or ought to have

been, busy at the Brookville poll. Be this as it may, however, here, as I said, came Archie, who threw the bridle of his pretty bay poney over the gate-post, and walked into the sitting-room, saying, "I met your folks just now going to the village, and hearing you were at home, called to see you."

Sophy received him with a mixture of reserve and cordiality quite unmistakable, and a blended shower of tears, smiles, and blushes, which Archie interpreted favorably, I suppose, for he said, "Then you *are* glad to see an old friend once more, Sophy."

"Certainly I am, and it is a long time since you were here."

"Long! let me see—six weeks, I guess. You do n't call that a great while, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Sophy, blushing. "We are so lonely now that we have learned to think much of our friends."

"Have you?" said Archie, regarding her with a look half pleased, half sorrowful, as if some painful recollection at that moment crossed his mind; "that is enough to make *some* of us almost glad that you have left Brookville."

"Oh! never say you are glad of *that*!" cried Sophy, earnestly, "when it made me so unhappy."

"Not glad on some accounts, certainly," said Archie, "not that you should have met with misfortune, but only because you think more of old friends here than there."

"True! real friends are the same everywhere," said Sophy, not exactly knowing what to say.

"Sometimes—not always," replied Archie, significantly. "But if friends bring bad news, are they less welcome?"

"I do n't believe you have any *bad* news to tell me this afternoon," said Sophy. "You look very well pleased."

"Oh! it is not disagreeable news to *me*, but perhaps it may be to *you*," said Archie, smiling.

"Let me hear it, then," said Sophy, "or maybe I can guess it. Mr. Wilson has sold the old place."

"Yes, the old place has changed hands again, and I think for the better; but that is not the news I mean."

"Do tell me, then," said Sophy, impatiently, "for I cannot guess."

"Perhaps," said Archie, suddenly becoming grave, "it may make you sorry; and if so, I had rather not be the one to tell it; but—Philip Greyson is married."

"Is that all?" asked Sophy, blushing to the very eyes at the mention of Philip's name. "I thought your news was *bad*."

"And do n't you *really* care about it?" said Archie. "Let me look in your eyes, Sophy, and see if you are in earnest—if you really do not care."

"No, indeed, I *do not*," said Sophy, looking in Archie's face with a smile which spoke entire truth. "I should not care if he had married all the girls in Brookville."

"You thought differently once," said Archie, "and I am not sure, Sophy, that you will care to hear an old story of true love over again, after the last talk we had on the subject."

"Oh, Archie! will you never forget that foolish business!" exclaimed Sophy, bursting into tears.

"People forgive easier than they forget, sometimes," said Archie; "and I can't, for my life, forget any thing that concerns you. I may be mistaken, but I think, that, after Philip Greyson, you care more for me than any one else; and now that he is married—"

Sophy answered him with a glance, which told a whole story of penitence, and a world of reproach.

"And if you think I could make you happy, as I would try to do, dear Sophy," he continued, "why then, perhaps, you won't object to go back to Brookville, and live with me at the 'old place,' and take grandfather and grandmother with you, hey, Sophy?"

Poor Sophy was crying so heartily, from a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow, that she could not answer, and so Archie proceeded.

"I have been very fortunate this last year. I suppose, because I had nothing to draw me off from business, and have been able to buy the place from Mr. Wilson. I will put it in good order again, and we shall be so happy there—shan't we, Sophy, darling? But you don't speak."

"Because I am so happy that I have no words to tell it," replied Sophy, smiling through her tears. "But will you really forgive all my foolishness and vanity, dear Archie. And shall we really go back to Brookville; to the 'old place'—and with you, too? Oh! it seems like a blessed dream."

"A dream that will last, I hope," said Archie, "and pay us for all the sorrow we have had the past year—for you have n't been sad alone, Sophy; I have thought of you, and loved you just the same; and longed to come and tell you so, often and

often, only I thought if you did like Phil Greyson best—"

"Please don't name him again," said Sophy. And Archie, nothing loth to discard a disagreeable topic, promised—I believe with a kiss—that he would not. Unfortunately for grandmother Middleton's little jobs, Sophy found the time pass so rapidly that she quite forgot them—since Archie stayed all the afternoon, while his poor horse stood, kicking off the flies, at the garden-gate—wondering it may be, at his master's unusual delay, or sudden love of gossiping.

The old gentleman and his wife came home in excellent spirits, having heard who had become the purchaser of their former abode, and Mr. Middleton's mind quite at ease respecting his favorite elm trees; and when they learned further of all that had occurred during their absence, and how their darling Sophy—now so smiling and happy—was to become the mistress once more of the dear 'old place,' their cup of joy and contentment seemed full to overflowing. Grandmother reminded Sophy that "she had told her a year ago that Archie Harris would make the best husband in the world—always excepting *her* old man;" while grandfather could only clasp his withered hands, and raise his sightless eyes in silent ejaculations of gratitude and love.

Genuine lovers of love stories like to hear of that devoutly wished-for consummation—a wedding; but editors, and some other people, best fancy jumping at the conclusion at once. So, most kind reader, whoever you may be, please to imagine Archie Harris and his bride quietly settled at Brookville before the autumn commenced—the happiest people in the wide world; while grandmother is busiest of the busy, all day long, in her accustomed haunts; and grandfather sits under the shadow of his beloved elms, almost forgetting his misfortunes, or their year of exile, in the added happiness of his darling Sophy.

THOU'RT NOT ALONE.

Written on hearing a young lady exclaim, "Alas! I'm all alone!"

BY E. CURTIS STINE.

Thou'rt not alone—the greenwood's shades are round thee,
When summer comes, with all her joyous train;
And playful winds at eve have often found thee,
And murmured in thine ear Hope's sweetest strain.
Thou'rt not alone—each gaily tinted flower,
That smiling greets us on the dewy lea,
The painted clouds at sunset's golden hour,
To me are friends, and should be so to thee.

Thou'rt not alone—the red stars gleaming o'er thee,
At midnight lone, with whispering voices tell,
Old tales of those who passed away before thee,
In brighter lands beyond the sun to dwell.

And when the robe of Autumn gaily shaming,
With rainbow hues is o'er the forest thrown,
Go, list the winds among their boughs repining,
And learn on earth thou ne'er can'st dwell alone.

Thou'rt not alone—the shades of the departed,
On radiant wings are soaring softly by—
Thou can'st not see them, but the gentle hearted
To visit thee oft leave the azure sky.
What though the world in chasing flying Pleasure,
With icy heart should pass thee coldly by?
Look—look on high—thou hast a richer treasure,
Than all its gems and glittering dross can buy.

THE WIDOW AND THE DEFORMED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

PART I.

MR. OAKLY was a rich man. Stately dwellings and noble warehouses were his; he owned large and flourishing farms, and the sails of his ships whitened the ocean. No man enjoyed a higher reputation on change; no merchant's opinion was more quoted or depended on; no man's integrity considered more spotless. Blest, too, with an excellent wife, the world pronounced Mr. Oakly a very happy man. But where the mere surface of things forms the criterion of judgment, the world, wise as it is, is very apt to be mistaken. Mr. Oakly was *not* a happy man. Neither was he a favorite with the multitude; and had not the magic of riches surrounded him, he would have had fewer professed friends, and many more open enemies—for his manners were arrogant and repulsive, while his deeds of charity were but as a feather in the scale with his *power* of being charitable.

Mr. Oakley had paid a great price for his riches—no less a jewel than his own peace of mind. He might count over his heaps of gold, and talk about the just reward of long years of industry and economy, and try to cheat even himself into the belief that his prosperity was but his deserts, yet well he knew that the foundation of his fortune was based on crime. Flatter himself, then, as he would, the whispers of conscience told him louder than the jingling of coin that it was mockery all! His only child, too, was miserably deformed and lame; thus it proved, with all his great wealth, he was neither an enviable or a happy man.

Mr. Oakly, with his family, were spending the warm months at his delightful country-residence on the banks of the Susquehanna; and there our story takes us on a sultry August morning. Breakfast is just over, and now, while Mr. Oakly breaks the seals of various letters which the postman has just brought to the door, Mrs. Oakly listlessly looks over the city journals.

"So John is dead at last!" exclaimed Mr. Oakly, with something of relief in his tone, and throwing down upon the table a dirty-looking letter, with a huge black seal. "Died a pauper! Well, I expected it, and so might he, when he refused compliance with the wishes of his friends."

Mrs. Oakly looked up with some surprise.

"Of whom are you speaking, my dear—a relative of yours?" she inquired.

"Only my brother," replied her husband, coolly.

"Your brother—and died a pauper! You amaze me! Pray how did it happen?"

"It happened, and justly, too, through his own

folly and imprudence," cried the cold-hearted man—for even had his brother been the basest of criminals, he was his brother still. Death should have inspired some faint shadow of grief, if no more.

"The fact is," continued Mr. Oakly, "John was too much favored in early life. He was my father's idol, and, to my disadvantage, favor after favor was heaped upon him. Although younger by several years than myself, *he* was sent to college, *I* was kept at home—*he* had choice of a profession, *I* was forced to measure off tape and calico by the yard. He became dissipated, was wounded in some rowdy frolic, fell in love with, and married, a girl of low family, who took care of him during his illness. Such conduct highly exasperated my father, who vowed that unless he would abandon this low connection forever, and return home, he not only would disinherit him, but would never see him more. John refused the terms; the consequences were as my father had said, who shortly after died. I was his only heir, and, of course, as such, was bound to hold all my father's views sacred; and as he never forgave my ungrateful brother, consequently, neither did I."

So much for Mr. Oakly's version of his brother's history. We shall see, by and bye, how far it may be depended upon.

"But were you not aware of your brother's destitute situation?" said Mrs. Oakly, somewhat reproachfully.

"Why, not exactly—at least I—I did not know it for a *fact*. But, what then—suppose I did; he chose his own path—what had I to do with it?"

Mrs. Oakly shook her head and sighed.

"Did your brother leave any family?"

"Yes, so it seems—for here comes a begging letter from some country scribe, whereby it appears he has left a widow and two children—girls, too; but read it yourself."

Mrs. Oakly took the letter.

"SIR,—Your brother, Mr. John Oakly, was buried yesterday at the expense of the parish. Upon his death-bed he requested that notice should be forwarded you of the event, and some assistance solicited on behalf of his destitute family. He leaves a widow, in delicate health, and two small children, both girls. As they are without any means of support save the little which the mother can earn by labor, I trust this appeal to your sympathy will not be in vain."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Oakly, looking inquiringly at her husband, as she finished reading.

"Well!" echoed her husband, "what concern is

it of mine if they do starve! It was all owing to his connection with this same woman that his misfortunes fell upon him; and now do you think I am going to encourage her arts by aiding her in her justly deserved poverty—no, not I, Mrs. Oakly!”

“Revoke that cruel sentence, I beseech you, Alfred,” said his wife; “you surely will not let this appeal to your sympathy pass without notice; do not, I entreat you, let the poor little ones suffer for their parents’ fault!”

“Really, Mrs. Oakly,” cried her husband sarcastically, “really, I hope I may do as I please with what is mine. Those who have no money of their own, and never had a cent in their lives, may well cant upon charity.”

There was evidently a bitter meaning couched under these words, for Mrs. Oakly colored deeply, and tears filled her eyes, though she made no reply, but throwing open the window upon the lawn, was about to step forth, when the nurse entered the room, leading by the hand a poor deformed little girl apparently about two years of age. The sight of his only and unfortunate child appeared to awaken a new train of ideas in the mind of Mr. Oakly. For some moments he walked the room in deep thought, now looking at the child, now at his wife, and then again resuming his measured tread. At length motioning the nurse, with her charge, to leave the room, he approached his wife, and in a much less arrogant manner, said,

“My dear, a new idea has occurred to me, which, if I mistake not, may be productive of much good, not only to ourselves, but also to those for whom your sympathy appears so foolishly urgent. The more I consider of my purpose, the better I think of it. My brother, it seems, has left two little girls—very well. Now I propose taking the youngest of these children as our own—”

“This is indeed noble of you, my dear husband!” exclaimed Mrs. Oakly.

“In lieu of our own poor Agatha,” said Mr. Oakly.

Mrs. Oakly screamed, and clasping her hands, sat pale as marble looking up into the face of her husband.

“Nay, my dear,” said he, taking her hand with some tenderness, “I dare say you will feel very badly at first, but only consider the benefits which will arise from the exchange. Agatha is a poor unhappy object, and as long as she lives, will be a sorrow and reproach to us. It will be very easy for me to induce this woman, my brother’s widow I mean, to yield up one of her own children to me, upon the condition that if she will take all future charge of our poor Agatha, her own shall be brought up in every tenderness and luxury. There is one proviso, however, to which I shall require oath—that is, the transaction is to remain forever secret—she is never to claim her own child, but on the contrary, to acknowledge Agatha as hers.”

Mr. Oakly paused, but his wife made no reply. It

seemed as if surprise and grief had deprived her of speech.

“We can pursue our plan the better,” he continued, “as we have always kept Agatha secluded from observation. It will be very easy for us now to give out word that she is under skillful treatment. By degrees we can report of her wonderful improvement, until at the end of some months, or even a year, we can produce our adopted child in proof of our assertions.”

“But why is it necessary to do this?” cried Mrs. Oakly, falteringly, “why not keep our own poor unfortunate, and at the same time adopt one or both of your brother’s children? God knows, Alfred,” she added, earnestly, “I will be a mother to them—I will cherish and love them; but, oh, not so tenderly as my own poor Agatha!”

“Nonsense, nonsense!” interrupted Mr. Oakly, hastily, “don’t you see how much disgrace and trouble you will save yourself by my arrangement.”

“Disgrace, Alfred! and from our innocent babe!”

“Hear me, if you please. You will have the double satisfaction of knowing that she will be well provided for, and kindly treated, while at the same time she can never trouble you by her agitating presence.”

“And to such a woman as you have described your brother’s wife to be, would you confide so precious a trust?” said Mrs. Oakly, hoping this appeal might arrest her husband’s views.

“Why not? She may be well enough for our purpose; her kindness I can secure by money. As to any refinement, or education, it will never be of much importance to Agatha. She will never be called upon, it is likely, for any display of accomplishments, poor thing—to eat, sleep, and read verses in the Bible, will fill up the measure of her days better than any thing else.”

This cutting and cruel remark aroused all the mother. Rising to her feet, she said, slowly and emphatically,

“Alfred Oakly! can you speak thus lightly of your own flesh and blood! Now, shame upon you! God has given us this unhappy child; she is our own to love and protect. Were she the loveliest babe that ever fond mother circled to her heart, I could not love her more. I might be proud of such an one; but *love*—oh, I could not so deeply, so tenderly!”

“Well, there we differ, Mrs. Oakly; it is precisely because she is such a child that I am anxious to be rid of her,” replied the heartless father. “Understand me, my dear, I wish no harm to poor Agatha; it is for her good, I assure you, that the change should be made. What answer, then, have you to my plan?”

“That I will never consent to it,” she replied, firmly.

“Very well—you will not. Then it must be done without your consent. I am fixed; neither your refusal, or your tears, will avail any thing; so you may as well make up your mind to yield, madam,

without further argument." So saying, Mr. Oakly turned coolly on his heel and left the room.

Now wo to the poor wife—for well did she know her husband's unflinching determination. If it is possible for a woman to be too amiable, Mrs. Oakly was so; while her husband, far from appreciating such a character, ruled over her like some petty despot. Her only hope now rested upon the belief that the widow could never be induced to give up one of her children for the unfortunate Agatha.

"O, would she were ten times more repulsive!—my poor child!" cried the unhappy mother, "I should still love her, but *she* would shrink from an object so unsightly."

It was at the close of a chill, rainy day, near the middle of September, that a handsome traveling-carriage drew up at the door of a small inn, in a retired country town. Such an occurrence was rare; and no sooner, therefore, was it seen entering the long street of straggling houses, than it was followed by a noisy set of bare-footed urchins, yelping dogs, and idle loungers, so that by the time it reached the inn, a motley assemblage was formed around it.

As the carriage stopped, the glass was let down; a thin, sallow face looked sharply forth, and a voice not the most gentle, demanded,

"Here, some of you—can you tell me where one Widow Oakly lives?"

The landlord, who by this time had reached the scene of wonder, imperatively thrust aside all other aspirants to the honor of answering the stranger, and himself began.

"The Widow Oakly—ah, yes. The Widow Oakly you said, sir?"

"To be sure I did. I ask you to direct me to her residence."

"Certainly, sir. Well, you see the widow lives in that small house yonder, on the bank of the creek—that is, she has a room there; an honest little woman, but poor—very poor!"

"Drive on!" cried the gentleman, stercorally, without deigning further notice of the loquacious landlord.

The driver cracked his whip, and the spirited horses obeying the impulse, dashed through the crowd at the imminent risk of trampling some of the throng under their feet.

"There, I told you," cried the landlord, "there was something uncommon about them Oakly's, poor as they are; and now you see what a grand coach comes after them. Run down there, Jimmy, my boy, and find out what it means."

And not only Jimmy, but a dozen others set off on full trot in the rear of the carriage.

In the meantime the object of so much curiosity had reached the house pointed out as the residence of the widow; and carefully mincing his steps across the muddy pathway, Mr. Oakly rapped loudly at the door with his gold-headed cane, for knocker there was none. After several repetitions of the same, each more vehement than the last, the door was

finally opened by a middle-aged woman, whose red face, and scowling brows told she was in no very pleasant frame of mind. Around her head was tied an old black handkerchief, through which, in several places, her grizzled hair shot up like "quills upon the fretted porcupine." She was slipshod, and stockingless—her dress drabbed and torn.

"Well," she exclaimed, not at all daunted at sight either of the carriage or its owner, "what 's all this rumpus—what do you want, that you knock a body's house down about their ears?"

"Is there a Mrs. Oakly lives here?" inquired the gentleman, involuntarily retreating a step or two.

"Well, if there is—what do you want?" said the woman, surlyly.

"That is my business," answered Mr. Oakly, looking daggers. "If there is such a woman here I must speak with her."

"Then go round to the other door, and knock that down too," replied the woman. "Eh, maybe you are one of her husband's relations. I've heard tell he had powerful rich ones."

Mr. Oakly turned away without deigning reply to this half interrogatory.

"Eh," she continued, her voice becoming shriller and shriller, "and a plaguy proud set you are, I'll be bound. You can ride in your coach, can you, and let your brother, as maybe he was, die on straw. *Ho-coo!*" she shrieked, her face inflamed with anger, as she found her taunts unnoticed, "*ho-coo!* away with you off my door-steps—did you ever hear of Dives and Lazarus? Your gold wont keep *your* back from scorching, old Dives. Faith I should like to have the basting of you myself!" Saying which she boxed the ears of the nearest unlucky wight who stood grinning with the rest at her eloquence, and then giving him a shake, which nearly sent his head off, she slammed the door, and retreated.

Her last words were inaudible to the person they were intended for. Glad to escape from such a virago, he had hastily bent his steps around to the back entrance of the domicile. Here he knocked several times, but as no answer was given, he ventured at length to lift the latch, and enter.

It was a low, dark room in which he found himself, little better than a cellar. I fancy it would have been impossible even for those who dwell upon the charms and romance of poverty, and who, with well-fed stomachs, in slipped ease, on Turkey carpets, descant so eloquently upon this theme, to have found aught charming here. The floor was broken and uneven; two low windows, which could only boast of three whole panes between them, the rest being patched with paper, or their places supplied by rags, through which the rain had forced its way, and now trickled in long streams across the floor. There were two chairs, a low bedstead, miserably furnished, a pine table, and some few articles of crockery and cooking utensils of the poorest kind.

Upon an old quilt, thrown down upon the floor

in one corner of the room, two little children, entwined in each others arms, were sleeping. At this sight the knees of Mr. Oakly trembled, his teeth chattered, and for a moment he leaned for support against the wall—for a voice seemed whispering in his ear, "*Look wretch! thy brother's children—this is thy work!*"

And perhaps it will be as well here as elsewhere, here, in the scene of that brother's death, to relate the events which led to so sad an end.

In Mr. Alfred Oakly's summary of his brother's life, there was some truth, but not the whole truth. John *was* the favorite of his father; for beside that his mind was of a much higher order than his brother's, his disposition and deportment were also far more amiable and respectful. Mr. Oakly preferred not sending both his sons to college, so he very wisely resolved it should be the younger, as one whose talents would most honor the expense. This excited the envy and jealousy of Alfred, and from that moment he resolved to work his brother's undoing. It happened that at the same college—and in the same class with John Oakly, was a wild, dissipated fellow of the same name, who was continually getting into disgrace. Accident furnished Alfred with this clue, which he determined should lead to his desired wishes. By degrees whispers of misconduct began to reach the father's ears. Then came letters to corroborate these rumors, filling the heart of Mr. Oakly with sorrow. Letters, too, were continually being received, demanding money, which, if forwarded, it is unnecessary to say never reached its destination. Mr. Alfred took good care of that; for, of course, the letters his father received, purporting to be from his brother, originated in his own wicked mind, while those actually penned by John, as also his father's, were suppressed by the same crafty power.

When Alfred first originated this scheme, it is probable he had no idea its success would result in so much misery; his desire was as much to be revenged on his father, for his partiality to his brother, as upon his brother for being the object of that partiality; but when once he had entangled himself in the meshes of deceit, he could not break through without sure detection of his wickedness. The father and son met but once after the latter went to college. He was then received with coldness and reproaches. Conscious of his innocence, John was too proud to make any explanations, and left his father's roof in bitterness. Soon after Mr. Oakly went abroad, as wretched as his son, leaving Alfred in sole charge of his business. The constitution of John was never strong; and no doubt the unmerited treatment of his father hastened the work of disease. He commenced the practice of the law, but in pleading his first cause, unfortunately ruptured a blood-vessel, and was borne from the court-room to his lodgings in apparently a dying state. Through the kindness and careful nursing

partially recovered; or it may be that the beauty and gentleness of Louisa, her only daughter, contributed somewhat to his restoration. Certain it is, a mutual affection sprang up between them, and, though in no situation to marry, the death of her mother a few months after, by which Louisa was left alone and destitute in the world, brought the event about.

And now love and poverty were henceforth to bear them company on their life-journey—for a final blow was put to any expectation which John might have indulged secretly of a reconciliation with his father, through the machinations of his brother. It seems the other John Oakly had, in the meanwhile, absconded with a girl of low character. Of this fact Alfred availed himself, and communicated the same to his credulous father, who immediately wrote to his youngest son, that unless he renounced at once, and forever, the disgraceful connection, he would disinherit him. This letter, as referring to his darling Louisa, the most amiable and lovely of wives, filled John with indignation and anger. He answered the letter in terms which nothing but his feelings as a *husband* could excuse—and the rupture was complete. Mr. Oakly soon after returned home in miserable health, and died, cutting off John entirely in his will, and leaving the whole of his property to Alfred. This event the latter communicated to his brother, generously enclosing a *fifty dollar* note, with the assurance that as his father had died so incensed against him, out of respect to that father's memory he must decline all further intercourse with him.

When sickness and poverty meet, the path of life's pilgrimage is hard. Too unwell to practice his profession, John attempted writing, but this at best was precarious, beside that the exertion again brought on pain in the side, and difficulty of breathing. He had fine talents, and had health permitted, no doubt might have succeeded as a writer. Sometimes he would dictate, and his faithful Louisa commit his ideas to paper; but this could not continue. New and precious cares were added, which required all her time, so that this resource was abandoned. He soon grew so feeble as to be unable to leave his room. A kind physician recommended country-air, and through his assistance the unfortunate couple, with their two little ones, were enabled to reach a small country town. Here living would be cheaper, and hope whispered to Louisa that by industry and economy, she might support comfortably her dear husband and little ones. Poor girl! on offering herself as a seamstress, the good people looked at her with surprise—they did all their own sewing. She offered to teach painting or music, at very low rates; but they laughed at her, and wondered what she thought they wanted of such foolish fashions. At last she was thankful, for her children's sake, to be employed even in the most menial offices, if thereby she might get them bread. Once did John Oakly address a letter to his brother, in which he stated his ill-health and destitution. It

was never answered. Again, on his death-bed, did he give to the clergyman who attended his last moments his brother's address, requesting him to write when he should be no more, and crave that assistance for his babes, which, while he lived, was refused to him.

The result of this appeal is already known.

The unfortunate widow met with little sympathy from her rough neighbors. Not that they meant unkindness or uncharitableness, but each one was too busy with their own affairs to give more than a chance thought to a poor widow and a stranger. They were themselves industrious and frugal; and it was difficult for her even to get a day's work from such economical, thrifty people.

And hither now had the rich man come—and on what errand? Not to sympathize—not to succor or relieve, but to prosecute his own selfish views, both cruel and unnatural.

But to return. We left Mr. Alfred Oakly gazing upon his brother's sleeping babes. The opening of a door aroused him; he turned, and the wan countenance of the widow met his view. She did not look to be more than three-and-twenty. She was tall, and her figure slender and delicate, but her small feet were bare, her garments coarse. On her sunken cheeks there was no trace of color, and the lines of suffering too plainly drawn around her beautiful mouth. Her dark eyes were large, but their brilliancy dimmed by tears of sorrow, and her long, raven hair—that splendid hair that had once been the admiration of all—was now combed carelessly back from her high brow, and concealed by a plain muslin cap. The man of the world was abashed, and the widow the first to break the silence.

"I presume I speak to Mr. Alfred Oakly," she said.

The gentleman bowed, but had his life depended upon utterance, he could not have spoken. Their mother's voice, though low, at once aroused the sleeping innocents, and springing from their hard couch, they bounded to meet her. At sight of a stranger, however, the youngest, not two years old, hid her face in the folds of her mother's dress, but the elder looked up inquiringly into his face, and then raising herself on her little toes, and putting back her sunny ringlets, said, "Me will tias you."

Mr. Oakly *did* stoop to those little rosy lips, and even lifted the little creature for a moment in his arms; but that was all—he placed her on the floor again, as cold, as unimpassioned as ever.

This little scene overcame the fortitude of the mother; folding both little ones to her bosom, she burst into tears, and for many moments wept bitterly. This gave Mr. Oakly time to recover himself. He would fain have believed the tears of the widow called forth more for effect than for real grief; but there was something too lofty and pure in her pale countenance to encourage such base thoughts. At length feeling himself bound to say something by way of consolation, in a husky, faltering voice, he began. The words "we must all die—sorry—

death—unfortunate—in heaven—"being alone intelligible.

As if indignant with herself for having given way to her feelings in the presence of one so heartless, Mrs. Oakly instantly dried her tears, and with something of scorn on her features, listened to this lip-language—for well she knew the heart had little to do with it.

"I have come here," he continued, "as the near relative of your late husband, to remove you from this miserable spot. You must leave this place, madam; it is entirely too poor and wretched for you."

"Wretched and poor as it is, on *that* bed your brother died!" said the widow, pointing as she spoke to the low, miserable bedstead.

Mr. Oakly was evidently put down. After a moment's silence he added,

"It is my intention, as my brother's widow, to treat you with every kindness."

"Your kindness, sir, comes late," replied Mrs. Oakly, "and will prove but thankless. He whom it should have rescued from the grave, is now beyond your cruelty; and to me, therefore, your *kindness*, as you term it, is little else than cruel."

The brow of Mr. Oakly contracted with anger, but the object he had in view was too important to be thwarted by a woman's reproaches; so, dissembling his mortification, he continued.

"I wish you to remove from here at once to a pleasant town which I shall name to you; and it is also my desire and intention to adopt your youngest child as my own."

"Separate me from my children! No, that you shall never do!" cried the widow, pressing them to her bosom.

"Do not be so hasty in your decision, my dear madam," said Mr. Oakly, blandly, "but listen to me with reason. This child shall be most tenderly and carefully brought up. My wife will love her as her own; and her education shall be the best which the city can give. You yourself shall not only live in comfort, but also have ample means to educate your other daughter as you could wish. Nay, more; I do not ask you to give me your daughter without an equivalent. Now," continued he, drawing his chair still closer to Mrs. Oakly, and taking her hand, "I want you to listen to me—neither do I wish you to give me an answer to-night; you shall have time to reflect upon my proposition, and to consider well the immense benefit which will result to yourself from conceding to my wishes, or, in case of refusal, the poverty and wretchedness which will still surround you and these poor babes, aggravated, perhaps, by the thought that you might have spared their tender frames, but would not."

The countenance of the widow flushed with indignation; she spoke not, however, but turning her full dark eyes upon him, prepared to hear what further this man had to say.

"It has pleased the Almighty," he continued, "to give me one child, now nearly three years of age;

but this child he has blasted with the most hopeless deformity. You have two beautiful children—then give me one, and receive to your maternal care my poor, blighted Agatha.”

“And are you a *father*! and can you talk thus easily of severing the holy bond of parent and child!” interrupted Mrs. Oakly. “Have you not a wife—is there no *mother* to be consulted in your most unnatural scheme!”

“Yes—an unhappy mother; but she has already consented. Aware that in perfect retirement her poor child can alone know happiness, she is willing to yield her up to your gentle treatment, and will in return bestow her love and tenderness upon your own babe. Reflect, you will still have one lovely child to console you, while the future welfare of both your children will be secured by the sacrifice; furthermore, there will be the heartfelt pleasure of knowing that through your watchful care an unfortunate being is made happy.”

“Do you know aught of the pleasures of *duty*, that you talk so feelingly?” said the widow, scornfully.

“Nay, reproach me not thus; look at your two children, those little beings confided to your care—can you see their little frames wasted by hunger, or sinking through toil; or, should you die, what then is there for them but a cold and bitter lot of poverty and death—or maybe a fate worse than death. You shudder; then why hesitate, when by simply yielding to my wishes you are all made comfortable and happy. I see you are moved. I have but one stipulation to make, should you consent, as I think you will; it may alarm you at first, but upon reflection you will see its propriety. It is this—you are to promise solemnly never to claim your child, but to acknowledge poor Agatha to be *yours*, and never, on any account or any emergency, divulge this important secret. Do not answer me,” said he, hastily, as he saw the widow was about to speak; “take time to consider my views—I will call at an early hour in the morning for your reply. Good night!” Then kissing the half-frightened children, the plausible brother of poor John Oakly softly closed the door, and once more entering his carriage, returned to the inn.

It is difficult to conceive the pain and agitation with which this interview filled the breast of the poor widow. Doubts distracted her; and decision either way filled her with dread. One moment she resolved to spurn the offered ransom from poverty, the next, as her eyes dwelt on her helpless little ones doomed by such decision to years of toil and want, she wavered, and almost consented to part forever with her darling Louisa, if by the sacrifice their comfort might be secured. Then her mind wandered to the poor, cast-off Agatha, whom, perhaps, cruelty and harshness might destroy. She had well divined the father's selfishness, and should she refuse the charge, he might entrust her to other hands less faithful—for already she felt her heart warm toward the unfortunate.

Unconscious of their mother's distress, the children had once more fallen asleep. Softly removing the little arm of the youngest from her neck, she carefully placed them on her humble bed, and then kneeling down beside them, she prayed that strength and resolution might be given her that she might decide justly and wisely. Mournfully the wind sighed around that dismal dwelling; the rain beat against the shattered windows—but she heard it not, knew it not. Through that long, long night, without lamp or food, unto the dawning of another dismal day, the widow remained on her knees by the bed-side of her beloved children. Years seemed added unto her by the sufferings of that night.

Her decision was made—made with an anguish which mocks at consolation.

Blame her not, fond mother, as, surrounded by all the comforts of life, you fondly circle your own dear babes to your bosom, and think no power but death can separate you from them. Blame her not, that in poverty and destitution, in forlornness and widowhood, to save her poor infants from a lot so wretched, she at length, with grief too deep for tears, decided to yield up forever to *another*, her youngest born—her darling Louisa.

To a pleasant seaport town, many miles distant from the scene of the preceding chapter, and still further removed from the residence of Mr. Oakly, our story now takes us. We must allow, too, for a flight of years, which shall be as noiseless as those circling so swiftly around the head of the young and happy.

With the exception of one long street, consisting mostly of mechanics' shops, a few stores, a rope-walk, and a tavern, the dwellings, clustered here and there in a most picturesque and delightful manner. The land rising rather abruptly a few rods from the shore, and slightly undulating, gave to each little cottage a distinct and pretty appearance, each with its little garden-plot of bright-green vegetables and brilliant flowers, some half-hidden behind the huge brown trunks of forest-trees, others mantled with the vine or honey-suckle. To the south and west, the horizon rested upon the bosom of the majestic ocean; northward towered hill on hill until the blue sky kissed their dark summits; while to the east stretched a beautiful vista of finely cultivated fields, and glowing orchards, with the spires of distant villages proclaiming—*God above all!*

It was the hour of noon, on a bright June day. A band of happy, sportive children were just let loose from school, and with whoop and huzza, with careless laugh, and merry song, away bounded the gay young things, happy that the four brick walls of A B C-dom were behind them, yet now and then glancing back with a look of fondness to their school-mistress, as she slowly crossed the play-ground to her own residence. In the path before her gayly frolicked a beautiful girl of perhaps ten summers, the very embodiment of health and innocence, skipping

and dancing onward, light as any fairy, or with sunny smiles bounding back with a flower and a kiss for the child her mother was so tenderly assisting. This poor little creature was not only very lame, but was terribly hunchbacked, and otherwise deformed. Although really older than little Ruth Oakly, (for in the school-mistress the reader finds the widow,) she was not taller than most children at five. One little hand was clasped in her mother's, (she knew no other mother,) who, with the most tender care, guarded her steps, now and then, as the eyes of the child were lifted to hers, stooping down to kiss her, and encouraging her in the most endearing terms. The other hand held a wreath of flowers, which she had woven for her dear sister Ruth.

As they entered the gate opening upon the nicely graveled walk leading up to the cottage-door, Ruth ran and brought a little arm-chair on rollers, softly cushioned, and placed it on the grass beneath the shadow of a large apple-tree, whose pendant branches, nestling down amid the sweet clover, thus formed a beautiful bower for the children's sports.

"There, Gatty," cried Ruth, flinging herself down at her feet among the clover, "now let's play the story you were reading this morning. You shall be queen, and I will be the little girl that was never happy; would it be wrong, Gatty, to *play* you were never happy—would it be telling a lie; for you know, Gatty, dear, I am very, very happy—are n't you?"

"Yes—very happy," said Agatha, thoughtfully, "but, Ruth, I cannot be queen, you know—how I should look! No, you must be queen; and see, I have made this pretty wreath on purpose for you. I will be the ugly old fairy, and ma'ma shall be Leoline, that was never happy—for, Ruthy, do you know I think dear ma'ma is sometimes very miserable. I wonder what makes her cry so; for every night when she kneels down by our bedside I can feel the hot tears on my cheek as she kisses me."

"Ah! and so can I—poor ma'ma!" said Ruth, and both children remained sad and thoughtful, the arm of Ruth thrown across the lap of her sister, whose little hand, still clasping the wreath, rested on Ruth's shoulder. At length Agatha spoke, but her voice was low and broken.

"Ruth," said she, "maybe ma'ma weeps for me, because—because—I am not more like you."

"How like me?" said the little girl, raising her eyes to the sad face bent over her.

"Why you know, Ruth, you are so straight and so pretty, and can walk so nicely, while I—I—"

"You are a thousand times better than me, dear Gatty," cried Ruth, springing up and throwing both arms around her weeping sister—for it was almost the first time she had ever heard Agatha allude to her deformity; "indeed you are a great deal prettier and better. Oh! how many times I have heard dear ma'ma say she wished I was as good as you."

"Ruth," said Agatha, laying her hand on her

sister's arm, and looking earnestly in her face, "I am a frightful looking child, am I not?"

"You, Agatha!" exclaimed little Ruth, "you frightful! O, no; do n't every body love you, Gatty, dear?"

"Everybody is very *kind* to me," said the child, unconsciously making the distinction—"but then, Ruth, sometimes I hear people say, '*O, what an ugly little thing!*' '*Did you ever see such a fright?*' and then sometimes the children call me a *spider*, and say I have arms like an *ape*, and cry, '*Hunch-Bunch, what's in your pack?*'"

"O, stop, dear Agatha!" said Ruth, tenderly kissing her, "do n't talk so—pray do n't! it is only rude stranger children that say so; it is because they do n't know what a sweet, dear child you are."

"I pray to God every night," continued Agatha, "to forgive them, for they do n't know what it is to be lame, and deformed, and helpless; and I pray God to make *me* good and amiable, too, that I may forgive them."

"Do n't cry, Gatty, dear," sobbed Ruth, and then both little heads sunk lovingly together in a paroxysm of tears.

When Mrs. Oakly came to call the children to dinner, she was surprised to find them both weeping and sobbing bitterly. There was never any concealment from their mother; so Ruth, in a simple, earnest manner, related the conversation between Agatha and herself. Mrs. Oakly was grieved to find the mind of her hitherto happy child dwelling on a subject so hopelessly calamitous. Raising the poor little girl in her arms, she fondly kissed her.

"My darling," said she, "is it not better to be good and lovely in your heart, than to possess the most beautiful form, and yet be wicked, and have no love for God and his commandments? My dear little girl, listen to me; it was the will of the Almighty to strike you with lameness, and to render your frame less pleasing to the sight than that of other children; but reflect how many blessings he has also granted you. Suppose you were blind; suppose you could never look upon the face of your dear little sister Ruth, or your ma'ma's; could not see the beautiful flowers, nor the grass, nor yonder ocean, which you now so much love to look upon, or the beautiful blue sky above you; or, Agatha, what if you were deprived of speech and hearing. Ah! my child, do not sorrow any more, for you see how good God has been; you must not let the speech of thoughtless children thus disturb you—will you promise me, Agatha?"

"I will try, dearest ma'ma—I must not promise, for I may be wicked again, and forget that God is so good," answered the child.

Mr. Alfred Oakly had so far fulfilled the promises he made the widow as to remove her from the wretched spot where he had first sought an interview with her to the home she now occupied. He had purchased the cottage, which was pleasantly located, and presented her with the title deed. He

had furnished it neatly, adding also a piano, and a small collection of books, to the other equipments. Half yearly she received a stipulated amount of money, which, though small, would, with economy, have been sufficient for her support, had she chosen to avail herself of its use. But this sum she considered sacred to Agatha. In case of her own death, she saw how utterly hopeless and dependant her situation would be, and she nobly resolved not to encroach upon it any more than was absolutely necessary for the first six months. She therefore exerted all her energies to support herself and the children, independent of this allowance. In this laudable endeavor she found the piano one great resource. She gave lessons in music, also in drawing and painting, and was engaged as teacher in the village school, in which capacity she was much beloved and respected both by parents and children.

Thus years rolled on. Although she still grieved for her darling Louisa, and wept in secret those tears of which none but a *mother* may know the bitterness, still she was most fondly attached to the unfortunate little Agatha, while the affection subsisting between Ruth and the poor deformed was truly lovely to witness. There could not be a much greater contrast than in the looks of these two children, although their dispositions were in perfect harmony. Ruth possessed a rich olive complexion, with cheeks which might vie with June roses, they were so bright and glowing; her eyes were black and sparkling; and her raven hair closely cut to her beautifully rounded throat, was parted on top of her finely formed head, and waved over each temple in one rich, glossy curl. Her figure, tall for her age, was light and graceful. The complexion of Agatha, on the contrary, was dazlingly fair, save where dashed by the small, violet veins; her large, deep-hazel eyes possessed that peculiar brightness and intensity which usually designates those who suffer from like causes; long ringlets of light-brown hair, fell around her almost to the ground as if to hide within their beautiful redundancy the misshapen form of their little mistress. But it was the expression of her innocent face which called forth the pity and kindness of every one; that look, so gentle, so confiding, as if pleading with every one to love her, though she knew how hard it would be to take to their hearts a helpless deformed little object such as she was.

Incapable of joining in the sports of other children, Agatha devoted a great portion of her time to reading, of which she was passionately fond; and possessing a retentive memory, she was better informed, perhaps, at ten years of age than most children at fourteen. She had a great taste for drawing and for music; these Mrs. Oakly had assiduously cultivated, knowing what a source of comfort and amusement they would afford her, and also contribute to draw her from dwelling too much upon herself and her misfortunes, which would only tend to sour and destroy her happiness.

From its proximity to the sea, and consequent advantages of sea-bathing, the village in which Mrs. Oakly resided was, in the summer season, a frequent and favorite resort for invalids.

There was a certain wealthy bachelor of the name of Sullivan, who, for two successive seasons, had made this his place of residence. Every one granted his claim to invalidism the first season, but when with robust frame, and fresh, healthy countenance, he appeared the second, people shook their heads, and talked of *hypochondriacs*. By and bye, it began to be whispered about that Mr. Sullivan was often seen coming from the little cottage of the Widow Oakly; and at last it was asserted that he was soon to bear off their good school-mistress as his bride. This was all true. Mr. Sullivan was talented, agreeable, good looking, and rich; one who, in his youthful days, need not fear the frown of any damsel, and who now, in the prime of manhood, might still have won the fairest. But the heart of the handsome bachelor seemed invulnerable, for nearly forty years resisting all the charms of beauty. He came to the sea-shore to restore his head, and lost his heart.

"When I said I should die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live to be married,"

thought he, blushing like a school-girl at his ridiculous plight.

The acquaintance between Mr. Sullivan and Mrs. Oakly commenced by means of the children. He one day met them on the beach as they were gathering shells, and being always interested in children—a sure sign that his heart was good—he stopped to speak with them. The beauty and vivacity of Ruth charmed him, while her unfortunate little companion filled him with deep sympathy and pity. By and bye he found himself thinking less of the children and more of the mother, until in fact he made the astonishing discovery that he was in love.

Mrs. Oakly, now in her thirty-eighth year, had preserved her beauty through all the troubles and vicissitudes of her life. There are some forms and faces we see, upon which time appears unwilling to lay his withering hand—and Mrs. Oakly was one of these. The rose yet lingered on her cheek; her eyes were still soft and brilliant; her mouth had not lost its freshness, nor her teeth their pearly hue, while the dark hair folded over her fine brow was as thick and glossy as in the days of girlhood.

You may be sure the bachelor was not for any long delay in the matter—that "Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing," was precisely his idea—so he made proposals at once, and was accepted.

The evening previous to her marriage, Mrs. Oakly addressed a letter to Mr. Alfred Oakly, informing him of the event, though she entered into no particulars, not even giving the name of her intended husband. All the request she made was, that he would continue to place the same amount of money which he had previously forwarded to her, in some safe deposit, for the benefit of Agatha;

that should she survive those whose happiness it was now to do for her, she might not be entirely thrown upon the cold charity of the world. Not one word did she breathe of her yearning for her own precious Louisa; she felt he would not understand her if she did, so she coldly bade him farewell.

The marriage was solemnized in the widow's own little parlor; after which, amid the tears and blessings of the villagers, Mrs. Sullivan departed with her happy husband for his beautiful residence near Lake George.

PART II.

We will now return to Mr. Alfred Oakly, and learn how the world in the interim has fared with him. Prosperity at the helm, his richly freighted vessels careered over the wide ocean, no devastating fires destroyed his dwellings, no whirlwinds uprooted his forests, no blight or mildew stole over his fields to nip the golden harvest, and yet, with all this, there was many a beggar who gleaned the refuse from his kitchen, who knew more of happiness than did this cold, selfish man. In the first place his wife had never recovered from the shock to her affections in being forced to yield up her unfortunate child—not only her health but her temper suffered severely. Toward her husband in particular this change seemed pointed, and as much as she had loved him previously her coldness was now proportionate. Unhappily, too, for Louisa, the innocent cause of this rupture, it extended itself even to her, and thus childhood, that rainbow-tinted period of life was to her clouded and joyless. Her father, stern and morose, secluding her from playmates of her own age—her mother seldom greeting her with a word of affection or a smile of encouragement—her caresses met by both with coldness, and all the winning graces of childhood frowned down with disfavor. Her education, however, went on as though her frame were formed of iron. There was a stiff governess, whose cold gray eye was ever on her, to watch that she did not loiter in sitting or stoop in walking—that her toes turned out and her elbows turned in—that she neither spoiled her mouth by laughing (little danger!) nor her eyes by crying. Then came the music-master with commands for six hours daily practice for those little fingers—and the dancing-master, saying “*Ma’amself*, you must be very gay—you cannot never learn de dance ven you do look so vat you call fat-igued.” Then came the drawing-master, and the professor of languages; nor were these all to which her mind was tasked, for besides, were those branches which her governess professed to teach—her governess, Miss Pinchem, with whom in comparison Miss Blimber of Blimber Hall would have shrunk into insignificance!

Poor little Louisa!

She would sometimes wonder if the little children she read of in the Bible had to learn all such things to make them good—for Miss Pinchem was great

on goodness—always beginning and ending her exhortations with, “Now, Miss Louisa, you must be *good*, and not raise your eyes from your book”—“You must play that tune with more scientific grace, Miss Louisa, or you will not be *good*”—“You must turn out your toes if you want to be *good*”—“You will never be *good* if you don’t pronounce better”—in short there was a great deal of goodness on Miss Pinchem’s wiry tongue, let people say what they would, and though Louisa wondered *what made Miss Pinchem good?*”

No sooner had Mr. Oakly accomplished his object in ridding his sight of the poor deformed, than he would fain have held himself excused from all obligation to the widow—but he dared not act out his wishes, fearful in such case that she would claim her own, and thus betray his disgraceful secret. When he received Mrs. Oakly’s letter informing him of her intended marriage, his apprehensions were anew awakened. Could it be possible she would keep the secret from her husband! Doubtless she would scorn the imputation that so unsightly a child as Agatha was her own offspring, and thus to preserve her maternal pride forfeit her word! O! a thorny pillow was that Mr. Oakly nightly pressed! How often in his dreams did the pale corse of his injured brother rise up before him, and ever in its fleshless arms it bore the shrunken form of Agatha! But as month after month rolled on, swelling finally to years, and hearing nothing further from the late Mrs. Oakly, he felt more at ease, so much so that he entirely forgot her request relative to the future advantage of his discarded child! an oversight very natural to such a man!

Louisa reached her seventeenth year, and as the bud gave promise so proved the flower, beautiful indeed and lovely. Mr. Oakly was really proud of this! He mentally contrasted her light elegant figure with the *probable* appearance of Agatha, and congratulated himself that he had not to bear about the shame of acknowledging the latter! Still, he did not *love* Louisa—strange that he almost hated her for possessing those very attributes of loveliness for which he had preferred her above his own offspring!

When Louisa emerged from the seclusion of the school-room to the brilliant circles of fashion, she was caressed, flattered, adored. Wealth and beauty tripping hand in hand seldom fail to win favor, and brought a throng of admirers to the feet of the heiress, who, however, did not seem easily moved; and many were the suitors to her favor who met with a kind but firm refusal. But, beware, Louisa, your affections will be held by your tyrant father just as much enslaved as your person; and now, wo to you, should they centre where he does not approve.

Moonlight, golden, twinkling stars, fragrant zephyrs, sweet from the lip of the lily, soft music from tinkling leaves, a murmur from the rippling river,

and through the winding shrubbery, slowly along the path tessellated by the moonbeams, which glint through the leafy curtain, Louisa is straying—but not alone. A youth is by her side, one whose arm her own encircles, who clasps her willing hand in his; one whose whispers are of love, and to whom her own voice, gentle and low, speaks of hope and happiness in return.

Ah! foolish, foolish Louisa! what are you thinking of? Only a poor painter—and *you* in love! True, he has talent, worth, grace, refinement, but—*no money!* And you, unfortunate youth, why did you love this beautiful maiden. Know you not that man of heartlessness and pride, her father, would gladly crush you to the earth for lifting your eyes heavenward to his daughter; that he would sooner buy her winding-sheet than that she should don her wedding-robe for *thee*? And yet, even now, closer and closer are you both riveting the chain, drawing heart to heart, which no hand but death can loose.

It was the second summer after Louisa's initiation into the gay world that the Oakly family were once more assembled at Oak Villa, their annual resort during the warm months of July and August. With no taste for reading, a mind not attuned for meditation, and the querulousness of an *ungraceful* old age gradually stealing upon him, Mr. Oakly found the time drag most wearily on amid those quiet groves. In his extremity an idea suddenly flashed across his brain, which he eagerly caught at, as it promised to relieve somewhat of that tedious vacuum between those hours when such a man and happiness may alone be said to look each other in the face: viz., the hour of meals—and this was to summon an artist to the villa, for the purpose of decorating the walls of the saloon with the portraits of its inmates. He had not thought of it before, but, quite luckily, it now occurred to him that he already had the address of a young artist in his pocket, for whom some friend of struggling genius had solicited patronage. Now he could kill two birds with one stone, as it were, secure the plaudits of the world by taking the artist by the hand in so flattering a manner, and at the same time pull away the drag from the wheels of time. He looked at the card—"Walter Everton,"—and to Walter Everton did he immediately address a letter, requesting his presence at the villa.

He came—a fine, handsome youth of three-and-twenty, with an eye like an eagle, and hair dark as a starless night—a dangerous companion, we must allow, for the gentle Louisa. He was met with condescending affability made most apparent by the master of the house, and by Mrs. Oakly, who seldom manifested much interest in any thing, with cool indifference. No wonder, then, that he turned with a thrill of pleasure tingling his heart-strings, to the gentle Louisa, whose manners, at once so courteous and refined, offered so agreeable a contrast.

There are some, perhaps, whose hearts have never yet felt the power of love, who rail about

love at first sight as a theory too ridiculous to dwell upon—a chimera only originating in the heads of romantic school-girls and beardless shop-boys; very well, let them have it so; I only assert that both Louisa and the artist, at that first interview, were favorably impressed; and that a brief intercourse under the same roof cemented their young hearts with all the strength of a first and truthful affection. Love (himself a sly artist) traced each on the other's heart in fadeless tints. Sincere and unselfish was the love which Walter Everton had conceived for Louisa; a love which he intended to bury within his own throbbing breast—for he dared not flatter himself that it would be returned—ah, the heiress of thousands—he, the poor, unfriended artist. Vain resolve! It was the evening with which this chapter commences, that, in an unguarded moment, he had revealed to her his love, and received the blest assurance of her own in return. But their cup of joy was even then embittered by the consciousness that her father, in his cold, selfish nature, would tear their hearts asunder, even though he snapped their life-strings.

In the meantime the business which had brought him to the villa was being accomplished. Mr. and Mrs. Oakly saw themselves to the life on canvas, and now it only remained to consummate his work by portraying the features of Louisa. Delightful, yet difficult task! Mrs. Oakly had so far aroused herself from her usual lethargy, as to insist that the figure of Louisa herself should be but secondary in the picture about to be executed. She was tired, she said, of those stiff, prim figures on sombre-tinted ground, looking out from gilded frames with eyeballs ever coldly glaring upon one, and would have a large painting of rare design and skill—woods, fountains, birds, and flowers, to relieve the form and face of Louisa from this dull sameness. Various were the sketches brought forward for her approval; and whole days, which Everton wished might never end, were spent in vain endeavors to settle upon some one of them for the purpose. Accident, however, at length furnished the desired *tableau*—although it would be doing injustice to Everton to imply that he lacked talent or originality—fine as were his sketches, they failed to please Mrs. Oakly, because—she would not be pleased.

One morning Louisa strolled out alone, and unconsciously pursued her ramble until she reached a beautiful meadow fringed with fine old trees, whose branches bent down to meet their dark, leafy shadows in the bright waters of the Susquehanna. Birds were singing merrily, butterflies sported their golden wings, and the grasshopper chirped, blithely leaping through the tall grass. Here and there, where the rays of the sun had not yet penetrated, were the gossamers of elfin broidery—mantles dropped by fairies on their merry rounds in the checkered moonlight beneath those old trees; there was a drop of bright nectar, too, left in the cup of the wild-flower, and the large, red

clover-tops were sparkling with dew-gems. I cannot assert that Louisa saw all the beauties of this fine morning; for, absorbed in pleasing thoughts, upon which we will not intrude, satisfied as we ought to be that the artist occupied a full share, she seated herself beneath one of those shadowing trees, and resting her chin within the palm of her little hand, most likely, I am sorry to say, heard neither the warble of the birds, the cheerful chirping insect, or saw the bright glancing river, with the little boat which was just then dancing over its silver ripples.

The sound of voices approaching in the opposite direction suddenly broke in upon her trance, and she then, for the first time, reflected that she had passed the boundaries of her father's land. The estate adjoining had lately been purchased by a wealthy Englishman, it was said. For many weeks repairs had been going on in the old mansion, which for several years had been tenanted; and the family were daily expected to arrive. That they had now done so was Louisa's conclusion. The voices grew nearer; but, trusting to the thick foliage for concealment, she remained perfectly still; when apparently within but a few paces of her the party stopped.

"What a lovely view!" exclaimed a soft female voice. "I wish ma'ma had not turned back, she would have been so delighted."

"It is truly fine," was the reply, in a masculine tone; "it is even more beautiful than the view from the lawn we so much admired last evening; what if you were to sketch it."

"If I had only brought my crayons, I would do so now. How lovely it is!" answered the lady.

"If you have strength for it after your long walk," was the reply, "I will return for your portfolio; here is a nice shady seat for you—I will soon be back, but do not ramble away from this spot."

Louisa heard the retreating footsteps, and was about to make good her own, when a beautiful Scotch air, very sweetly warbled, arrested her attention. The song ceased abruptly, giving place to a scream so loud and shrill, as blanched the cheek of Louisa with the hue of death. She sprang to her feet, and panting with terror, emerged from her shelter into the open meadow just as the scream was again repeated. She now almost breathlessly looked around to detect the cause of alarm. In a moment she saw it all. A noble stag, having probably leaped the park-pailings, came bounding swiftly across the meadow directly toward the spot where Louisa was now standing, no doubt with the intention of slaking his thirst at the tempting stream. The terrors of Louisa were at once allayed; and she now hastened to the spot whence the screams issued, to soothe, if possible, the fears of the unknown.

Trembling with fright, and clinging to a tree for support, was a female, dwarflike in stature, and deformed in shape. Her countenance was deadly pale, and her eye-balls, almost fixed with terror, were strained upon the animal, as he came leaping onward. Ere Louisa could speak he had approached

within a few paces, and, as if now first aware of their presence, he suddenly halted, arched his beautiful, glossy neck, and bending his antlered head, stood at bay. Seeing how utterly helpless was the poor unknown, Louisa sprang forward, and telling her not to be alarmed, quickly placed herself before her; but the noble stag, as if disdainful to war with women, after gazing upon them a few seconds with his wild eyes, suddenly turned, and tossing his head proudly, trotted off in another direction.

At that moment how rejoiced was Louisa to see her lover rapidly approaching—for the stranger had already fainted.

"Water! water!" she cried, "quick, or she will die!" Without speaking, Evertson rushed to the river, and filling his hat with its cooling waters, was in a second at her side.

"Poor girl! she will die with terror, I fear. What fine features, and what beautiful hair!" said Louisa, as she swept back the long tresses from her neck and brow, purer than alabaster.

In a few moments the object of their solicitude opened her eyes. She could not speak, but pressing the hand of Louisa to her lips, pointed toward a mansion just discernible through a dense shrubbery at some distance.

"Shall I bear you home?" inquired Evertson.

The stranger looked her thanks; and lifting her in his arms as tenderly as if she were a babe, he proceeded with his almost lifeless burthen in the direction pointed out.

Thus met, for the first time, the discarded Agatha and the innocent usurper of her rights.

The fancy of Walter Evertson seized at once upon a scene so interesting as the one he had just witnessed. No sooner did he part with Louisa at the door of the saloon, than, hastening to his studio, he began sketching the outlines of his truthful conceptions. Rapidly did he hasten on his own misery—blissfully unconscious the while of the sad termination of his labors. Never had he wrought so well and so rapidly—not a stroke but told. There was the beautiful meadow, with its brave old trees, and the river gleaming through their branches; the fine stag, his antlered front bent toward the two females; the graceful form of Louisa standing beneath the old oak, shielding the terrified stranger, one arm thrown around her, the other slightly raised as if motioning the animal away. Love surely guided his hand; for, without a sitting, the artist had transferred from his heart to the canvas the gentle features of Louisa with an accuracy undisputable. Strikingly, too, had he delineated the form and face of the deformed—her long, waving tresses—her pale countenance—her large eyes fixed in terror upon the stag, and her small, mis-shapen figure. Something, too, had he caught, even in that short interview, of the features of Agatha. He could not, however, proceed in his task until it had received the approbation of the master and mistress of the mansion. He had purposely requested Louisa to be silent re-

specting the morning's adventure, that he might, by surprise, obtain the mastery over the whims of Mrs. Oakly, so hard to be gratified. They were now respectfully invited to the picture-room, together with Louisa, to pass judgment upon his (to him) beautiful sketch.

To depict the scene which followed the withdrawal of the curtain he had placed before it would be impossible. Mrs. Oakly gave one look, and with a dreadful shriek, exclaiming, "*My child!*" fell senseless to the floor. Mr. Oakly, foaming with rage, his face livid and distorted, rushed upon the astonished artist, and in a voice choked with passion, cried,

"Out of my house, villain! Ha! do you beard me thus! Who are you, that have thus stolen my secret, and dare to show me that picture—dare to place that hateful image before me? Out of my house, I say, ere I am tempted to commit a worse crime!"

Astonished, bewildered, confounded, Evertson for a moment could not speak, nor would the enraged man hear him when he did. In vain Louisa, while striving to restore animation to her mother, interceded, explained, expostulated—alas! her tears and agitation only betraying to her father a new source of anger. Seizing her by the arm, and bidding her seek her chamber, he thrust her from the room, and then turning once more to the artist, as he raised the still inanimate form of his wife,

"I give you half an hour to make your arrangements for leaving my roof—beware how you exceed that time; when you are ready, you will find the sum due you in this cursed room—begone, sir!"

Without any attempt to see poor Louisa again, and trusting he might be able to communicate with her in a few days, Walter Evertson left the villa.

When Mr. Oakly next entered the painting-room the money of the artist was still there—but the fatal picture had disappeared.

A few years after his marriage, Mr. Sullivan took his family to Europe, where they remained until within a few months previous to the singular meeting of Louisa and Agatha.

In a beautiful cottage on the borders of Loch Katrine, their lives had been one uninterrupted scene of happiness—always excepting the yearning of a mother's heart for her lost child. The education of Ruth and Agatha had formed their chief care, and was such as a kind-hearted, intelligent man like Mr. Sullivan was proud to give them, sparing neither money nor precept, and aided, too, by the superior judgment and example of their excellent mother. Ruth had grown up lovely and amiable, and at the time the family returned to America, was affianced to a fine young Scotchman. Poor Agatha had become even more unsightly in figure, yet retained all the simplicity and amiableness of her childhood. Whatever may have been her own private feelings upon her unfortunate deformity, it was rare, indeed, that she ever made allusion to it. When she did,

it was with meekness and resignation to her Maker's will; for early in life had Agatha given herself to Him whose love is more precious than all earthly advantages. She seldom mixed with society, yet when she did, even strangers, after a slight acquaintance, thought no more of her unshapeliness. The sweet expression of her countenance interested, her intelligence charmed them.

When Mrs. Sullivan took possession of her new residence on the Susquehanna, little did she dream how short the distance which separated her from her youngest born; and when Agatha related the fright she had received during her morning ramble, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beautiful girl who had so nobly come to her assistance, how little did she think *whose* arms had encircled the trembling Agatha, *whose* voice it was had tried to soothe her fears.

Mr. Sullivan avowed his determination of calling immediately upon their neighbors to express his thanks to the fair maid, and the gallant young gentleman who had so opportunely come to the assistance of dear Agatha, his pet and favorite. He did so the next day, but he was too late—the house was deserted.

Agatha evinced much regret at the circumstance.

"How sorry I am!" said she; "O, I do hope we may hereafter meet again; the countenance of that charming girl haunts me like a dream—so lovely, and somehow so familiar to me—a stranger, and yet not a stranger. Sometimes, ma'ma, when you look at me as you do now, I almost fancy her eyes are on me; and then again, only for being a blonde, it appears to me she greatly resembled dear Ruth."

Mrs. Sullivan changed color, and evidently much agitated, she inquired of her husband if he knew the name of their late neighbor.

"I do not," was his reply, "and our servants are as ignorant as ourselves. Ah! here comes an honest lad with berries to sell—and a fine tempting load, too. I will ask him while I purchase the fruit."

As the boy measured out the berries, Mr. Sullivan said,

"Well, my son, can you tell me who lives in the fine old stone house just at the bend of the river?"

"Oakly, sir—*Squire* Oakly we call him here."

"Quick, quick, father, ma'ma is fainting!" screamed Ruth, springing to her side.

For a moment all was alarm and confusion; but at length Mrs. Sullivan slowly opening her eyes desired to be led to her chamber.

"I will lie down a few moments—I shall soon be better; it is nothing—nothing," she answered to their affectionate solicitude.

When alone, then did she give way to her joy. What happiness! her dear Louisa—her long lost was found. She was good, too, and lovely; her kindness to a stranger proved the former, and the assertions of the grateful Agatha the latter. She might now hope by some fortunate chance to see her—they might now meet. O, how could she keep

down her throbbing heart; how would she be able to refrain from clasping her to her bosom, and avowing herself her mother. When she thought she had recovered sufficient composure, she again joined the family; but it was almost as soon dissipated by the conversation which followed her entrance into the sitting room.

"My dear," said Mr. Sullivan, "do you know these foolish girls are for making out a relationship between themselves and our runaway neighbors—claiming a cousinship, even if several degrees removed, to the fair heroine of Agatha's story—can it be so, think you?"

"This Mr. Oakly may possibly have been some connection of their father's," faltered Mrs. Sullivan.

"Had papa no brothers?" said Agatha.

"Yes, one; but some unhappy family disagreement, however, prevented any intercourse. They were as strangers to each other."

"What if this Mr. Oakly should prove our uncle. Had he any family, ma'ma?" asked Ruth.

"I believe—one—one daughter," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Do not say any more," whispered Agatha to her sister, "don't you see how it distresses ma'ma?"

Mr. Sullivan had observed the same thing, and the subject was dropped.

In a few days the papers announced among the list of passengers sailed for Havre, the name of Mr. Alfred Oakly, lady and daughter.

Another flight of years, and behold what changes in the fortunes of Mr. Oakly. Adversity had at last seized its victim, gorging to the full its revenge for those years when its existence had been but as a phantom to the wealthy merchant; he now felt its iron clutches to be something more tangible than shadows. The sea had swallowed his vessels; flames had greedily swept over his warehouses; blight had devastated his fields; failures of firms he considered as good as the bank—nay, even the bank itself failed; and in the short space of one year, Mr. Oakly found himself stripped of all save a mere pittance, which, with the most scrupulous economy, could hardly support his family. The teachings of adversity upon the cold, selfish heart, are sometimes blessed with happy fruits. And thus it proved with Mr. Oakly.

True, the change was not instantaneous; he lost not his property to-day, to become a Christian, a philosopher to-morrow. But as a drop of water will in time wear away the hardest rock, so, little by little, were the flinty feelings of his heart softened and purified. The wicked and selfish deeds of his past life arose up before him, each with its own accusing tongue. That fortune, for which he had risked his soul, had crumbled away, but these stood out plain and distinct, only to be effaced through the mercies of One whose most sacred obligations he had violated.

Mrs. Oakly met this reverse of fortune humbly

and uncomplainingly. Happily, she was ignorant of the sin of her husband, in having, like a second Cain, destroyed his brother. Yet she felt that for another crime—the *disowning of his own offspring*—the punishment was just. Her own conscience, too, reproached her for the unjust feelings in which she had indulged toward the innocent Louisa; and now, almost for the first time in her life, she treated her as a daughter.

Kind, gentle, affectionate Louisa! only that she saw her parents deprived of many comforts which would have soothed their declining years, she would have rejoiced in a change of fortune which had brought with it their love. In her heart there was a secret sorrow which she might breathe to none—it was her love for Walter Everton. Never, since that fatal day, had she seen or heard again from him; but that he was faithful, and would be faithful unto death, her trusting heart assured her. When ease and affluence surrounded her, this sudden separation from her lover, and under such afflicting and inexplicable circumstances, had seemed to paralyze her energies. Books, music, travel, all failed to excite more than mere mechanical attention; but now, in the sorrows of her parents, she lost the selfishness of her own, and strove in every way to comfort them.

What now had become of the once proud merchant. His name was no longer heard on 'change, unless coupled with a creditor's anathema; and summer friends, like the sun on a rainy day, were behind the cloud.

It was a cold, cheerless day in December; one of those days when one hugs close to the fire-side, and when even a glance at the dull, sombrous out-of-door atmosphere makes, or ought to make, one thankful for the blessings of a pleasant fire, to say nothing of the society of a friend, or the solace of a book. With all these comforts combined, the family of Mr. Sullivan had assembled in the breakfast parlor. There was the grate, heaped to the topmost bar of the polished steel, with glowing anthracite; the soft carpet of warm and gorgeous hues; luxuriant plants of foreign climes, half hiding the cages of various little songsters, whose merry notes breathed of spring-time and shady groves; and the face of grim winter shut out by rich, silken folds of crimson drapery.

The pleasant morning meal was already passed, and the breakfast things removed, with the exception of the beautiful coffee-set of Sevres' china, which Mrs. Sullivan was so old-fashioned as to take charge of herself in preference to trusting it with servants. Seated at the head of the table, a snowy napkin in her hand, she was now engaged in this domestic office. Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Danvers (the husband of Ruth) had just gone into the study, to talk over some business affairs. Ruth had taken the morning paper, and upon a low ottoman by the side of her mother, was reading the news of the

day—now to herself, or, as she found a paragraph of peculiar interest, aloud for the general entertainment. Agatha was reclining upon the sofa, and nestling by her side was a beautiful boy of two years old, playing bo-peep through the long, sunny curls of "Aunt Gatty," his merry little shouts, and infantile prattle, quite overpowering ma'ma's news.

"Why what can this mean?" suddenly exclaimed Ruth; "do hear this, ma'ma. 'If the former widow of Mr. John Oakly (the name of her present husband unknown) be still living, or the children of said John Oakly, they are requested to call at No. 18 — street, and inquire for A. O., or to forward a note to the same address, stating where they may be found.' What can it mean, ma'ma."

Without answering, Mrs. Sullivan rose from her chair; she trembled in every limb, and her countenance was deadly pale.

"Ruth, dearest," said she, "ring the bell, and order the carriage immediately to the door."

"Ma'ma, you surely will not go out alone," said Ruth.

"Yes, alone! do not disturb your father," answered Mrs. Sullivan; "alone must I meet this trial. My dear girls," she continued, "ask me no questions. God knows what I am about to learn, whether tidings of joy or sorrow; but I trust all may be explained when I return."

In a few moments the carriage was at the door, and tenderly embracing Ruth and Agatha, she departed upon her anxious errand.

After passing through so many streets that it seemed they must have nearly cleared the city, the carriage turned into a narrow street, or rather lane, and stopped at No. 18, a small two story wooden building. Mrs. Sullivan alighted and rang the bell. The door was opened by a little servant-girl, to whom she handed a card, on which she had written with a trembling hand, "A person wishes to speak with A. O."

In a few moments the girl returned and ushered her up stairs into a small parlor. Her fortitude now nearly forsook her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself to a chair. As soon as she could command herself, she looked around to see if she could detect aught which might speak to her of her child. Upon the table on which she leaned were books. She took up one, and turned to the title-page; in a pretty Italian hand was traced "Louisa Oakly." Several beautiful drawings also attracted her eye—they, too, bore the name of "Louisa Oakly." But before she had time to indulge in the blissful hopes this caused her, the door opened, and Mr. Oakly, with an agitation nearly equal to her own, entered the room.

Many years had flown since they met, and time on both had laid his withering hand; but while Mrs. Sullivan presented all the beautiful traits of a peaceful, happy decline into the vale of years, the countenance of Mr. Oakly was furrowed and haggard with remorse, and all those evil passions which had

formerly ruled his reason. Quickly advancing, he extended his hand, and attempted to speak, but emotion checked all utterance, while the big tears slowly rolled down his cheek.

"O, speak—speak! tell me—Louisa!" cried Mrs. Sullivan, alarmed at his agitation.

"Compose yourself," replied Mr. Oakly, "Louisa is well. I have sought this interview, that I may make all the reparation now left me for my injustice and cruelty. You see before you, madam, a miserable man, haunted by remorse, and vain regrets for past misdeeds. From my once proud and lofty standing," he continued, glancing around the apartment, "I am reduced to this. Yet think not I repine for the loss of riches. No! were millions now at my command, I would barter all for a clear, unaccusing conscience. Wealth, based on fraud, on uncharitableness, must sooner or later come to ruin. I once despised poverty, and cherished a haughty spirit toward those I arrogantly deemed my inferiors. Have I not my reward?"

"But my child—tell me of my child!" interrupted Mrs. Sullivan, scarce heeding his remarks, "where is she? May I not see her?"

"Bear with me a little while longer," said Mr. Oakly, "in half an hour she shall be yours forever!"

"My God, I thank thee!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, bursting into tears of joy.

"Yes, I yield her to your arms," continued Mr. Oakly, "the loveliest daughter that ever blessed a mother, and relieve you forever from the charge of an unfortunate, to whom my conduct has been both brutal and unnatural. Listen to me, madam, for a few moments."

He then as briefly as possible made confession of the base part he had acted toward his brother, and the means employed to ruin him with his father; the selfish motives which led to the exchange of the children; related the incident of the picture, and consequent removal from Oak Villa—for well did he divine *who* the deformed was. He then spoke of Louisa; of her uniform loveliness of character, and the gentleness with which she had borne, as he acknowledged, his oft repeated unkindness.

"She knows all," said he in conclusion, "and waits even now to receive a mother's embrace. I will send her to you, and may her tears and caresses plead my forgiveness!" so saying, Mr. Oakly quickly withdrew.

A moment—an age to Mrs. Sullivan—the door gently unclosed and mother and child were folded in each others arms!

There are feelings which no language can convey—and which to attempt to paint would seem almost a sacrilege!

In a short time Mr. Oakly re-entered, accompanied by his wife. The meeting between the mothers was painful—for each felt there was still another trial for them! Mrs. Oakly now really loved Louisa, and that Mrs. Sullivan was most fondly attached to poor Agatha the reader already knows.

"O she has been a solace and a comfort to me!" said she to Mrs. Oakly. "A more noble-minded—a more unselfish, pure being never lived than our dear Agatha! believe me, to part from her will cause a pang nearly as great as when I first gave my darling Louisa to your arms?"

Another hour was spent in free communion, and then tenderly embracing her new found daughter, the happy mother returned home—the events of the morning seeming almost too blissful to be real!

It was sometime ere she could command herself sufficiently to the task before her. At length summoning all her resolution she made known to her astonished husband and Ruth the strange secret she had so long buried in her breast.

Mr. Sullivan undertook to break the intelligence to Agatha.

Poor Agatha was very much overcome, and for several hours her distress was such as made them almost tremble for her reason. Although the circumstances were related in the most guarded and delicate manner, nor even a hint given as to the motives of an act so unnatural as her father had been guilty of toward her—her sensitive mind too well divined the cause.

"Yet how can I blame them," said she, glancing in a mirror as she spoke, "who could love such a being! Ah forgive me," she cried, throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. Sullivan, who now joined them—"forgive me—you—you received me—my best, my dearest, my only mother—you took the little outcast to your arms—you could love even the mis-shapen child whom others loathed!"

Mrs. Sullivan strove by the most gentle caresses to sooth her agitation, and at length succeeded so far that Agatha listened calmly to all she had to say, and expressed her desire to be guided by her in every thing relating to this (to her) painful disclosure.

Almost in a fainting state was Agatha given to her mother's arms, and at sight of her father she shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

O the pang that went to the soul of her wretched father as he witnessed this!

"Agatha, my child, will you not then look upon me! will you not say you forgive me?"

She extended her hand wet with tears:

"Father, I have nothing to pardon. I am not now less hideous in form than when to look upon me caused you shame and sorrow. In giving me to my dearest aunt you gave me every blessing, every happiness, this world has for me—but do not, O do not now tear me from?"

"O God! I am rightly punished!" exclaimed Mr. Oakly—"my own child in turn disowns me!"

"Agatha," said Mrs. Oakly, "will you not love me—love your mother, Agatha?"

Agatha hesitated, and her beautiful eyes streamed with tears—

"Mother! I can give that name to but *one*!—*here—here* is my mother!" turning and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. Sullivan.

Not so was it with Louisa. Like a dove long panting for its rest, she had at last reached that haven of love—a mother's heart!

Indeed so much distress did the thought of being separated from her more than mother cause poor Agatha, that, fearful for her health, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan prevailed upon her parents to take up their residence with them for a few months, to which request they finally acceded.

Soon after her first interview with Mr. Oakly, Mrs. Sullivan presented him with a deed of the cottage, which so many years before he had given her, little dreaming that any reverse of fortune would ever make *him* grateful for so humble a shelter!

"The rent," said she, "has been regularly paid into the hands of a faithful person, who also holds in trust the remittances which you from time to time forwarded me. I placed them there for the benefit of Agatha, should she survive me. It came from you originally—it is again your own—then hesitate not to receive it from my hands."

"Excellent, noble woman!" exclaimed Mr. Oakly, overwhelmed with emotion, "how little have I merited this kindness!"

Indeed, together with principal and interest, what at first was but a trifling sum, had in the course of eighteen or twenty years amounted to quite a little fortune. It was now settled that as soon as the Spring opened Mr. and Mrs. Oakly were to take possession of the little cottage, and rather than be separated from their dear Agatha, the Sullivans were soon to follow and take lodgings for the summer months.

"But, my dear madam," says the reader, "you have entirely forgotten to tell us what became of the unfortunate artist, the lover of Louisa, whom you appear to think happy enough in her present situation *without* a lover."

"O no, dear reader—but this is not a love-story, you know—if it were I would tell you the particulars of a most interesting love scene between Walter Everton and his adored Louisa. Suffice it to say, they were married, and that the picture which caused their unhappy separation occupies a conspicuous place in their beautiful villa, a few miles from the city of P—."

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

STEP softly! step lightly! I would not disturb her!

She's wrapt all unconscious in innocence's charms;

Her slumbers are peaceful, her dreams are as gentle

As when she reposed in her fond mother's arms.

And thus may it last—may no cause for repining

E'er darken the unsullied days of her youth—

May she, as age deepens, when backward reviewing,

Find mem'ry well stored with Virtue and Truth. S. N. T.

THE RASH OATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MRS. JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

DURING my childhood my mother carried me every year, toward the close of autumn, to spend a month with one of my aunts. It has been a long while since then, but, nevertheless, the memory of my sojourn with her appears as vivid as the events of yesterday, and I fancy myself once more in her handsome château, which was situated on the right branch of the river Meuse, at the place where the stream, still far from its mouth, has not attained its greatest width, and where it is bordered with rugged rocks and precipitous steepes, which remind one of many portions of Switzerland, and of the delicious banks of the Rhine.

To linger near a beloved sister was a great pleasure to my mother; she had arrived, too, at that age when the glories of nature produce the deepest impression, and enjoyed with enthusiasm the exquisite landscape unrolled before our eyes. As to myself, I dwelt but little on the picturesque charms of the country. I was too young for the inhabitants of the château to interest themselves much concerning my amusements, and left to follow my own will, I discovered sources of happiness which I tested with all the eager vivacity of a child. First I found an orchard filled with young fruit, which, though still indifferent, I gladly availed myself of; then in the mountain I claimed a grotto, whose entrance I closed with boughs of trees, and pompously styled it my house; and lastly, I delighted in a gallery that was narrow and dimly lighted, and hung on both sides with old family portraits.

I saw there, warlike men, clothed in complete armor, the hand clenched, the head held high and proudly; others, habited in black, wearing immense ruffs, and having their hair braided, and their beards cut in a point; and others were handsome gentlemen, with coats of embroidered velvet, and *cottes*, with enormous wigs, which covered even their shoulders.

The ladies there were yet more numerous. Some of them wore their hair in small curls, and long robes bordered with fur; others had hoops, and powdered heads, laden with plumes, pearls, and flowers, carrying in their hands an immense rose, or a very small bird. Several were in fancy costumes; there were Dianas, the quiver on their shoulders, the crescent on their brows; Floras, in white satin, sprinkled with blossoms; and shepherdesses, with a crook, and tiny hat.

I passed in this gallery every moment I could steal from my lessons and my mother. I glided there unperceived, and remained until I imagined all those figures, their eyes fixed on mine, seemed

to move from their frames; sometimes I thought their features grew more stern, their smiles more scornful—and I would depart hastily, in fear and trembling, with the firm resolution to return no more. But what is it at last—the firm resolution of a little girl. By the next day I had forgotten the terrors of the preceding one, and found myself again in the gallery, feverish with emotion, and drawn by some powerful attraction I could not resist, to gaze on those old pictures I had so often contemplated.

Among these paintings, the one that I loved the best, that I always sought for, and that never frightened me, was the portrait of a youthful woman, dressed in a black robe. The sleeves were looped with agrafes, inlaid with pearls, leaving uncovered the loveliest arm in the world, and long, fair hair, entirely unadorned, flowed in large waves on her shoulders. With her large, blue eyes, her peculiarly regular features, and singularly gentle expression, her beauty would have been faultless, but for the frightful paleness which spread itself over her countenance. She was as white as the column of marble against which her brow was pictured as leaning; and I have frequently thought since, that there was, perhaps, something of coquetry in this posture. The melancholy face of the young lady, contrasted with the smiling visages of the dames who surrounded her, and this strange sadness, combined with the languid grace of her position, exercised over my mind a sort of inexplicable fascination. In my childish admiration, I asked myself if a being so beautiful had ever really existed. The impression produced by her haunted me every where; and I remembered it even in my dreams. One day, which had been appointed for a visit in the neighborhood, I contrived to escape, for the purpose of seeing again my cherished favorites, before leaving them for several hours. I had intended remaining with them but a moment; and I flattered myself my absence would be unperceived by the family. But gradually I forgot the anticipated trip, the pleasure awaiting me, my aunt, my mother, in fact, every thing, and lingered, as if chained to my stand, with eyes fixed rapturously on the Pale Lady, (it was thus I designated her,) and blending her image with the wildest adventures my youthful imagination could conceive.

Already I had been called twenty times, and the domestics were sent to search for me; but my abstraction was so profound, that I was insensible to all, and still lingered motionless before the portrait, when my aunt opened the door, and surprised me in the gallery. My lengthened absence had begun

to occasion alarm, and the frightened manner of my aunt recalled suddenly my wandering thoughts. Perhaps conscious of my fault, or it may be, ashamed of being thus entrapped, I threw myself into my aunt's arms, and a few tears moistened my cheeks. The reprimand died upon her lips, but yielding to the astonishment inspired by my intense admiration for these old pictures, she said,

"My child, you are beholding a woman who has been very beautiful, and very unhappy."

"Very unhappy!" I had then imagined rightly.

"Dear aunt, will you relate to me her history?"

"Not this morning, they are waiting for us; and beside, you are yet too young."

"Too young to hear her history? Ah! how unfortunate that is! But never mind, by our next visit I shall be twelve years of age, then I will be tall—promise I may hear it then."

She granted the wished for promise, and a few days afterward we quitted the château.

The following year we repaired, as usual, to my aunt's, and had scarcely exchanged the greeting caresses, before, longing to satisfy my impatient curiosity, I seized my aunt's hand with an air of gravity whose cause she did not comprehend. I conducted her to the gallery, and pausing before my favorite picture, "Good aunt," I said, "now is the time to fulfill your promise!" She regarded me, surprised and smiling, and deferred only until that evening the recital of the history so much desired.

Orders were issued to prepare the gallery for our reception, and in the presence of the portrait of Wilhelmine de Cernan, I learned the strange misfortunes of her life. They appeared to me so interesting that I have since endeavored to find further details to fill the deficiency of my memory; and it is her history which, in my turn, I am about to relate to you.

Wilhelmine de Cernan, reared by her mother in the country, had grown to girlhood in the seclusion of her own family, and the intimacy of a few cherished friends. Her simple tastes prompted her to love retirement, and her disposition, naturally a melancholy one, shrunk timidly from much which usually makes the happiness of women. The pleasures of society, those gay balls and animated assemblies youth is prone to love so intensely, had for her no attractions. Her mother, by whom she was idolized, never imagined that this tendency of character could injure her daughter; she therefore never sought to subdue it, and only strove to inculcate those doctrines of piety which had formed the basis of her own education.

Religion appeared to the spirit of Wilhelmine robed with all its noblest and sublimest coloring; and its mystical beauty tinged for her the most trivial details of life. She seemed almost like an angel, who claimed communion every day, every moment, with heaven. God and her mother! in these two thoughts lay all her existence.

When she had attained the age of eighteen, the

Baron de Breuil was presented to her as a desirable connection, and scarcely pausing to interrogate her heart as to the nature of her sentiments, she tranquilly accepted his hand, confident that she could repose on her mother the care of her happiness. Wilhelmine could not, in truth, have made a selection more worthy of her, for M. de Breuil was in all respects a good and estimable man. His château was but a league distant from the residence of Madame de Cernan; the mother and daughter met daily, and nothing was changed for Wilhelmine. The baron believed himself the most fortunate of men, and was unceasingly occupied in cultivating the powers of his young wife. He lavished all his care to adorn her intellect, to direct her talents, and to elevate her mind to the appreciation of whatever is truly grand and beautiful. One portion of their time was dedicated to reading, another to drawing, a third to music and exercise; and they never concluded a day without a visit to some poor dwelling, where their presence carried consolation and benefit. In the midst of these peaceful employments and pure pleasures, the life of Wilhelmine glided tranquilly on. The spectacle of crime had never saddened her eyes; and misery had appeared to her only to be relieved. It seemed as if an existence so uniform, so gentle, should have lasted long; but He whose will is not as our will, had ordained otherwise. At the end of two years of happiness, the Baron de Breuil was attacked by violent illness, and the physicians soon declared his life was in imminent danger. Wilhelmine, bathed in tears, never quitted the bedside of her husband, but, unable to conceal the agony of her grief, she lavished upon him all the attentions of the truest tenderness. Himself resigned to death, but profoundly grieved by the deep affliction of his wife, he endeavored to console her by the most comforting expressions; but Wilhelmine, overcome by anguish, would listen to nothing he could say. She sunk at length into a state of torpor, from which she could scarcely be aroused, even by her desire to attend on the invalid.

"God is merciful!" at last said M. de Breuil to her, "he will sustain you in your misfortune, he will enable you once more to find charms in existence. You are young; the future proffers you bright days; the prospect of life before you is calm and smiling. Alas! I fondly hoped we might have trodden its pathway together; but Heaven has ordained otherwise. Perhaps another—"

"Never!" exclaimed Wilhelmine, "never! I love another after loving you! I unite my lot with another's! I forget you! Ah! rather would I die a thousand times!"

"Wilhelmine! Wilhelmine! grief at this time distracts you, but remember, nothing here is eternal, not even an affection as pure is ours. Believe a man who has had much experience; your heart will feel the 'strong necessity of loving.' Happy will he be who fulfills that want! May he be worthy of that enjoyment!"

Wilhelmine covered her husband's hands with kisses; she seemed almost indignant at being thus misunderstood, thus illy judged; she repulsed these mournful predictions; but the dying one drew her gently toward him, "My love, life departs, the last moment approaches. Here, take back this ring, I release thee from all thy promises!"

"Ah! have pity on me! retain this ring, and if ever your fatal prophecies should be realized; if ever I bestow on another the affection you should bear with you, unbroken in the tomb, it is from yourself I will demand the right; it is in your grave I will seek this ring; it is from your finger I will dare to take it! *Most solemnly I swear it!*"

"Wilhelmine! no impious words—no rash oaths!" The baron pronounced these words with difficulty—and they were his last. He revived only to fall into renewed paroxysms, and after a few hours, expired in the arms of his despairing wife.

Wilhelmine sincerely mourned for the man who had acquired so many claims on her gratitude. During a long period the young widow remained shut up in her château, surrounding herself with all objects calculated to recall her past felicity, and seeming to revel in her sorrow, by refusing every means by which it might have been alleviated.

At the end of three years, an event obliged her to leave this solitude. Madame de Cernan fell dangerously ill. Wilhelmine, terrified by the peril of her mother, forgot her grief, and made preparations for immediate departure. A celebrated physician resided at Brussels, and it was decided they should travel to that city. The tenderness of a daughter is sometimes as inexhaustible as that of a mother; and only those who have seen their parents on the brink of the grave, who have experienced the agony of their loss, can comprehend the profundity of filial love. Wilhelmine dreaded the moment when she might read in the physician's eyes, the sentence of life or death for her mother; and at length that moment, so feared while it was desired, arrived. The doctor reassured her concerning the illness of Madame de Cernan; but her convalescence, he said, must be tedious, and they must not think of removing their residence for several months.

Wilhelmine was for some time faithful to her preconceived plan of living alone with her mother. She could not, however, refuse forming a few acquaintances. Madame de Cernan had met with one of her early friends; and the *sauvagerie* of the young widow was not proof against the pressing solicitations of this lady. She consented at first to see her unceremoniously, then accepted invitations to her *soirées*, and finally avowed she found them exceedingly entertaining. In truth, the very best society was to be found in the saloons of the Comtesse D'A—, for they united all that Belgium contained of the lovely and the intellectual. Among the gentlemen, the nephew of Madame D'A—, Edmond de Gaser, was distinguished by the beauty of his per-

son, the original tone of his mind, and the uncommon variety of his acquirements. Among the ladies, Wilhelmine soon occupied a prominent station; and her gentleness and reserve prevented the jealousy her loveliness and talent were calculated to awaken.

There was a continual contest as to who could most surround her with homage, who bestow the most flattering tokens of friendship.

Edmond de Gaser speedily became very devoted to Madame de Breuil, and, indeed, this conquest could not have failed to gratify the vanity of any woman less destitute of *coquetterie*—for Edmond had been reared with strict principles; his few years of life had already been shadowed by trouble, and he had acquired by severe and philosophic studies a judgment of rare solidity. Edmond combined with the advantages of rank and fortune, those qualities of mind which, in all social communities, elevate a man above those otherwise his equals.

Wilhelmine never dreamed of incurring danger in encouraging the sentiments of benevolence and interest inspired by M. de Gaser. Knowing nothing of what is commonly called love, except through the medium of a few novels, she imagined the dawns of passion were attended by the violent and peculiar emotions of which she had read such false portraiture; and she calculated on defence from these in the purity of her own heart. This dangerous security proved fatal to her peace.

When she at length perceived the nature of her sentiments, it was too late to subdue them—for she loved M. de Gaser with all the devotedness of an ardent nature, and a vivid imagination; remorse even added depth to her affection. Since the moment she had comprehended that her feeling for Edmond was neither esteem nor friendship, but a more absorbing attachment, the recollection of her husband arose in her heart with all the impetuosity of an appealing conscience. She would have taken refuge in flight, but winter was at its height, and she dared not cause her mother to undertake at that time, a journey whose consequences would have been fatal to her health. Every thing was in opposition to poor Wilhelmine; the representations of her mother, who treated the griefs which engrossed her as mere idle scruples; the opinion of the world, which might have served to authorize in her own eyes a second marriage; and, more than all, the constant presence of Edmond—for had she ceased to see him, it would have seemed a tacit confession of weakness. The tears she almost continually shed, destroyed her health; and when, on the arrival of spring, they prepared to leave Brussels, it was not for Madame de Cernan, but for Wilhelmine, the journey offered dangers, so completely had she been, in a short time, exhausted by grief.

Nevertheless, the day for their departure was fixed. Wishing to avoid a final interview with M. de Gaser, she denied herself to visitors; but

Edmond, charmed at the thought of Wilhelmine's no longer suffering, entered by a different door, and penetrated into the garden of the hotel. He stood fixedly regarding the windows which he supposed were those of Madame de Breuil's apartment, when suddenly, in a turn of the path, he perceived her walking slowly, her eyes bent on the ground, like a person giving way to most profound abstraction. The exclamation uttered by Edmond on recognizing her, aroused her from her reverie. Wilhelmine being no longer able to control her emotion, Edmond realized that he was beloved; and this belief lent him courage to declare a tenderness which had until now been only told by his looks. Troubled and irresolute, Wilhelmine seemed not to hear him, but, nevertheless, every word re-echoed through her heart. At last, with that impetuosity of determination which sometimes succeeds to prolonged uncertainty, she answered, "In six months I will be your wife!" and then hastily quitted him, leaving M. de Gaser intoxicated with happiness.

The next day Madame de Cernan and her daughter were on their homeward way. The nearer Wilhelmine approached the places she had frequented with M. de Breuil, the sadder became her thoughts. When the sombre turrets of the castle became visible, enveloped in the morning clouds, a torrent of tears flowed from Wilhelmine's eyes. "Never! never!" she passionately exclaimed, and threw herself in the arms of her mother. Madame de Cernan did not endeavor to repress the emotions which the aspect of these places was calculated to call forth in the refined mind of her daughter; she waited patiently until time should familiarize her to these memories; but the time which calmed the paroxysms of sorrow, also restored all her incertitudes. No longer to love Edmond, seemed a sacrifice beyond her strength; and would he not, then, have the right to reproach her with the loss of the happiness she had promised him? Unfortunate woman! she should have concealed her love; then, at least, she would have suffered alone. There were even moments when Wilhelmine wished to go and reclaim her marriage-ring; when she would revel in all the horror inspired by the thought, and encourage it in a spirit of penitence; again, she would repel it with fright and indignation; but, nevertheless, this idea pursued her incessantly, and even in her sleep she heard a voice murmur to her, "Go, seek thy ring in the tomb!"

Madame de Breuil consulted the venerable priest who had always instructed and guided her. Under the sacred seal of confession she implored his counsel; prostrate at his feet, she entreated him to decide her destiny. Never had the confessor directed a penitent in a case so difficult; he paused for many moments, and seemed unwilling to pronounce—but the young widow insisted.

"My daughter," at last said the minister of truth, "it has been said, 'Thou shalt not swear.' and you have failed to follow this command; you have dis-

obeyed God—you ought to submit to the consequence of your fault. It has been before Heaven; beside a dying bed you have pronounced a terrible vow—this vow you must fulfill."

"O, mercy! mercy!" cried the penitent.

"Yes, my daughter, I but repeat the words spoken to you by the voice of conscience; I only say to you what you say each day to yourself. Either renounce Edmond, or demand from the dead your marriage ring."

"My father!" replied Wilhelmine, trembling and overwhelmed, "my father, to renounce Edmond is impossible, I love him a thousand times more than myself; he is dearer even than M. de Breuil, whom I loved so well. In mercy, curse me not! for all will be expiated to-day. You decree that I should descend into our family vault. I will go. You tell me to touch the hand of a skeleton. I will touch it. You order me to ask from the dead the ring which alone can unite me to Edmond. Well, I will ask it, even if I must die in the sad place I go to sully with my presence!"

The worthy confessor, alarmed by this tone of excitement, sought to calm her, and recommended the deferring until a future period an undertaking so solemn.

"Father! it is this very hour I must perform the deed; but my mother knows nothing of it. My poor mother! she would never consent to her child's passing through such an ordeal. One person only must accompany me in this mournful visit, and he is the man who knew the secret, the man who advised it—yourself! Will you consent to follow me?"

The venerable priest, surprised by a resolution so sudden, surprised, above all, by the change which had come over the mind and language of Wilhelmine, could not resist the impetuosity of his penitent, and yielded, in opposition to his better judgment, to the ascendancy of a strong and overbearing will.

"I will follow you!" was his reply. He silently selected the key of the vault, where lay the remains of the members of the family of Breuil, he lighted a torch, and advanced toward the chapel, beneath which the tomb was situated.

"Madame!" he said impressively to Wilhelmine, "this is the moment to have courage. The action you are about to commit is a solemn one, but it should not dismay you. You are fulfilling a sacred promise, you are acquitting yourself of a painful duty. God approves it, you have nothing to fear;" and taking her hand, they descended together the stairs that no step had trodden since the death of the baron. They entered the vault. Wilhelmine concentrated all her energy; she advanced, still guided by the priest. He lifted the stone which covered the tomb, and removed every obstacle. Wilhelmine, with averted eyes, put forth her hand; she wished to accomplish her vow without contemplating the hideous spectacle before her—but the ring must be grasped. She looks, and a cry of

astonishment burst from her lips. She had expected to behold remains disfigured, and perhaps not recognizable; but she sees her husband, such as he ever was during the happy days they past together; his countenance still retained its expression of goodness and tenderness. It was still M. de Breuil, the husband so well-beloved; doubtless he reposed, he only slept. Alas! soon he may awaken, to ask an account of the fidelity which should have been eternal; he may speak to her in threatening words; he may crush her with scorn, on learning the cause of this, her first visit. Such were the thoughts that startled the young widow, as she gazed on her husband's form. She had not strength to bear such a scene, and striving to support herself on her companion's arm, she faltered, tottered, and fell lifeless. The priest, fearing this pure spirit had departed to rejoin that of the dead, carried the young widow to her apartment, and informed her mother of the cause of this terrible shock.

Wilhelmine recovered her consciousness, only to sink into the most alarming delirium. A burning fever attacked her, and during several days her death was momentarily expected. But at last her youth triumphed over this crisis, she recovered her health, and at the end of two months had regained sufficient strength to walk a few steps in her chamber. She passed before a mirror, and accidentally glanced at its image of herself; what was her amazement at beholding a face whiter than alabaster itself. She tried to close her eyes, but could not cease regarding it. It was herself, these were indeed her features, but could illness have produced a change so sudden and mysterious? Alas! this paleness never departed more!

Her former intentions were irrevocably arrested;

she resolved not to see Edmond again, and the prayers of her lover and her mother were equally unavailing. She consecrated herself solely to good works, and to those exercises of piety and benevolence which her too exclusive affection for M. de Gaser had for a time interrupted. She lived the life of a saint, shedding blessings around her, and endeavoring to procure for others the happiness she could no longer obtain for herself.

Wilhelmine's appearance continued as she had seen it the first day of her convalescence. She had now forsaken the world, and the world speedily forgot her; but a small number of friends ceased not to offer her pity and consolation. While still young, she was attacked by a disease of languor, which left no room for hope, and ere long Wilhelmine had reached her last hour. A few moments before her death she bade a touching farewell to all her friends, and turning to Madame de Cernan, she said—

"My mother, relate to them the particulars of my history; tell them to beware of making rash vows; it is a vow which has killed me!"

My aunt shed tears as she concluded this recital, and I wept bitterly over the mournful destiny of the pale lady. After the day I learned this mournful chronicle, I evinced as much solicitude to avoid finding myself in the vicinity of the portrait gallery as I had hitherto displayed anxiety to visit its attractions. I could not pass before her picture without my heart beating quicker at the remembrance of the sorrows of Wilhelmine. It seemed to me as if I heard her speak her last words, and I would repeat to myself, as I glided in terror before her—"O! beware of rash vows, for it is a vow which has killed me!"

AN ASSINIBOIN LODGE.

THE travels of Prince Maximilian, of Wied, in the interior of North America, give us an interesting account of the Assiniboin tribe of Indians in the far west.

"All on a sudden," he says, describing their visit, "we heard some musket-shot, which announced a very interesting scene. The whole prairie was covered with scattered Indians, whose numerous dogs drew their sledges with the baggage; a close body of warriors, about 250 in number, had formed themselves in the centre, in the manner of two bodies of infantry, and advanced in quick time toward the fort. The whole troop commenced a song consisting of many broken, abrupt tones, like those of the war-whoop, and resembling the song which we heard in 1814 from the Russian soldiers. Many of these warriors had their faces painted all over with vermilion, others quite black. In their heads they wore feathers of eagles, or other birds of prey; some had wolf-skin caps; others had fastened green leaves around their heads; and long wolve's tails were hanging down to their heels, as marks of honor for enemies they had slain."

We continue the extract to afford our readers a description of the manner in which the Assiniboins erect their rude dwellings. "At noon a band of Indians had arrived, and twenty-five tents were set up near the fort. The women, their faces painted red, soon finished this work, and dug up with their instruments the clods of turf which lay around the lower part of the hut. *One of these huts, (see the plate in the present number of "Graham,") the dwelling of a chief, was distinguished from the rest. It was painted of the color of yellow ochre, had a broad, reddish-brown border below, and on its sides a large black bear was painted, (something of a caricature, it must be confessed,) to the head of which, just above the nose, a piece of red cloth, that fluttered in the wind, was fastened; doubtless a medicine. We now saw the women returning in all directions from the forest, panting under the weight of large bundles of wood, which were fastened to their backs." The scene, brief as it is, affords a characteristic view of the life of the children of the prairie.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

THE Autumn wind is rushing by,
And in its wild career
It beareth on its mighty wings
The beauty of the year ;
And mournfully its deep dirge rings
Upon the spirit's ear.

How drear the sound that sweeps along
The forest and the vale,
Those solemn tones, they chill the heart,
Like plaintive funeral wail.
I'll sit me down on these dead leaves,
And question of its tale.

"What tidings hast thou—where hast been
Since last thy voice I heard,
Since last the quivering of thy wings
The leafless branches stirred,
And frightened from its moss-clad home
Each gentle nestling bird ?

"Ah, wherefore didst thou swell the storm
When good ships went to sea ;
And why was bent the tall, stout mast—
The cordage rent by thee ;
And why, when shattered bark went down,
Thy shout of victory ?

"Oh ! bring back tidings of the lost
To many an anxious ear ;
Bear to the mourner, mighty wind,
The last words thou didst hear ;
One token give—some simple thing—
From those who were so dear.

"And tell us—" "Mortal, why dost ask
These tidings of the wind—
Dost think that of the unfathomed deep
The secrets thou shalt find ?
As well might hope, with filmy thread,
The storm's wild rage to bind.

"If o'er the ocean I have swept,
And lashed its waves to heaver,
While high before me on the surge
The hapless bark was driven,
And loud and fearful rose the cry
Of men from warm life riven.

"Or if I kissed the pale, calm brow
Of some fair bride of death,
And colder made the cold pure snow
Where froze her heart aneath,
And mingled with mine own low moan,
Her last faint flitting breath.

"If I have stilled the infant's sob
Upon its mother's breast,
While closer, closer in her arms
Her treasured one was pressed,
Until my wailing lullaby
Had hushed the babe to rest.

"I did His bidding who doth hold
In his all-powerful hand
The whirlwind that hath swept in might
O'er ocean-wave and land ;
I questioned not why such things were—
Can mortal understand ?

"Enough, that thou hast wept the dead,
Since last was heard my tone ;
Enough, that thy poor human heart
Has sorrowed not alone ;
Enough, that when thou hearest now,
I tell of treasures gone.

"There has been beauty in my path,
And I have whispered low
To rose-buds till their cheek has flushed ;
Have fanned eve's crimson glow,
And dimpled founts, where sunbeams danced,
And mingled with their flow.

"Many a shout from a merry troop
Of children at their play,
And gladsome tone of mirth and joy
Have I borne in my flight away ;
And odors of heaven my wings have caught
Where the holy knelt to pray.

"Do thou His bidding—question not,
Nor cower like frightened dove,
There 's a home where the storm-winds never sweep,
In the heaven of heavens above.
Thy jewels are garnered in that bright land
With their God—and God is Love."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

In golden dreams the night goes by,
And sweet the world of sleep to me ;
For, moon-like 'mid her starry sky,
My brightest dream is still of thee.

As swells the sea beneath the glance
Of moonbeams in their midnight play,
So 'neath thine eyes my bosom pants,
My heart's deep midnight wakes in day.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We are glad that Professor Longfellow has, in this volume, produced a poem which, while it indicates his capacity as a writer, is practically a triumphant answer to various depreciating criticisms on his writings. It has been said that his strength lay in small lyrics and didactics; that he had not sufficient force of feeling and imagination to create a poem. Here is a long and elaborate effort, extending to some hundred and sixty pages, where the strictest unity of effect is combined with great variety of character, incident, scenery, sentiment, and description. It has been said that his love of thought, if not his imagery and ideas, were borrowed from foreign sources, and that he rather polished than created. Here is a poem almost entirely American, blooming with flowers, and fragrant with odors peculiar to his own continent, and reflecting in its beautiful verse the streams, valleys, and mountains of his native land. It has been said that a certain foppish and effeminate elegance characterized his fancy; and that he dared not trust himself in the delineation of actual homely objects, where the poetic effect could not be produced by cunning combinations of words, but must result from the exercise of a pure and bright imagination. Here is a poem, in which whole pages are devoted to the delineation of humble, hearty farmers and mechanics, evincing an almost Chaucerian trust in things as opposed to words, giving clear pictures of objects and characters, replete with a sweet, humane humor, and producing poetry of effect by intensity and clearness of imaginative conception. Basil, the blacksmith, and Benedict, are as vivid and true as the delineations of Crabbe. Any farmer or smith would instantly recognize them as genuine. Yet the poet, by his subtle power of discerning the spirit beneath the rough external appearance, has given them an intrinsic beauty and dignity which would entitle them to rank with kings. He has, with a severe simplicity, fixed his gaze steadily on the human heart and soul, and we recognize in his delineations, humanity as well as the externals of rural life.

If Mr. Longfellow has in this poem thus practically illustrated his possession of rare powers, for which a few critics have not given him credit, he has also done something which, from the time of Sidney, has been pronounced impossible by English criticism—he has written a long narrative poem in hexameter verse, and managed it so admirably, that it seems the best he could have chosen for his purpose. We cannot conceive of the poem as being recast in heroics, octosyllabics, blank verse, or the Spenserian stanza, without essential injury to its effect, and a limitation of its range of character and description. In this Mr. Longfellow has clearly performed "the impossible;" and it should be a source of gratification to every American, that one of his own countrymen has achieved what no English poet has been able to perform, and what few have dared to attempt. The composition of a poem in hexameter verse, which can be read with as much ease and delight as "Gertrude of Wyoming," we conceive to be the most original peculiarity of this original work.

The character of *Evangeline* is, perhaps, Mr. Longfellow's most beautiful creation. It is both conceived and sustained with wonderful force and truth. The sweetness, purity, energy, holiness, and naturalness of the character, as displayed in her life-long wanderings, the unforced

religious elevation which envelopes her, and through her the whole poem;

—"The hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience,"

which she endures from her early youth to that period when, old and worn with constant endeavor, she presses the lifeless head of her long-sought betrothed to her bosom, and "meekly bows her own, and murmurs, 'Father, I thank thee,'" all combine to consecrate her to the heart and imagination as one of those pure conceptions of humanity, which none who once cherishes will willingly let die. The author has well addressed the class of readers who will appreciate the deep seriousness of his purpose, in a few of the opening lines:

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,
and is patient;
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion;
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the
forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy."

We cannot refrain from making a few extracts from this poem, although we must warn our readers that they can obtain no clear idea of its merits, and the artistical relation of the characters to each other, and the scenery to the characters, without reading the whole. We will guarantee that it possesses sufficient interest to be read at one sitting.

We will first give a few lines partially indicating some of the characters. Benedict, *Evangeline's* father, is thus described:

"Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown
as the oak-leaves."
"In-door, warm by the wide-mouth fire-place, idly the
farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and
the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.
Faces clumsily carved in oak on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on
the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the
sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of
Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards."

The following is a picture of the good notary:

"Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age, was the form of the notary
public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,
hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses
with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rude on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick."

The blacksmith, the very impersonation of strength, is well delineated; but we have only space for a few lines:

"Silenced but not convinced, when the story was ended,
the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no
language;

And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter."

The following view of the little maiden on a Sunday morn, is very beautiful:

"But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

The descriptions of rural life in Arcadie, of the scenery of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, of the wilds of Oregon, are replete with force, beauty, and finely chosen details. They are all too long for short extracts to give an adequate impression of their excellence; and besides, the author has connected the scenery which surrounds the heroine with her feelings on the occasion of viewing it. The description of the burning village is grand, but we have space only for a few lines:

"Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the winds seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled."

The following exquisite passage, on the mocking-bird in the far west, is, perhaps, the finest and most life-like description in the poem:

"Then from a neighboring thicket, the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water, Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music, That the whole air, and the woods, and the waves, seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad, then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful low lamentation,
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches."

Here we have a view of our own city, for which we are reasonably grateful to the poet:

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle, Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested."

Mr. Longfellow shows in this poem, together with much that is new, his usual felicity and breadth of imagery and comparison. We cannot take leave of his book more pleasantly than in quoting a few of his separate excellencies of thought or language:

"And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar."

"Life had been long astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

"Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed, and the voice of the neighboring thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created."

"Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward."

"Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere;
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

"Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian."

"Bright rose the sun the next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal."

The pathos of Evangeline it is impossible to develop in our limited space. The chief beauty of the poem is its unity of interest and feeling. The reader soon comes to admire the unaccustomed movement of the verse, and he is carried onward with its majestic sweep to the conclusion, without any faltering of attention. We end our notice with a portion of the concluding lines, which fitly close the sweet and mournful story of the lovers:

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping. Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard. In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed, Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

Tam's Portnight Ramble, and other Poems. By Thomas Mackellar. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

The modest preface of this elegantly printed volume is enough to smooth the wrinkled front of criticism. The writer is, we believe, an intelligent printer, who has made verve the solace, not the occupation of his life. It would be hard to try his volume by any severe requisitions of criticism. It is hearty, earnest and genuine, and fairly expresses what is in the man. The little poem entitled, "The Editor sat in his Sanctum," has been very popular. The principal fault of the author is his habit of disturbing the train of serious feeling which he often awakens, by some expressions which trail along with them ludicrous suggestions.

Appleton's Railroad and Steamboat Companion, being a Traveler's Guide through New England and the Middle States. By W. Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We allude to this book, not so much because it is the best and most complete traveler's guide ever published in the United States, as for the information it contains respecting the cost and fares of railroads, and the sketches of every town and village they pass through. It is not until we see them all set down together in one book, that we appreciate the money expended, and the obstacles overcome in building them, and the vast impetus they have given to the productive energies of the country, and to civilization.

